FARM AND GARDEN.

Some Seasonable Hints for Rural and Other Readers.

Insects in Orchards.

One who has tried it states that burning scraps of old rubber, rubber boots or shoes, upon a pan of coals that is circulated among the trees of an orchard, will cause all insects to depart. This is a very simple means, but we should fear that they would return after a little time. The claim was that there was a sort of consistence to the smoke that adhered to leaves, blossoms and even the trunks of trees, which being repulsive to insects drives them away, and also holds its virtue for some time. If this is a reliable remedy it will be convenient to repel rose-bugs during their period of greatest injury.

Wool Cultivation.

Prof. Wm. Brown, of the Ontario Agricultural College, has issued an excellent bulletin on the "Better Cultivation of Wool." He holds that there is no justification by sound argument for the practice of washing, of clipping but once a year, nor of rarely taking wool from lambs. He says among other things:

The common practice is to leave clipping until June, or after spring seeding, when wool is in less quantity, dirtier, harsher, more ragged and not so sound for manufacturing purposes. We should have issued this bulletin earlier, with the strong advice: "Never let your wool go to grass." Even now it will be in time for many in other aspects. The few lines allowed in this public document do not admit of telling all the accompaniments of the change of practice recommended, among the most important of which would be that poor feeding and early spring clipping imply many deaths, an inferior crop, and nearly everything in correspondence. Much of the wool of a large flock after the long housing and dry feeding necessary in this country deteriorates before April; some of it leaves the skin, dries and consequently the whole fleece prematures and loses value. When removed two to four weeks before going out, there is such a stubble of new growth as sufficiently fends from sunshine and chilly mornings, supplemented as it should always be by the application in any case of a good "dip" in midsummer. And now comes what to me stands as a great mistake in management and the value of a crop of wool anywhere, namely, harvesting only once a year, and never clipping the lambs. We have already indicated the good resulting from early clipping and that sheep are decidedly more comfortable from it, and it is also our experience that clipping again in July is both beneficial to the animal and profitable to the owner. The extra well-doing after April has produced upon good pasture a superior second crop, shorter and finer in texture relatively to kind. This is the stage claiming the better sample for certain fabrics, where also the longer, coarser varieties would and do actually give such a change as fetches a greater price per pound. Why do not flock-masters make this crop? There is not the shadow of cruelty about it, though it certainly means tree or shed shade and another turn of the dipping tub. Long before the chilly nights of September or the actual frost of winter comes—not forgetting it is not frost but wet that does most harm to sheep—the second growth is long and close, and ere next April, under good management, is equal in weight to what it would have been had clipping been done only once.

Altogether, then, we gather up the following comparison of the two systems as applicable to Ontario and the market today for unwashed wool, on an average of the breeds named:

Usual clip of 7 lb. in June, at 15c...		$1 05
First clip of 7 lb. in April, at 15c...	$1 05	
Second clip in July, 3½ lb., at 15c...	52	
Clip of Lamb, one per head of all the flock, 3 lb., at 17c.....	51	
		2 08
Difference per head.....		$1 03

The extra cost of shearing and dipping amounts to 8 cents per head. I have recently advised with two extensive woollen manufacturers, and submitted samples of unwashed wool from all our breeds, upon which they set the following as the highest possible present market prices per pound:

FROM CLIP, APRIL AND MAY, 1888.

	Cts.	Lbs.
Lincoln	11	13½
Ontario grade	13	11½
Cotswold	13	11½
Leicester	13	11½
Oxford	15	10
Cheviot	16	9
Shrops	16	9
Hamps	16	9
Southdown	18	8
Merino	21	7

Taking the Merino as a standard and at an average weight of seven pounds per fleece in Ontario, I give in the second column the number of pounds per fleece required from the other breeds to make an equal value. It is significant of nature's impartiality that but one of the number, viz., the grade, fails to stand the comparison, as with that exception, which is three pounds too much, the actual average weight per fleece of all the breeds with us is very close upon the figures given.

Naked Fallows.

