

FARM.

HINTS ON PLANTING

CABBAGE.—One had better buy the few plants he will require for the early crop than attempt to raise them from seed, unless he has hot beds or chooses to raise the plants for the pleasure of growing them. They should be set in the ground about the 20th of April. Winter cabbages can be raised from seed sown in open ground between the 10th and 20th of June.

THE TOMATO.—Tomato plants should be set out about the first of June; the ground should have been made very rich, and if it is kept free from weeds no further attention will be required. Just before frost the vine may be taken up with all the earth that can be kept adhering to the root, and transferred to the cellar, where all the full grown tomatoes not already picked will ripen.

POLE OR RUNNING BEANS.—These cannot be planted until settled, mild weather, say from the 20th of May until the 1st of June. Four plants in a hill, with hills four feet apart each way, is as close as they should be grown, as they require plenty of light and air. Limas and stevas being very tender should not be planted before June 1st. For shell beans, the best kinds are large white lima, and pole horticultural. Either the black wax pole or Indian chief is an excellent snap or string bean. The dwarf kinds are far superior for the latter use to the pole beans.

THE BEET.—It requires a deep, sandy loam; should be sown as early as the ground is in good working order, and the plants as soon as well up, should be thinned to eight or ten inches apart for the early crop. Sowing for the winter crop should be about July 1st or a little earlier. Less thinning will be proper than for the early crop. Four to five inches will be narrow enough. The early Bastian and Dewing's early turnip are standards for both early and late crops. Beet tops used as greens are by many preferred to dandelion or spinach; the Swiss chard or silver beet is grown entirely for this purpose. It sends out fresh sprouts continuously during the season, no matter how often cut off.

CLASSIFICATION OF GRASSES.

The grasses, for convenience, may be ranged in two general divisions. The first division comprises all the true grasses or plants with long, simple, narrow leaves and a long sheath divided to the base which seems to clasp the stem; or, rather, through which the stem appears to pass.

The artificial grasses are mostly leguminous plants with a few stems which are cultivated and used like the grasses, although they do not properly belong to that family. The clovers of all varieties, the alfalfa, etc., belong to this latter class.

In general, grasses ought to be cut not long after the time of flowering, for although there is a great deal of nourishment in the ripe seed, it is hardly enough to make up for the loss in the stalks and leaves, which are most valuable before the soluble materials, such as starch, gum and sugar, are gradually changed into woody fiber.

The best known remedy for the currant worm, which infests both currant and gooseberry bushes, is said to be white hellebore. Now, white hellebore is an altogether different drug from black hellebore, so remember and use the former. The cheapest and easiest mode of application is to mix the hellebore in water. Place a heaping tablespoonful of the powder in a dish; and gradually a quart of boiling water, stirring all the while to make certain that the hellebore is thoroughly saturated. Turn this mixture into a pailful of cold water, stir well and apply with a garden syringe or ordinary watering pot. The object is to wet every leaf; make two applications, a few days apart. While white hellebore is poisonous, there is little or no danger from its use, as above directed.

The chances are that before the fruit is ripe enough to eat the rains will have washed off all traces of the hellebore, and should any remain on the clusters the fruit will present a soiled appearance and be rejected in consequence.

STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

Strawberries do not anymore seem to bring the large prices of former years, says the Orchard and Garden. We must economize some way. But the attempt to save in the manure account is like trying to make the dairy business pay by withholding the grain rations from the cows. High cultivation and high feeding is the only thing that can make strawberry culture profitable in a dull market.

An English strawberry grower uses oil meal and woodashes spread about the plants and worked into the soil, and recommends it as a clean fertilizer for strawberries. No weeds in that manure.

The composting of coarse manure, even for a period of one or two years, will not destroy the vitality of half the weed seeds in it.

Considerable heat in fermenting manure may kill most of the weed seeds in it, but it also and always impairs the value of the manure.

NOTES.

Prune any time the weather is fit and keep the knife sharp.

For fertilizing purposes there is no more valuable form of potash than wood ashes.

Be sure and plant good seed potatoes even if the seed be costly. But do not plant too many acres.

Good roads are the most obvious marks of advanced civilization, and are essential to general prosperity.

The hen that is active, scratches vigorously, and seems anxious to be always searching for food, is usually the one that is a good layer.

