THE FARM.

Capital vs. Brains in the Dairy.

Has any industry, conducted with like capital, any better reward than that returned by the dairy? What man, with a few thousands of dollars invested, makes as comfortable a living and secures a more certain income than the man with twenty-five or thirty cows on a farm of 100 acres? The manufacturer must have a large capital; must manage his business on a scale that carries with it division of labour, and the economics of piece work and a reserve fund to tide him over a dull spell; the dairy is uniform in its labour requirements; there is a daily demand for its finished products; there are as many avenues by which produce may be cheapened as in any other business enterprise.

The demand of the times has led to cheapened production of all kinds. Science has cheapened about all the processes of iron and steel manufacture, and thousands of other things, so that the article complete is furnished to the consumer far below the former price. As the article is cheapened, the demand increases. The manufacturer, by coming to know all the details of his business, and making a thorough study of it, is enabled to get all the value out of the raw material, or work up the waste into other marketable articles, so that the waste and residue of the past is fashioned into the useful of the present, and these wastes now often constitute the chief part of the net profits.

Now has our average dairyman availed himself of all these sources of profit? Is he a dairy student, all the time learning, always making a change for the better? Are his brains active? Is he alert? Does he comprehend the great mystery of Nature with which he has to deal, the mystery of life, its reproduction and maintenance? Does he understand that this cow is a more complex machine than all the mechanism of the great mills, and yet the mastering of the functions, wants and demands of this cow, and the manipulation of her product, constitute successful dairying. Has the dairyman found that dairying is dividing up into special lines, and the profitable dairy is no longer a general purpose dairy? Has he the cow adapted to his purpose, or is he yet owning cows "thoroughbred in unknown breeding?" Is he yet feeding his cows in the expensive ways of the past, or is he adopting the silo, the big soiling crop, and concentrating his dairy efforts? Has he warm and well-lighted barns, and water at the door, or is he yet making his cows hardy by old barns, and a great deal of outdoor, winter exercise? Is he yet setting his milk in tin pans, or has he a hand separator, and getting the last globule of cream from the milk? Is he yet making store butter and exchanging it for groceries, getting no cash, or is he making fancy butter and selling it in a butter market? Is he pooling his milk with that of his neighbors, and selling it at so much per 100 pounds, or does he insist upon its being tested for solids with a modern milk tester, and so get the value of the extra pound of fat in each one hundred pounds of milk that in the past he has been donating to his neighbor who was putting poor milk into the pool? Is he keeping up the fertility of his farm by all known methods, saving manure by a liberal use of absorbents, plowing under clover, putting rye in as a "catch crop" after corn, so that his soil is all the while at work storing up plant food for succeeding crops? Has he reduced the cost of labor to produce crops to the lowest point? Is this man reading good dairy literature, so that he can keep up with the current dairy thought of the day, and find out all that is transpiring in the dairy world in way of experiment and investigation, and put the best things his broadening mind tells him is practical into use? All these points are in the line of better dairying, and are at variance with the plans of those who denounce all dairy advance as born of book learning, as if knowledge were a despisable thing, and all investigation a scheme of men to get a living without work!

All these are vital questions; the contrast between success and progress and the standstill conservative system that actually retrogrades. What business, after all, does pay better on the farm than a well-appointed and conducted dairy?

Care of Farm Horses.

It is apparent even to an indifferent observer that the general run of farm horses do not have that smooth and well-cared-for look that the majority of the horses of city transportation and car companies possess; though the latter, on an average, do vastly more work in a year than the horse upon the farm. The secret of the matter is in the care and feed. Farm horses receive, as a rule, too little attention as to grooming, and are fed too commonly without regard to a balancing of the ration. Farm horses almost invariably eat too much hay, which distends the stomach when taken in large quantities, prevents that organ from doing its full duty, and makes the horses dull and weak.