In speaking of naked fallows the *Farm Home* says: "A crop of ragweed on a stubble field is a real blessing in protecting the soil from the scorching sunshine of August, which is the season that the process of nutrification shows the greatest activity." If it is necessary that the soil should be covered with vegetation let it be with something of greater value than ragweed, which is upon any farm, especially when allowed to go to seed, as the seed appear to hold their vitality in the soil for years, and for that reason we should dislike to encourage its growth because of a possible benefit in another direction.

Other Farm Notes.

It is surprising to see what a great change a little paint will make in the appearance of farm buildings.

Poor, sandy soil should not be left uncultivated. Carefully prepare the land, sow to buckwheat and plough the buckwheat under when the crop is in blossom. In this way the land may be gradually made productive.

For mildew on grape vines.—Prepare by boiling three pounds each of flours of sulphur and lime in six gallons of water until reduced to two gallons. When settled pour off the clear liquid and bottle it. When used mix one part of the clear liquid in 100 parts of water.

The potato crop is one that usually pays. The average value of a crop should not be less than $50 per acre clear of expenses, though more can be made by selecting proper seed and giving good cultivation. The early crops are less liable to insect attack than the latter, but for winter keeping the late crops are better.

A cow should be milked out in five to eight minutes. It is hard work on the wrists and muscles, but it must be done or the cow will get a habit of dribbling the milk, which is very tiresome. To cure this habit, which has been brought on by slow milking, the milking should be done more quickly, and in time the trouble will disappear.

A contemporary gives three excellent hints: "An avenue of well-grown trees by the roadside makes a farm vastly more attractive, and costs little except the labor of setting. On high ground the sugar maple thus set will make a sugar grove after a few years. On lowlands the elm is a handsome tree, but its roots extend far into the fields, and are very likely to get into underdrains when the roadside is drained, as it should always be."

It is surprising what growth grape vines will make over an evergreen if given a chance to run. With only moderately rich soil the vine will entirely cover the tree, killing it after a few years. Its tendrils cling to the slender stems of the evergreen foliage and will not relax their hold. The higher the vine runs the finer the grapes and the harder they are to get. It is not a good way to give grape vines their will over any kind of trees. A low, neat trellis will cost but little and be every way more satisfactory.

Cheating the Bank.

"There are any number of people, sometimes, I think, as many as nine out of ten, who seem to think it no crime to cheat a bank," said a clerk in a financial institution to a Pittsburg *Dispatch* writer. "If there is a streak of meanness anywhere in a man's nature it will crop out when he is put to the test on a question of money. Sometimes I have amused myself by experimenting with men to find out whether they were honest. There is an easy way of ascertaining. For instance, a depositor hands in his bank book, together with a number of bills and checks, the amounts of which are to be placed to his credit. He has made out a deposit ticket, which he holds in his hand while I count the money. 'How much?' I ask. 'What do you make it?' he inquires. I name a sum $5 or $10 larger than I have ascertained the amount to be. If the man is honest he will say he thinks I am mistaken, but often he will turn around and make out another deposit ticket, fixing the amount to correspond with the figures I have given. Then, of course, I count the cash again and announce that I have made a mistake, and to prove it hand back the money and let him recount it. Men whom nobody would ever suspect of crookedness in business matters are often very quick to take advantage of a little mistake in their favor. I know several wealthy gentlemen who, I truly believe, would never think of paying back any sum, large or small, that got into their hands through a bank clerk's mistake."

Katy's Cousin on the Force.

Katy Mulcahy was out in the Central Park yesterday with her two little charges and had a great deal of trouble with the boy Walter, who would not keep off the grass. They had entered by the gate at Seventy-second street and strolled down to the heavy bench of chestnuts at the corner of the grand drive, where Katy met her big cousin on the Park police and rested a bit to give him the time o'day. When the cousin in gray was fully informed on the subject of time he strolled leisurely down the walk, and Katy called after Wally for the fiftieth time to come off the grass. He wouldn t and she threatened him with the policeman. Walter stopped and looked at the big bushy-whiskered officer and remained on the grass.

"Come off, I tell you," shouted Katy, "or I'll call that policeman, and he's very wicked."

"Wicked?" cried Wally, looking at his nurse with his eyes wide open.

"Yes, and he has a big stick, and there's no knowing what he might do to you."

"Well, if he has such a big stick and is so wicked why do you kiss him so often?"

