FARM AND GARDEN.

Working the Garden—Spring Suggestions—Use of Fertilizers.

Peas may be hastened by sprouting the seed in a box of moist sand before planting.

Do not use fertilizers too lavishly on potted plants. A small quantity applied frequently is better than a full allowance at one time.

Never use whitewash in the stables or hen-houses unless carbolic acid is added to it, as a single application of the mixture is better than two or three applications of the whitewash alone.

The silver maple is a rapid-growing tree, often attaining a diameter of ten inches in ten years. It also thrives well on sandy soils, requires but little care, and has few insect enemies.

Make your hot-bed frames in sections, so that they can be stored away when not in use. It is much better than allowing them to remain on the ground to become useless.

The best place for your wood ashes is around your peach trees. The effect may be easily noticed the first season after the ashes shall have been applied.

It is an easy matter to have a garden so arranged as to cultivate it with a horse-hoe, but the best results are usually obtained on small plots well manured and worked by hand.

A few boxes in the house filled with earth, and planted to tomatoes, lettuce and cabbage, will be found a cheap mode of securing early plants. Now is the time to begin, as they will not grow too rapidly when the seeds have sprouted.

If potted plants be watered around the roots with lime-water the angle-worms will be destroyed in the soil. The caustic qualities of the lime-water kill all soft-skinned worms. Only a small amount of the lime-water is necessary.

Clean out the old stalks of the carnations, sprinkle the soil and plants with lime-water and clean off the space around them so as to permit of plenty of heat from the sun. They are well worth the small amount of labor required for bringing them to perfection.

There is no advantage in having young ducks, geese or turkeys too early in the season, as they will not thrive as well as when hatched in April or later. A good start in dry weather will enable them to grow rapidly and entail less labor, while dampness is fatal.

Freas' grafting-wax is four pounds of resin, one pound of tallow and one pound of beeswax. Melt all together over a slow fire and when it is melted turn out into a tub of cold water and pull as shoemakers' wax is made. Soften with hot water.

Mr. Galloway, of Malden, N. Y., who has tried cold storage for peaches, says that with him it has been a decided success. This indicates that the time is coming when peaches may be stored and offered for sale in the middle of the winter season.

Do not be tempted with all the new "novelties" offered in garden seeds, as some of them are only old varieties with new names. Before devoting the garden to any new variety, give it a test by procuring a packet of seeds for experimenting, as a loss from poor seed or from an inferior variety cannot be recovered. Time is an important item in gardening.

Place the hotbed in a position so as to get the most sunlight, and cover the sash at night so as to avoid loss of heat by radiation. Glass permits heat to escape very rapidly, and it is best, therefore, to use a double-glazed sash, as the air space between the panes of glass will serve as a protection from the cold.

Here is the way the large strawberries are produced. Apply a heavy dressing of a mixture of two parts each of muriate of potash and superphosphate, with one part nitrate of soda. Keep the young plants clean, water when necessary, and do not allow a single runner to start, as they should be pinched back. Mulch the young plants in the fall and remove the mulch early in spring. Then apply another dressing of fertilizer and clean the soil by stirring it about an inch. When the young berries are set pinch off all but the largest. It requires work, but it will pay.

Regarding strawberry rust opinions differ. Some ascribe the cause to too much moisture, others to excess of manure on the plants, while it is also claimed that it is due to the effects of too much heat from the sun. What is known as rust, or blight, may, however, be traced to a minute worm, which does the mischief by working around the plants. It is suggested that the best remedy is to burn a light covering of straw over the plants.

Warmth of Bodies After Death.

Cases have of late been frequently reported in the newspapers in which, despite medical evidence to the contrary, bodies have been kept from burial because they did not become cold. Faith-healers and miracle-workers have been called in on such occasions to resuscitate the supposed victim of suspended animation, and indulged in diatribes at being called in too late. It is not generally known that there is, as a rule, an elevation of temperature immediately after death, owing to the blood no longer being cooled in its passage through the lungs, and to the stoppage of the circulation, and in many cases where the nervous system has been affected, and in cholera, small pox, yellow fever and hepatic abscess. The post mortem rise in temperature is often very decided. The heat of an apparently dead body is hence not conclusive evidence of life.—*Medical Standard.*

The Widow's Mite.

