THE FARM.

Good Advice and Valuable Information for the Farmer.

THE FARMER'S GARDEN.

The "Best Hand on the Farm."

Up with the birds in the early morning—
The dew drop glows like a precious gem;
Beautiful tints in the skies are dawning,
But she's never a moment to look at them.
The men are wanting their breakfast early;
She must not linger, she must not wait;
For words that are sharp and looks that are surly
Are what the men give when the meals are late.

Oh, glorious colors the clouds are turning,
If she would but look over hills and trees;
But here are the dishes, and here is the churning—
Those things always must yield to these.
The world is filled with the wine of beauty,
If she could but pause and drink it in;
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty—
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot and her hands grow weary,
Oh, for an hour to cool her head,
Out with the birds and winds so cheery!
But she must get dinner and make her bread.
The busy men in the hay field working,
If they saw her sitting with idle hand,
Would call her lazy and call it shirking,
And she never could make them understand.

But after the strife and weary tussle
With life is done, and she lies at rest,
The nation's brain and heart and muscle—
Her sons and daughters shall call her blest,
And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all will be given
Unto the wayworn farmer's wife.

Preventive for Jumping Stock.

Animals which will jump over fences are not only a nuisance on their own account, but they will often in jumping themselves break the fence or gate, so that the rest of the herd will follow them. If a preventive for this jumping is not known, the animals have to be kept in a stable, or in a small lot by themselves, with an extra high fence. A simple method of keeping either a horse or cow in any kind of enclosure is to put a common halter on them. Remove the tie-strap to it, and put on in its place a piece of half-inch rope eleven feet long. Three feet (or thereabouts, depending some on the size of the animal) from the end attached to the halter tie in firmly a ring; bring the rope between the fore-legs, and up around the body just behind the fore-legs. This will bring the ring that was tied into the rope under the chest, and between the fore-legs. Tie the loose end into the ring under the body. The animal cannot now raise its head high enough to jump, and will be found where it is put, regardless of its jumping proclivities. After a little practice in putting this rigging on, the medium will be struck in not making it too tight so as to fret the animal, nor yet so loose that it can get over the fence.—*Breeder's Journal.*

Preserving Vegetables.

Harvesting everything is now in order. All the tender vegetables, of course, have been secured. The hardy sorts will keep better if taken in before severe freezing, except, perhaps, the parsnip. This is especially true of the beet and carrot, which are often much injured by cold before being gathered. One of the best methods of preserving vegetables is to pack them in slightly moistened leaves. This is much better than soil, being a better non-conductor, keeping the roots at an even temperature. Common flat turnips may be kept perfectly crisp and fresh until May, and beets until July. Leaves of any kind may be used. In one corner of the cellar spread a layer of leaves one or two inches thick, then a layer of vegetables (one deep), then a layer of leaves, and so on. To secure the most perfect condition, a cool, even temperature must be preserved, but vegetables keep better at any temperature by this than by any other method.

Living From the Garden.

Gardeners, and above all, farmers have no business to live meanly or to think of themselves as obliged to drudge ceaselessly without the indulgences of other classes, says the Chicago *Herald*. One has no business to see town folk having early vegetables and berries a month before his tardy supply comes on, to be out of them in dog days before the merchants and cheap boarding house keepers in the city have begun to see the end of fresh things; he has no need to live on doughnuts and boiled dinners the year round, when others try the changes of spring lamb, fresh fish, boiled chicken, salads, ducks and green peas, capons and veal until turkey time comes again. He ought not to see town homes fragrant with flowers while his wife has only a bunch of syringes of cinnamon roses, with a tuft of asparagus, to sweeten the parlor when she thinks to pick them. What better right have rich men to sit over desserts and choice pears, plums, grapes and apricots, while he must content himself with a Baldwin apple in midwinter? Why should he not have a becoming home with its lawn in front and large borders of the richest flowers; his house one story and small, perhaps, yet hung with woodbine, wild grapes, and roses against the background of orchard and shade trees, spreading their flanking boughs with good effect, as if it were a cottage ornee, with its acres of shrubberies? Why should he not have in his garden choice fruits of the season, strawberries, currants and gooseberries jostling each other in earliest perfection; red and black cherries, golden and purple plums, plenty of black caps to make up for the lost strawberries and grapes as soon as raspberries are over, big blanched salads, peas in succession, as well as his town neighbor, who sells him groceries and cotton? Why should he not have as fine pears, peaches, winter apples and grapes at Christmas as the President of the Horticultural Society, and why should not his girls have big French roses and tuberoses as well as the solitary dahlia and China aster which decorate the yard, and the common geranium in doors? Why doesn't he have an herb bed to make his plain dinner savory, and lavender to sweeten his sheets at night? A poor English cottager will have all these by thrift and contrivance. Why not an American farmer?