Many farmers have no regular ration for their horses, but throw down a forkful of hay almost every time they enter the barn. As a result, many of these horses are eating hay from morning till night, to the manifest disadvantage of the haymow and the manifest disadvantage, also, of the horses, whose bodies become distended, skins dry and coats rough, while the digestive organs are thrown out of gear, so that the animal's whole system becomes impaired. The farmer declares that he cannot afford to feed such a ration as is fed to horses in city stables. Well, the value of the hay that is worse than wasted, when fed in the enormous quantities mentioned, if expended for grain, would make a vast improvement in the condition and appearance of the horses, and would involve no extra expense whatever. This is a point that farmers ought to consider, for on it hinges a horse's measure of efficiency in doing his work well.

A small ration of hay fed with regularity three times a day and a suitable grain ration, carefully incorporated with it, with water twice a day, and a thorough grooming, will make of a spiritless, rough-coated horse with distended body, in four cases out of five, a much more alert, a handsomer and vastly more efficient animal. The grain ration should be of ground or cracked corn, and ground oats or bran, the grain being mixed with the hay so that the hay and grain will have to be eaten together, as it has been found that in this way the grain is much more fully digested. As to the amount of grain that shall help make up a ration, that must depend on circumstances, the ability of the owner to provide the grain, also the work which the horse is called upon to do. The thing of chief importance is to get farmers to discard a part of the hay ration and substitute for this discarded hay at least its value in the more condensed nutrition of corn, oats, or bran, the rest will naturally follow. Corn has too much oil to be fed alone.

The same idea holds good in respect to growing colts, with the exception that corn should not be fed them. On hundreds of farms are to be seen dull-eyed, rough-haired, undersized and spiritless colts whose distended bodies during the winter season show plainly that they are the victims of too much hay and too little of the more condensed and nutritious oats and bran. Thousands of colts are annually raised that are not worth even the care and cost of the hay that they consume; but if a colt is worth raising at all it pays to fully develop its possibilities by adequate and nutritious feed. If it does not pay to feed any animal on the farm properly it is pretty certain that it does not pay to keep that animal on the farm at all, and the sooner the farmer recognizes that point the better it will be for his pocket book.

Storing Green Clover in Barns.

There is some risk in storing green clover hay in a barn, it being almost impossible to shut away the air from the sides of the mow, and unless this is done the clover heats. The escaping air inviting the entrance of fresh air from the outside a current is established, slow combustion provided for, and the clover "burns out just as a heap of horse manure is fire-fanged. To cure clover in a mow without previous wilting to evaporate part at least of the sap in it, requires a tight mow that is a close approach to a silo, so that the air cannot come in at the sides and bottom. Without a fresh supply of oxygen, there can be no combustion of the clover. The fermentation ceases, which with a supply of fresh air, would go on until the clover was a charred mass.

To get the best results, the clover mow should be boarded close on the sides and floor. The cut clover should be as clear of rain, or dew, as possible, and evenly spread over the mow. When all but two or three loads of the clover is in, make the top of the mow as level as possible and then roll strips of tarred paper over the surface, lapping the strips. Do not tread on it to break the paper; and scatter on the remaining loads for weight. A layer of boards will be as effectual as the paper. The object of this layer of boards, or paper, is to prevent the escape of the heated air, and if the air is imprisoned in the clover, there will be no entrance of fresh air from the outside. In the silo, where the walls are higher than the silage, the air that falls upon the surface is met by the ascending current and only a few surface inches of the silage are affected. In the mow where the sides are somewhat open the entrance of air, can be prevented to a great extent by checking the egress from the top of the heated air. This is accomplished by the lightly weighted cover.

With old hay at command, to alternate the layers of green clover with other layers of the hay, using about a third as much as clover, is a good plan. In curing the escaping dampness of the green clover is absorbed by the old hay. In raking clover for hand pitching, it is not generally known that it is a great saving of "backbone" to rake the field twice. If one has two horse-rakes, one may follow the other, and pull the windrow along a few feet. This rakes up the clover that was left untouched at the bottom of the windrow, loosens up the bunch, and makes the pitching easy with no sticking of the ground.

Protection from Untimely Frosts.

