

## FARM.

**Sunflower seeds are good for fowls**  
"A field well ploughed is a crop half made."

"Cabbage need lime," says an experienced gardener.

Never keep honey in a cellar. A dry room is the place for it.

Damp roosting places for poultry are the principal cause of roup and most other diseases.

Prof. DeMuth says that hay fed to cows between meals is worse than wasted, as it interferes with the digestion of the regular ration.

In no way can a farmer with less trouble enrich a poor field with scanty herbage than by feeding sheep on it, so affirms an English sheep farmer.

Assistant Commissioner Talbot, of Ohio, declares that he is "confident from his official investigation, that bogus butter ought to be forbidden entirely on sanitary grounds."

A bulletin from the Michigan Agricultural College makes the suggestion that the state botanist be employed to examine farm seed, especially those of grasses and clover before they are purchased by farmers.

Plenty of whitewash should be used now, not only for the brighter appearance but also as a disinfectant. Hot whitewash on the inside of barns, stables, poultry houses and big quarters will aid in preventing vermin and insects.

Horticulture is taught in the common schools in Germany. The pupils are required to bud, graft, transplant, plant seeds, etc., and they are given instructions on the subject of plant growth, adaptation of varieties to soil, climate, etc.

The man who ploughed his ground last fall and put what manure on it in the winter could be spared, can soon drag in his oats and have this work all done before his neighbors have ploughed. And his process brings the best kind of a crop, too.

When the early plants shall have begun to come up in the hotbeds, the potato beetle will attack them. Tomato plants must be watched, or they will all be destroyed in a few hours. The beetle comes out early in the season, before potato plants make their appearance, and they will readily devour any green substance if they cannot find potato leaves to consume.

For beets the soil should be rich, mellow and deep. Plant in drills, about two inches apart. For the rows about 12 or 15 inches apart. For field culture the rows should be wide enough to admit the horse cultivator and the roots not nearer than one foot in the rows. The mangel wurzel beets grow to a very large size, are coarse, and wonderfully productive, making excellent feed for cattle.

A Colorado farmer is said to have South-down lambs six months old that weigh 140 pounds each, and it has been estimated that they will clip at least twelve pounds of wool each when they shall be fourteen months old. As extra mutton now sells at eight cents per pound for sheep in lots, each of the above is worth \$11.20. This shows what can be done with well-bred sheep without paying any attention to the value of the wool.

It is growing harder and harder to get good milkers on farms where but few cows are kept. Milking seems to be getting more and more the work of a specialist. Good milkers on dairy farms are generally sure of the best wages. They get more milk than careless or indifferent hands would, consequently they represent so much cash saved to their employers. Some men are naturally good milkers. They have a firm yet gentle hand, and a way of getting the cow's best confidence. No man can be a good milker until he does get the cow's confidence. Such men naturally work towards the large dairies where their skill will be most appreciated. On farms where few cows are kept the milking is too frequently regarded as an unpleasant chore—to be gotten rid of as quickly as possible. Where the milking is regarded as a job to be dodged if possible, it is no wonder that we find bungling or unskillful work.

The refreshing, delightful vapory coolness of the foliage of a tree top in hot, dry days of summer is very familiar—observed and welcomed by all. Fruits freshly plucked from a tree have the same fresh coolness, while those that have fallen are unpleasant and unrefreshingly warm. Few think of the cause of the constant coolness of leaves and fruit while on the tree. It seems as great a mystery of nature as the constant unvarying warmth of animals. It is the crude, watery sap absorbed by the roots in the cool soil and carried so rapidly to the trunk and then up the trunk and out along the branches and into the leaves, all so rapidly that it still retains its coolness when exhaled from the stomates of the leaves, suffusing the air with its agreeable refrigeration. The great wonder is how the sap reaches the tops of tall trees so rapidly as this evidence proves it to do. It must traverse millions of separate cells on its way, and it seems to ascend against gravity even more freely than it extends along horizontal branches. No satisfactory solution to this problem has yet been given.

