FARM AND GARDEN.

A good farm maxim: "Remove the cause and the effect will cease."

Humane landlords concern themselves in the prosperity and happiness of their tenants and the laborers under them.

A writer is confident that the day is fast approaching when people will see that Bermuda grass is a blessing instead of a pest.

Potatoes keep better in heaps covered a foot thick with straw and a few inches of earth than with less straw and more earth.

People suffering from weakness of nerves should seek relief in eating largely of celery, bleached, when not in season, onions.

The less sceenings fed to brooding mares the better. There is always more or less foul seed in screenings that is not good for them.

In all planting it should be remembered that character of soil determines growth of roots and that a young fruit tree is not going to grow directly through a hardpan.

String beans may still be planted for a late supply, as the vines grow quickly and bear well during the warm weather.

English hop prospects are not good. There are complaints of fly and weak vines where cultivation has been at all indifferent.

Pinch back the ends of the lima bean runners as soon as they reach four or five feet in height, so as to force them to send out laterals.

There is no curculio-proof plum. The process of jarring the trees is always necessary, no matter what variety of plum may be grown.

Early rising, with the work done in part before the heat of the day, and a good rest at noon, will save the horses during the warm days.

It is quite generally understood that the Canadians are now producing cheese which sells at a higher price in the British market than that made in New York.

Sheep for breeding next season will do well on pasture alone, but a mess of oats at night will compensate for any lack of pasturage where the flock is large.

Shade trees sometimes require attention. Wood ashes should be applied around all kinds of shade trees at least once a year. The hedges will also be benefitted by ashes.

If the clover hay is musty and consequently dusty, it ought to be sprinkled in the manger; if too musty, it should be thrown aside for timothy or some other hay.

Turkeys hatched as late in the season as July will be difficult to raise, owing to the attacks of lice, unless given careful attention. They will also fail to attain large size by the end of the year.

Age has much to do with the profitable milk production of a cow. The best age to purchase is from 4 to 6 years, and it is not generally profitable to keep them beyond 8 or 9 years old.

Do not use a blind mare for breeding purposes. The colt may be all right, but—blind horses are of little value. This would also apply to breeding mares affected with other diseases likely to be inherited.

A fruit grower now ships his berries largely in pint boxes. Naturally enough the smaller bulk carries better and the berries go on the market in splendid condition.

Hawks are very fond of young turkeys, and when once they get a taste of their tender meat and learn where a gang "uses," will swoop down and carry one off every day.

Hard water may be softened by adding sal ammoniac. One can also use spirits of sal ammoniac, one teaspoonful to half a gallon of water. For washing purposes the dose must be stronger.

Flies are terrible annoyances to stock during this season, and every stable should be supplied with screens to windows and doors. They are not expensive and will enable the horses and cows to secure rest.

Good clover hay is always considered equal to any other. It is the standard by which all other grasses are compared and no farm is considered fully supplied for winter that has not had a crop of clover grown upon it.

Butterine, as it is called in England, is used so extensively that the dairymen have applied to Parliament for a law compelling its name to be changed from butterine to magarine. They think they can head it off in that way.

Of blackcaps a writer finds Souhegan and Gregg both good. Souhegan is very hardy and productive, berry a good shipper and of fair quality. Gregg has winter killed more or less, but nevertheless has always borne a good crop of very large berries.

To preserve stakes, posts, etc., placed in the earth, from going rotten or decaying, dip the ends of them in the following mixture: Heat three gallons of tar in an iron pot, then add one pound of lime and one pound of coal powder and stir thoroughly.

The "English Cluster" is a fine hop to yield; they generally grow so much in cluster that they pick very nicely, and pickers sometimes can average five or six boxes a day in picking. For the amount of vines this variety generally yields better than any other.

Buckwheat is an excellent crop for reducing weeds and for turning under as green manure, while its blossoms afford ample work for the bees. About five pecks of seed are sufficient for one acre, but if it is to be ploughed under the thicker it grows the better.

If the lawn be frequently mowed it should have an application of fertilizer twice a year to prevent injury from frequent cropping. A mixture of 200 pounds sulphate of potash, 100 pounds superphosphate and 50 pounds nitrate of soda per acre will be found excellent.