"Because he's my cousin."

"That's no reason. I have a cousin Maud, and I don't kiss her. I hate her," and he stayed on the grass.—*New York Star.*

If Not One, Why Then Another.

"Kin I git a marriage certificate, mister, with the gal's name left blank?" inquired an agriculturist.

"I guess so," was the reply; "what's the trouble?"

"None yet, but gals is like everything but death and taxes, mighty onsartin. There's goin' to be a wedding though, mister, and don't you forgit it."—*Epoch.*

In a More Delicate Form.

A little girl seeing her mother petting and caressing another child began to show unmistakable signs of jealousy. Her mother remarked: "Why, Sadie, I believe you are, jealous." "No, mamma," she replied indignantly. "I'm not jealous, but I don't feel comf'able."

Unnecessary Trouble.

Policeman (to Brown, who is clinging to a lamp post)—Shall I help you over to your house, Mr. Brown?

Brown—No, shunneshy. Housh be (hic) here in minute; can see it comin'. Been 'round twishe already.—*Life.*

The late Lady Buchan well remembered Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena, where her father was governor in 1815. When she was first introduced to him the ex-emperor said: "I have long heard from various quarters of your superior elegance and beauty, but now I am convinced that report has scarcely done you sufficient justice." And then, as she was soon to leave the island, he added. "You must be glad to get away." "O, no, sire," said she, "I am sorry to go." "Ah? Well, mademoiselle, I wish I could exchange places with you."

On the wagon sheet of a prairie schooner that passed through Orleans, Mo., from Kansas the other day, bound eastward, was the inscription: "Tryin' 2 git back 2 my wife's people. My name's Eli."

A TERRIBLE RIDE.

A Stage Coach Dashes Down a Mountain Side Behind a Runaway Team.

The stage passengers on the return trip from Julian two days ago experienced an exciting adventure in the shape of a runaway down a mountain road, in which the driver was thrown from his seat, three of the passengers injured, and all had a narrow escape from death on the rocks. Outside with the driver sat Marion Thresher, a little blue-eyed girl, 10 years old, and inside were five passengers, all men. As the stage was coming down a steep road on Stone's Hill, between Ramona and Ballena, forty-two miles distant from San Diego, the brakes gave way and the horses started on a jump down the precipitous mountain path. The driver realized the danger, and knew that unless the horses could be stopped within a quarter of a mile the stage and all its occupants would be dashed to death down the side of the cliff where the road entered a narrow mountain pass. He exerted every effort, but the frightened horses, with the heavy stage pressing upon them, almost tore the reins from his hands. They had not run far before the wheels struck a reef on the side of the road, and the stage almost went over on its side. The driver was thrown from his seat and dashed upon the rocky road. The little girl clung with both hands to the seat rail and kept her place upon the careening stage, but as she looked down upon the maddened horses tearing down the steep path to the cliff and chasm below she lost all hope. Soon another reef was struck, again the stage almost went over, and this time the strength of the child was not sufficient to withstand the shock. She was dashed out upon the stony roadbed and lay there bruised and senseless while the horses went tearing on. At the start the inside passengers had not suspected anything wrong, and it was not until they saw the driver fall upon the roadside that they knew their danger. Then they sprang to the opening to save themselves if possible. One of them, Sam M. Pearce, as he viewed the fearful prospect below and realized that if the cliff was reached all would be doomed to death, resolved to risk his life by a dangerous jump. The flinty roadbed made it almost certain that this step involved at least a broken limb, but as the stage flew past a clump of bushes he threw himself into it. The force of his fall was broken and, although badly bruised, he was not seriously injured. Mr. Rich, another passenger, followed, but did not escape so easily, for he sustained a broken ankle. On the other side of the stage the other three passengers were clinging and looking for an opportunity to leap, but on that side of the road, and almost grazing the horses and stage as they tore along, was a barbed wire fence. All gave themselves up for lost unless the stage should pass the wire fence before the cliff was reached. Suddenly there was a crash and a shock which threw some of the passengers violently against the front of the stage and one of them to the ground. One of the horses had fallen and the stage had been stopped within a few rods of the terrible cliff. The passengers in the stage, although badly frightened, were uninjured, and returning up the road they gave assistance to the wounded. Mr. Pearce, who jumped into the bushes, had already limped back to the little girl and picked her up. He found her lying senseless, terribly bruised, and with a broken arm. She soon returned to consciousness, and, opening her blue eyes, gave a piteous little moan, and then clinching her teeth, refused to give any further signs of her suffering. The driver, although badly bruised, was not disabled, and the stage was rigged up to proceed on the journey. The injured child was tenderly cared for by the passengers and brought to her friends in San Diego, to whom she was returning from a visit to the country. The thrilling adventure of that terrible stage ride is an experience which will never be forgotten by those who came dashing down the rocky road.