"My friend, we expect a contribution from you to aid this good work."

"I would be glad to contribute," responded Johnson, "but I am so very poor that I don't believe I can contribute anything."

"But it is for your own good to contribute. A contribution from your poverty will win you a credit mark above. The widow's mite is of more value than the offering of the rich."

"Yes," replied Johnson, "but you see, I'm not acquainted with any widows."—*Pittsburg Despatch.*

Christine Nilsson was caught by the recent earthquake and returned to Paris in a state of great nervous depression.

CURRENT TOPICS.

MOBILE (Ala.) *Telegraph*: Belgium has passed a law making drunkenness a crime. This would be regarded as an unconstitutional, hard law here. It interferes with a man's pleasure and the inalienable right to make a beast of himself.

A ST. LOUIS writer says that next year there will be a triple demand for the figure 8 on account of the year 1888. This triple use of figures in the annals of time wil not again occur, he says, until 1911, 1999, 2000, 2022, 2111, 2122, 2202, 2212, 2222, etc.

IN the United States Senate on Saturday night, according to the *Congressional Record*: Mr. Riddleberger, "Will the Senator allow me to make an inquiry?" Mr. Edmunds, "Certainly." Mr. Riddleberger, "Is there any Senator here who has a chestnut bell?"

WILLIAM PINKERTON, the Chicago detective, whose latest piece of work was the capture of the men who murdered Express-messenger Nichols in his car a year ago and stole $21,000, is a Hercules in build, standing over six feet and weighing 230 pounds. His greatest pleasure, however, is found in playing with his two little daughters.

APROPOS of an old woman being sent to prison for one month for telling fortunes by cards, the London *Pall Mall Gazette* asks if Mrs. Van Rensselaer, who recently told the fortune of the Duchess of Albany by her hand at a bazaar in London, for which a charge of five shillings was made, will be arrested.

THOMAS STEVENS, the bicyclist, in his trip around the world, found the roads of the United States among the worst of all. For instance, the roads of Japan were better than those of the United States, although there is but little use for horses in the land of the rising sun. The roads of France, Germany, Italy and England are all far better than those of the States, while France has the best of all.

"IN Canada," the Montreal *Trade Bulletin* says, "the bounty on pig iron has been a complete failure, for instead of encouraging the profitable manufacture of that article, it has caused heavy losses to those investing capital therein, and it is contended that in face of these facts the Government cannot consistently continue the system. The bounty system is wrong in principle, and cannot be tolerated much longer in Canada."

THE efforts of Prince Bismarck to discourage German emigration have had their effect. In 1881, 210,547 persons left the Empire; in 1882, 193,869; in 1883, 166,109; in 1884, 143,586; in 1885, 103,642, and in 1886 only 76,687. But rumors of war have caused an increase during the last few months, for in December, 1886 (the last figures issued), 2,754, against 2,117 for the same month in 1885, emigrated. It may be found necessary yet to entirely prohibit emigration, as well as the exportation of horses.

DURING the year 1886 Austria expelled from her dominions 558 men and 112 women, including one nobleman by birth, many pseudo-aristocrats, several schoolmasters and a large number of merchants, dangerous international criminals and bank note forgers. The expelled were sent to various countries, as follows: To Hungary, 219; Russia, 131; Prussia, 101; Bavaria, 106; Italy, 61; Saxony, 11; Roumania, 7; Montenegro, 7; Wurtemburg, 5; Baden, 4; Bosnia, 4; America, 3; Switzerland, 3; Servia, 2, and 1 each to Africa, Denmark, Herzegovina and Turkey.

IF a person thinks of committing suicide in New York State, it may be to his advantage to take care that he shall succeed. The *attempt* is a crime, under New York law, but the *success* relieves suicide from criminality. Such is the effect of a recent decision of the New York Supreme Court, general term, in the suit of Darrow vs. Family Fund Society. An alleged life insurance society was the defendant in this case. Perhaps that had something to do with influencing the decision. But why should a "crime" thus be awarded a premium upon its successful commission?