**A MINE OF WEALTH**  
The discourse on eggs which Mr. Simmonds has just delivered before the Society of Arts is well worthy of the most careful consideration. Eggs, according to the lecturer, constitute a neglected mine of wealth. They are the one article of agricultural produce for which the demand is unlimited, and perhaps the only one in which we might, did we choose, defy foreign competition. They not only mean money, but they command prices that admit of profit compared with which beef and mutton are of little account, and wheat barely worth mentioning. Hens, for those who know how to utilize them, lay eggs which, if not made of gold, are quite capable of being turned into that metal, when they are retailable all the year round, one month with another, at something not much short of a penny apiece, while the eggs of ducks will bring a still more remunerative price. Eggs are a meal in themselves. Every element necessary to the support of man is contained within the limits of an egg-shell, in the best proportions and in the most palatable form. Plain boiled, they are wholesome. The masters of French cookery, however, affirm that it is easy to dress them in more than 500 different ways, each method not only economical but salutary in the highest degree. No honest appetite

ever yet rejected an egg in some guise. It is nutriment in the most portable form and in the most concentrated shape. Whole nations of mankind rarely touch any other animal food. Kings eat them plain as readily as do the humble tribesmen.

After the victory of Muhlendorf, when the Kaiser Ludwig sat at meat with his burggrafts and great captains, he determined on a piece of luxury—"one egg to every man, and two to the excellently valiant Schwepperman." Far more than fish—for its watery diet—eggs are the scholar's fare. They contain phosphorus, which is brain food, and sulphur, which performs a variety of functions in the economy. And they are the best of nutriment for children, for, in a compact form, they contain everything that is necessary for the growth of the youthful frame. Eggs are, however, not only food—they are medicine also. The white is the most efficacious of remedies for burns, and the oil extractable from the yolk is regarded by the Russians as an almost miraculous salve for cuts, bruises and scratches.

A raw egg, if swallowed in time, will effectually detach a fish bone in the throat, and the white of two eggs will render the deadly corrosive sublimate as harmless as a dose of calomel. They strengthen the consumptive, invigorate the feeble and render the most susceptible all but proof against jaundice in its more malignant phase. They can also be drunk in the shape of that "egg flip" which sustains the oratorical efforts of a modern statesman. The merits of eggs do not end even here. In France alone the wine clarifiers use more than 80,000,000 a year, and the Alsatians consume fully 38,000,000 in calico printing and for dressing the leather used in making the finest of French kid gloves. Finally, not to mention various other employments for eggs in the arts, they may, of course, almost without trouble on the farmers part, be converted into fowls, which in any shape are profitable to the buyer. Even shells are valuable, for allopath and homeopath alike agree in regarding them as the purest of carbonate of lime.

## POULTRY NOTES.

There is always a home market for fresh eggs. Eggs may be cheap and plentiful, but it is difficult to always obtain them strictly fresh. Those who have made a specialty of supplying only fresh eggs have found a ready sale near home at prices fully equal to those paid elsewhere.

If the *Rural New Yorker's* poultry investigation have determined one thing more valuable than others, it is the use of kerosene and spraying bellows for exterminating lice in the easiest and cheapest way. A poultry house ten feet square can be thoroughly kerosened in a minute, the fine spray penetrating every crack and crevice. There is no need whatever of whitewash or the use of any other material for this purpose. The kerosene vapor is effectual.

It is estimated that a poultry house seven-by-thirteen will accommodate forty hens in the winter, and that twenty pounds of coal per day, at a cost of less than five cents, will keep the temperature at about 40 degrees. With this sort of a hen-house you may look for eggs in the coldest months, and the combs will never be trosted.

People who purchase fowls in market seem to prefer those that have a rich yellow skin with yellow legs, and therefore poultry-growers should endeavor to accommodate them; but in reality the dark-legged fowls are the best for the table, being finer grained, having a delicate flesh and thin skin.

## Statistics of Sickness and Death.

Some years ago the Statistical Congress at London, England, deduced from the tables of Drs. Farr and Edmunds, the following interesting facts respecting sickness and death, which preach important sanitary sermons without the aid of comment:—

"Of one thousand persons at the age of thirty, it is probable that ten will die in the current year; that there will be ten permanent invalids, and an average of twenty sick for the year.

"Of one thousand persons at the age of seventy, it is probable that a hundred will die during the year, and three hundred will be sick or become chronic invalids.