Queen Bess Ate with Her Fingers.

It is difficult to realize what a modern invention the table fork is. Queen Elizabeth never heard of one. She had, it is true, a few dainty forks, perhaps with crystal handles, for eating preserved fruit at dessert. But long after her time dinner forks were unknown in England. The very earliest now to be found belongs to the same nobleman whose hour-glass salt has been already spoken of, and these are not older than the middle of the reign of Charles II. The few early forks of the reign of George I. are three-pronged, and but few of our neighbors can show us four-pronged forks much before the reign of George III., from which time their fashion has remained unaltered to the present day, except for their handles, which have followed the fashions of spoons, finishing up with the familiar "fiddle pattern" of 19th century use. Before the days of forks the ewer and basin, which have now generally disappeared, were much in request after every course; whereas now the basin alone, with a little rose-water, makes its appearance at civic feasts after dinner, as a matter of fashion rather than necessity. Four out of five old basins have no doubt been melted up to supply the very forks whose invention rendered the washing of the fingers superfluous.—*Murray's Magazine.*

Misfortune Turned into Luck.

How often it is that what seem our misfortunes turn out to be the best of good luck. A Toronto merchant had a cargo of 67,000 bushels of No. 1 Manitoba hard hung up in the ice last winter at McKay's Harbor, in Lake Superior. It is just getting out now, and is worth eighteen cents a bushel more than when it was frozen in. Profit from the transaction $12,000, and no elevator charges to pay.—*Toronto Globe.*

Why He Was a Little Vexed.

"Adolphus, d'ye know that I'm a little vexed at Miss Simmons?" "What happened, Arthur, old boy?" "Well, you know, I pride myself on my singing. We were at the piano. 'I'll sing one more song and then go home,' I said. "Was it late?" "About midnight." "And what did she say?" "She said, 'Can't you go home first?'" "And did you?" "Yes, Adolphus. I tell you I'm a little vexed about it."

Joseph Mason, of Fielding, Ill., has not shaved for fifteen years, and his beard is five feet long, touching the floor when he stands erect.

SAFEGUARDS AGAINST THIEVES.

A Reformed Burglar Tells Householders How to Protect Their Property.

First of all, I may say that the householder, especially if his house is situated in the suburbs, should count as next to nothing the protection afforded by the night policeman on his beat. I don't mean to insinuate that the night policeman neglects his duty. I believe that, as a rule, he performs it as well as he is able to, and it may be pretty safely relied on that at each time he passes a row of villas he will cast the light of his bull's eye over the front garden, if there is one, and over the house front, and lower windows and street door. If there is no front garden he will see that all is right and tight in the area as well. But his beat is a long one, and it is probable that he will not pass that way again for an hour or perhaps longer. So that if there is a job afoot all that those engaged in it have to do is to hide and see the policeman off, and they then know exactly how much time they have to get through their work before he can make his appearance again.

Speaking of my experience, and from that of others with whom I have been acquainted, I should say that at least a fourth part of the number of private house burglaries that are successfully committed are assisted by servants. But speaking of ordinary work it is the female servants who are made useful, and that quite innocently on their part. Masters and mistresses have no idea what easy simpletons many girls in service are, or how easily they are induced to betray the secrets of the house. And not only girls, but women cooks and housemaids, who are old enough to know better. A smart chap, with plenty to say and with money to spend, has but to scrape acquaintance with the kind of servants I am alluding to when they are out for church on Sunday and meet them a few times afterwards, and he can learn all he wants to know respecting the valuable stuff in the house and where it is kept, and the ways and habits of their employers and when they are at home and when away.

