

AGRICULTURAL.

Early Garden Stuff.

A correspondent writing to the American Agriculturist says: "Several years ago you wrote that if any enterprising man living in the vicinity of a large village, or two or three smaller ones, would manage to put his early peas, corn, beets, cucumbers, etc., into market a week or two ahead of others, he could get two or three prices for the first offerings. That this could be done by selecting a warm dry plot, by draining it well, if needed, by putting in seed very early, and protecting with straw or other covering when cold nights or frosts threatened after the plants are up. And especially by the following plan: Have prepared a lot of pieces of sod a foot square or so; if pretty well rotted and free from fresh grass roots, all the better, but not essential; moisten them with weak liquid manure from the barnyard. Into this, marked off into little squares of the size required by different plants, put peas, corn, etc., one seed in a square. Place several rows of these sods along the south side of a board fence. Keep them sufficiently moist to sprout the seeds and start the growth, using larger pieces for potatoes. On cold nights cover with coarse cotton cloth, which may afterward be bleached and cut up for family use, or have straw at hand to throw over when needed. When the warm, settled weather arrives and the ground is all ready, with plenty of well-rotted manure worked in, cut the sods into squares, so that each piece will have a plant in it with two or three weeks of growth already made. Put these pieces in the ground at proper distances; plants go right on with their growth, and thus much time may be gained in the maturity.

"I acted upon this advice, extending the operation largely; had my sods prepared in autumn, and well frozen in winter, and on a small area got seed enough started thus to plant over two acres. My early garden stuff was the town talk, brought in a heap of money, and in this way I was able to pay for that land and get forehand enough to put up those buildings, and I don't owe a cent.

Onion Culture.

In answer to an inquiry on this subject Currie's Monthly says that when circumstances are favorable, onion culture is profitable. The best soil is drained swamp land, such soil seeming to contain just what the onion craves. Where there is a swamp that can be used for the purpose, cut ditches so that the soil may be just dried enough at the surface to work. Moisture is necessary to produce the finest onion. After ditching, free from all obstacles to free cultivation. Then plow, and as thoroughly prepare as possible, and thoroughly cultivate. Upon other kinds of soil pulverize and manure heavily. Manure the swamp land, too, for that matter. The manure should be well rotted and fine, and thoroughly mixed with the soil. The Acme pulverizing harrow is a capital instrument for pulverizing and mixing the manure. Superphosphates of lime, ashes, salt, night soil mixed with earth, are all good fertilizers for the onion. It is recommended to apply 600 pounds of superphosphate, 30 bushels of ashes and five bushels of salt to the acre. Sow from 12 to 20 pounds of seed to the acre. The Wethersfield is a good keeper and the Yellow Danvers is very prolific. The White Globe is the mildest in flavor. There is a hand drill for sowing, and its use is very convenient. Have the rows a foot apart. Keep the weeds out. Some of the bulbs will produce seed stems. Break these down. A bundle of brush drawn over them will do this.

The maggot is the great enemy of the onion. Prof. Riley advises as a preventive of this pest, to treat the land early in spring with a mixture of lime and ashes, preferably wood ashes. This mixture should be lightly spread over the land after plowing and harrowed in. If, after the seed is sown, and the plants begin to come up, the worms appear and threaten damage, employ the poisoned ball system, which, in brief, consists in placing along the rows, at a distance of 15 or 20 feet apart, small bunches of fresh cut grass or other green plant; cabbage leaves answer a good purpose. These bunches of grass or green plant should previously be sprinkled with Paris green or London purple.

Fumigating the Poultry House.

To fumigate a poultry-house with sulphur the first point is to guard against fire; hence some material must be used that will not communicate heat to the building. Sulphur burns only for a short time, as it melts and smothers the fire. An excellent mode is to use a piece of sheet-iron. Heat it until red hot and place it on a brick. Then sprinkle sulphur liberally on the heated iron, placing the brick first in the center of the poultry-house. If preferred, the cheap fumigators sold by seedsmen may be used. To insure success, every portion of the poultry-house must be tight and close, all cracks being filled. When the match is applied to the sulphur, the attendant must quickly step outside and close the door. The door should not be opened for two hours. The greater the volume of sulphur gas the better. All pans of water must be removed before burning the sulphur, as water absorbs the gas. Sulphur gas, or sulphur dioxide, as it is called, is very heavy and settles to the floor as soon as it becomes cold, penetrating every nook and crevice and destroying every living creature with which it comes in contact. If the house is close and tight all the lice will be destroyed, as well as the germs of disease; but a single air-hole will render the effort useless.