"It is estimated that of every thousand of population there will be seventy-seven sick, on an average, for the year, in England and Scotland; fifty-three in Ireland; sixty-seven in France; seventy-six in Germany; ninety-four in Austria; eighty-nine in Italy and Spain; seventy-one in Holland; fifty-seven in Denmark; and fifty-five in the United States.

"The most salubrious of these countries is Ireland.

"The average number of days of sickness per adult inhabitant in the principal civilized countries of the globe, is fourteen and two-tenths. In the United States it is ten and five-tenths.

"The average loss per cent. of income from sickness in the United States is two and nine-tenths; in England, three; in France, three and five-tenths; in Germany, three and nine-tenths; and in Russia, five-tenths."

## DO YOU BANK?

Reckon neither Sunday nor legal holidays. Individual or firm printed checks are the safest.

Always indorse checks you send by mail. State to whose order they are payable.

The law says that in all losses from flagrant carelessness the careless one shall be the loser.

If ordinary caution in banking is displayed and your check is raised or forged the bank suffers the loss.

The holder of a note or check may give notice of protest either to all the previous indorsers or only to the last indorser.

On purchasing a bank draft make it out to your own order. Then indorse on the back: "Pay to" receiver, whoever he may be, or "order." If the draft is lost in the mails you can obtain a duplicate.

If checks do not return to you within a reasonable time and you get no receipt for same from supposed receivers, notify the bank on which it is drawn of the number of the check and party to whom it was made out to.

Thanksgiving is good, thanks living is better.

The time for one to strike—Sixty minutes after 12.

The way of every man is declarative of the end of every man.—(Cecil.

## THE DOCTOR'S SHADOW.

### An Incident of the Cholera Outbreak.

During the outbreak of cholera in Naples, three years ago, the hostility of the lower classes towards the doctors was violent. They insisted that the spread, if not the origin, of the disease was due to them, and called them poisoners and murderers. Physicians who made visits straight to the poor's quarters carried revolvers, or were accompanied by policemen.

A French physician, who had volunteered his aid, used to go about unarmed and without a guard, at all hours of the night, for, as he said to a friend, "Don Salvatore Trapanese was watching over him."

Whenever he went, at night, a man, with a long cloak thrown over his shoulder, carrying a stick in his hand, followed him, as a detective follows the man he is "shadowing." Even in the heart of the thieves' quarter this physician was as safe as in the public square at midday. For the man was one of the chief thieves, and his business was to see that no harm came to the doctor.

It happened in this way. Late one afternoon the doctor happened to be in a church frequented by the poor of the city. The doors were about to be closed, as a man entered and fell upon his knees. His lips moved hastily, and repeatedly he struck the ground with his forehead. As the sexton came up to lock the door, the man threw his cloak over his shoulder and hurriedly left the church.

As the doctor passed the spot where the man had knelt, his foot stumbled against a long Calabrian dagger which lay upon the floor. Catching up with the man outside, the doctor handed him the knife, and noticed his pale face and agitated manner.

"I feel sorry for you," said the doctor.

"Cholera in the house," the man muttered through his clenched teeth.

The doctor announced himself a physician from Paris, and offered his services. The man shook his head, walked away, and then returned.

"Are you a stranger?" said he, curtly.

"Yes."

"You have nothing to do with the municipal authorities?"

"Nothing at all."

"Will you come with me?"

They went down into a narrow street, walked a long way in the darkness, through a vaulted passage, into a narrow alley, and halted before a tumble-down house. A man came out, and all three went down a pitch-dark passage, crossed a yard, and stopped before a miserable hovel. The man who had come from the house, raised a lantern and scrutinized the doctor's face, and then they entered the hovel.

A mother lay upon the floor wringing her hands in despair. Three women were on their knees praying. An old woman, a cripple, sat all in a heap before the fire, muttering to herself.

On the bed was a little girl, half cold and unconscious. No one stood beside the bed, for the lowest class Neapolitans are afraid to touch a dying person.

Surreptitiously, under the blanket, the doctor administered an ether-injection. She rallied, opened her eyes and moaned softly, thereby softening the suspicious eyes around the physician.

The mother rose from the floor and began helping the physician rub the girl with the blanket. The rubbing was useless; the child was sinking fast.