Notes of the Farm.

An Orange county, New York, farmer keeps pea fowls to destroy potato beetles, claiming that they are very serviceable in that respect.

The healthiest pork cannot be obtained from a clear field of dry corn. The digestive organs of the animal so fed are sure to get out of order on so heating a food, and thus the whole system becomes tainted and impure.

There is this element in the stock business, says the *Farmers' Review*, which does not exist in grain growing. It is that the man who produces a choice or fancy grade of beef is paid according to its merits. The same is true of the raising of horses, wool, mutton, sheep, and in a less degree of pork, while the same holds good in horticultural productions.

A writer to the *Indiana Farmer* says he cures heaves in horses by withholding hay and substituting green food instead. He then makes a ball, as large as a hulled walnut, of equal parts of balsam of fir and balsam of copaiba, giving the animal one of the balls night and morning. It is suggested also, that the grain allowed be slightly moistened and seasoned with a little salt before feeding.

There is an art in raising early pullets, so as to have them begin to lay soon. The object should be to breed from parents that mature early. In selecting a cock and hens from which to breed early pullets, select a cock that throws out his hackle and tail feathers early, as this indicates his early maturity. Then mate him with old hens, and hatch the pullets as early in the year as possible. Such pullets will begin to lay in October and will then lay all through the winter.

The greatest difficulty with heavy milkers approaching the period of calving is reducing the flow of milk. The *Rural World* says that with ordinary cows there is no trouble in the matter, because the milk secretions begin to fail as soon as the cow becomes pregnant, but with heavy and persistent milkers, if the feed is of the right kind and of sufficient quantity, there is no necessity for making any special efforts for drying up the cow. The secretion will not be large at all events, but the needed phosphates and nitrogen should be supplied for the building up of the frame of the calf.

To keep cider perfect take a keg and bore holes in the bottom of it; spread a piece of woollen cloth at the bottom; then fill wth sand closely packed; draw your cider from a barrel just as fast as it will run through the sand; after this, put it in clean barrels which have had a piece of cotton or linen cloth two by seven inches dipped in melted sulphur and burned inside of them, thereby absorbing the sulphur fumes (this process will also sweeten sour cider); then keep it in a cellar or room where there is no fire, and add one-half pound white mustard seed to each barrel.

The following is said by the *American Stock Journal* to be an infallible remedy for chicken cholera: Make a mixture of two ounces each of red pepper, alum, resin and flour of sulphur, and put it in their food in proportions of one tablespoonful to three pints of scalded meal. In severe cases give about one-third of a tablespoonful in a meal pellet once a day to each fowl, putting a small lump of alum in their drinking water. The writer says: "I have tried the above ingredients with marked success; have cured fowls in the last stages of the disease. I make it a practice now to give my fowls some of it once or twice a week, and there are no symptoms of any disease among them."

There are several reasons why the breaking up of the ground for fall wheat is a task to be dreaded by the horses. The occasion will give the farmer a grand opportunity to display his care and intelligence. First, as a very general rule it must be done when the weather is hot, causing a great amount of perspiration. Again, there is frequently a good deal of dust flying, of which he will inhale more or less. To add to all of this, the ground is often dry and hard, and extremely hard on the horses' shoulders. The dust and sweat will paste and work into the hair, and sore shoulders will be the result, unless they are carefully washed every night when the harness is taken off.

A SEVENTH DAUGHTER,

Who Cures Diseases by the Laying on of Hands.