Wholesale Syrup-Making.

Like every other industry in which producers are engaged, that of maple-sugar-making is conducted in these days on a wholesale and unpoetic basis. Time was when the Canadian farmer and his sons tapped the trunks with rude borers and caught the sap in buckets suspended from a yoke. The fluid was then taken to a great iron kettle hung from cross-sticks and boiled to the necessary thickness. Nowadays it is no uncommon thing for a thousand trees to be tapped at once. Three men do this initial work, which is thus described: "The first man, armed with a bit-brace, goes ahead, and with a three-eighths-inch bit makes an incision about an inch deep in the fibre of the wood on the lee side of the tree. A second man inserts a round double tin spile or spout from two and a half to three inches long in the aperture. The spile not only conducts the sap, but has an arrange-

ment by which the bucket is suspended beneath its mouth. Lastly, the sap-buckets are hung. The average size is twelve quarts, though sixteen quarts is a better size." Then comes the process of boiling: "In a brick framework in the sugar-house is set an iron arch with a square iron chimney. In this arch is set the evaporator, a deep boiling-pan in front and four smaller and shallower pans farther back. The bottom of the evaporator is deeply corrugated, nearly doubling the surface exposed to the heat. Rapid boiling is a great point in sugar-making—the shorter the time from sap to syrup the better the quality. The sap in the holder or store tank flows through a strainer and rubber hose into a regulator, which is adjusted by automatic gauge to keep the supply in the boiling pan at a certain depth. When the sap in the boiling-pan has reached a certain stage in evaporation, it is emptied into the pan next back by means of a siphon, which removes only the syrup, leaving the scum behind. The boiling-pan is again filled with fresh sap and the process repeated. When the liquid is strained into the fourth pan, it has become the syrup of commerce." At this point the sugar-maker removes the pan from the arch, and rapidly stirs the syrup until sufficiently cool, when it is turned into tubs holding from 10 to 100 pounds each, and there forms the sugar cakes.

Mailing Plants.

To mail plants safely use a wooden box, strong but light; lay in a piece of oiled paper large enough to wrap around the plants. Wet the plants you wish to send before taking up; then shake off all the earth that does not readily adhere to the roots, and after laying some wet moss on the oiled paper at the bottom of the box, place in the plants laying more moss over the roots. Proceed in this way till the box is filled, being sure to put in sufficient moss to make firm; then fold over the oiled paper and fasten down the cover. When the weather is very hot, it is a good plan to cut an opening in one end of the box, almost an inch square, to let in the air and prevent heating. When received by mail or otherwise, unpack with care, place the roots in a basin of warm water, and let them remain an hour or two or till the leaves have revived. Then separate and dip the roots of each plant in fine sand (scurring sand), roll them in it till well covered, and plant in good compost. Use small pots; those three inches across the top are sufficiently large for the average plant sent by mail. Place a piece of broken crockery at the bottom, till one third full of earth, then press in the roots and fill tightly with the soil. Water but not too much, keep in the shade for a few days, and in a week they will have taken root in their new quarters and begun growing.

Railroad Building in Africa.

Two railroad projects of great interest are now developing in East Africa. The British Government has been authorized by Parliament to pay a large part of the expense of the preliminary survey for the railroad from Mombasa to Victoria Nyanza. This insures the completion of the survey, and ample capital to build the railroad is assured. It is admitted that this road will practically end the slave trade in the Victoria Nyanza region. Slaves are still caught there in large numbers, and are used as porters to take to the coast the ivory and other merchandise of the Arab traders. The slave traffic is now carried on chiefly to obtain porters, but when a railroad runs from the lake to the sea the Arabs will use it a quicker, safer, and cheaper means of transportation. The railroad will have a profound influence upon the Victoria Nyanza region, and it is certain that the resources of that part of inner Africa, cannot be developed until it is built. The other project will be completed first. This is the road from Port Beira on the Indian Ocean, about 250 miles west to Mashonaland. The capital for this road has been subscribed, both the Portuguese Mozambique and the British South Africa companies are represented in the Board of Control, and the construction of the line is to begin next month. Track laying will be extended far toward Mashonaland by the end of the year. It is a remarkable illustration of the rapid progress of events in Africa, that projects are soon to be realized, which will enable the ordinary traveller to reach without discomfort regions that were so long a great mystery, and the story of whose exploration has been followed by the world with so much interest.

Their Slaves Must Fight.