The doctor prepared to give an intravenous injection. As he cut open the vein all the women shrieked. The child collapsed; the mother cried:

"She is dying! she is dying!"

The doctor held the child in his arms. Savage eyes followed his movements, and amid prayers to the Virgin and threats hurled at him, the night wore on.

A reaction set in toward morning, and warmth returned to the body. She moaned, "Mamma! mamma!" The mother's face glowed with hope. The child was returning to life.

When the doctor left the house he was guided through the labyrinth of lanes and alleys by the father, whose look of gratitude more than compensated the physician for the sleepless night.

Several nights, for they preferred to receive his visits after dark, the doctor visited the hovel. On the night of the last visit, the mother stood on the doorstep, as the doctor departed, praying, "May the peace which you desire be granted unto you!"

As the doctor took leave of the father he asked his name. "Salvatore Trapanese," the man answered, and added, "If ever you want me, excellency, my life and my knife will be at your disposal."

Pointing to where a ragged old cobbler was seated repairing a boot, he said, "Address yourself to that man if you want me."

For months the physician did not see Salvatore. The papers teemed with accounts of nightly attacks, and the dreadful Camorra—the association of thieves and beggars which once ruled half of Naples—appeared to be renewing its sway. But whenever the doctor went out at night, he saw that he was followed by a suspicious-looking character. Subsequently the doctor found out that the man overshadowing him was Salvatore's brother, who had been ordered by the Camorra to watch over him.

The doctor lost a valuable dog. He informed the old cobbler. That night a man called, whose appearance was not such as to beget a sense of security. He came as a friend of Salvatore.

"You shall have the dog back to-morrow evening, if he be not dead!" said the man.

The next night the dog rushed into the room dragging Salvatore after him.

The doctor thanked him and shook him by the hand.

"I am a bad man," said Salvatore looking confused, "and not worthy of touching your hand."

The doctor handed the reward he had promised for the dog's return, two hundred francs. The man put it back on the table, saying: "You saved the little girl. I found the dog—it is all right now."

## His Wife Saw the Point.

Jones had married the prettiest woman in town and Brown had married the homeliest and thought she was beautiful. One evening they were talking about their respective better halves, and Brown remarked:

"I say, Jones, I think you and I married two prettiest women in town."

Jones looked at him in surprise a moment, but he saw he was serious.

"Well," he replied, cautiously, and with pride, "I guess you are about half right, old fellow."

Brown didn't see the point until he told his wife.—(Washington Critic.

## Royal Inter-marriages.

A grave national crisis seemed about to arise recently in Germany as the result of a proposed marriage between a daughter of the reigning Emperor and Prince Alexander of Battenberg. Alexander was formerly Prince of Bulgaria, and while occupying that throne gave such offence to the Russian Czar that he was abducted, and was afterward forced to give up his Bulgarian throne.

Obnoxious, therefore, as Alexander is to the Czar, Prince Bismarck declared that his marriage into the Emperor's family was likely to bring about unpleasant relations—and perhaps worse—between Germany and Russia, and therefore Bismarck strenuously resisted the arrangement which was dear to the heart both of the young princess herself and of her mother, the Empress Victoria.

This occurrence strikingly illustrates the fact that marriages among the European reigning families may still have a large influence upon the course of political events.

It is quite true that such ties do not prevent and never have prevented, the different nations from quarrelling with and fighting each other. Royal fathers-in-law and brothers-in-law have often, all through European history, confronted each other on the battle-field, and allied themselves with each other's enemies.

Napoleon the First warred upon Francis of Austria, his father-in-law, and a few years ago England and Russia were on the very point of coming to blows, though the second son of Queen Victoria was the husband of the Czar's sister.

Yet the reigning families, or their ministers, have always arranged marriages between their members for "dynastic" and political reasons, and not seldom the fact that marriage ties existed between them has turned the scale in favor of or against wars and other important political events.

In the monarchies, indeed, either absolute law or immemorial custom has established the rule that royalty can only wed royalty, and that if the heir, near or remote to a throne, marries beneath the royal rank, he shall forfeit his right of succession.

Prince Oscar of Sweden, by marrying recently Miss Munck, one of the maids of honor at the Swedish court, was obliged to abandon all right to succeed to the throne, and to give up his rank as a royal prince.