FOR five years the prohibition law has been evaded in Portland, Me., by an ingenious contrivance, just unearthed. Three beer barrels were sunk in the ground and connected by tubes with a joist in a stable near by. On the side of the joist an innocent looking board, apparently nailed, when released by a pressure on a hidden spring, turned on a hinge at the bottom and disclosed the faucet by which the beer was drawn. The barrels in the earth had galvanized iron pipes extending up to near the surface of the ground. When the barrels were to be replenished the dirt was removed from these pipes, a funnel placed in each and the beer poured in. Afterward the pipes were again covered and there was nothing to show the existence of the hiding place.

THE new German repeating rifle is the Mauser model perfected. It has just been distributed to the soldiers of seven army corps. By next March, the whole army will have it in hand. It is rather difficult to describe this gun technically, as it is the result of studies made simultaneously in the State manufactories and at the Military School, and no complete specifications have yet been issued. The gun is shorter than that in use to-day in the German army, and, although the stock and the barrel are the same, the bridge is a little raised. It has an automatic unloader which makes the cartridge fall out as soon as the shot is fired. The most important improvement is the chamber which the soldier can use in exceptional cases, that is to say, when an officer thinks that firing at will is necessary. This chamber is formed of a steel tube placed in the barrel under the movable breech, and each time that the weapon is loaded, a spring seizes the cartridge. A hook then catches it and pushes it into the breech; at the command to fire at will the soldier has only to push a cog on the left side of the chamber, and then eight shots can be fired, and the cartridges removed automatically. After these eight shots, the soldier can reload with ten more shots; eight in the cartridge chamber, one in the pan, and one in the barrel.

DURING the recent exciting debate on the Army Bill, in the German Imperial Parliament, Prince Bismarck narrated the following bit of inside history regarding the acquisition of Metz: "In 1871, to speak frankly, I was not inclined to take Metz, I was then for the linguistic boundary. But I made inquiries of the military authorities before I finally decided. It was M. Thiers, if you will permit me this historic episode, who said to me: 'We can only yield one, either Belfort or Metz. If you claim both, we will not conclude peace at present.' At that time, I was quite anxious about the interference of neutral Powers, and had been thinking for some months that we should receive a communication from them. I was urgently desirous that Thiers should not be compelled to return to Bordeaux in order to retract the peace. I therefore discussed the matter with our military authorities, and especially with my friend Von Moltke, who is now seated in front of me. 'Can we agree to renounce one of the two?' I asked, and received the answer: 'Belfort, yes. But Metz is worth a hundred thousand men. The question, then, is this, whether we are willing to be a hundred thousand men weaker against the French or not, in case war breaks out again.' Thereupon I said: 'Let us take Metz!'"

Living With a Heart-Valve Burst.

Edward H. Palmer died at the City Hospital this afternoon under peculiar circumstances, writes a Louisville correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. On December 21st last he was admitted to the hospital, and, owing to his swarthy complexion, he was assigned to the colored medical ward. He conversed intelligently with the officers and nurses and was recognized as a man of education and refinement. To all appearances he was healthy, but an examination proved that his ailment was of a most serious nature. At times he would complain of a sudden twitching of his heart, but there were symptoms and complications in the way which rendered an accurate and complete diagnosis difficult to reach. His appetite was all that could have been desired, and for some time the contradictory symptoms were a puzzle to the attending physicians. This morning, however, the patient complained more than ordinarily, and one of the physicians, on sounding his chest, heard the blood rushing to and from his heart with great speed and violence, the sounds being distinctly audible to the listener. In an instant it dawned upon the physician that one of the valves of the heart had burst. The patient admitted that he was affected with heart disease for some years, but until his admission to the hospital here had never been treated for it. Further examination developed the fact that the auricular ventricular valve had been burst for several months, and that the hissing sounds were produced by the hurried uninterrupted passage of the blood to and fro between the auricle and ventricle. The valve had originally served to allow the blood to pass from the auricle to the ventricle, but prevented its return to the auricle, and it is most remarkable that the man has lived as long as he has. According to medical research death would have been the inevitable result as soon as the valve gave way. As it was, Palmer lived for four months at least with his heart in this condition, and up to the last moment was able to converse intelligently with all around him, remarking to his sister, who had arrived a short while before his death, that his time had come, and that he felt as if he were full of blood running riot over his body. When he died there was not the least tremor or exhibition of pain, and he merely closed his eyes, after looking at all around him, never to open them again. From his sister it was learned that Palmer was a member of a creole family residing in the neighborhood of New Orleans; that he had been given the best education money could afford, and had held several lucrative positions in the South. He was, however, never satisfied to remain at home, and would wander aimlessly over the country, never writing to his relatives unless taken ill. He spoke English, Spanish and French fluently.