Two emperors are professing their desire to pulverize each other. Two men, by chance, children of potentates, are piling up wealth and fashioning swords that their slaves may fight to determine the championship of the pulverizing fraternity. Famine rules in Russia, and sycophants in other countries crowd each other in the effort to replenish coffers whose contents are to be used for human slaughter. Starvation threatens hordes of dolts in Germany, who will soon be shouting peans to a tyrant engaged in pulverizing another and crueler despot. Meantime Christendom looks on with silent admiration and raises no hand to stay the crime. From the pulverizing of these two emperors, will rise other heroes to whom monuments will be raised. If they be skilled in the arts of war, other arts will be levied upon, to perpetuate in bronze the memory of their deeds. In both countries what is termed law, will strangle the father who commits murder that his family may have bread. In both countries he will be esteemed the best exemplar of civilization at whose belt hangs the greater number of bloody victims of legalized warfare. If in Russia two beings seek that happiness designed by nature for every creature, and seek it not in accordance with the will of a self-appointed head of a church, the bullet sped by a legalized ruffian shall send one to the grave and the other shall be driven to Siberia, where death would be a boon. There is pressing need of a new definition for the word patriotism. If love of country is to be held a virtue it must be shown in other ways, than adding to the sum of the world's misery. If nations are to be allowed, unrebuked of their neighbors, to plot war as a means of further enslavement of the masses, then will liberty require of her followers better work than sympathizing with crime and charity to warring kings.

Seeing much, suffering much and studying much, are the three pillars of learning.

There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be discovered in a lie.

ONCE A CITIZEN OF DEATH VALLEY.

Escaped the Valley's Terrors to Kill Himself Because Disappointed in Love.

Among them who have sought fortune in the great desert that stretches away to the north of this ragged mining camp is M. Harmon, the proprietor of a little restaurant near the Daggett railroad station. He is full of desert stories—perhaps no man here is more familiar with the tales of prospectors who have braved Death Valley terrors hoping to strike it rich. Among the stories he sometimes tells, is that of an unfortunate Frenchman named Isidore Daunet. Daunet was born in Basses Pyrenees, France, on April 4, 1850. He emigrated to California when 10 years old, finding a home in San Francisco until 1863. Then although but a boy, he began to wander up and down the mining camp region, picking up a knowledge of ores, and eventually becoming, while yet not of age, a typical prospector. When fully grown he was noted as a remarkable specimen of manly strength and vigor, and was, moreover, possessed of great courage and energy of character, qualities which saved his life in a trip through Death Valley when others died, but qualities which failed him, nevertheless, at a critical period later on.

In the year 1880 Daunet was in the mining camp in Panimint, on the west side of the Panimint range and but a few miles in a direct line from the most depressed portion of Death Valley. Finding no prospect of striking a lead there that would make him rich, he joined a party of other adventurous spirits bound on a prospecting trip into the deserts of Arizona. The party numbered seven men in all, and after buying supplies and getting pack animals together they started away, although it was in midsummer, by an unfamiliar trail that the next day led them into Death Valley. As they went down the canon they knew very well that it was Death Valley that lay before them, but they were in the prime of life and health, and scouted the idea that they could not pass across its narrow breadth. Nevertheless, as its arid atmosphere sapped the moisture from their bodies they strove in vain to supply the lack by drinking from their canteens. Almost before they realized their condition their water was gone, they had no knowledge of the location of the springs there, and, half wild through their sufferings they cut the throats of their pack animals and drank the blood as tigers might have done.

Then Daunet and another, the strongest and most resolute men in the party, started off for help, and after shocking hardships reached an Indian camp where water was abundant. The Indians at once returned to help those left behind, but found only two of them living; the other three had perished for want of water.

Not long after this adventure the story of the borax find of old Aaron Winters in the upper end of Death Valley was told throughout the region, and Daunet heard it. He had had a hard experience in Death Valley, but associating with himself J. M. McDonald, M. Harmon, and C. C. Blanch he went down near the lowest part of the valley and secured 260 acres of good borax land. There was an abundance of mesquite wood for fuel and water was got by digging. They carried a boiling pan and crystallizing tanks suitable for preparing borax for market, and by the end of 1882 had turned out 260,000 pounds for which they received ten cents a pound and upwards. Their first shipment was thirty-seven tons of crude material, and for that they got eight cents. Nevertheless, the enterprise being so far away on the desert from Daggett, the nearest point of shipment, they could not succeed in competition with more favorably located concerns.

