

THE LOST ART OF FARMING

MACHINERY HAS TAKEN ALL THE POETRY OUT OF IT.

Contests With The Scythe Were as Spirited As Those With The Sward—The Old Field Days of Harvest Time are Gone Forever—The "Ivory of the Bee."

The great glory of our nineteenth century is its invention. So marvellous have been its conquests that we look along the line of its possibilities with a reverent faith that neither discovers nor seeks to discover any limitations. Any attempt to oppose the new methods and processes for doing the work of the world, which it has so lavishly brought into service, would now be as hopeless as that of Mrs. Partington to keep back the Atlantic with her broom, and much less heroic. But the pleasing consciousness of an undoubted and phenomenal gain is faintly shadowed by a sense of loss. The dynamic tendency of our time has swept us away from such experiences that linger agreeably in memory, and while we would not bring back the past, its charm whispers gentle regrets in the hour of our exultation.

Agricultural interests were among the last to be drawn into the transition from individual effort to individual effort working through more powerfully and economically organized forces. There were at least two reasons for this. One was the unresponsiveness of the surface of the soil to the early overtures of the labor savers, and the other was the conservatism of the farmer himself.

THE HAY FIELD was the great campaign ground in the farmer's annual plan. There he made his largest successes and established his records. It was there that his final measure was taken by his neighbors and fellow-workers. The contests with the scythe were as spirited as those with the sword, and much more innocent and beneficent. What pleasanter spectacle was ever born of toil than that of a stalwart team of mowers bearing down upon the rich burden before them with steady and equal swish and swing, their broad backs at the same angle, with every stroke a responsibility for which an account would be exacted, throwing up with each forward swing of the blade fresh spoil from its dewy bottom, and adding it with workmanlike precision to the fast lengthening swath. Many a man that the world knows of to-day has cut such a swath in his youth, and when the grass was cleared away and he found that he had conformed with special credit to all the canons of the craft, has experienced a deeper satisfaction than he has been able to derive since from his largest successes in the pulpit, at the bar, or in the counting room. The musical "ting-tang" of the whetstone applied to the scythe will still sometimes float through the chambers of his soul to the exclusion of more pretentious sounds. Even the birds would acknowledge the gentle challenge. The wood thrush and its hermit cousin would respond with their most inspired efforts, and sometimes a belated bob-o-link would rise from his dewy ambush and pour forth his glorious treasures of song in token of appreciation and good fellowship.

The valuable lesson of doing one's best was there taught and learned. He was a sorry fellow indeed, who would not catch the spirit of emulation or yield to the influences of his environment, and his confessed lack of self-respect marked him for avoidance. There were thoroughness and precision in the work, and even grace was not lacking. The strokes had to be as true as those of

A UNIVERSITY CREW.

with this difference to be borne in mind, that if they failed to come up to the established standard, the raked-off field disclosed the disgraceful record to the observation and criticism of the whole community. With such discipline behind them, is it any wonder that so large a proportion of the country boys made successful men, freshening and strengthening every service in life with ability and steadfastness, and occupying with credit and distinction those broader fields not bounded by woodland and stream.

Then, too, there were the field days. Sickness or other misfortune might befall some husbandman of the community. The long, sunny days would go by and his crops would be ungathered. Then neighbourly kindness saw its well-earned opportunity, and a "bee" would follow. For some thing besides pure philanthropy entered into this free tender of helpful service. Challenges nervously exchanged over the dividing fences had there a chance of settlement under the most favorable conditions. However, the side motive was not an unworthy one, and assisted rather than impaired the interests of the beneficiary.

It seems almost incredible that these pictures, so unfamiliar to the younger generation, belong to a period of only thirty years ago. But they are as irrevocable as though they had belonged to the Bucolies of Virgil. The young farmer of to-day has no comprehension of what the scythe's noble office had been. He understands it as an implement to pick around fences and corners, slay weeds, and perhaps cut brush in the fall. He cannot realize the pride with which his ancestors regarded it. He little dreams how many local reputations have been won by it, nor for how many lives it had helped to carve a strong and

DURABLE CHARACTER.

He drives a span of horses and rides a clamorous little juggernaut, which lays the grass low much more rapidly than it fell when men mowed it. Back and forth around and around, he goes with wearisome monotony, and when the last spear falls his treadmill service is over. If the work is not well done, it is the fault of the juggernaut; there is no evidence that can be appealed to that will fasten any responsibility upon him.

