

PRACTICAL FARMING.

WINTER NIGHT ON THE FARM.

Heap up the logs still higher and higher,
Till up the chimney roars the fire,
And spreads around its ruddy glow,
To make our hearts with joy leap so.
The myriad shadows on the wall
Dance mirthful steps without our call.
As through the room the soft warmth creeps
And frolic gay its revel keeps.

Here gathered round the old hearthstone
Are you three boys. We're not alone,
For, sitting in her big arm-chair,
Is mother—smiling, sweet-faced, fair;
And father, listening to our jokes,
Which we relate through numerous chokes.

In trying to swallow at a round,
The big soft pippins, plump and round,
Soon corn is popping o'er the coals,
A snow-white feast for hungry souls;
And hickory nuts and chincapin
That autumn raids had gathered in
Are cracking merrily. Then just brought up
From cellar's depths in foaming cup,
Is spicy cider, like sparkling wine,
Causing lips to smack and eyes to shine.

Thus speeds away each happy hour,
While howling storms spend all their power
Outdoors in vain. With cheer and fun
Our evening's sport its length has run,
When father says, "This growing late,"
Then work begins with book and slate,
And problems rack each stubborn brain
Which drowsy grows beneath the strain.

Soon flung aside are mental cares,
And clambering up the old back stairs,
We tumble in big feather beds
Like downy seas beneath our heads,
Lulled by the winds with wailing song
To dreamland fair, we're borne along,
Thus ends, unknown to care and harm,
A winter night down on the farm.

APPLE AND PEACH TREES.

I think that it is a mistake to plant apple among peach trees, for two reasons, viz., the apple and peach do not require the same methods of cultivation and fertilization, and with ordinary orchard management, a few crops of peaches impoverish the soil, and the apple trees become stunted and diseased, never producing satisfactory crops. So says W. W. Stevens, in answer to a correspondent. But now that A. D. M. has his trees started together, the question follows, What is best to do under the circumstances? While I should not have applied the barnyard manure on this new and at all, still the management up to this time isn't bad. But don't use any more manure! It isn't the best thing to use for trees that will soon begin fruiting, neither is it the most economical fertilizer even though it cost nothing but the hauling and handling. The cheapest source of nitrogen is clover and cow peas grown upon the orchard, and turned under at the proper season. Use acidulated phosphate rock or phosphoric acid and wood ashes or muriate of potash for potash. In mixing the acid phosphate and potash use about four pounds of the former to one of the latter. In applying this mixture use from 600 to 1,200 pounds per acre, thoroughly incorporating it with the surface soil, and distributing it evenly all over the orchard. I would not use less than 600 pounds annually, and as much more as I felt able to apply. I would increase the application when the orchard begins to bear. The peach trees will need feeding as well as the apples, and the more liberally they are fed the less will be their tendency to impoverish the soil and injure the apple trees. A great many fruit growers would recommend and use raw bone instead of the acid phosphate, and I used to think it the best source from which to obtain phosphoric acid; but experience has taught me that it becomes available too slowly to give best profits or results. The acid phosphate that is manufactured from the Tennessee rock now gives the highest grade of fertilizer, and is to be preferred. Make the application of fertilizer late in the fall or early spring, whichever is most convenient. When the peach trees begin to bear, don't neglect to thin out the fruit, and thereby save fertility. It requires just as much mineral plant food to perfect the pit of the small, knotty unsalable peach as it does the very finest specimen. And as soon as any of the peach trees become diseased or fail to produce vigorous growth, cut them out of the way and allow the space to contribute its available plant food to the apple. When chemical manure are relied on to keep up the fertility of the orchard let the cultivation be shallow, and in dry seasons, especially, as frequent as possible, so as to conserve soil moisture, which is needed to give vigorous, healthy foliage, as well as perfect fruit. Without the one we cannot have the other.

PROTECTION FROM FROST.