On Oct. 1, 1892, when at the height of what seemed a very prosperous career, Daunet was married to Clotilde Garrault, a French Canadian. Clotilde had made one matrimonial adventure already, although Daunet did not know it, but she had been divorced. Everything went on pretty well with the couple until 1884, when business troubles accumulated, and then there were quarrels in the Daunet family. In May these troubles culminated in the wife leaving Daunet and applying for a divorce. The service of the papers on Daunet was made on his arrival in San Francisco from his works in Death Valley. He had hoped to effect a reconciliation with his wife, and the shock to his nerves when the papers were served proved too much for him. Going to his lodgings at 535 Post street on the morning of May 28, he wrote a rambling letter "to the public," tied up his head with a white handkerchief, sat down facing the mirror, and fired a ball through his brain.

SHIPS OF THE ANCIENTS.

They were Occasionally as Large as Some of our own, but Unmanageable.

Large ships were not unknown to the ancients, and some of the most roomy attained dimensions equal to ships of modern times. Nevertheless, they were unmanageable monstrosities, almost at the mercy of wind and wave, and utterly unfit to cope with the fury of a hurricane.

Doubtless we are indebted to travelers' tales for the detailed descriptions that survive the lapse of ages. Constantius conveyed from Heliopolis to Rome an obelisk weighing 1,500 tons, and, in addition to this long-coveted monolith, the ship carried about 1,200 tons of pulse stowed about the smaller end of the obelisk, in order to bring the ship on an even keel.

In 268 B. C. Archimedes devised a marvelous ship for Hiero of Syracuse. Her three lofty masts were brought from Britain, whereas our ship's masts are of iron, or obtained from New Zealand or from Vancouver island.

Luxuriously fitted sleeping apartments abounded, and one of her banquetting halls was paved with agate and costly Sicilian stone. Other floors were cunningly inlaid with scenes from the Iliad.

Stables for many horses, ponds stocked with live fish, gardens watered by artificial rivulets, and hot baths were provided for use or amusement. Ptolemy Philopater possessed a nuptial yacht, the Thalamegon, 312 feet long and 45 feet deep.

A graceful gallery, supported by curiously carved columns, ran around the vessel, and within were the temples of Venus and Bacchus. Her masts were 100 feet high, her sails and cordage of royal purple hue.

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie; a fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

HOOK SWINGING IN INDIA.

The Practice Resumed at Festivals in the Southern Part of the Peninsula.

In October last the obsolete practice of hook swinging was revived in southern India. It was a feature of a religious festival in the large town of Sholavandan. The authorities did nothing to prevent the cruel exhibition. The local Government was, in fact, asked to prevent the occurrence, but an evasive answer was returned. The victim of the spectacle was a willing sacrifice, no feeling of religious devotion entering into his performance. He received between 400 and 500 rupees for the exhibition which lasted more than an hour, but the sum is more than he could earn by hard labor in eight or nine years. He was, in addition, privileged to travel around the country for three months, showing the hooks ropes, &c., and receiving money from the people, few of whom would refuse to give him something. The performance, therefore, was very lucrative for him, and it gratified the people, hardened and brutalized as they are, for Sholavandan is the head centre of the Kuller, or robber, caste, who are guilty of robberies and train wreckings, besides bloody deeds.

Thousands of people flocked to see the revival of the old fanatical religious custom. The hooks were thrust through the flesh of the man's back and he was suspended about twelve feet in the air. He bore his sufferings with the utmost fortitude, and his face showed scarcely any evidence of the pain he must have endured. A medical man who was present, and examined the swinging man, sent, at the request of the Government, a report of his condition. His impression was that the bodily suffering the man experienced was considerably within the limits of endurance.

It was announced in February last that arrangements had been made for another hook swinging, to take place at Tirasuvenan. The Madras Government proposes to make a thorough inquiry into the whole matter. Of course the Indian Government finds it wise policy to interfere as little as possible with the religion of the natives, and if, after thorough inquiry, it be ascertained that it is a religious practice, and does not entail serious bodily suffering, it may not be prohibited.

The natives gave as the reason for the exhibition last fall that they wished to propitiate the Goddess of Rain, so that they might secure abundant showers. For two weeks, however, before the performance heavy and continuous rain had fallen. The real reason for the exhibition was that the people are great lovers of festivals and care little what the spectacle is, if they only have a gala time. The entertainment was provided chiefly as an amusement for those who wished something exciting and spectacular. Many of the people are very religious, and will worship almost anything if their emotions be excited, and to that class also the exhibition appealed strongly.

MEAT EATERS.

How the Diet Agrees with Man.