A very slight frost is often the cause of much loss to the farmer. The warm, growing weather is interrupted by a cold wave which lowers the temperature to very near the freezing point. A calm, cloudless night allows so much heat to escape from the air around the plants that the crops are frozen. If the crops could be protected during this one short freeze, it would be safe to plant them in the earliest warm spring weather, and much profit could be gained during the late warm weather in the fall. The blanketing of cold-frames and of seed beds in the spring, and the covering of flowers in the fall, keeps fixed in the air around the plants nearly all the heat which is constantly leaving the soil by radiation. Clouds form a blanket which keeps the lower air warm in the same way, so that frosts do not occur on cloudy nights. Even slight winds bring warm air.

On the calm, clear mornings of early autumn, the farmers to the west of the Great Lakes, blanket their growing crops with a smudge of dense smoke from burning piles of wet straw, green weeds, and tar. The dense cloud of smoke and water vapor hanging over the crop does not allow the warmth coming from the soil to pass the plants, and hence they are not frozen. The water vapor in the smoke also protects, for it would be frozen first, and in freezing must lose heat which would warm the air, just as tubs of water in a cellar are frozen before the vegetables are injured.

In the harmless white frosts, the water vapor of the air is the only thing frozen. Prof. R. C. Kedzie, recommends the drenching of gardens and orchards with water on the approach of frost, to fill the air with moisture. The stirring of the moist soil between the rows will make the air damp. A thorough sprinkling may thus save strawberries and grapes in blossom. In the arid regions, a thorough irrigation of the crop may save it from freezing. Gardens may be flooded.

To protect field crops, a smudge of damp materials and tar is the most available. Place piles of straw, hay, and weeds through the field in readiness for the first frost. Watch the cold, clear nights and, if the wind is not blowing at midnight, dampen the piles and kindle enough to make a good smudge. As the coldest time is from two to four in the morning there must then be a good cloud of smoke.

The General Purpose Horse.

A general purpose horse should be sound, sensible, free from vice, medium size, about fourteen to fifteen hands high, weighing about 1,000 pounds, not too large for riding nor too small for work, should carry his head well up to give him style, should have sloping shoulders, should carry his feet near together to make him sure-footed, should ride well and drive well, should have an easy mouth, should work well to plow or wagon, should drive with single check or double reins, and above all should not be balky.

In breeding general purpose horses it is very essential that the sire should be of the best disposition, should ride and drive and work well anywhere and the nearer thoroughbred the better. The mare should be medium size, stylish, and have endurance. The general purpose horse stands hard work, in the long hot days of summer, much better than the heavy draft horses. For the show ring a horse should not be too fat but should show a little of the rib. The fat on a horse is sure to hide defects and judges should be very careful how they award premiums to fat horses. More attention should be given to breeding general purpose horses for they are intrinsically more valuable, more difficult to find, and are in great demand. It is my experience that a colt takes endurance or bottom from its dam and its disposition from its sire. If this could be fully established it would be of vast importance to all horse breeders. English hackneys make good general purpose horses if crossed with suitable Thoroughbreds. Hackney style is hereditary.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

America's 23,000 papers have 200,000 employes.

A German firm is producing building blocks made from sawdust and acid. They are hard, light, practically non-combustible and cheap.

The latest form of steamship propeller is an English invention. It is designed so that when in motion there is no weight of water on the blades on the rise and fall of the propeller, due the pitching of the vessel.

The impact water wheel, so much used for furnishing power for mines, metallurgical works and electric plants has lately been improved by a new arrangement of multiple nozzle.

The Carpenters' Union, of San Francisco, builds dwellings for members without charge. They are simple and comfortable homes. Seven houses have been built the past year by the union for its members.

One of the latest applications of electricity to mining operations is seen in the Metternick lead mine in Belgium. Each bucket arriving at the top of the shaft makes an electric contact, and a needle in the office indicates by a red line upon a revolving drum the number of buckets brought up.

President Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, is hard at work trying to organize the teamsters of this country into a national union but so far has not succeeded, as not enough of localities have so far sent notice to warrant fixing a time and place for a convention.