The losses sustained by many fruit growers by the freezing of flower buds, which expand on their trees, have caused a general inquiry as to the cheapest and most practical way, if any, of preventing the injury. It has occurred to me to call attention to the California plan of building fires through the orchard, to produce a dense smoke, which raises the dew point and prevents freezing, says Joseph Meehan. This plan has been in operation for a number of years. Those who first tried it were thought to be visionary folks, but they are not thought so nowadays, as it is too well known that the dense smoke produce will prevent the buds freezing. Those who possess large orchards of fruits which are liable to injury, will, without much doubt, find the details of the plan of interest. It had been the custom of those who first used the smoke cure to build fires on the windward side of the orchard letting the wind drive the smoke

through it. But the present method is to have what are called portable smudge fires, the apparatus to produce the smoke being driven to various points of the orchard. The construction of the apparatus is described as follows: Wire frames are built on farm trucks, wagons, or chicken yard fencing, stretching them from four wagon stakes, heaping over them wet straw or manure. Earth is then thrown on the wagon beds to protect them, and pots burning tar are set under the wet straw roofs. A barrel of water goes with it to keep the straw wet all the time. The wagons are kept on the move throughout the night, from place to place as needed, to keep smoke hovering above the trees all the time the frosts lasts. Sometimes the frosty period may last three or four days, but at such times the temperature usually rises higher in the day, so that fires are only needed in the night. One very great advantage of having the fires on sleds or trucks is this: As the smoke rises and passes through the wet material it falls back of the wagon, and the fire being moved on away from it, it is heavy and falls to the ground, where it spreads slowly through the orchard. It is said that where an orchard is so treated it will at daylight present the appearance of being covered with a fog, from the ground to about twenty feet above. It seems like a big undertaking to have to be on the move all night, but those on the Pacific coast who have tried it claimed that it saved their fruit and left a good profit, the expense being less than one percent. of the value of the crop. The plan seems so entirely feasible that I have been tempted to mention it here, believing it to be of much value to many readers.

FEEDING VALUE OF APPLES.

We do not think enough of the value of the orchard for feeding its fruits to the farm animals. Apples are nutritious, and an aid to the good digestion of other food. The mild acid of them is excellent for the health of the stock and we all know how gratefully they will receive a feed of them at any time. For the cows they are especially desirable; a peck of them chopped and sprinkled with meal of any kind, will help much to add to the flow of milk of the cows. Horses love this fruit, and they tend to help in the shedding of the coat, by their gently laxative effect. When the selection is made for the spring planting, a few of some of the sweet varieties, ripening from the summer to the winter should not be forgotten for this use. We may begin with the early Sweet Bough for the first, then the autumn Sweet Bough and the old Pumpkin Sweet, and for later use there are the Talman Sweet and the Winesap, all productive sorts and unexcelled for this use as well as for market.

CARE OF CALVES.

The best place for the calves is a box stall in the barn. Have the stanchions placed on one side of the stall and put each calf in the same place every time before feeding and they will soon learn to go there themselves. Feed milk first, then a small quantity of oats. In this way they will not suck each other. When they have eaten the oats, let them out and scatter hay in front of them. Always keep the stall well littered and feed warm milk, and the calves will keep clean and look sleek.

PAINTS WITH HIS MOUTH.

Bertram Hiles, an Armless Englishman, Wins Prizes for His Decorative Designs.

The achievements of Bertram Hiles, an Englishman, surpass in earnestness and perseverance those of all other armless artists. Hiles is a young man who is making his mouth play a double part in his existence. With his aid he is taking prizes in drawing and art designing, and making not only a living for himself but a reputation for the excellence of his designs and compositions.

Without arms of his own Hiles paints beautiful women with exquisitely modeled arms, and does work that any one in possession of all their muscular capacities might be glad to lay claim to.