A box with entrance holes no larger than one inch in diameter will be an inducement for the wrens to take possession, as they will then be safe from the attacks of larger birds. Wrens are excellent insect exterminators and should be encouraged in every possible manner.

The manner in which an animal is fastened in the stall—there to remain in some localities most of the time for six or seven months of the twelve—has greatly to do with its well being, thrift, health, improvement, and consequently with the profitable returns naturally expected.

The best time for watering cows is after feeding and twice per day, say 8 a.m. and 5 p.m., is quite sufficient for meeting all her wants in the stable, but cows at pasture are generally supposed to do best with water in each lot, convenient to be had at desire.

For the purpose of protecting outdoor wood structures from decay and preserving for them a light brown color, there is perhaps nothing so efficacious as crude petroleum put on copiously with a coarse brush. What are termed "washes" are liable to scale off by exposure to frost and rain.

After a ten mile journey along a dusty road, if your horse turn aside of his own accord to a watering trough, do not yank him around with the comment that he can wait till he gets home. He can not wait and not suffer for it. Let him drink, not too much perhaps, but just enough. He will be in much better condition at the end of the trip. And so will the driver if he be possessed of any kind feelings at all.

The man who carefully blanketed his cows while being milked, so the flies would not bite them and cause them to kick over pail and milker, might have obtained really humane and at the same time lasting comfort to the cows by allowing them to rest in a darkened shed. The idea may really be carried with profit to providing such refuge in pasture where biting flies are numerous. The subject is especially directed to dairymen.

Beware of bogus tree agents. Make them show reliable credentials before you purchase; the best remedy against imposition is more intelligence on the part of the people generally. They should know enough to discriminate between the genuine and the counterfeit; between honest, reliable, trustworthy agents of nurseries of established reputation and those who succeed in imposing on the ignorant by selling imaginary fruits at wild prices.

There are times when horses will gall that have worked for years without doing so. This may be due to weather, altered condition of harness, to peculiar state of blood, skin, etc. In such a case give a tablespoonful of the following powder three times a day in feed or otherwise: Powdered rhubarb, pure powdered sulphate of iron and cream of tartar, of each six ounces; mix. Use some gall powder to heal the galls, which may be done while the animal is at work.

In planting apple trees many dig a hole one half or two-thirds large enough and jam the roots in, leaving them at the bottom turned up more or less and cramped and crowded, then throw in a lot of coarse manure and fill up with common earth and think they have set a tree, when they might about as well have thrown the tree away. The roots should be all straightened out and have plenty of room and the soil worked with the fingers among them till spaces are filled and then fill up with soil.

If weeds exist on grass lands they should be pulled up if the mower cannot be used, as the seeding of the weeds will soon destroy the value of the grass plot. No weed should ever be allowed to produce seed, says the Philadelphia *Record*. Theoretically, good; practically, absurd. True enough no weed should be allowed to seed. But by the time the farmer had completed the pulling process on some farms the property would be in the hands of his children of the third and fourth generation.

Don't be in a hurry to leave your farm even if you have had to pull pretty hard and both ways at once to make ends meet. To go from a farm to the city and find all the little things that cost you nothing on the farm have to be bought is something many never think about. A little kindling wood to make the morning fire, a cup of milk to make something, a little piece of butter, an egg or two and scores of little things which you as farmers think nothing of, when they have to be bought amount to quite a sum at the year's end.

The plan of judging of the merits of cows by a comparison of "records," instead of relying entirely on pedigree and color marks, is adding greatly to the value of our pure milk cows. Not only the quantity, but the quality also, is considered, and so rapid has been the improvement that some of the records are seemingly marvellous.

Make a compost heap upon which to place the refuse of the farm, such as tops of vegetables that are not fit to feed stock, rakings and leaves, and add a proportion of manure occasionally. Upon the heap throw soapsuds, urine and other liquids, care being taken to have all material cut fine. Dry dirt may also be added as an absorbent. It will prove excellent for the garden next spring, as its fine condition will permit of its being spread evenly.