General Secretary P. J. McGuire, of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, submitted a flattering report of his trade for the month of August. Twenty-three new local branches were chartered with a membership of 811, and $9,103.88 were the receipts, while $9,002·10 was expended, of which $7,261.25 represented the sick and death benefit fund.

Canadian Horses in New York.

There are some facts that are not strengthened by comment; Of such nature is the story of a sale of Canadian carriage and saddle horses on Monday of this week in New York, by Mr. W. D. Grand. A few of the prices are quoted:

Canadian Belle, b. m.; O. H. P. Belmont $3,000
Adelaide and Gay Boy, bay pair; O. H. P. Belmont 2,950
Blue Ribbon, b. m.; O. H. P. Belmont 1,400
Evelyn and Minnie, cross-matched pair; J. B. Colford 1,150
Gordon and Stanley, brown pair; R. Hoogland 1,100
Dudley and Blanch, bay pair; T. S. Jones 900
Favorite, b. m.; F. Ashenden 775
Warwick, ch. g.; James Blount 725
The Laird, b. g.; Mr. de Veaux-Powel 550
Connaught, br. g.; R. Wallack 500
Camille, b. m.; G. Legg 500
Jester, ch. g.; Gen. Amasa J. Parker 500
Westchester, ch. g.; M. S. Burrell .. 500
Orator, br. g.; F. A. Watson 500

Who will say after this that it does not pay for farmers to raise the right kind of horses? Fancy a quarter-bred mare selling at auction for three thousand dollars! And this country has been called sterile so far as breeding first-class horses is concerned. We say it right here, and would like to see it inscribed on every tomb, on every heart, that no country in this world is better adapted for producing high class stock than this Canada of ours. All that is required is intelligence and enterprise, not parsimony, in choosing the parents.

Sunday and the World's Fair.

It is evidently the intention of the managers of the Chicago fair to give to Sunday opening the status of an accomplished fact before the exposition begins. Thousands of people impatient to see the buildings, are admitted to the grounds each Sabbath day on the payment of twenty-five cents apiece. Fifteen thousand was the number on Sunday of last week, and the advocates of Sunday opening point to the receipts as an argument for admitting the public on that day. When the Chicago lobby descends upon Congress next winter to agitate the repeal of the Sunday closing enactment the established precedent and the financial returns will be pleaded as reasons for continuing the present practice. The argument is fallacious. Most of the persons who go to Chicago from a distance to attend the fair will enter the grounds as many times during their stay with the gates closed on Sunday as if they were open. Looking over the vast exposition is going to be very tiresome business, and the rest day will be appreciated. As to the working people of Chicago and vicinity, it is to be expected that such a sentiment will prevail in the city that employers will rather vie with each other in giving holidays to their employes for visiting the fair than venture to them opportunities of attendance on week days. A Sunday spent in tramping through miles of buildings, jostled by a crowd, would be a poor rest from the toils of the week. Seeing the fair as it should be seen will be more work than play, and it will be no hardship to desist from it one day in seven. We are speaking here of a material phase of the subject, and in considering that phase the managers will do well to remember that Sunday opening would decide tens of thousands of intending patrons to stay away from the fair altogether.

A SOLSVILLE MIRACLE.

Another Great Triumph for a Canadian Remedy.

An Account of the Sufferings and Restoration of Philander Hyde—Helpless, Bed-Ridden and Longs for Death—His Recovery From This Pitiable Condition—A Remarkable Narrative.

From the Syracuse Standard.

During the past few months there have appeared in the columns of the Standard the particulars of a number of cures so remarkable as to justifiy the term miraculous. These cases were investigated and vouched for by the Albany Journal, the Detroit News, Albany Express and other papers whose reputation is a guarantee that the facts were as just stated. That the term miraculous was justified will be admitted when it is remembered that in each of the cases referred to the sufferer had been pronounced incurable by leading physicians, and at least one of the cases was treated by men whose reputation has placed them among the leaders of the world's medical scientists, but without avail, and the patient was sent to his home with the verdict that there was no hope for him, and that only death could intervene to relieve his sufferings. When some months later the restoration to health and strength of the former sufferer was announced it is little wonder that the case created a profound sensation throughout the country. Recently the following letter, which indicated an equally remarkable cure, came under the notice of The Standard:

SOLSVILLE, N. Y., June 25, 1892.