Hiles had arms, but when eight years old was the victim of a tram-car accident and lost both. Before this event he had developed so strong a passion for drawing that the loss of both arms in no way diminished his determination to become an artist. So Hiles educated his mouth until it grasped a pencil, for brushes were beyond his wildest dreams then. First he learned to write, and then to draw firm lines.

The muscles not only of the mouth but of the neck required training, and it was between five and six years before such control of them had been obtained as permitted Hiles to work with a free touch. From that time Hiles has continued to progress, and has not only obtained a number of English medals and prizes in the decorative industries but won a scholarship at the National Art Training School tenable for two years. Hiles has visited and studied in Paris, and now is earning his living in England, combining decorative art with pictorial work.

A strange case of a handless man being charged with forgery has occurred in Alabama, where a Rev. A. R. Fowler is accused of forging three rent notes and a mortgage on a farm. Fowler lost his hands one after the other while out gunning, and as both accidents were preceded by his taking out accident insurance policies, the companies are now fighting the payment of the policies on the lost or blown off hands. It is not explained how the handless reverend gentleman committed the forgeries.

MUSIC FOR THE DEAF.

At a meeting of the Royal Society in December Professor McKendrick described a method by which it was possible to stimulate electrically the sensory nerves of the skin "so that some of the elements of music—rhythm and intensity—might be perceived and even enjoyed by those who had become deaf."

HEALTH.

SENSIBLE MANICURING.

Everybody ought to desire to have clean hands, and unbroken, tidy finger nails, for their own comfort and that of their friends. To carry a pair of repulsive hands is unnecessary and unkind to one's associates.

Hands need not be repulsive if they are used to hard work, and hands are not always attractive if the nails are highly polished and daintily curved! Even shell-like nails will not conceal the bad character that some hands reveal, neither will toil worn fingers condemn the truly fine hand.

Cleanliness comes first, and therefore soap and warm water, a crash wash cloth for rubbing the hands or a nail brush, are the first requisites. By the time the hands have been soaked and rubbed till clean, the cuticle around the nail is sufficiently loosened to be easily pushed back at the sides and root of the nail, either by the pressure of the fingers alone, or using the wet cloth. In drying the hands, use the soft bath towel the same way as when drying the fingers; the habit once formed of touching each nail with this backward movement when bathing and drying the hands, one almost unconsciously gives their nails "massage treatment," not less than three times a day, and as man ymore as the nature of their employment demands. The home keeper, who is a worker, may have occasion to "wash her hands twenty times a day," but the deftness which she may acquire in pushing back the cuticle around her nails, will not delay her an appreciable number of seconds. The hands must be cleaned after sweeping before turning to cooking, or to her sewing, and so on through the day's duties, and she may as well dry them in the best way as the worst; dried they must be, and it takes no longer to do it properly than improperly. This simple achievement of clean nails and well loosened cuticle lays the foundation for an attractive hand.

If the skin is not permitted to grow up and lie on the nail, it rarely dries and cracks, and therefore there are no hang nails and no broken edges that need cutting with the cuticle scissors. To know when the nails are perfect one may look to see if the skin lies around the nail evenly with a narrow edge, like a hem! The manicurist in her ignorance usually cuts this hem off; and when she does not draw blood often the edge swells, looks red and remains tender and perhaps even sore for two or three days after treatment. Moral: Never recommend the wielder of those scissors to a friend, and resolve to use common sense and home treatment in the future.

Unguent is very well to remove stains from under the nails or on the nails if not used too freely. But it is safest to have a bottle of lemon juice; dip the orange wood stick into the juice and pass under the nail once or twice, and having cleaned each nail wash away the acid.

One-half the usual manicure set is entirely unnecessary and one-half the remainder optional. The cuticle knife and scissors are so unwisely used, that one dare not recommend them. The average person is safer when confined to the five-cent orange wood stick, to pass under the cuticle carefully raised with the dull point of an old pair of scissors. Not so "stylish" as a sterling silver cuticle knife, of the grade sold in "department stores," but less injurious to the nails, which are so sensitive and easily injured.