Dwarf pears and cherries often yield a good crop the second year after planting, but for the after good of the trees such early bearing, in large quantities, should be discouraged.

Sow more clover. Sow it with the spring grain where you do not intend to lay the field down for mowing. Clover will smother other weeds that would otherwise mature their seeds with the grain, and will make a good crop to plough in.

Beans like a dry and rather light soil, though they will do well in any garden soil if not planted too early in the spring. Dwarfs are earliest and most hardy, as a general rule. In garden culture beans are generally planted in rows, 18 inches apart, and 3 inches apart in the row; in field cul-

ture in drills wider apart, so as to cultivate with horse one way. Running beans are planted in hills two or three feet apart.

The *Poultry Record* gives this method of liming eggs for long keeping: To one pint of salt and one pint of fresh lime add four gallons of boiling water. When cold put it in stone jars. Then with a dish let your fresh eggs into it, tipping the dish after it fills with the fluid, so they will roll out without cracking the shell, for if the shell be cracked the egg will spoil. Put the eggs in whenever you have them fresh, keep covered in a cool place and they will keep fresh for a year.

Keep your cows comfortably housed. Keep salt before them at all times. See that they get all the water they want at least twice a day. Water warmed to 55 at 60 deg will save feed and increase the milk supply. Feed regularly both as to time and quantity. Mild regularly and with no undue haste or rudeness. Strain the milk away as soon as possible in a cool place. Skim after about twenty-four hours, and put the cream in a moderately warm place to sour; stir thoroughly three or four times a day. Churn at 60 deg.

The farmers in the Eastern States are applying themselves more and more to dairying. According to the third volume, just issued, of the Massachusetts census, taken in 1885, that State produced in that year agricultural products of the value of \$47,750,000. Hay is an important crop. Between 1875 and 1885 the quantity of milk produced rose from 36,898,159 to 72,528,728 gallons, very nearly doubling. The production of butter in the same period increased nearly 2,000,000 pounds. The egg crop was more than doubled between 1875 and 1885. The increased attention given to fruits is a marked feature in the change. The apple crop of 1885 was nearly 1,300,000 bushels greater than that of 1875, while the product of cranberries more than doubled.

The grain farmer, says an agricultural writer, no matter how few his acres, can make money by keeping a few sheep. There is always room for them somewhere, and they consume and turn into money food that otherwise would be wasted. To illustrate: suppose a farmer cultivates only eighty acres, raising grain chiefly. He keeps a few cows, and the necessary teams. One fifth of his farm is in pasture, one fifth meadow, one planted, one spring grain, and one wheat. He thinks he has as much stock as he can profitably keep, but if he puts one sheep to every five acres, he will find their products clear gain. In the spring early they can run on the sod which is to be planted, and will not hurt the land, but will live well. After that they can go into the pasture, and will glean after the cows to advantage. A run on the stubbles after harvest will not be felt, and in the fall there is plenty of feed. And through the winter they can be kept on what the other stock would not consume, with the addition of a little grain.

A Deer's Curious Misadventure.

A correspondent writes the *Field* as follows from Stackpole, Pembroke: Some of your readers may be interested to hear of a curious misadventure which happened to a deer at this place a few days ago. Early one morning the herd of deer were noticed to be very much disturbed—staring about them and occasionally darting off in all directions, taking refuge in wood and water, several swimming across the lake which bounds the park on one side—in fact rather reminding one of the herd of swine, etc. But the evil spirit in this case was one of their comrades in sore distress. He had been rambling about the keeper's house the night before and had got entangled in a children's swing, consisting of a wooden seat, measuring 19 inches by 9 inches, and a sufficient length of rope to fasten it securely to one of his horns. With this acquisition he careered about the park, and eventually appeared astonished that his associates should look upon him with such awe. Keepers were sent out to try to secure and liberate him; but he managed to evade them by hiding between a fallen tree and a pigsty wall. In this secluded spot he remained until early next morning, when he was discovered and pursuit recommenced. He went away as if mad, jumping a park-gate 5 feet 9 inches high—handicapped, remember, with 5 lbs. of lumber about his head; making for the village, he was headed and turned back into the park which he crossed, and then went straight at the boundary wall, 6 feet high, which he cleared! After swimming another lake he was overtaken, and finally shot, in an exhausted and much-bruised state.