* * * * Five weeks ago father, (Philander Hyde,) was very low and not expected to live but a short time. He was in such agony that we had to give him morphine to relieve the terrible pain from which he was suffering. The doctors had given him up. They said there was no help for him, and my dear father longed for death as being the only certain relief from his sufferings. One day he saw in the Albany Journal an account of how a man by the name of Quant, living in Galway, Saratoga county, and who was afflicted like father with locomotor ataxia, had been very greatly benefited and hoped for permanent cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. On learning that these pills could be had of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, and that they were not expensive, my husband sent $2.50 for six boxes of them. And what a blessing they have been! Father has taken but four boxes of the Pink Pills. He is no longer confined to his bed, but is able to get up without assistance and with the aid only of a cane to walk about the house and all around out of doors. He has a good hearty appetite, his food agrees with him, the pain in the back from which he suffered so long and so terribly has left him. He has no more creeping chills and he appears and says he feels like a new man. The doctors had pronounced his disease to be creeping paralysis and said he could not be cured. How glad we are that we heard about these wonderful Pink Pills, and how thankful we are for what they have done for father. Indeed they have done wonders, yes, even a miracle for him. Respectfully yours,

MRS. WILLIAM JOHNSON.

The above letter indicated a cure so remarkable as to be worthy of the fullest investigation, and The Standard determined to place the facts, if correctly stated, before the public for the benefit of other sufferers, or if unfounded, to let the public know it. With this end in view a reporter was sent to Solsville with instructions to give the facts of the case as he found them. With these instructions he went to Solsville and on Tuesday, Aug. 2, 1892, called upon Philander Hyde and learned from him and from his relatives and neighbors and friends the whole story of his sickness and his terrible suffering, of his having been given up by the doctors, and of his cure and rapid convalescence by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

It may be of interest to the reader to know that Solsville is a postoffice village in Madison county, N. Y., about 30 miles from Utica, on the line of the New York, Ontario & Western Railroad. It is the station at which to get off to go to Madison Lake, the charming and attractive objective point of a great many picnic and excursion parties. On reaching Solsville the reporter enquired of the station agent, who is also agent there of the National Express Company, if he knew a man by the name of Philander Hyde, and where he lived, and also if he knew a man by the name of William Johnson. "Yes," said he. "I am William Johnson, and Philander Hyde, who is my wife's father, lives with me in that white house over there on the side hill; that's him sitting on the piazza."

When told that your reporter's errand was to interview Mr. Hyde and to learn about his sickness and alleged cure, Mr. Johnson said: "That's all right; you go right over to the house and see Mr. Hyde and my wife. I will come over pretty soon, and we will be only too happy to tell you all about it."

"Will you walk in?" said Mrs. Johnson. "Those children (who are playing about the piazza) are my twins, and this is my father, Philander Hyde."

Mr. Hyde walked into the sitting room and taking a seat said he would willingly tell the story of his sickness and cure, and had no objection to its being published, as it might be the means of helping to relieve others whose sufferings were the same or similar to what his had been.

His story was as follows:

"My name is Philander Hyde. I am nearly 70 years old—will be 70 in September. I was born in Brookfield, Madison county, where all my life was spent until recently, when, becoming helpless, my son-in-law was kind enough to take me into his home, and from him and my daughter I have had the kindest care. My life occupation has been that of a farmer. I was always prosperous and well and strong and rugged until two years ago last winter, when I had the grip. When the grip left me I had a sensation of numbness in my legs, which gradually grew to be stiff at the joints and very painful. I felt the stiffness in my feet first, and the pain and stiffness extended to my knees and to my hip joints, and to the bowels and stomach and prevented digestion. To move the bowels I was compelled to take great quantities of castor oil.