Now that no inconsiderable commotion has been created in the city by the advent of Mexican Joe, the alleged fortune-teller, anything appertaining to the extraordinary becomes of peculiar interest. Mrs. I. Dosey, Talbot street, is the mother of a seventh daughter, who, although but a child, is accredited with possessing the power of curing by the simple laying on of hands, to a remarkable degree. When any members of the family or relatives are afflicted with any disease her services are called into requisition, and, if the sufferers are to be believed, an instantaneous relief is invariably the result. The child is said to have given ample proof of her remarkable power in scores of cases, and certain it is that the family at least have every faith in the efficacy of her ministrations. Miss Dosey comes from a remarkable family, her aunt having possessed the wonderful faculty of defining the future, in many instances restoring articles to the owners which had been lost or stolen years before, on one occasion telling an English traveller in what part of London she could recover a watch stolen from her months previously. She was the oracle of New Orleans for years, and used to be sought out by people from far and near, anxious to have the future laid bare to their vision.—*St. Thomas Times.*

—A clever parody on the national anthem appears in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which says it is the production of a clergyman. The sentiment is in accord with the spirit of the times, and the words are very felicitous:

Down with their lofty seats,
Down with their vain conceits,
Down with the Lords!
Confound their false pretence,
Confound their impudence,
Down with the Lords

Down with their arrogant,
Reckless, extravagant,
Insolent words!
Shall they reject the bill?
Shall they dissolve at will?
Shall they obstruct us still?
Down with the Lords!

Commons of England, yet
Shall the proud Lords regret
Their futile aim?
Make, then, your hearts rejoice,
You are the People's choice,
You are the People's voice,
They but a name.

A fastidious person proposes, instead of designating single ladies as old maids, to call them "bachelettes."

A MILLIONAIRE.

John J. Jacobs, Formerly of Victoria, Leaps From Poverty to Affluence.

It now turns out that the fortune left to John J. Jacobs, who formerly kept the St. George and St. Nicholas hotels at Victoria, B. C., was not the princely amount of $63,000,000, as previously stated, but only the paltry sum of $3,600,000. The San Francisco *Examiner* has the following particulars: The story of the new millionaire's life is a singular one, abounding in those sudden changes and wonderful incidents so dear to the heart of the novelist. He was born in the year 1821 in the city of Cincinnati, where his family was very well known, having a high standing in the community, being considered quite well-to-do and thoroughly honorable. He turned up in the city of New Orleans as a diamond merchant, the business, no doubt, followed by his father, as both his brothers were in the same line. He was then considered by all who knew him to be the possessor of a considerable fortune. Handling the purest of gems his patronage was among the elite of the city. The next heard of him was on his arrival in this city in 1863 with his brother Solomon. "Jack" at once started in his business of diamond trading, having brought with him a large stock of the gems. His brother commenced a money-lending business, which was attended with such success that he soon became known as the Rothschild of San Francisco. In 1854 the subject of this article became acquainted with Mrs. Mozulsky, an estimable lady, also a native of Cincinnati, where she was known by her maiden name of Powers. After a few months of courtship the pair were made one. Shortly after this Mr. Jacobs and his wife left the Pacific Slope, but returning opened a country hotel, in which line of business he was not a success, leaving it a bankrupt. He then, in order to obtain a livelihood for himself and wife, took up the peculiar occupation which he has since followed. His love for the partner of his life struggle was intense, and his sudden fall from affluence to poverty was a severe blow. He engaged a single appartment in No. 418 Jones street and again took up the struggle for bread, a gray haired man. The fight was a hard one, but he pluckily made a strong effort, despite which he was often compelled to seek his friends to obtain assistance. It appears from the fact that every item was placed on his book that it was always his intention to make good these loans. Business men will recollect his entering their stores, and the request, always made quietly but earnestly, "Mr. J—, I am a trifle short. Could you advance me a trifle?" He was always neatly shaven and tastefully clad. On last Thursday he obtained the first information that he was no longer in poverty, but was the heir to millions, through a letter from a brother in England. Enclosed in the letter was a bank note for £2,000. But the sudden good fortune had come too late to make him happy, the wife for whom he had struggled so hard having died two weeks before in his arms. From this blow he has not fully recovered. The first action taken by Mr. Jacobs was to enter a well-known jewellery store, the proprietor of which had often loaned him small amounts, and after paying the sum he had received, purchased a watch and chain and diamond ring valued at $460, paying cash. He then proceeded about the city, repaying small sums, the entire total reaching over $600. The relative from whom Mr. Jacobs has received the legacy followed the business of a diamond merchant, and the entire $3,000,000 is said to be cash. He leaves for England in two weeks. He has already made a donation of $500 to one of the orphan asylums, and will, no doubt, present a gift to all of them.