A Letter from His Dead Wife.

Benjamin Harley is a well-to-do resident of Roaring Branch, this county, writes a Lock Haven, Pa., correspondent. He is an old man, and is a strong believer in Spiritualism, no thing having ever been too miraculous if done in the name of Spiritualism to weaken his faith or arouse his suspicion. He has two sons, one a wild and shiftless young man named Henry, the other a thriving citizen. The latter is a partner of his father's in the mercantile business. Old Mr. Harley is a widower, his wife, who was also an enthusiastic Spiritualist, having died only a few weeks ago. The other morning old Mr. Harley awoke and found lying on his pillow a piece of paper, folded and addressed to him. He opened it, and found that it was a letter purporting to come from his dead wife. It was a business letter. It informed Mr. Harley that the writer was in heaven, which was a thoroughly practical place—so much so that she had set up in the millinery business. She was just then in need of $50 to put in the business, and requested her husband to inclose her that amount. She instructed him to put it in a letter and place the letter in a stump near her son Henry's house. Extravagant and ridiculous as this letter was, old Mr. Harley did not doubt for a moment that it came from his wife. He could not spare $50 that day, but he wrote a letter to his wife, inclosing $20 and informing her that he would send the remainder in a few days. The letter he placed in the stump as directed. Young Henry Harley long ago exhausted his credit at the tavern and other places in Roaring Branch, and his longing for convivialty had been necessarily unsatisfied for some time. Two or three days ago the tavern-keeper was surprised to see the young man walk in and pay up the old score out of a neat roll of bills. Young Harley paid up other small accounts about town, and the astonishing fact that he had money soon became the talk of the village. The news was not long in reaching old Mr. Harley's ears, and, after pondering over the matter for some time, and closely examining the letter from his departed wife, he at last reluctantly made up his mind that he knew how Henry had got the money. This belief was made positive when, in a business transaction with Charles Green, another storekeeper in the place, he received the veritable $20 bill he had inclosed to his wife to help along her celestial millinery business. He learned that the bill had been changed for young Henry Harley.

Perhaps you have noticed that it is the man who shakes hands the most that is the hardest to shake.

CANADIAN VICE-ROYALTY.

Views of the Wife of a Canadian Judge in Paris.

(Paris letter in the London Truth.)

The wife of a Canadian judge, who read what Sir C. Tupper said upon the "Truth eries," has called to give me supplemental information about the past and present representatives of Her Majesty at Ottawa. She was in that city when the announcement was made that the Lansdownes were to get the chateau of Montreal (?) fitted up and to spend there the coldest months of the year, which are the ones in which tobogganning, sledging, curling, skating tournaments and torchlight processions are in full fling. This news caused intense excitement and the Anglo-Scotch thought it rather a shame that the Vice-regal court should go in midwinter every year to show the light of their countenance to the French at Montreal. Lord Lansdowne, I am told, keeps up a fine show. His carriages and horses have given a great idea of his wealth to the colonists. What must it have been, they wonder, before his income from his Irish estates was reduced by a quarter—a reduction which was on his side voluntary, and, therefore, to his honor. But there is no burning of candles at both ends of the Government House as in the Dufferins' time. At their entertainments the Marquis and Marchioness do things magnificently, but close economy is the every-day rule.