The rattle and drive of the mowing machine, the tireless and sniffling little kicks of the tedder, the greedy gatherings of the wheel rake, forcibly

illustrate the operation of that energizing principle which has entered so largely into every industry, and is even now in its most active stages of development. Along the lines of energy and economy of force it must be admitted great progress has been made and is making, but at a considerable sacrifice of moral and aesthetic considerations. Imagine a genre painter attempting to draw inspiration from the performances of a mowing machine. He might get a headache, but he would hardly come any nearer his purpose. And the hopelessness of constructing pasturals with tedders and wheel rakes. No Maud Muller's rake the meadows sweet with hay any more. There is no temptation now for errant judges to halt by the wayside and admire the Trilby feet of the fair haymakers. No more dreaming for maid or man. This is an age of hustle and push. We have left lotus land for behind us, and Maud can now wash dishes, in which employment she is not likely to get in the way of susceptible jurists. But we are as much interested in trying to penetrate the clouds that veil the future as in looking back through the mellow haze that idealizes the past, and, perhaps, when at last the stone shall be rolled away, we may find a perfect union of sentiment and utility, beauty, and power.

A SUCCESSFUL FARMER.

Lord Aberdeen's Experience as a Farmer in British Columbia.

Lord Aberdeen's Coldstream ranche, situated in the White Valley, four miles east of Vernon, British Columbia, includes an area of 15,000 acres or over twenty-three square miles, all fenced, and of this some 10,000 acres are serviceable only for stock grazing. The remainder is good plough land. The Governor-General's total expenditure on the estate in purchase money, improvements and management to date, is understood to approach \$350,000, and at first, at the hands of inefficient managers, His Excellency made some costly failures. Good results are, however, now gradually accruing, and Lord Aberdeen confidently expects in the early future a profitable return on his large investment. Rather more than seven hundred acres are already under cultivation, and of these some five hundred are devoted to cereals, wheat and barley being largely grown. One hundred acres are in fruit, 27 in English hops, of the London Cluster variety, whilst the remaining cultivated acreage is in roots and garden produce, etc.

There are six hundred head of cattle on the ranche, one hundred horses and some sheep. The estate produced this year 120 tons of wheat and 40 tons of barley, 21 of which have been shipped to England experimentally. The cattle sold were 250 head, all disposed of within the province. Small fruits yielded five tons, and hops 25 tons, at the rate of about 1,750 pounds per acre. The large fruit trees are, however, yet too young to bear save to a very limited extent. Lord Aberdeen's Coldstream estate, with its produce and continuous experimenting, largely serves the purpose of an experimental farm for the whole surrounding district, and His Excellency consequently thus renders very considerable services to the agriculture of a most promising district of the British Columbia upper country, in which the expected early development of gold and copper mining should afford exceptionally good opportunities for profitable general farming and fruit growing.

Eaten by an Alligator.

A young Jamaican met a horrible death in Port Limon, Costa Rica, on Sunday, Oct. 6, in the river Banana, having been caught and eaten by an alligator. Sinclair, with several other companions, had gone to bathe in the river, and while in the water the alligator appeared, when they all made for land.

After getting out it was discovered that Sinclair was missing. His friends, however, hopeful of recovering the whole or part of his body, went away, but returned to the river an hour later with dynamite and rifles just in time to see the alligator on the surface of the water with Sinclair's mouth, whom he held by his left side, but as soon as the alligator spied them he went below with his victim and never came to the surface again, despite all the dynamite and shots which were discharged in the river all that day until night.

On the 10th inst. J. Kaempffer shot an alligator, and on opening it found in the stomach of the rapacious reptile different parts of a human being—a hand minus the arm and another hand with the arm, the flesh being still on it. A lot of bones were also found. It is believed that these were parts of the unfortunate Sinclair. The alligator was ten feet long.

Strength of the British Army.

The annual return of the British army, issued recently, contains some very interesting figures. On June 1 last there were 222,151 men and officers in the regular army—that number being the highest reached during the twenty years for which statistics are available. The army reserve numbered 82,674, being slightly in excess of the previous year; the militia (enrolled), 121,667; yeomanry, 10,014, and volunteers, 231,328 enrolled, or 224,525 efficient, the latter figure being 5,414 above that of 1893, and the highest yet reached. In the event of a great national emergency we could raise the regulars to 300,000 men, and have besides over 600,000 militia and volunteers.

Insurance Pointer.

Insurance Superintendent (suspiciously)—How did your husband happen to die so soon after getting insured for a large amount?
Widow—He worked himself to death trying to pay the premiums.

Tables Turned.

Hicks—What have you lost, my love?
Mrs. Hicks—I've been touched for 30 cents; have you been through my bloomers again?

PRACTICAL FARMING.

Selection of Apple Trees.