In order to avoid such results, the princes of many European states are permitted to contract what are called "morganatic" marriages, with women not of royal blood. But the children of such marriages are not recognized as their father's heirs, or as being of the blood royal; nor does a morganatic marriage prevent the prince who makes it from also legally wedding a princess of royal blood.

Royal marriages for dynastic or political reasons often have two opposite results. They often unite in wedlock a prince and princess who know little of each other, and who do not love each other. On the other hand, the rule of dynastic marriages some times keeps apart a prince and princess who do love each other. The latter is said to be the case with the Prince Alexander and the Princess Victoria.

Sometimes, however, it happens that affection and political exigencies harmonize, and produce happy marriages. Of such a character, undoubtedly, were the marriages of Queen Victoria with Prince Albert; of her son, the Prince of Wales, with the Danish Princess Alexandra; of the present German Emperor with his Empress, and of the present Czar with the Princess Dagmar.

So long-continued has been the custom of inter-marriages between royal people, that the present reigning families of Europe are all more or less nearly related to each other; and, in many instances, are related to each other by numerous ties of blood and inheritance.

It cannot be said, however, that this fact materially lessens the probability of war. Indeed, as the case of Prince Alexander and the German Princess shows, adherence to the custom may bring the prospect of dissension and war nearer, rather than more remote.

## Torn in Pieces by a Panther.

Hugh Williams had a thrilling adventure the other night while driving from Hot Springs to his country home. When half a mile from his house his horses evinced considerable uneasiness, as though they were afraid to advance further in the direction they were going.

The farmer, becoming uneasy, whistled to his large and trusty bulldog, which was but a short distance in advance of him. Just as the dog started to return, in obedience to the alarm, Mr. Williams heard a noise in the branches of a tree which stood near the roadside, and when the dog got within twenty-five yards of the wagon he was pounced upon by a huge panther, which leaped from the tree upon him. A terrible fight ensued.

The farmer's team became frightened and ran home with him. As soon as he reached his home Mr. Williams tethered his team, ran into the house, picked up his Winchester rifle, and returned to the spot to take a hand in the battle. He found his faithful dog torn to pieces, but no signs of the "varmint" was visible.

## Advice to Young Writers.

A letter published in *St. Nicholas* contains some advice once given by Miss Alcott to young writers. It says:—"Write and print if you can: if not, still write and improve as you go on. Read the best books and they will improve your style. See and hear good speakers and wise people, and learn of them. Work for twenty years and then you may some day find that you have a style and good pay for the same things no one would take when you were unknown."

Do you fancy that any one can be really happy who is selfish? It is impossible. The selfish never have real friends; they are always grasping something more, whether they need it or not, and as no one can ever satisfy his own desires if really selfish, they are disappointed and become peevish and irritable. To try to help others; to be made happy by seeking to make them happy is the best prescription for good spirits ever made.

Sudden joys are apt to be followed by moments of weakness. In the reaction from the delight occasioned by the freedom from flood this year, a Montreal paper says: "Spring poems are in order in Montreal at present," the season having behaved so well. Ask any level-headed business man of Montreal, even with a warehouse near the river, and he would welcome a flood to escape the poetry.

## RUSSIA'S PETROLEUM GEYSERS.

Wells that Alone Produce More Oil Than an Entire American Field.

Statistics of the oil business in Russia have just reached this country, and American oil men are studying them with a great deal of anxiety. They throw a new light on the business in Russia, and show too plainly that the Baku districts are a most dangerous rival of the American fields. The output of many of the Russian wells is prodigious, and far eclipses anything ever heard of in this country. American oil producers have claimed to have no fears of Russian competition, but with the new information on the industry they are taking another view of it.

There is no better way to bring this fact to them than by a few comparisons. Take a well at Baku called the "Wet Nurse." It has been yielding oil for twelve years, and in that time has averaged 32,000 gallons a day. These figures are amazing to an American oil producer. They mean that the well has produced 140,000,000 gallons of oil, or over 3,000,000 barrels. These figures are startling to the people of this section when they turn to the statistics of their own industry and find that this one well has produced three times as much as Pithole in a year of its wonderful business. It lacks less than 400,000 barrels of producing as much as the famous Oil Creek district produced in 1869, its most prolific year. The Washington district, among the richest ever discovered in America, in 1887, its banner year, produced but 3,500,000 barrels. This is but 500,000 barrels more than the output of this one well in Russia. The wonderful Thorn Creek pool, in Butler county, produced in its best twelve months but 268,000 barrels more than this one Russian gusher.