An inquirer asks the best summer and winter diet for chickens and states that he feeks cracked corn, shells and garbage. Corn should not be given in summer. The best diet in summer is meat once a day with chopped grass, cooked potatoes or other bulky food. Feed twice a day. In winter give meat and cooked ground grain with potatoes or chopped cabbage morning and wheat and corn at night. Fat hens will not lay. Make the hens scratch and work for grain. Never keep feed before them. Garbage, gravel, ground bone, shells, etc., are also excellent.

More care should be had by those who pack butter in tubs to have them new and well soaked in brine before any butter is put into them. Careful dairymen put a piece of thin muslin over the top of the butter and then sprinkle salt on it. It is a better plan to put the muslin on the bottom, well wet, and a layer of salt and then pack the butter on top. In this way there is a double protection against the effects of the air and surrounding influences. A dry and cool place is best for storing butter. When the tubs get covered with mould or are reeking with the condensation of water from the air, the butter cannot possibly be kept sweet.

A universal competitive exhibition of science and industry will open at Brussels, Belgium, May 1st, 1888, and continue six months. Fifty-six committees, representing all industries and various specialties, have framed questions whose solution forms the basis of competition. Medals, diplomas and $100,000 in cash will be awarded to exhibitors, who are given special inducements by the Belgian Government in the way of transportation, management and duties.

The barrel of eggs in process of hatching through the unusual and protracted heat, which started from Indiana last week, has reached Jersey City and is now located at a grocery store on Bergen avenue. Notwithstanding the number of chickens taken from the barrel at various way stations, there are still quite a number of embryos remaining in the barrel. If the Bergen avenue grocer wants to make his story available he must swear that the chickens came out of the shells ready split and broiled with a piece of buttered toast under each chicken.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE street railway managers at Syracuse are sufficiently progressive to adopt electricity for a line about to be constructed without waiting until every other city in the country has done so. They have selected the Dafoor Sprague system, which involves the use of a trolley running upon overhead wires. The cars are to be lighted by electricity, and electric push buttons will enable the passengers to signal their desire to get off.

SUSANNA MADORA SALTER, Mayor of Argonia, Kan., is having a very successful administration. When she was elected to her present office her enemies predicted that she would make a failure of her effort to run the municipal affairs of Argonia. Up to the present time she has made no great blunders. She is, however, tired of the burdens of office and says that when her present term expires she will retire to private life and leave the government of Argonia to the care of the sterner sex.

KALAKAUA, the jocund monarch of the Sandwich Islands, may have signed the new Hawaiian Constitution under duress, but it contains one potent clause which will doubtless be a valuable consolation to his perturbed spirits, *i. e.*, "The King cannot be sued or held to account in any court or tribunal of the kingdom." This leaves the door wide open for the two most phenomenal phases of His Dusky Highness' activity, the amassing of "I. O. U.'s" and an illimitable programme of royal sprees.

COL. JOHN H. PIERCE, who lives at Plantsville, a little manufacturing town in New England on the New Haven and Northampton road, is preparing to astonish the world by his inventive genius. He claims that he has proved the practicability of establishing passenger traffic between this country and England by means of pneumatic tubes placed under the ocean. He thinks that in the future a man will be able to breakfast in New York and take lunch in London. All that Pierce needs to establish his invention, so he says, is money. But we regret to note in the pictures of inventor Pierce a slight resemblance to Charles J. Guiteau.

THE mysterious death of Mrs. Cleveland s pet monkey during that lady's absence from home is a matter that will doubtless receive investigation when the Mistress of the White House returns. It has often been observed that pet dogs, cats and parrots, cherished by their mistresses, but secretly detested by the master of the house, are subject to an unusually high death rate when the woman that dotes on them is absent and her husband is at home. It is perhaps charitable to suppose that the President of 60,000,000 people has been too busy with public affairs, and with preparations for his journey to the south and west, to connive at the taking off of the monkey. But a straight certificate of death will be required before Mr. Cleveland can be wholly relieved of suspicion.