Prof. Taft says that the success or failure of the orchard will depend largely upon the varieties and the character of the trees purchased.

While many experienced orchardists wisely prefer a strong one-year tree to anything that is older, as it enables them to form the head at the height and the manner they prefer, for the ordinary planter a somewhat larger size is to be commenced. As a rule the two-year, medium, four to five feet, five eighths to three-quarters inch trees will do as well, or better, than those of a larger size, and the cost and expense for boxing, freight, and planting will be materially less than for the three or four-year-old trees that some planters insist upon having. The No. 1 two-year trees, graded as five to seven feet, three-quarter inch and upward, are as a rule not objectionable. While it is desirable to obtain trees at a reasonable price, cheapness should not be the only consideration. When buying trees of the above-mentioned sizes, care should be taken that the nurseryman does not work off cull trees that are three or four years old. By supplying such trees, and even worse, if he is unscrupulous, substituting worthless varieties, a nurseryman or tree dealer is often able to make a low price that will tempt the purchaser, who in the end will find that the trees would have been dear as a gift. The fact that a healthy tree of a good variety may, in good seasons, return a crop worth from ten to twenty or more dollars, while the crop from a poor tree, even if it lives to come to maturity, may not be worth gathering, should show every one that too great care cannot be taken in selecting the varieties and trees when planting an orchard.

In the present days of low prices, trees for an orchard can be obtained for a comparatively small sum. If only a few trees are needed, it may be well to select them from a local agent, whose stock came from a responsible nursery, as the cost for packing and express upon a small bundle might be more than his commission, but if from 100 to 500 trees are needed, it will be better to get them directly from a nursery.

As a rule, the trees should be brought from the nearest reliable nursery, when good trees of the kinds wanted can be obtained at a reasonable price.

If they have to be shipped in the cars, however, it will make but little difference whether they are sent fifty or 150 miles, so far as the distance is concerned. In selecting a nursery, however, it is well to choose one with the soil and climate as much like those where the orchard is located as is possible, but from the fact that some sections do not have nurseries or they are not reliable, it often becomes necessary to go some distance for the trees. If the trees needed cannot be found in some local nursery, it will be well to send a list of the numbers and varieties required to several reliable firms, and obtain estimates as to the cost. For not less than 500 trees of standard varieties, medium size two-year, the cost should not be more than 6 or 7 cents each, and the first-class trees should not be more than 8 cents. When smaller numbers are wanted, the price will range from 8 to 15 cents, according to size of trees and number wanted.

These prices are the highest that should be paid, as many reliable nurseries quote prices by the thousand considerably less than those given. It must not be forgotten, however, that these prices are for trees at the nursery, and that there will be an additional charge of nearly 1 cent per tree for small lots, for boxing and packing, and perhaps as much more for freight.

Dressing Furs at Home.

If the skins are dry, soak in perfectly cool water 24 hours. Do not put too many together, as the temperature of the water will be raised, which may cause the hair to come off. When quite soft, take out and drain. Make a fleshing board of 1 or 1 1/2-inch material rounded on the edges. On this stretch the skin, and with a large knife or drawing knife remove all the flesh and grease from the skin side. If cannot be cut off but may be removed by pushing. This is accomplished by holding the narrow width of the knife perpendicularly. For a skin the size of a dog skin, bring two gallons of soft water to a boil and add a bar of good hard soap, a lump of borax half the size of an egg and the same amount of washing soda. In this wash the skin, keeping the liquid as hot as the hand can bear it, until all the grease has been removed. Wring dry. While still warm rub into the flesh side a mixture composed of one teaspoonful salt, 1-2 teaspoonful alum and a tablespoonful of saltpeter. Then fold the skin closely together, flesh side in, and hang in a cool place away from the fire or sun. Turn over daily for four or five days, after which open out and pull a few minutes each day until it is dry. When fully dry sandpaper the flesh side. This makes a fine finish.

Starting Lambs on Grain.

"Habit is stronger with the lamb than with any animal that we try to feed. The digestive powers are also more delicate. It is a saying among lamb feeders that 'two grains of corn will kill a lamb.' I am not sure but it is true. Two grains of undigested corn might set up a disturbance in the alimentary canal that would result in the dreaded inflammation of the bowels, and death sure as strychnine," says J.E. Wing.