Many races of men live entirely on animal food, and these are the most hardy, and, from all I have been able to gather on the subject, the most free from diseases of all kinds. Sir Francis Head says of the Pampan Indians: "They are all horsemen, or, rather, pass their lives on horseback. In spite of the climate, which is burning hot in summer and freezing in winter, these brave men, who have never yet been subdued, are entirely naked and have not even a covering for their head. They live together in tribes each of which is governed by a cacique, but they have no fixed place of residence. Where the pasture is good, there are they to be found until it is consumed by their horses, and they instantly move to a more verdant spot. They have neither bread, fruit, nor vegetables, but they subsist entirely on the flesh of their mares."

Describing the effect on himself of this diet, Sir Francis says: "After I had been riding three or four months, and had lived on beef and water, I found myself in a condition which I can only describe by saying that I felt as if no exertion would kill me, although I constantly arrived so completely exhausted that I could not speak; yet a few hours sleep upon my saddle on the ground always so completely restored me that for a week I could daily be upon my horse before sunrise, could ride two or three hours after sunset, and have really tired ten or twelve horses a day. This will explain the immense distances which people in South America are said to ride, which I am confident could only be done on beef and water." The Guachos of the Argentine Republic live entirely on roast beef and salt, scarcely ever tasting farinaceous or other vegetable food, and their sole beverage is mate or Paraguay tea taken without sugar.

The bankruptcy of Portugal is almost an official fact. Foreign experts maintain that the treasury is empty.

When the merits of a good thing are considered, it only requires proof like the following to convince and settle any doubt.—Constantine, Mich., U. S. A. Feb. 16, 1887: "Was troubled 30 years with pains in the back from strain; in bed for weeks at a time; no relief from other remedies. About 8 years ago I bought St. Jacobs Oil and made about 14 applications; have been well and strong ever since. Have done all kinds of work and can lift as much as ever. No return of pain in years." D. M. REARICK

Daughter—"Ma, Mr. Blank proposed to me last night. "Mother—"Did you accept him, daughter?" "Yes, mamma." "Has he any money, daughter?" "Only \$1,800 a year, ma." "Well, handle him carefully for a month or so. Possibly you can pick up something better during the balance of the Winter season."

It Makes Pure Blood

And by so doing Hood's Sarsaparilla cures serofula, salt rheum, and all other blood diseases, aids proper digestion, cures dyspepsia, gives strength to every organ of the body, and prevents attacks of that tired feeling or more serious affection. The fact that it has cured thousands of others is sufficient reason for belief that it will cure you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

How We Sleep.

According to the best writers on the subject, it has been ascertained that, in beginning to sleep the senses do not unitedly fall into a state of slumber, but drop off one after the other. The sight ceases, in consequence of the protection of the eyelids, to receive impressions first, while all the other senses preserve their sensibility entire.

The sense of taste is the next which loses its susceptibility to impressions, and then the sense of smelling. The hearing is next in order, and last of all comes the sense of touch. Furthermore, the senses are thought to sleep with different degrees of profoundness.

The sense of touch sleeps the most lightly and is the most easily awakened; the next is the sight, and the taste and the smelling awake last. Another remarkable circumstance deserves notice—certain muscles and parts of the body begin to sleep before others.

Sleep commences at the extremities, beginning with the feet and legs, and creeping toward the centre of the nervous action. The necessity for keeping the feet warm and perfectly still as a preliminary of sleep is well known.

"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.

A. Bellanger, Propr., Stove Foundry, Montagny, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer, Lauzon, Levis, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower with the best possible results for Dyspepsia."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over." ©

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Horrible Outrages by a "Witch."

According to advices received at San Francisco from Honolulu, a family of 12 persons have been brought prisoners to that place from the Island of Lanai charged with murder. The story is told that Punolo, a female member of the family, through her remarkable curing power, had secured the reputation of being kahuna, or one possessed of supernatural powers. Acting, it is alleged, under the guidance of the spirit directing her, she clubbed to death her sister for questioning her powers, and next clubbed to death her nephew, aged six. Her brother, a man of 39, was then seized and held by the members of the family, while Punolo burned his face and body with a flaming torch. The miscreants also seized another man, whom the woman beat to death. As a result of these crimes, the natives have deserted the place.

Buried Alive.

Another supposed case of burying a woman alive is reported from Richepu, near Auch, in France. The local gravedigger fancied that he heard a movement in a coffin upon which he was about to throw the first spadeful of earth. This impression was afterwards confirmed. The man ran for help and restoratives, and the coffin was opened. It was then discovered that the lips of the supposed corpse were moving, but she expired a few moments afterwards. It was added that in her endeavors to escape, the unfortunate woman had scratched her chest and throat. The Prefect of the Department has ordered an inquiry to be instituted.

THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT!"