Lord Dufferin not only spent his £10,000 yearly, but dipped his estates and sold the timber off them when he could gain political points by a judicious use of money. My visitor assured me that "Lorne and the Princess Louise did not salt away a dollar" when they were away in Canada. The Princess was as beneficent as could be, and was never appealed to for money without (when she was satisfied that she had to deal with honest people) putting her hand in her pocket or signing a cheque. She was a great success until the sledge accident befell her. Her nervous system then got upset, with the effect that, in speaking, she was apt to make use of words just the contrary of those she wanted to say. She, therefore, imposed on herself the rule of silence with those whom she did not well know. This passed for sullen reserve and favoritism, and caused a good deal of resentment among the ladies.

"Lorne was just as good as he could be, and first-rate in business," said my visitor, "but he was unendurable." "How so?" I asked. "He was so stand-off in his demeanor. Dufferin knew the Christian and pet names of all the children in Ottawa, read of the births in the papers, and remembered to congratulate the fathers of the new-born babes. He shook hands publicly with a grocer's wife who had triplets, and one day got out of his carriage to go and admire them when they were with their mother and the servant in the street. If a newsboy said a smart thing to him he'd stop to talk to him, and I often saw him shake hands with a conductor of the street cars who came from his part of Ireland, and he had always something bright and pleasant to say. Lorne's stand-offishness after Dufferin's chaff and heartiness was like an icy blast in the month of May."

The Princess Louise enjoyed best in Canada the society of the French. She was very fond of getting away from Ottawa and going to live *en artiste* at the citadel of Quebec—an old place that dated from the Marquis de Montcalm. (It was built by the Duke of Wellington.) It became the thing there to be artistic. Officers, the sons and daughters of judges and of ministers (preachers), successful trades people, and so on, went in for sketching, impressionism, art furniture and art unions, to be *bien en cour*. The princess used to go out on sketching expeditions in a boat. She had some narrow escapes near rapids; that, however, was not at Quebec, but high up the river. It used to be said of her that she was all radiance to the French Canadians, and had more French than English books on her drawing-room table. But Lady Sophia Macnamara understood the "independent" temper of the ladies of the Anglo-Scotch provinces, and helped to make things smooth and agreeable.

Ephemeral Fathers.

An estimable lady of the West side has had the fortune of three husbands—two having passed over to the majority. By the first husband there is a son; by the second a very bright little daughter. One day, while some lady friends were lunching with the mother, the little girl asked: "Mamma, has Jack a papa in heaven?" "Yes, darling; hush!" replied mamma. Have I a papa in heaven?" "Yes, darling; hush!" repeated mamma. After a pause and profound thinking, the little miss added: "Papas don't last long, do they mamma?"—*Yenowine News.*

Pass It Up This Way.

Spring has arrived and has registered on the open page of nature's book in her own bright chirography. Wild violets and lilies are blooming, the green grass is growing, the swelling buds are bursting, the larks are singing their spring matins and everything indicates that nature is glad to welcome spring's early arrival.—*Albany (Ga.) News.*

No Doubt He Can.

Juvenile hostess entertaining the widower—Mr. Filtrip, can't you walk as well as you used to?"

"Why, yes, Bessie, why shouldn't I?"

"Oh, I heard mamma say that you were on your second legs, but I thought they're 'most as good as your old ones."

At the opera—"I can't explain the success of that singer." "Neither can I.' "She sings through her nose most atrociously." "Perhaps that is the reason why every one is waving a handkerchief at her."

—The simplest and one of the most conventient methods of tracing and transferring designs is the use of tarlatan instead of tracing paper. Place the pattern to be copied upon the drawing-board and cover it with the tarlatan, and pin both to the board with drawing tacks. Then, with a moderately soft pencil, draw the pattern carefully. Remove the pins and the design will be found to be quite clear. Then lay the tarlatan upon the material, pin to the board as before, and again go over the lines with the pencil. The result will be a perfect copy of the design upon the material (fabric or paper) in minute dots. The tarlatan design may be used again and again.