His Will Was a Short One.

They are telling a little story on the street about a well-known real estate man of considerable means who is a little careless in his business habits and has allowed a large number of unpaid bills to accumulate in various parts of the city. The other day he took it into his head that he would have a new will drawn up, and to that end he summoned a legal friend who was acquainted with his little peculiarity. The lawyer put down the imposing clause, "In the name of God, Amen, I, _____, being of sound and disposing mind," etc. Then he looked up at the real estate man.

"I desire," said the latter, "first, that all my just debts shall be paid."

The lawyer wrote, laid down his pen and asked him to sign.

"But I haven't finished yet," said the astonished real estate man.

"Oh, yes, you have," replied the lawyer. "That's all that's necessary. By the time that desire is complied with your estate will be taken care of."

Undecided.

The Danish Exhibition at South Kensington, London, will, it is expected, be inaugurated on the 14 inst. In order to be in keeping with the verbal atrocities of the "Fisheries," the "Healcheries," the "Colinderies," and the "Inventories," this is to be called the "Daneries," and the Italian exhibition the "Rmansies." By the way, what will they call the Irish exhibition, which opens on the 4th of June?—[Mail.

Very Forgetful.

Anatole (to De Jones, who has been trying to make himself understood in bill-of-fare French)—"If ze gentleman will talk ze language vot he was born in I vill very much better understood."

Mr. De Jones (to friend)—"Queer, ain't it, how soon these Frenchmen forget their own lingo when they get over here?"—[Pack.

IMPRISONED BY THE TIDE.

The Perilous Experience of a Party of Daring English Boys.

Eleven boys, ranging in age from 11 to 14 years, had a most extraordinary adventure on the beach at Seaham Harbor England, recently. At the south side of the town there is a rock projecting from the mainland known as Nose Point, on the top of which is built the Vane and Seaham blast furnaces. Underneath is a large cavern, locally known as the "Smugglers' Cave," which, at high tide, is filled by the sea. Among the boys referred to the exploration of this cave and the unearthing of treasure of some buccaner of the past had long been an object to be accomplished, and a determination was at last come to carry out the project at the first fitting opportunity.

A certain Saturday was fixed upon for the day of search, and they started off, headed by a trusty leader, and provided with candles, lanterns, torches, a pick, and shovel. Entering the cavern at low water, they commenced work, and soon were so intent upon the object of their labors that they never heeded the turn of the tide, and it was only when they found escape from the cave by the way they had entered impossible that they realized their position. The water drove them further and further back into the cave, until at length they found it impossible to recede further. To avoid the rise of the water several of the boys climbed as high up the walls of the cave as possible. Others had no alternative but to stand pressed up against the end of the cavern and allow the water to gradually creep upon them.

Higher and higher rose the water, and deeper and deeper the lads became immersed, until some of them were covered up to the shoulders. They all managed, however, to keep erect, notwithstanding their weakened condition, produced by shouting for help and numbness from being compelled to stand in the water. Now and then a broken wave would dash in among them, rendering their position still more perilous. Moreover, the cave was nearly dark, all the lads' lights having been put out except one, which had escaped the wash of the waves and continued to give forth its feeble illumination. One of the boys at last, from sheer want of strength, was washed from his holding; but soon another lad standing near groped in the dark, and, with nothing but the cries of his comrades to guide him, succeeded in restoring him to his feet.

In the mean time the lads had been missed from their homes, and their continued absence caused inquiries to be made. This resulted in their whereabouts becoming known. A rumor then got abroad that all the boys had been drowned, and soon farther, mothers, brothers, sisters, and a large body of other men, women, and children rushed off in eager haste to the top of the cliff. There was no way of reaching them from the shore, nor was there any possibility of going down the precipitous face of the cliff with ropes. Nothing could therefore be done by the hundreds of people who had collected but to wait until the fall of the tide would admit of access to the cave from the shore. Meanwhile the imprisoned boys passed a terrible time; but just when they thought the worst had come the water stopped rising. Slowly the water left the cave, and in a short time they felt themselves in comparative safety, although in darkness. It was however, 10 o'clock at night before they were rescued.

Gambetta's Dog.