THE arrest of a Russian princess in Paris on the charge of stealing, shows that even the nobility has its kleptomaniacs. They tell of an English Prime Minister, now dead and gone, who was given to this weakness. He could not see a pair of gloves or a snuff box or any portable article lying about without feeling an almost irresistible desire to put it in his pocket. It is said that one of the duties of his private secretary when they went home was to search his pockets to see if he had picked up anything that did not belong to him. Kleptomania is usually called stealing, but it is a fact admitted by medical men that kleptomania is a disease. Victims of it have been known to abstract the most useless things, and even things that were of the smallest value.

WATERCRESS can be successfully grown where the ground may be alternately drained and flooded, but it will grow on the margin of any running streams after it is once established. Or, ditches may be dug from the main stream so that the water will be a few inches deep and about two feet wide, and the seeds sown or the plants set in these ditches, after which it will take care of itself. Peter Henderson stated some years ago that many a farmer in the vicinity of New York realized more profit from the water cress, cut from the margin of a brook running through his farm, in two or three weeks of spring, than from a whole year's hard labor in growing corn or potatoes.

IRELAND is famous for its stout and its whiskey, and it also promises to become so for its bottles. An Irishman, Mr. Francis Hazlett, has invented, and an Irish company have brought out, a mechanical apparatus for blowing glass by the mouth. Hitherto it has been considered impossible to improve upon the human lungs, and so the glassblowers of the world have gone on puffing themselves away at 42 years of age, which is the low average of life among the handicraftsmen. The new invention dispenses entirely with the human lungs, and injects the air into the molten glass by an air-pump not unlike an ordinary syringe in shape and action. This is fastened to the ordinary blow pipe and makes little difference to the workman in handling. Manifestly the invention is of advantage to the workman, and as to the employer, it will enable him to produce bottles at two and a half times greater speed.

You have often read wondrous and lying tales of justice administered with unerring judgment in Turkey. Here, says the London correspondent of the New York *Sun*, is a true story of Turkish justice: A drover complained to a cross-legged magnate at Rodosto that he had been robbed of two oxen. Three Turkish gendarmes were sent to recover the property, and soon discovered two peasants going off with two oxen. One of the men was shot dead. The other escaped, and the policemen hastily buried their man and came back in triumph with two oxen. But the man said those oxen had not been stolen from him, and it was plain that the peasant had been shot for driving his own cattle. The situation was uncomfortable, but Turkish diplomacy fixed things. Another man was found to swear he had been robbed of the oxen, and they were turned over to him, which relieved the gendarmes from guilt. They did not go unpunished, however, for they had buried the dead peasant without first washing the body, which in Turkey is a crime except in case of a soldier killed in bottle. For that negligence they were imprisoned.

THE humane efforts of the United States and the Canadian Governments to protect the lives of codfish and mackerel are worthy of recognition by Mr. Bergh's society. Canada punishes the American who catches fish, and the United States imposes a fine upon the Canadian who tries to sell fish. The real secret of the trouble is that Americans have a depraved and unnatural appetite for fish, and contumaciously persist in eating them in defiance of the well-meant effort of the two Governments to extirpate the evil of fish-killing. This evil should be attacked at the root, and fish-eating be made a crime punishable by imprisonment without the alternative of a fine. If the possession of fish bones, scales, sounds or tails, or of fishing rods, lines, bait or little brown jug were made *prima facie* evidence of guilt, the fish habit would be as completely destroyed as is the whiskey habit in a prohibition town—Bangor, Me., for example. The present half-way method of reform only makes fish come more expensive to the American people without in the least lessening their reprehensible liking for the article.—*N. Y. Standard.*