It is not often the burglar himself who in this way goes a-fishing for useful information. Generally speaking, he is not what may be called a "ladies' man." He is very well in his own line, but he hasn't got the good looks or the insinuating ways that go down with the fair sex. That part of the programme is intrusted to the "sweetstuff man." He is an affable, well spoken young fellow, very respectably dressed, and so respectable in his manner that even if he was caught in the kitchen with the servants at houses where followers are strictly prohibited his appearance would disarm suspicion. It should not be forgotten that the burglar has no particular desire in the pursuit of his calling to run his head into more danger than is necessary, and there is nothing that is so much to his liking as parapet work—getting in at attic windows that are screened by the roof parapet. Not one householder in a score gives a thought as to the security of the attic window. He will have his street door iron plated, with a patent lock on it, and a chain strong enough to hold an elephant, but a catch that can be put back with a bradawl is good enough for the attic window, and all the time it is quite as easy to enter by one way as the other—if the houses stand in a row and one of them happens to be empty. This is one of the opportunities the fraternity are always on the lookout for. Nothing can be easier than to enter an unoccupied house at the basement, and once within all a man has to do is to walk upstairs and get out on to the parapet, and there, well screened from view by the coping, he can creep on his hands and knees, and by means of the attic windows get into any house he has a fancy for. If it is winter time, and after dark, he will have no difficulty in taking stock of the front windows before he makes the ascent, and so ascertaining which of the front rooms are occupied or if the family are at dinner. If the latter he can be pretty sure that the servants are all down stairs, and he can explore the upper rooms without much fear of interruption. This wouldn't be called in the profession tip-top work, but it is a means by which householders lose a considerable amount of portable property, and it very rarely happens that the robber is caught in the act.

As regards house fastenings there is, in my opinion, nothing safer for windows than a long thumb screw in a socket, going right through the frame and deep into the sash on both sides of the window. I don't know if there have been any wonderful inventions in that way since I took an interest in such things, but I never saw a door fastener except the thumb screw that should give a workman a minute's trouble. For the street door there is nothing so good as a flat bar fastened to a pivot to the centre, so that it will extend across the jambs and drop into slots made on the plan of a watch and chain swivel. For window shutters the cheapest and best protection is a lightly hung bell on a coil spring. But better than locks, bolts and bars is a wiry little dog that, roaming loose, will open his pipes and let all the house know it the moment he hears a suspicious noise at door or window.—*London Telegraph.*

A Hard Problem.

"If we could only be children for ever," wistfully says a writer in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and then proceeds to show how much more fun a child has than a grown-up person: "I sometimes look at a pretty boy and think what a pity it is to think that he is bound to grow up and become a man, and get married and drunk and wicked and all sorts of horrible things. And when you look at the blue-eyed, fair-haired little female child and think that some day she is going to be a pretty woman with a tight-laced waist, a tailor made suit false hair, and a touch of paint on her face; that she is going to fib and flirt, and deceive and marry the wrong man, and have lots of trouble—well, you can't help asking, 'What is the use of it all?'"

Cause and Effect.

Grocer—See here, you haven't settled your bill yet. Last month you paid promptly on the last day of the month.

Customer—Yes, and you gave me a cigar!

Grocer—Well?

Customer—Why, I've been sick ever since and unable to work.

Grand Duke Alexis, brother of the Czar, is said to be able to drink more champagne than any other European Prince.

HORRORS OF SIBERIA.

Exile Provinces Where the Mercury Stands for Months at 50 Below Zero—A Marvellous Transition.