Some ten years ago, M. Gambetta was returning from Paris to his home in N—. He was in his buggy. The night was very dark. He went very slowly, for he could not see his horse's head. Suddenly, his horse reared. A man who was lying on the road had felt the horse's nose touch his face, and had started up. As soon as Gambetta saw what had occurred, he said:

"You stupid fellow! You came within an ace of being killed."

"I wish I had been."

"Why so?"

"I am a poor workman. My master told me to go to N— to collect a bill of two hundred francs. I was paid in gold. I put the money in my pocket, I did not know there was a hole in it. All the gold has fallen out. I cannot hope to recover it again in this darkness."

"Have you one coin left?"

"Yes, here is the only one left me."

Gambetta untied his pointer that was underneath the buggy, held the coin to his nose, and said:

"Go fetch, Tom."

Off Tom bounded, and every minute came back with a *louis d'or* in his mouth.

In half an hour the workman had all his money again. His master was so well pleased that the next day he bought Tom a new collar, and had the date of the incident engraved on it.

An Archduke's Narrow Escape.

There was a tremendous fall of rocks the other day upon the railway line between Vienna and Trieste, near Graz, and there was just time to stop the express which was then due and in which the Archduke Otto was a passenger. If the rocks had come down five minutes later the train must have been lost, and the disaster would have led to important results, for the Archduke Otto, failing the Crown Prince Rudolph, who has no sons, is the next heir to the throne of Austria.

The sweating system in London produces fearful reports. Mr. Lakeman, one of the Factory Inspectors, met a woman in the East End working for sixteen hours a day making waistcoat button-holes at the rate of five for twopence. In fur-cups making a woman said: "I work from 8 to 8, and earn five shillings a week, sometimes less. I have nothing to do for six months in the year." In the East End, and even in central London, for the lowest class of spirits, sold wholesale at eleven shillings a dozen and retailed at thirteen shillings and sixpence, the worker's remuneration is one shilling a dozen by machine work and threepence a dozen for buttonholes and buttons. A woman by close application may earn a dozen shirts a day, and thus painfully earn six shillings a week; the finisher must be content with three shillings. But worse even than all this is the 24^h paid for the making of a gross of match-boxes. The expeditious worker in this line can only turn out three thousand boxes a week by labouring sixteen hours a day, and can thus earn the magnificent wage of four shillings a week. Is there no work for the large-souled emancipationist and anti-slavery philanthropist here? We rather think so.

DEAD OUT TO SEA.

Some day, when you are down by the sea, take a long steady look at one of the Nova Scotia coast captains. He is a captain in this case, because he is owner, commander and crew of a cat-boat—a craft used by fishing and excursion parties. You will find a crowd of these men and boats at Tor Bay, Whitehead, and at other points, and in the past five years not a single life has been lost from one of this fleet of boats.

There are young men as well as old, but you will find them all brooded and weather-beaten, grim, silent, taciturn. Some faces can be read. These cannot. You will notice, if you look keenly, that there is a shade of anxiety over all. It is there by rights. These men study the sky—the clouds, the set of the wind, the rising up and the going down of the sun. Their daily life is a combat with treacherous currents, insatiable tides—the fierce demon who lurks at the bottom of the sea and reaches up to pull down his victims.

In summer they are captains and masters. In winter they are banded into life-saving crews. It is peril—always peril. You hear rhythm in the lap! lap! lap! of the waves against the sandy beach. They hear a menace. To you on the sands a change of wind is nothing. To these men it may mean the clutch of death. A barrel goes floating up or down the shore, you may wonder why it does not drive in, but the thought comes and goes. To these men it signifies a new channel—a wash in a new spot—another danger to encounter. Never a man of them but has lost father, brother or son in the vengeful waters; never a man but can tell you how hard he has fought to save his own life.

Do you wonder, then, that they are grim and silent? Do you wonder that their bronzed faces wear a hunted look, and that their lips sometimes move as if whispering to themselves: "It may come to-morrow!"

We had been fishing near the bar of the inlet for two hours—a grim old captain and I. Hardly ten words had been spoken. I understood him and would not try to break through his crust, while I myself felt a bit nervous over the outlook of the weather and the behavior of the sea. It was a calm, mid-summer day, but here and there an ugly cloud, showing ragged all around the edge, sailed slowly about. There was a stillness which startled me. If a voice reached us from the shore it was tinged with melancholy, as if the owner spoke in grief.