THE parting of the two Emperors at Gastien was, as the cable describes it, exceedingly touching. The veteran Prussian was "overcome with emotion," and "kissed Emperor Francis Joseph again and again." A pair of lovers separating after a month of billing and cooing by the seaside could not have been more demonstrative. Possibly the much-kissed Austrian forgot in the excitement of the moment that his effusive adorer some few years ago thrashed him most effectually at Sadowa, deprived him of the headship of Germany, which his family had held for hundreds of years, and left to him only the empty shadow of his former greatness as a German sovereign. Yet the humiliations of that day when the fate of Germany was decided as much by the rapid marching of the Prussians and the dilatoriness of some of Benedek's legions as by the actual conflict of arms cannot already be entirely blotted from the memory of the loser in the fight. The venerable Prussian is said to still cherish the remembrance of the first Napoleon's despotic oppression of Prussia in the early days of the century; and it may be imagined that something more than kissing will be needed to wholly cure the Hapsburg kaiser of a suppressed longing for his day of revenge for a defeat that is not yet twenty years old.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, American agents of the Oxford Bible Society, say that the sales of the revised Old Testament are steady; they are not increasing, but hold their own. They are not, however, to be compared with the sales of the King James version. The revised New Testament is practically dead, in spite or perhaps as a result of the enormous sale when it first appeared. The American Tract Society people say that only 1 per cent. of the Bibles sold are of the revised version. The price of the New Testament has been reduced from $1.50 to 80 cents, and from 40 cents to 15. James Pott & Co. report that they do not even keep the revised version in stock. The American Bible Society is required by its charter to publish the Bible "in common use." It has been waiting to see if the revised version became the one in common use. It has not as yet, and is not regarded as likely to. An officer of the society, however, says that the revised version will always have a sale as a good commentary. The American Baptist Publication Society reports a steady sale of the revised version, to be used mainly as a companion to the King James. The Methodist Book Concern does not handle it at all and never has a call for it. A representative of Thomas Whittaker, when consulted, called the revised version a literary rather than a commercial success, and did not believe it would ever supersede the King James.

Canada on Her Dignity.

Uncle Sam—Say, Canada, you ought, as a matter of honor, decency and justice, to return McGarigle.

Canada—McGarigle, McGarigle, who's he?

"An American office-holder who stole a lot of money belonging to Chicago taxpayers. We want to put him in the penitentiary where he can't do any more mischief to the community."

"Did he have help?"

"Yes, plenty of it. Buck McCarthy and a lot of others."

"Did you put Buck McCarthy in the penitentiary?"

"No."

"Well, when you cage Buck McCarthy it will be time enough to talk to us about McGarigle."—*Omaha World.*

She Knew Where It Was.

"Sis," he said, "do you know where my baseball mask is? I've hunted high and low for it."

"I didn't know you wanted to use it today, Dick," said his sister, uneasily.

"Well, I do."

"I'll see if I can find it for you," and she went upstairs.

She found it without much trouble.

She Was All Right.

Mrs. Blobson—What's that? Oh, horrors! The hotel afire!

Mr. Blobson—Yes, come on. We've no time to lose.

Mrs. Blobson—But here I am in my nightdress!

Mr. Blobson—Good enough! I'm glad you've got out of your ball dress and into something decent.

Not Very Encouraging.

Featherly (to messenger boy)—"Did you deliver the note to the young lady?"

Messenger Boy—"Yes, sir."

Featherly—"And what did she say?"

Messenger Boy—"She said: 'Oh, pshaw! It's from Mr. Featherly.'"—*New York Sun.*

A Promising Youth.

Magistrate (to Chinaman)—What is your complaint against this young man, John?

Chinaman (unable to collect a laundry bill)—He too muchee by and by.

It has been found that the plant which produces the licorice root of commerce will grow without irrigation or cultivation in the little valleys and flats of Nevada. There is an indigenous plant of the same species that grows wild everywhere on the hills.

What Mother Says.

Now, here's a hand-glass, let me try
If I can this time see
Just one of all those funny things
My mother sees in me.

She says my eyes are violets—
And what she says is true—
But I think they are just two eyes;
Don't they look so to you?

She says my lips are cherries red,
And makes b'lieve take a bite;
They never look like that to me—
But mother's always right.

She says each cheek is like a rose;
And this I surely know,
I never would believe it—but
What mother says is so.

She says my teeth are shining pearls;
Now that's so very queer,
If some folks said it, why, I'd think—
But then 'twas mother dear.

I only see a little girl,
With hair that's rather wild,
Who has two eyes, a nose and mouth,
Like any other child.

—*Lizbeth B. Comins, in St. Nicholas for September.*

THE TIE.