"While I was in this condition, cold feelings would begin in my feet and streak up my legs to my back and would follow the whole length of my backbone. These spells, which occurred daily, would last from two to four hours, and were excruciatingly painful. I could not sleep, I had no appetite, I became helpless, and life was such a burden that I prayed for death. Why, my dear sir, the pain I suffered was more to be dreaded than a thousand deaths.

"While in this condition I was treated by Dr. Green, of Poolville, and Dr. Nicholson, of Solsville, and Dr. Weed, of Utica. They did me no good. I soon became perfectly helpless and lost all power of motion, even in my bed."

"On the 24th of February last," said Mrs. Johnson, "we had him brought to our home. He had to be carried all the way in a bed. He was so helpless and such a sufferer the doctors gave him up. They said he had locomotor ataxia and that he could not be cured. They stopped giving him medicine and said they could only relieve the pain, and for the purpose he took a pint of whiskey a day for three months' and morphine in great quantities.

"It was while father was in this dreadful condition that we saw in the Albany Journal the story of the miraculous cure of a Mr. Quant in Galway, Saratoga county, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. We hadn't much faith, but we felt that it was our duty to try them, and so we sent to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, and got six boxes of the pills. We read the directions carefully, and resolved to comply with them as fully as possible. We stopped giving him morphine or any other medicine, cut off all stimulants, and gave him the Pink Pills and treatment according to directions in which each box is wrapped. The effect was wonderful and almost immediate. In ten days after father began taking the pills he could get out of bed and walked without assistance, and has continued to improve until now he walks about the house and the streets by the aid of a cane only."

"Yes," said Mr. Hyde, "and the pain has gone out of my back and the numbness out of my legs. I have no more chills, my digestion is so good, and I have an excellent appetite." and then after a pause, "But, ah me, I am an old man; I have seen my best days and can not hope to recover my old vigor as a younger man might, but I am so thankful to have the use of my limbs and to be relieved of those dreadful pains."

Mr. Hyde has continued to take the pills regularly since he began their use, and was on his tenth box at the time he told his story.

Besides Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, other people in Solsville confirm the accounts of Mr. Hyde and of his most remarkable recovery, and a number of others for various ailments, are using the Pink Pills. The mother of Abel Curtis is using them with satisfactory effects for rheumatism, and Mrs. Lippitt, wife of ex-Senator Lippitt is using the Pills with much benefit, for nervous debility.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company. Brockville Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpense as compared with her remedies or medical treatment.

They Were on the Make.

One day in my rambles among the hills I came upon an old fellow hoeing corn in front of his house, and in the course of our talk he told me he had five sons.

"That's a fine family," I remarked.

"Mostly," he responded briefly.

"Are they all at home?"

"No, none of them."

"They are all grown, then?"

"Yes, and has been fer a long time."

"What do they do—farm?"

"No; Bill, he makes shoes; Jim, he makes staves; Sam, he makes tinware; and Thomas Henry, he makes pills."

"Do they all make a living?" I asked, following out the "make" idea, but not noticing that he had skipped one of the five.

"Yes."

"Do any of them make money?" I continued.

The old fellow flushed a little I thought.

"Yes—no," he hesitated, "that is ter say, Hiram, he made money, but he don't no more now sence they sent him to the penitentiary fer counterfeitin'," and there was such a look of pain on the old man's face that I was ashamed of myself for having unwittingly made the father disclose the skeleton in his closet.

The Human Body.

Few of our readers, perhaps, are aware that the human body falls asleep by instalments. According to M. Cabanis, a French physiologist, the muscles of the legs and arms lose their power before those which support the head, and these last sooner than the muscles which sustain the back; and he illustrates this by the cases of persons who sleep on horseback, or while they are standing or walking. He conceives that the sense of sight sleeps first; then the sense of taste; next the sense of smell; next that of hearing; and lastly that of touch. He maintains also that the viscera fall asleep one after another, and sleep with different degrees of soundness.