"Getting lambs to eat grain is of necessity a slow gradual process. It is well to put out the troughs in the pasture and merely put salt in them a few times until the lambs all learn to run to them when they are called. Then a little bran scattered along in the troughs for a few times will teach them to eat there. Do not give more than a taste of grain until you are sure that

they have nearly all learned to eat it, and to come quickly when called. I have tried starting on corn, wheat, rye and oats. I very much prefer the oats. I think that the danger of getting lambs foundered, or of their feed being much less with the oats. After they have all learned to come quickly when called, and to eat readily, is the time to begin increasing their ration. Let the increase be very gradual. It should be at least thirty days before they are given all that they will eat up clean, which is my rule with fattening lambs. Be very regular and punctual in the times of feeding as well as in quantity. One careless feeding may cost you very dear. I know a case in point. A man who farms and feeds by proxy went to look at his lambs. Not thinking that they were looking well, he asked what grain they were getting. He was told that they received sixteen bushels of corn per day. "Oh, give them more than that," he replied, "double that would not hurt them." The increase was made suddenly as suggested. In two days they would eat four bushels, and quite a number of them died. It took a long time to get the survivors back to their feed.

"When lambs are used to one kind of grain, and it is wished to change to another kind, it is a help that they are used to the one kind; yet the other cannot be suddenly substituted. The change must be made gradually. I like to feed the lambs in the fall on pasture. I am sure that it pays to begin the day that they are weaned. I believe that it ought to begin much earlier even than that."

SWEEP BY A TIDAL WAVE.

A Wall of Water That Covered a Steamship Six Feet Deep on Her Upper Decks.

The steamer *Progreso*, one of the great vessels chartered by the Panama Railroad Company, returned to San Francisco the other day with the news of an encounter in the open ocean with the terrible tidal wave and cyclone that later destroyed La Paz and Culiacan. It was supposed that the great storm passed over the ocean off the Gulf of Mexico, following a track that took it safe past all the large steamers. The *Progreso*, however, was in the very heart of it, and the news is just reaching her agents because no telegraphic report was made while the steamer was at Panama.

The *Progreso* left San Francisco for Panama on Sept. 24, and had a quiet run down the coast for the first four days and part of the fifth. The first warning came in strange barometric changes, followed by a gale, which was a forerunner of the cyclone proper, which burst upon the steamer from a southeasterly direction, and veered in the course of a brief space of time half around the compass. The *Progreso* has no sails whatever, and her Captain brought his vessel head on to the storm. The steamer was picked up and tossed about by giant waves like a white-hull in a bay gale. All hands were called on deck, and the Captain and mate were together on the bridge. The waves got higher and higher, and the dreadful, swirling wind fairly cut the faces of the men on the steamer. Powerful as were the *Progreso's* engines, it seemed barely possible to keep her out of the trough of the sea.

Although the sky was nearly as black as night, there was yet light enough for the officers to make out the shape of a monster wave, higher and more fierce than any of the others, which came upon the steamer like a race horse. Fortunately the *Progreso* was bow on to this great tide, and it swept completely over her fore and aft. The *Progreso* was going to Panama rather light, and was consequently high up out of the water. Such was the height of this wave, though, that the water passed over the bridge and deep over the tops of the midships' house. It passed clear over the whole steamer aft. The wreck on the deck of the big steamer was as complete as was ever seen on the deck of any deep water ship. The *Progreso* had a wooden and steel bridge extending for 100 feet or less from the midships to the aft house. This bridge was probably six feet above the main deck and supported on steel pillars two inches thick. The force of the great wave completely destroyed this bridge, bending and twisting the pillars as if they were mere wires. The steam winch was twisted and broken so that the men had to work for half a day fixing it at Panama.

The behavior of the *Progreso* in the critical moment was superb. She came up out of the water as serenely as a duck and went plunging on into the seas that followed the giant wave.

BULL FIGHT ACCIDENTS.

A Regular Epidemic of Them This Fall

Many recent bull fights in Spain have terminated very unluckily. In Barcelona, Guerrita, the most famous torero, was badly hurt. He entered the arena on horseback, but the bull, which he wanted to incite to fury by pricking him with a sharp-pointed dagger, gored his horse, and at the same time tore the right leg of Guerrita up to the hip. He was hardly able to reach the entrance from loss of blood, and had to be carried away. In spite of his dangerous condition he insisted upon being sent home to Cordova.

Another accident occurred at a bull fight in Cuenca; there the grandstand fell in and a number of people were hurt. During the excitement of the crash the picadores in the arena turned to see what was the matter, forgetting all about the mad bull in the ring, who bore down upon them, and before they had time to escape one was gored to death by the infuriated beast. At a bull fight in Bejar two toreros, Cacheta and Termendo, were badly used up. At Rianza the bull fighter, Orega, came into collision with the bull's horns; now he occupies a cot in the hospital, where his life is despaired of. Reverte, also a famous bull fighter, received an apparently light wound at a bull fight in Albacete on September 10; his condition since then has been gradually getting worse, and if, as the physicians fear, gangrene sets in, it will be the last of the celebrated torero.