Polishing the nails is entirely a matter of taste, and one that is questioned severely. A few foolish people of both sexes like a high polish, as indicative of idleness. Most hands would be improved by the use of some emollient night and morning; but it is a matter of individual need which must be found out. One finds vaseline just the thing, another pair of hands are made vile by the same, but may thrive under the use of glycerine diluted with an equal quantity of violet water, or of lemon juice. The alcohol in the one and the acid in the other "cuts the glycerine and modifies its action. Almond cream is inexpensive, and best suits some hands; but emollients, like soaps, can never be prescribed; each person must learn by experience what he needs.

A file that costs ten cents, if thin, so that it can be placed under the nail to remove any roughness there may be is of far more practical use than a more expensive file of clumsy thickness. Nails need filing usually once a week, and ten minutes is a fair allowance of time to devote to them, if proper care is taken daily as advised.

Manicures seem to have sprung up like mushrooms within a few years, and at fifty, seventy-five cents and even "one dollar a treatment," they find no difficulty in securing patrons. "All of my customers have their 'hands done' once a week, and some of my sweet ones have me visit them every morning. Then I treat their wrinkles, at a dollar each, or give them 'an all-over' at two dollars an hour. Land-a-massy ma'am, I'm taking in eight and ten dollars a day, I be," so saith one, who caters to the needs of those who know nothing of common sense and self-help.

ABOUT HEADACHES.

Headaches are all too frequent among women, and they arise from many and different causes, but in almost every instance it is some very simple disturbance, and simple methods should be resorted to before using medicine. A moment's reflection will often enable one to fix upon the cause. Giving the feet a hot bath, hot as one can stand will often cure a headache, which is caused by a rush of blood to the head, accompanied by slight fever. If one has been confined to the house, then take a brisk walk in the open air. And if the trouble arises from overfatigue in shopping or sight-seeing then try and indulge in a half hour's nap, or bathe the back of the neck in warm water,

or in spirits of camphor, and relief will often be found. Neuralgia arises from starved nerves as much as from cold, but a hot flannel applied to the affected part will be found the quickest relief. If the trouble arises from a sour stomach, a dose of willow charcoal will offer correct and sweeten it, and clear the head. To walk backward up and down the room is said to be a very good cure for a headache that arises from nervous causes.

INDIGESTION.

The "Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette" says there is no more fruitful cause of indigestion than indolence. It is a rare experience to meet a person suffering from dyspepsia who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. A vast majority of all the cases of indigestion met with is due to a want of strength of the organs of digestion from lack of exercise and not from any special disease of the stomach. Active exercise of the entire system is imperatively demanded for the continued healthy performance of the digestive function with complete nourishment of the body. While food is essential for the nourishment of the organism, without exercise its purpose quickly fails of accomplishment.

For fumigating a sick-room, burn lavender stalks, which have been dried to crisp, or set a hot poker on a lump of camphor, placed in a pot or saucer. Either of these scents act as well as the usual pastilles or scented tape, and the perfume will not hang about the room so long.

CLEANSING OF LACE.

The possession of beautiful laces is a care as well as a pleasure, particularly in the case of those laces that are very fine and delicate, and are often finely called cobwebs. Such laces are frequently very tender, perhaps having been worn by the grandmother and great-grandmother of the owners.

Fine, valuable laces ought never to be folded. When they are in frequent use drop them into a deep satin-lined, perfumed box in whatever manner they may fall, and allow nothing to be placed upon them. Laces not in frequent use will keep best if laid upon strips of thick dark blue paper, the paper and lace to be then rolled together, thus keeping the lace compact but not creased.