The sea had been calm at first, and a babe could have kept its seat on one of the thwarts. By and by there came a sort of shudder, and the boat lifted her bow high in air and sank down with a crush to throw the spray a score of feet away.

"Ground swell," explained the captain as I looked up inquiringly.

You read of a quiet sea. It is never quiet. In its calmest moments it trembles and shudders like a woman in the dark, and men call these tremblings and shudders the ground swell. There is no foam—no defined wave—but the sea lifts up as if to throw off a burden. There is malice in it—there is something sinister in every heave. The man looked out to sea, unbroken and unfettered for 3,000 miles long, and then at the land. I watched his face, but it was like a stone.

Just then a shark struck our hook floating out astern, and for the next ten minutes we were busy. All of a sudden we lost the sunshine, and at the same moment I heard a noise afar up the inlet like iron shod horses galloping over a cobble-stone street. The ragged clouds had floated together, joined forces, and a white squall was thundering down upon us.

"Squall!" said the captain, as he cut the line and let the shark go, and motioned for me to creep under the half deck.

It was upon us next moment. We were at anchor with the sail down. There was nothing to be done but ride it out. The first rush of the squall seemed to drive the boat under water, and the scream of the wind had something so devilish in it that I was forced to forget all else for the moment.

For five minutes the boat tugged and strained and heaved, like some terrified animal in the face of appalling danger. The downpour of rain ceased as suddenly as if a valve had been closed, and then the wind seemed to gain additional force. The captain stood in the stern-sheets, looking straight ahead. His face was as unreadable as a stone. I crept back to him, and just as I pulled myself up beside him the boat swung her head right and left in a vicious way and he shouted in my ear:

"Gone adrift!"

The cable had parted and we were driving dead out to sea—out upon the angry waste of waters which had no check between that inlet and the coast of Spain. The bow fell off until it pointed out to sea, the captain gripped the tiller and sat down, and we drove ahead like a live locomotive.

In a gale on land you hear the roar of the wind, but its vengeful shrieks—its fierce screams—its voice of triumph as the great seas leap and dash and threaten to overwhelm, are reserved for the sea. It is a lion which has long waited in ambush. It is a tiger which has had neither food or drink for days.

I looked up into the face of the captain. There was anxiety there, but there was also sternness and determination. The eyes stared straight ahead into the dark storm-bank. The fingers which clutched the tiller had grown fast. Had his time come? If so he would meet it as others of his blood had done.

I looked over the gunwale at the leaping, whirling, boiling waters now showing their might. It was the fateful whirlpool of Niagara magnified a thousand times. It was as if a great cloud burst had set a thousand rivers flooding the world. The fierce wind caught the foamy crests and tore them off and hurled them through the air until it seemed as if the black sky was alive with great white birds. I saw the faces of drowning men as the waves heaved them up. I saw stiffened arms, dripping locks and gaunt bodies. It was a sea of the dead—a maelstrom in which the corpses of generations were floating and whirling.

The night came down, but I could see a white face and compressed lips above me. The storm grew fiercer, but the fingers of iron never let go their grip. The darkness shut out the corpses, but it brought moans, and wails, and shrieks, and I stopped my ears to keep out the sounds. Did you ever hear the shriek of a woman when the steamer, which has battled so long, suddenly goes down to her grave? Did you ever hear the one loud, long cry uttered by a strong man as his strength suddenly leaves him and the waves wash over his head? Did the shrieks of children ever come to you as an awful death stared them in the face? I heard

them all—over and over again—heard them more and more faintly, and finally not even the voice of the gale sounded in my ears.

It was morning. Our little boat was under the lee of a great, black-hulled liner, and I was being hoisted aboard. The sky was clear, the wind had dropped to a gentle breeze, and the crests of the waves no longer foamed. In the stern-sheets sat the bronzed faced captain, only at that moment surrendering the tiller. All that wild night—during every minute of that mad race over a hundred miles of boiling ocean, his eyes had never closed and his lips never opened. There was nothing to read in his face—no more than if he had slept at home in his bed. His time had not yet come. As he helped to lift me up he spoke for the first time:

"Thank God! I feared he was dead!"

Make Your Daughters Independent.