MIND-READING.

Amusing Experiences of the Prince of Elucidators.

Mr. Washington Irving Bishop, who has lately been exciting so much attention by what he terms his "mind-reading," has had many interesting adventures and not a few amusing ones. While I was in Belfast Mr. Bishop gave an entertainment in Ulster Hall, which caused a great deal of animated discussion among those present. During the evening, and after the successful performance of several astonishing feats, a temporary lull occurred, during which a rich voice in the gallery loudly called out:

"Misthur Bishup, Misthur—"

"Well, well, what do you want?" inquired the entertainer.

"Oi s'pose yez can foind annething a man wants?"

"Well, I think I can—nearly anything."

"Will yez foind somethin' for me, thin?"

"Certainly."

"Well, the morrow's Sunday, an' oi'd loike yez to foind me a moighty foine dinner."

Mr. Bishop is authority for the statement that the hero of this occasion received a "goold" half-sovereign. "It was about the best advertisement I ever had," said he.

He also tells that while in New Zealand the King of the Maoris was so desirous of viewing an exhibition of the Professor's unusual powers that he obtained a private *seance*. After some parleying it was decided that his dusky Highness himself should conceal an article which Bishop was to discover. Mr. Bishop was taken from the room, and on the Maori King's signifying his readiness, the mind-reader was brought blindfolded into the kingly presence and at once began the search. In a few minutes Mr. Bishop turned to the monarch's mouth as the place where the article was concealed. His Highness grunted an emphatic dissent to the place located by the Professor as containing the article for which he was in search. Bishop insisted that it was there, and finally demanded that the royal mouth should be opened wide. After considerable refusal and persevering persistence on the part of the King and the Professor, the mouth was slowly and reluctantly opened. The next instant, however, the King began to cough violently, which resulted in a button being expelled. The King, finding the place had been correctly located, attempted to swallow the button, and thus defeat the determined mind-reader. What might have happened to Bishop had the Maoris lost their King, is one of those things we tremble to contemplate.—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for March.*

Money Makers

don't let golden opportunities pass unimproved there are times in the lives of men when more money can be made rapidly and easily than otherwise can be earned by years of labor. Write Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, who will send you, free, full particulars about work that you can do, and live at home, wherever you are located, at a profit of at least from $5 to $25 daily. Some have made over $50 in a single day. All is new. You are started free. Capital not required. Either sex; all ages.

A Rome, N. Y., girl filled three stone beer jugs with wet sand, corked them tightly, and set them in the oven to heat, so that she could warm her bed with them. The heat generated steam from the wet sand, and an explosion followed, which filled the room with flying sand and fragments of beer jugs. The girl and the rest of the family were badly scared, but unhurt.

I suffered 7 years with sciatic rheumatism. No treatment relieved me. McColl om's Rheumatic Repellant cured me, so that for 2 years I have not had least symptoms of rheumatism. A. Furteney, Petoskey, Mich., formerly of Berlin, Ont.

Barnard's comet is now visible to the naked eye on the eastern horizon about daybreak, but is so low down that it is not readily seen unless one knows exactly where to look. It was discovered October 6th. About 5 a. m. it makes a beautiful object in the telescope—a final halo of light surrounding a sharp white mass in the centre. It has a short nebulous tail, about 2° in length. Its distance from the earth is now about 113,000,000 miles.

With Satisfaction.

Polson's NERVILINE, the new and certain pain cure, is used with satisfaction in every instance. There is abundant reason for this, for it performs all that is claimed for it. Nerviline is a never-failing cure for cramps, pains in the side or back, lumbago, sore throat, chilblains, toothache. Nerviline is in fact a sure remedy for all pains, both internal and external. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles only 25 cents, by all druggists and country dealers.

Mrs. Cleveland has kept strictly to her rule of never going out except to the houses of members of the Cabinet, and as they entertain very little, occasions of her appearance in Washington society have been few and far between.

Marvellous Memory DISCOVERY.

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