The Men who are Promoted.

The *Manufacturers' Gazette*, in a recent editorial, made the following statements regarding young men and their advancement, which others than the class to whom it is addressed will do well to heed: "The young men who receive promotion are the men who do not drink on the sly. They are not the men who are always at the front whenever there is any strike, nor are they the men who watch for the clock to strike 12 and leave their picks hanging in the air. They are not the men who growl if they are required to attend to some duty a few minutes after the whistle has sounded. They are the men who pay the closest attention to the details of their business, who act as if they were trying to work for their employer's interest, instead of to beat him at every crook and turn. They are the men who give the closest attention to every practical detail, and who look continually to see whether they can do any better or not. This class of men are never out of a job. They are scarce. They never strike, they never loaf and they do not ask for their pay two or three weeks before pay day."

A New Use for Sugar.

"The extraordinary depression in the price of sugar," says the Mark Lane *Express*, "has again brought to the front the desirability of its use for cattle-feeding. In this country the practice of giving animals sugar or molasses with their food was commenced after the abolition of the sugar duties in 1874, and has since become common enough. On the continent, cattle are fed to an immense extent on the beet pulp left after it has been pressed in the sugar factories. In this country, most of the utility of beet in feeding is due to the 4 or 5 per cent. of sugar it contains. Sugar or molasses will induce cattle to eat all sorts of matter which they would otherwise reject, such as indifferent hay, or cut straw mixed with roots. Now that sugar can be bought for this purpose at a little over ¾d per pound in London, and refuse molasses at just over ½d per pound, there is no doubt an opening for a great extension in its use for feeding stock of all sorts. This year, with a light hay and root crop, affords just the opportunity for its introduction."—*New York Commercial Bulletin.*

Texas expects to make $10,000,000 this year in her cattle business.

Thus far this year 2,932 miles of railway track have been laid in the United States, against 4,947 during the corresponding period of 1883.

Rev. Dr. King has returned to Manitoba. While in Ontario and Quebec he collected between five and six thousand dollars in aid of Manitoba College.

A JAPANESE HOUSE.

How Part of a Native Dwelling Has Been Imported and Put Together in New York.

One of the largest dealers in Japanese goods and bric-a-brac in New York has fitted into the back of his store a real Japanese house in miniature. Only two rooms, however, are represented, corresponding to our reception room and parlor, but these are complete and exact in detail. The house was brought to this country from Japan in sections, and was put together here by a Japanese artisan, after their custom, without nails, glue forming the necessary substitute. The material for the framework is of Japanese cedar and bamboo; a strong, transparent paper forms the little square panes for the window, glass being only used by the lower classes. The mouldings of the rooms are of lacquer of a very artistic and beautiful pattern, and the ceilings are of bamboo, braided in different designs and colored in different shades of brown.

The floors are especially curious, being made very elastic, a sort of split bamboo or straw forming a padding underneath the squares of matting, which are finished separately with a neat binding. The rooms in a Japanese house are designated by the number of pieces of matting required for each, as the seven, six, or five-matted room. The reception room is furnished with a sideboard with a rounded front, placed in one corner, on which are richly ornamented tea-caddies, a huge teapot and all the accessories of a hospitable cup of tea, which they offer to all callers; and a very elaborate lacquer and bronze table near by holds a decorative jardiniere. A light sliding-door of paper, gayly painted with Japanese flowers, separates this room from the inner one or parlor. This is the "five-matted room," and has on the floor a very curiously wrought artistic bronze incense burner, and on one side of it is the box holding the materials for burning the incense. A lacquer reading-desk stands near, on which is a book, a scroll and a pair of exquisite candlesticks. Handsome raw silk rugs, which serve for chairs, are laid on the floor.—*Boston Herald.*

A New Metal.