"It is hardly necessary to say that a country which has an area of five and a half million square miles, and which extends in latitude as far as from the southern extremity of Greenland to the island of Cuba, must present great diversities of climate, topography and vegetation, and cannot be everywhere a barren arctic waste. A mere glance at a map is sufficient to show that a considerable part of Western Siberia lies farther south than Nice, Venice or Milan, and that the southern boundary of the Siberian Province of Semirechinsk is nearer the equator than Naples. In a country which thus stretches from the latitude of Italy to the latitude of Central Greenland, one would naturally expect to find, and as a matter of fact one does find, many varieties of climate and scenery. In some parts of the Province of Yakutsk the mean temperature of the month of January is more than 50 degrees below zero, Fahr., while in the Province of Semipalatinsk the mean temperature of the month of July is 72 degrees above, and such maximum temperatures as 95 and 100 degrees in the shade are comparatively common. On Taimyr peninsula, east of the Gulf of Ob, the permanently frozen ground thaws out in summer to a depth of only a few inches, and supports but a scanty vegetation of berry bushes and moss, while in the southern part of Western Siberia watermelons and cantaloupes are a profitable crop, tobacco is grown upon thousands of plantations, and the peasants harvest annually more than 50,000,000 bushels of grain. The fact which I desire especially to impress upon the mind of the reader is that Siberia is not everywhere uniform and homogeneous. The northern part of the country differs from the southern part quite as much as the Hudson Bay Territory differs from Kentucky; and it is as great a mistake to attribute the cold and barrenness of the Lena Delta to the whole of Siberia as it would be to attribute the cold and barrenness of King William Land to the whole of North America.

"To the traveller who crosses the Urals for the first time in June nothing is more surprising than the fervent heat of Siberian sunshine and the extraordinary beauty and profusion of Siberian flowers. Although we had been partly prepared, by our voyage up the Kama, for the experience which awaited us on the other side of the mountains, we were fairly astonished upon the threshold of Western Siberia by the scenery, the weather and the flora. In the fertile, blossoming country presented to us as we rode swiftly eastward into the Province of Tobolsk, there was absolutely nothing even remotely to suggest an arctic region. If we had been blindfolded and transported to it suddenly in the middle of a sunny afternoon, we could never have guessed to what part of the world we had been taken. The sky was clear and blue and the air as soft as the sky and the air of California; the trees were all in full leaf; birds were singing over the flowery meadows and in the clumps of birches by the roadside; there was a drowsy hum of bees and a faint fragrance of flowers and verdure in the air, and the sunshine was as warm and bright as that of a June afternoon in the most favored part of the temperate zone."—*George Kennon in the "Century."*

Danger in Strawberries.

"People should be careful about how they eat strawberries," said a prominent physician yesterday. He had been interrogated as to several cases of "poisoning" and cutaneous affections that had followed as results of too hearty indulgence in the luscious fruit. Many folks have been alarmed by a species of "rash" breaking out on their bodies after eating strawberries. Several physicians, among them one or two who make a specialty of cutaneous diseases, were interviewed on the subject yesterday. The effect produced on certain people by the consumption of strawberries can only be accounted for by the medical profession on the grounds of "constitutional idiosyncrasy." With some peculiarly constituted organizations strawberries act as a laxative, with others as an astringent. It is supposed that the tiny seeds of the berry lodging in the cavities of the intestines produce the various evil effects. Again, the acidulous nature of the fruit proves hurtful in many cases to the stomach. The eating of strawberries, however, may be regarded as harmless to ordinarily constituted people—except, perhaps, the young man who has to settle the bill for the three or four platefuls consumed by his best girl.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Lonesome White Man.

For the past nineteen years an Italian named Valpreda has been the sole representative of the Caucasian race living on the shores of Lake Tchad, in Africa. He went there as the servant of Dr. Nachtigal, one of the few explorers who have visited that region, and, imagining that as the only white resident of those parts he could cut an important figure, he deserted his master, became a Mohammedan, took unto himself several native wives, and entered the military service of the Sultan of Bornu. His glittering hopes, it appears, have not been realized, and a caravan the other day brought a manuscript wail from Mr. Valpreda to the effect that he would rather be a street laborer in Rome than have all the good things an African sultan can give him. The Sultan seems unwilling to spare the only white man who graced his court, but the Italian Government has decided to ascertain if a handsome present won't tempt His Higness to get along without Mr. Valpreda's society.

Wisdom Will Come to Him.

"Let me see your tongue, madame, please," said the doctor, and he added facetiously, as the request was complied with: "It is not necessary to expose the entire length of it."

The indignant patient drew in her tongue and gave the thoughtless young physician a piece of it.

One of the Indian children drilling for exhibition expressed his nervousness in this way to his teacher: "Too many eyes look at me. I scare, I scare!"—*Carlisle (Penn.) Red Man.*