Fine laces that are not too much soiled may be freshened and cleansed with powdered magnesia. Sprinkle some magnesia upon a smooth sheet of wrapping paper, lay the lace upon the paper, and sprinkle more magnesia over it; cover with another sheet of paper, and place a book or some light weight upon the paper, letting it rest there several days. Then take the lace up, and what powder will not shake off brush out with a camel's hair brush. A little flour or corn starch may be mixed with the magnesia, with some laces will oftentimes do as well.

For cleansing fine laces with alcohol pour alcohol into a small earthen bowl and put in the lace. Cover the bowl and let it stand a while for any soiled spots to soften. Pat the lace between the fingers and rinse it in fresh alcohol. Roll the lace in a clean towel and take one piece at a time, and while it is still damp, pick it open with the fingers. Pull out the edges very carefully with the nails and open each little loop on the edges with a pin, which will give it the appearance of new lace. The lace should be kept damp while it is being handled. Lay the lace between sheets of blotting paper and press it until it is entirely dry.

Fine, delicate laces that require washing should be carefully sewed upon strips of muslin, care being used to catch each little loop upon the edge of the lace with a stitch. Roll this strip or lace-covered muslin smoothly and tightly around a smooth bottle, and fasten it securely. Make soap suds of warm, soft water and white castile soap, and let the covered bottle soak several hours. Make clean soap suds and put the bottle into this, patting the lace frequently with the fingers. Rinse the lace in several waters, and then with a soft towel pat the water out of the lace and stand the bottle on one side until the lace is perfectly dry before removing it. If a little stiffness is desired in the lace, a little gum arabic may be dissolved in the last rinsing water.

When small pieces of lace, such as a collar or sleeve pieces, are to be washed, a bottle may be wound with several thicknesses of flannel and the lace basted to this. Then proceed as before. Many heavy laces that have a decided right and wrong side to them look better when dried upon smooth glass or marble. Spread the wet lace out very evenly, the wrong side next to the glass, and pick out each little loop and figure with a large pin. Certain laces dried in this manner are very satisfactory.

To wash black laces dissolve half a teaspoonful of borax in a small cupful of lukewarm soft water and add one tablespoonful of spirits of wine. Soak the lace in this liquid, rinsing it in and out and pressing it between the hands to extract the dirt. Then rinse it in a tumbler of hot water in which a black kid glove has been boiled. Pull the lace out evenly with the fingers and lay it smoothly between newspapers. Place a weight upon it and let it remain until perfectly dry. Old black thread or French laces that need renovating are improved by being dipped into a solution of weak green tea and then spread out upon several thicknesses of newspaper laid upon a flat surface. With a pin pick out each little point or scallop; then cover the lace with sheets of newspaper and put a weight upon the paper, letting it remain twenty-four hours. Black face veils that have got stringy may be freshened in a like manner.

GONE WITH A HANDSOMER GIRL.

What makes you look so dejected, Miss Elderly?
I feel that I'm almost like a grass-leaved. The man I proposed to last year has eloped with another girl.

HER OCEAN TRAVELS OVER.

DEATH OF MRS. CARSON, AN ECCENTRIC LOVER OF THE SEA.

A Story That She Had Crossed the Atlantic 250 Times and Had Never Missed a Trip on the Lucania—Said to Have Left Her Fortune to the Lucania's Officers.

Mrs. Elijah Carson, a lover of the sea, died on Friday night at Anamosa, Iowa. She had crossed the ocean 250 times, and it is said had never missed a trip on the Lucania since that vessel was in service. For thirty years Mrs. Carson has been travelling across the Atlantic on the Cunard line.

Mrs. Carson was the wife of Samuel Carson, of Belfast. Her name was Newell before her marriage, and her brother, William B. Newell, was a millionaire, of Nashville, Tenn. Shortly after the death of her husband in 1864, Mrs. Carson, accompanied by her daughter Elizabeth, came to America to visit her brother.

This was Mrs. Carson's first ocean trip and was the beginning of her infatuation for the sea. Mr. Newell prevailed upon her to remain in America and on his death-bed bequeathed to her a half million dollars.