A New York scientist claims to have discovered along the Lehigh Valley a hitherto unknown metal which will some day supplant nickel in general use. He was making an experiment with an explosive substance mixed with pulverized furnace slag, which on being heated caused an explosion to take place. Upon examining the crucible in which the mixture had been he found that a chemical process had taken place by which an apparently valuable but hitherto unknown metal had been eliminated from the slag. It was silvery white in color, of fine, smooth texture, and susceptible of a brilliant polish that no exposure will tarnish. It was found to be malleable ductile and of great tenacity, showing a tensile resistance of 140,000 to the square inch. Further experiments only confirmed the results of the first trial, and a company has now been organized for the purpose of "working" the large slag banks along the Lehigh Valley for the metal.

The Gold in the United States Mint.

"The gold in bullion in the mint just now amounts to $25,000,000 in value," said Chief Clerk of the Mint Hickok. "It is composed of gold bars six inches in length, three in width and one and a half in thickness, each worth $5,000. It began to accumulate about five years ago, when our foreign trade increased in a wonderful manner. A large amount of English and French gold was paid into the country and was sent to the New York Assay Office, where it was melted down into bars. All this gold was sent here. It is 1,000 fine, which is our technicality for pure or 24-carat gold. The American gold coinage is 900 fine, while English is 925 fine, so that we are glad to get that coinage to melt down. You must not suppose that this large amount of gold is always in the mint. The amount fluctuates. Next week we may have a great deal more, or it may nearly all be gone. It depends on the demand for gold coin.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Dispensing with Bridesmaids.

There has been a great deal of talk lately among the fashionables as to whether it is the correct thing for a bride to be attended to the altar by a string of fair bridesmaids, and also if the uncompromising black coat of the usher should be longer permitted to obstruct the view. There certainly has been a tendency displayed in recent marriages in Philadelphia to dispense with bridesmaids, and several reasons have been given by the brides. A pertinent one is that it is such an expense to find a handsome dress, which, as a rule, can only be worn on one occasion—at the wedding. A bridesmaid's frock is seldom of any use as a ball dress, and anybody who has noticed the picturesque groups of maidens who follow after the ushers could hardly care to see young ladies attired in that fashion on the streets.—*Philadelphia Press.*

What Helped Him Out.

Credited by the Boston *Globe* to "Bucolic Exchange": A great newspaper-reader was out hunting recently, and a storm coming up he crept into a hollow log for shelter. After the storm abated he endeavored to crawl out, but found that the log had swelled so that it was impossible to make his exit. He endeavored to compress himself as much as possible, but with indifferent success. He thought of all the mean things he had ever done, until finally his mind reverted to the fact that instead of subscribing for his local paper he was in the habit of borrowing it from his neighbor, and thus defrauding the printer. On this he felt so small that he slipped out of the log without an effort.

Professor Charles W. Bennett resigns the chair of history and logic in Syracuse University, which he has filled ever since that institution was founded, to accept the professorship of church history in Garrett Institute, Evanston, Ill., succeeding there the Rev. Dr. Ninde, who has been elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

From 1863 to 1883 the lottery players turned into the Royal Italian Treasury two hundred and seventy-five millions of dollars. Count Cavour used to call the lottery "the tax on fools."

PRAIRIE FIRES.

Scenes of Devastation in Southern Manitoba.

The Cartwright correspondent of the *Pilot Mound Signal* writes:

Our annual and apparently inevitable prairie fire swept over the southern part of the country on Wednesday, the 8th inst. In the afternoon a large and destructive fire was observed making its way from Dakota, and our thrifty farmers at once set to work to protect the fruits of their industry and toil from destruction—in some cases successfully, but in a great number it proved of no avail. The fire made its course along the south side of Tp. 1, in Ranges 15, 16 and 17, and licked up everything in its course, with a few exceptions where a hard-fought battle between the fire fiend and the settler resulted in victory to the latter. A terrific wind carried the fire along with incredible velocity and force, leaping over fire-breaks 12 and 15 feet wide, and hurling brands of fire and burning embers in every direction, thus destroying stacks which were deemed more than secure, and continuing in its course until it was checked by the Badger Creek. The full extent of the damage done is of course unknown as yet except in our immediate vicinity, but undoubtedly a great amount of grain and other stuff has been destroyed which will not be known for some time. The most deplorable case is that of John Melles, sec. 30, 1-15, who was entirely cleaned out, losing house, stables, granary (containing 300 bushels of grain), mower, reaper, rake and everything that he owned except his team of horses. Mr. Thos. Cobblebick lost his stable (containing two valuable cows) and also seven stacks of grain which were awaiting the thresher.