IT IS A CITY OF SALOONS.

NEW YORK HAS MORE THAN ANY OTHER UNITED STATES CENTRE.

Chicago is a Close Second Both in Number and Proportion to Population—Boston and Philadelphia a Poor Third and Fourth.

A statement by Mayor Strong of New York that the number of saloons in that city ought to be cut down one-half, makes interesting the following comparison:

Cities.	Number of Saloons	Ratio to Population
New York.....	7,300	1 to every 234
Chicago.....	7,000	1 to every 242
Boston.....	1,080	1 to every 500
Philadelphia.....	1,355	1 to every 841.

Mayor Warwick, of Philadelphia, writes:—There are 1,355 retail liquor licenses in Philadelphia, a decrease of 3,000 since the high license law has been in operation. The sum of \$1,000 is paid for each license. The Saloon Keepers' Association does not take any part whatever in politics. It is purely a social organization. High license, in so far as I have been able to judge, is the best system that has ever been obtained in this city, and I think that much of the good resulting from the system is due to the fact that the issuance of the licenses is under the control and direction exclusively of the judges of our courts.

The despatch from Chicago says:—There are 7,000 saloons in Chicago, and each pays \$500 a year license. The majority of these saloons are open on Sunday. The only saloons closed are located in the districts where there is no Sunday business. Not only are side doors open, but front doors as well, but the blinds are drawn on Sunday. The restrictions to a wide open Sunday liquor business in Chicago are a State law and city ordinance. Neither were ever enforced. There is also an ordinance requiring saloons to close at 12 o'clock at night. The enforcement of this ordinance is left to the policeman on the beat. The result is corruption and non-enforcement of the law. There is a Saloon Keepers' Association here, and it is active in politics. The most potent power in local politics is the Brewers' Association. This Association probably owns one-half, and controls all, the saloons in the city. Its members hold some of the responsible city offices, and it exercises influence through countless channels. The City Council is the slave of the saloon element of Chicago.

The report from Boston is as follows: Under the old census Boston was allowed 980 liquor licenses, but the new figures, just issued by the Census Commissioners, will entitle it to nearly 100 more. The basis upon which the appointment is made is license to every 500 of people. The rate for licenses is \$300 to \$1,500, the latter being for first-class retail bars, and \$1,000 for wholesalers. That the law is rigidly enforced, and well obeyed, is evident by the few violations reported, and this is accounted for by the fact that a license is considered valuable property in Boston, and the demand is always greater than the supply. The prominent dealers, therefore, are interested in having the law enforced to the letter. A violation is liable to cause the offender's license to be taken away. Bars are not open Sunday. Hotels are permitted to sell to guests on that day. Saloon-keepers, as a body, do not enter into politics, but individual bar-owners frequently appear as candidates for the City Council.

THE BITER BIT.

How a Young Man Mistook Quinine and Iron for Whiskey.

In a Pullman car on the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway the other week a young traveller noticed an old, white-bearded gentleman trying to get into a light dust-coat. The young man rushed to his assistance, and in helping him with the garment noticed a good-sized whiskey flask protruding from one of the pockets. Being of a waggish nature, he appropriated the bottle, helped the stranger on with his coat, and then pulling out the flask said, "Will you take a drink?"

The old man did not recognize the bottle, and drawing himself up remarked rather severely:

"No, sir, I never drink!"
"It won't hurt you," insisted the wag; "it's the best."

"Young man," said the old gentleman, speaking loud enough for all in the carriage to hear, "if you persist in drinking whiskey you will be a ruined man at forty. It is the curse of the land! When I was a boy my mother died, and the last thing she did was to call me to her bedside and say: 'John, promise me that you will never touch a drop of liquor.'"
"Oh, well in that case," said the joker, "I must drink it myself," whereupon, suiting the action to the words, he pulled the cork out and took a good drink.

A moment later he dropped the bottle with an exclamation which certainly didn't sound like a blessing, and yelled out: "Ugh! ugh! my mouth's all raw!"

Then it was the old gentleman discovered his loss to the amusement of the other passengers. "Ah, young man, you will be careful in future before you take other people's property. I am Dr. — and that bottle contained some quinine and iron for one of my patients."
The young man got out at the next station.

A Necessity.

It was in a German household, according to a Berlin paper, that a mother said to her small boy:

Johnny, go down to the grocer's and get a pound of black tea."
But, mother—
What?
You know father won't drink black tea.
That makes no difference. This family is in mourning now, and it has got to drink black tea!