From an "Open Letter" in *The Century* for May:—"Would it not be wiser for to induce young girls in thousands of happy, prosperous homes to make ample provision for any and all emergencies that the future may have in store for them? Could a better use be found for some of the years that intervene between the time a girl leaves school and the time she may reasonably hope to marry? The field for woman's work has been opened up of late years in so many different directions that a vocation can easily be found, outside the profession of teaching, that will be quite as congenial to refined tastes and considerably more lucrative. Bookkeeping, typewriting, telegraphy, stenography, engraving, dentistry, medicine, nursing, and a dozen other occupations might be mentioned. Then, too, industrial schools might be established, where the daughters of wealthy parents could be trained in the practical details of any particular industry for which they displayed a special aptitude. If it is not beneath the sons and daughters of a monarch to learn a trade, it ought not to be beneath the sons and daughters of republican America to emulate their good example, provided they possess the requisite ability to do so.

"Two years will suffice to make any bright, quick girl conversant with all the mysteries of the art of housekeeping, especially if she be wise enough to study the art practically as well as theoretically. The management of servants and the care of the sick and children will be incidentally learned in most homes, and can be supplemented by a more extended study of physiology, hygiene, etc., than was possible at school. Sewing need not be neglected either, while leisure will readily be found for reading or any other recreation that may suit individual tastes. Another year, or longer, may be added to the time devoted to these pursuits, if desired. But, above all, let two or three years be conscientiously set apart for the express purpose of acquiring a thorough experimental knowledge of some art or vocation which would render its possessor self-supporting and, consequently, independent.

"If the tide of public opinion favoring such a course would but set in, many a one would be spared untold suffering and misery in after life. Let the rich set the example in this matter. They can afford to do whatever pleases them, and, therefore, have it in their power to mold public opinion. Be not afraid, girls, that you will find your self-imposed task irksome. Remember that occupation is necessary to happiness, and that there is no reason why you should not dream while you work.

"The cry will be raised that there is danger that such a plan as the one advocated here will tend to give girls a distaste for the quiet retirement of home, but there is little cause for fear. Not one girl in twenty will voluntarily choose a business life in preference to domestic happiness. Indeed, it is absolutely certain that happy marriages would be promoted by this very independence among women. Not being at leisure to nurse every passing fancy, girls would elect to wait patiently until the light of true love came into their lives."

A Literary Horse Dealer.

Anderson, the famous Piccadilly horse dealer, is dead, and figures, curiously enough, as a patron of letters. This man, who was very wonderful in many ways, honest among other things, although a horse dealer, read every day in the *Morning Post* the sporting articles of "Pavo." These he much admired, and Pavo receives a large legacy. Anderson was one of the most successful as well as most trustworthy of London horse dealers. In his old age he was assisted by George Rice, about the smartest horseman in England, with a perfect figure, and admirable seat and the best boots and breeches that could be bought. A practice of Anderson's which may be of use to American horse dealers was to put Rice on the hack he wished to sell. Rice would make the animal show off as no one else could, and then Anderson, with a smile like Bret Harte's Chinaman, would say:

"George Rice is a good fellow, but he doesn't know anything about riding a horse. When you see on that little animal it will look very different indeed, sir."

This usually effected a sale.

The Poet Pope in His Old Age.

Alexander Pope had not, to use De Quincey's words, drawn that supreme prize in life, "a fine intellect with a healthy stomach," and his whole story testifies to that fact. As years went on his little figure, in its rusty black, was seen more rarely in the Twickenham lanes, and if he took the air upon the river it was in a sedan-chair that was lifted into a boat. When he visited his friends his sleeplessness and his multiplied needs tired out the servants; while in the daytime he would nod in company even though the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry. He was a martyr to sick headaches, and in the intervals of relief from them would be tormented by all sorts of morbid cravings for the very dietary which must inevitably secure their recurrence. This continued strife of the brain with the ignobler organs goes far to explain, if it may not excuse, much of the less admirable side of his character. His irritability, his artifice, his meanness even, are more intelligible in the case of a man habitually racked with pain, and morbidly conscious of his physical shortcomings than they would be in the case of those "whom God has made full-limbed and tall," and in the noble teaching of Arthur's court, his infirmities should entitle him to a larger charity of judgment.—[Austin Dobson, in "Scribner's Magazine" for May.