Below is a partial list of the losses suffered, which will no doubt have many additions when the total amount of the damage done is known:

James Elliott, sec. 28, 1-15, lost his stables, five stacks of grain and two pigs.

A. C. Clark lost a stack containing about 20 tons of hay and a quantity of oats. His grain stacks and new frame house barely escaped destruction.

Reuben Cross and J. Wesley Clark, sec. 20, had everything destroyed except their horses, which were saved by the efforts of Mr. Stewart, of Snowflake, who accidentally happened to be in the vicinity at the time. Mr. Cross' loss will be severe, as his grain was a fine sample and an excellent crop.

Alexander Waldie lost everything on his place—house, stacks, etc,

Alexander McKay, section 6, lost three stacks of grain, all his farming machinery, etc.

F. D. Coats lost his stable, containing two pigs and a quantity of articles.

Mr. Cullis lost his house, which contained, in addition to household effects, a quantity of farming machinery.

Messrs. O'Brien & Reynolds, Smith's Hill, lost four stacks of hay which were located on the north side of the fire belt.

James White lost a stack of hay which was unfortunately in the same position.

A long list of smaller losses might be mentioned, but the above are the principal ones which can be ascertained at the date of writing, as the western end of the district is still to hear from.

The Blonde Out of Fashion.

It occurred to me the other night while at the theatre that the blonde has had her day. Advices have not arrived yet from Paris, as they usually do at this season of the year concerning this subject, but from a casual inspection of the women whom I have seen at the Union Square, Daly's and Wallack's Theatre since Monday I am quite convinced that the dark-haired girl is to be the go this winter. Every one must remember when a ridiculous blonde craze set in four years ago. No one knows exactly where it originated, but men were startled by seeing life-long friends whose hair had always been dark turn slowly or rapidly, as the case might have been, to pronounced and artificial blondes. It began to seem about a year ago that no natural blondes were left on Manhattan Island. Nearly every woman had yellowish, straw-like, canary-colored hair, coupled in the majority of instances with dark eyebrows and eyes and a curiously inharmonious complexion. The fashion spread with extraordinary rapidity. The papers teemed with the advertisements of quacks who agreed to turn hair to a golden hue for 75 cents a bottle, and the news columns of the same papers occasionally had sensational stories of girls who had become demented from the excessive use of these dyes. It was said at one time that if a man ascended to a reasonable altitude in a balloon and gazed down through the skylights of New York houses he would see thousands of women lying on their backs with their hair spread over a board bleaching slowly by means of soda and the sun. In this state of affairs a genuine blonde or a straight up-and-down, hot-tempered, freckle-faced and red-headed girl became veritable queens among the throng of artificial beauties. Now, apparently, every one has grown weary of it all, with the result of a decidedly gratifying and much more picturesque nature.—*Chicago Tribune's New York Letter.*

Government Contracts.

The following contracts have been let by the Works Department of the Provincial Government: Additions to the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, in the shape of increasing the accommodation for the caretaker, contract given to A. J. Brown at $3,097; additions to the laundry at the Mercer Reformatory, to George Hillam, Toronto, at $2,990; alterations to the Asylum for the Insane, London, to Thos. Green & Co., London, at $1,175; and for the erection of two cottages on the Agricultural Farm at Guelph, to Edward Mulraney, of Guelph, at $2,897. The works will be completed this fall.

Her Religious Temperament.

"What seems to be the matter?" he asked mildly, as they were returning from church; "didn't you enjoy the sermon?"

"Enjoy the sermon?" she repeated, shortly, "and that odious Mrs. Smith sitting directly in front of me with a new fall wrap on that never cost acent less than $125. You must think I have a very warm religious temperament."—*New York Sun.*

Bass drums are always bald headed.