'Twas the counter for gentlemen's ties,
Where maid with the brightest of eyes
Made the quickest of sales
To extravagant males
Of the baubles frivolity buys.

Said a chap by her witcheries caught:
"Oh deary, I say, have you got
Some wear I can buy
That will never untie
In a strong, indissoluble knot?"

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed, "I can make
A knot that you never can break,
Except you resort
To a lawyer and court.
Now, what sort of a tie will you take?"

Said the lad, with a face very red:
"You may tie me the knot as you said—
Will you tie it for me?"
"Yes, deary," said she.
Soon the papers announced they were wed.

RURAL JOYS.

Oh, let me drink from the moss-grown pump
That was hewn from the pumpkin tree,
Eat mush and milk from a rural stump,
From form and fashion free;
New-gathered mush from the mushroom vine,
And milk from the milk-weed sweet,
With luscious pineapple from the pine—
Such food as the gods might eat.

And then to the whitewashed dairy I'll turn,
Where the dairymaid hastening hies,
Her ruddy and golden red butter to churn
From the milk of her butter-flies;
And I'll rise at morn with the early bird,
To the fragrant farmyard pass,
When the farmer turns his beautiful herd
Of grasshoppers out to grass.

Like Her Elders.

A story of the rising generation:

In one of the suburban towns there is a young lady—quite a young lady she is, too—whose somewhat boyish aspect and innocently masculine tastes have won for her the soubriquet of Tommy. Not long ago she gave a little party to the children of the neighborhood, and in preparing for the event her mother, in order to get at an idea of the sort of young people her daughter would like to have attend, told her to prepare a list of those she wished to invite. Tommy went to work with zest and in a short time finished a pretty long list.

"There, mamma," said she, with an air of conclusiveness, "there's every single one that I want to come."

Her mother took the document and read it with an astonishment that increased as her eye approached the end of the list. Tommy had only one girl's name on the whole list!

"Why, Tommy," her mother exclaimed, "do you want none but boys to come to your party? What are you thinking of?"

"Well, mamma," said Tommy, "you know girls aren't any fun!"

"But would your boys have fun if there weren't any girls?"

"Weren't any girls? Why, there'll be Kitty Bickerstaff and me, and that ought to be girls enough!"

The mother, however, insisted upon the nomination of a full quota of girls; but in order to get it she had to make inquiries herself. Tommy's information was deficient.—*Boston Transcript.*

Couldn't Withstand Temptation.

The door of a Cannon street cottage opened in answer to the bell, and the book agent inquired if the lady of the house was in.

"I'm her."

"I have a little gem here, the 'Laurel Wreath of Poetry;' it's one of the——"

"Don't want it; house full o' trash o' that kind now."

"Maybe you'd like something in the religious line, now. I can recommend this 'Eliza Spriggins' Faith Cure' as the most inter——"

"All nonsense every word of it; don't believe such stuff."

"Ah, then your inclinations run to fiction. Here's a pleasing work, 'James the Lumberman; a Tale of Tonawanda.' Pathos, hu——"

"None o' them things for me; you may's well go; I don't want any of 'em."

"This little book on the 'Preservation of Female Beauty' is a treasure; I'm sure——"

"How much is it?"

"Only seventy-five cents. I've sold 1,300 copies myself."

She took it, and before she was rid of him she'd subscribed to Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Life of Daniel O'Connell" and an illustrated edition of "Anonymous Poems."

An Economical Jury.

"How did it happen that you didn't find that man guilty?" asked a New York man of the foreman of a jury in Dakota, "the evidence was dead against him." "I know that," was the reply, "but if we'd a found him guilty we'd 'uv had to hang him." "Certainly." "Well, we're paying taxes enough now. Hangin's is expensive."—*Washington Critic.*

Where Woman is Solid.

Some things a woman doesn't know, of course, but one of them isn't what she thinks of some other woman.—*Journal of Education.*

She Caught On.

Husband—"Sarsaparilla"—(winking knowingly).

Wife—"Lemon! without the wink!"

"The Boston bicyclist never takes a header," says the *Transcript*. But if asked if he ever was "projected from the periphery of his circular steed" a gleam of intelligence overspreads his face.