THIS INHERITANCE

gave Mrs. Carson ample means to permit the indulgence of her eccentric desire to be continually on the water. It was in the year 1866 that Mrs. Carson was first at liberty to follow her penchant. She left her young daughter in the hands of friends and took her second trip to Belfast. She returned in a few weeks, saw that her child was in safe hands, and from that time on until she was seized with her last illness a month seldom passed in which she did not take a voyage across the Atlantic.

In the year 1888 Mrs. Carson's daughter was married to Julius Rohrbach, a travelling man of Chicago. Mrs. Carson then felt that she had no more family ties which would restrain her from keeping continually on the sea. Since 1886 her entire time has been spent in her voyages.

Mrs. Carson had a strong affection for Capt. McKay and all the officers of the Lucania, and remembered them in her will. It is said that Capt. McKay will receive \$50,000, and the subalterns sums proportionate to the esteem in which she held them. The exact terms of the will, however, cannot be learned, as the document was filed at Belfast.

Mrs. Carson was well known in Chicago. About two years ago her son-in-law, Julius Rohrbach, by the advice of his wife, made an effort to restrain Mrs. Carson from taking any more trips across the ocean.

While she was stopping at the hotel at Chicago, on a visit to her daughter, Mr. Rohrbach went before a court and asked for the appointment of a guardian, making the statement that Mrs. Carson had already spent \$250,000 in her sea voyages and that unless a stop was put to it

HER ENTIRE FORTUNE

would be spent. Mrs. Carson violently fought this legal move. She announced that she would submit to no restraint, and that if her son-in-law dared to interfere with her liberty she would cut him off without a cent.

This so alarmed Mr. Rohrbach and his wife that the proceedings were dropped and Mrs. Carson was permitted to resume her journeyings. The incident, however, had made an impression on her mind, for on her next visit to Belfast she made and had placed on record a will in which she gave only \$1,000 to her daughter, \$25,000 to her banker at Belfast, and \$25,000 to her agent in New York city, and the remainder of her fortune to the officers and crew of the Lucania.

Mrs. Carson made her last voyage across the Atlantic five weeks ago. On the trip out from Liverpool she was seized with pneumonia, and when the steamer reached New York she was failing rapidly. She was taken to a hotel where she remained two days, when her daughter, Mrs. Rohrbach, of Anamosa, Ia., arrived and took her West. Mrs. Carson was 74 years old.

ONE NOT EASILY MOVED.

A pretty girl living near New York is affected with a large number of would be beaux, but has no use for any of them. For one, in particular, she had less than no use.

He showed up one evening in a bicycle suit, and while he sat in the parlor with the pretty girl, the pretty girl's little brother sewed the bicycle cap firmly down to the corner of the hall table and then dumped all the oil from the raller's bicycle lamp. But Mr. Blank never murmured while he picked the stitches from his cap as he said good night, and walked the two miles and a half home without a complaint.

Of course, the pretty girl thought that Mr. Blank would never show up again and gave little brother half a dozen bear hugs as a reward for bouncing him. But ten days later Mr. Blank appeared again as if nothing had happened; this time in evening dress, with a silk hat. It was an awful hot night, but little brother was on deck just the same, and a thin slice of limburger cheese went under the lining of that hat before the evening was over.

Mr. Blank did not depart until 11:30 that evening, but nothing was ever heard of the cheese. This time the pretty girl and little brother made bets at odds of 16 to 1 that Mr. Blank would never call again. But Mr. Blank did call again and with a smile on his innocent round face. At about 9:30 little brother strolled into the parlor and walking up to the clock pushed the hands around a couple of hours ahead and strolled out again, silently. Mr. Blank went early that evening and has not been back since.

ANY OLD SCHOOL.

Mrs. Crimmonback. Does Dr. Geesay belong to the old school?
Mr. Crimmonback. Yes; any old school, I guess.