Such astounding facts as these bring the danger of Russian competition home to the people of the Pennsylvania fields. This does not stand alone in this enormous production. The yearly output is given of a number of wells, many of them nearly as large as this one. The "Mizzeff No. 5," also at Baku, has for six years produced 40,000 gallons a day. This is above 2,000 barrels, and the production of Cogley, Tarkill, and Red Valley, three prolific Venango county pools, produced but 1,965,000 barrels in 1886, their best year.

The record is given of a well drilled by the Nobel Brothers, called the "Droogja well." It cost \$7,500 to drill. The record of the well is thus stated:

This well spouted for 115 days, the yield being 3,400 tons for thirty, and 600 tons for eleven days. The well was then plugged and the supply kept under ground for further wants. The amount of oil spouted by this well, according to the lowest estimate, was 22,000 tons, or 55,000,000 gallons; according to the highest estimate, 500,000 tons or 125,000,000 gallons.

The spray from one of these geysers was blown through the air for eight miles.

With these figures before them, coming as they do from official sources, American oil men realize that Russian petroleum deposits are too great for computation. Five hundred wells have been sunk in the Baku districts, 200 of which, irrespective of the enormous fountains, are now producing 560,000,000 gallons of oil every year. It is the opinion of American operators now in that field that this flow "could be increased tenfold or a hundredfold." A very significant fact to oil men is the interest which the Rothschilds have taken in the Russian field, controlling, as they do, a large percentage of the producing and refining business.

## Starvation in London.

One of the most active charities in London is that which provides food for the unemployed, and also for laborers who are not allowed to leave the docks, where they are busy, during working hours, and who can pay only the smallest possible sum for what they eat. Those who have work are expected to give one penny for an amount of food which the unemployed can obtain for a half-penny, and it is estimated that the first sum covers the actual cost of the bowl of nourishing soup of which a dock-dinner consists. This is supplemented by a slice of pudding when the applicant can afford an extra half-penny.

A visitor at the place where the food is distributed says, that on a cold spring day nine hundred and sixty men were served from the food trucks in less than an hour. This took place after the worst distress of winter was over. Said the attendant in charge, "We are daily implored to give food to men who have had none for twenty-four or forty-eight hours."

"Please, I've no money to-day," said one poor fellow. "I know you don't give the food quite, because there'd be such a lot of us if you did; but will you take my matches, and let me have a little for them?"

In the midst of such bitter want, a great deal of brotherly kindness is shown by men who feel that a starving comrade's need is greater than their own.

A poorly dressed man one day gave a penny to two others, telling them to buy soup and pudding for themselves. One of them came to the truck, and asked for two slices of pudding.

"Why didn't you get some soup, instead of two pieces of pudding?" asked the one to whom he had been indebted.

"Oh," was the answer, as he handed one slice to another man, "Here's a chum of mine who can get along with a piece of this."

And the man who was thus helped was seen, a few minutes after, dividing his share with a neighbour more needy than himself.

Last October an elderly man, looking very white and thin, stood for three days outside the gate, watching the others as they ate their hot stew. On the first day a friend lent him a penny, but on the second no one could afford to repeat the loan, and on the third the man fell to the ground exhausted. He had been reduced by starvation to the lowest point of human endurance, and actually died on the spot where he hoped to be fed.

Punctually at noon two wretched-looking cats appear, and wait until some one takes pity on them. Some of the men leave a little food in their basins for the poor animals, besides breaking off a bit of pudding for anxiously watching children.

One day the attendant was, as usual, collecting two basins of scrapings, one for the black cat, and one for the white, when he saw a lean, starved human creature peering at him through the railings. The two cats finished their meal and retired, and then the watcher, springing toward the basin, ravenously devoured the rest of the food.

The amount of good done by this system of food distribution is almost incalculable.