AGRICULTURAL.

The Farm Mortgage.

A good deal of cheap wit is often displayed by speaking of mortgages as a farm crop, the ease with which the crop can be grown, etc. Whether a mortgage should be considered derogatory to a farm depends wholly upon the purpose for which it is incurred. To purchase a farm and give a mortgage for some unpaid portion of the purchase money is wholly honorable and business-like. If this were not done many young farmers would never be able to make a start for themselves. To mortgage a farm for the purpose of putting on substantial improvements, such as good barns, underdrainage, etc., which will help it to have a larger earning power, is also quite right; but mortages incurred for the purpose of meeting current expenses upon a farm that is not self-supporting is the greatest folly in the world. Cut down the expenses until they are within the income, or it is only a question of time when the mortgage will absorb the farm.

Helps in Fruit-Raising.

Cut out the dead limbs of trees and the old canes from the small fruits as soon as the leaves have fallen; clean up the ground and rake away and burn all the debris; tie up the raspberries and blackberries to good strong stakes, manure the ground heavily and give them a good cultivating. All this will relieve you from work when the spring rush comes, and the fruit will be the better off for having it done now. Have the mulch ready for the strawberries, but do not put it on until the ground freezes. No harm will be done if the mulch consists of coarse manure, carrying a liberal quantity of fertilizer. The snows and rains of winter will convert it into available plant food and place it where it will do the most good. All wood that is more than two years old should be cut out from the currants and gooseberries. They will produce more food, even if the vines are not so large.

Holding Wheat.

As a rule, wheat is sold more freely when prices are low than when they are high. That is shown in the comparative records of seasons of high prices and seasons of low prices, before this year and last, as well as in these years. Before the large crop of 1882 there was a small yield and before the large crop of 1884 there was the small crop of 1883. The large crop of 1889 was preceded by the small yield of 1888 and the larger yield of last year was preceded by the 1890 crop of less than 400,000,000 bu. Instead, this year, of a large crop following a small one as in all other seasons it is a big yield succeeding a big yield. There is enough in that to make all the difference that exists in prices, now and at the end of the season from the small yield two years ago. While the circulars to hoard wheat did not merit respect when they were issued, and were as absurd then as they were impotent later, they were as highly commended, at the time, by the press generally as their propriety is now generally condemned by the same press, which conveniently shifts to the shoulders of the authors, its own part in them, to avoid the public ridicule it fully earned. Farmers of experience have been too often told by self constituted advisors when to hoard wheat and when not to hoard it, to be so easily done for by the cry for help of every drowning speculator that tells them to "wade in,"—[Minneapolis Market Record.

Disease From Damaged Fodder.

It is a serious mistake to feed fodder that has been damaged by rain and wet weather to animals without first dusting it out to dry says C. S. Walters in the Wisconsin Agriculturist. The injurious effect which such food has upon stock more than equals the entire loss of all the fodder gathered. Such fodder is gathered from marshy lands and meadows that have been inundated during the moving time. Sedge hay or common upland hay that has been wet at the time of mowing will be impregnated with disease germs that will be communicated to the animals that eat the hay. Stock of a very robust nature will find their health seriously impaired if fed regularly upon such fodder.

A great deal of our sedge hay must be cut and gathered when the feet of the plants are wet. During many seasons the meadows never get dry enough to allow a dry harvest. This hay is generally stacked for fodder in the barnyard, and in a very few weeks mold and rot show themselves near the bottom and around the sides. If this decomposition goes on long enough the stock will refuse to eat it, and as a rule nearly one-third of the stack is sheer waste. The storms of winter only aggravate the matter and make the hay poorer than in the fall. It is a cheap fodder, however, and probably the manure which it forms eventually pays for the work of gathering it. Otherwise the great loss would make it unprofitable to cut salt hay.

All fodder thus stacked when it is wet, whether it be salt hay, fresh upland hay, corn fodder, or any plant growth, will contain disease germs which under favorable circumstances will develop rapidly. The heat of the stack and the constant moisture are just the conditions that are needed to develop fungi. The color of the fodder changes gradually, and the odor that arises from it when moved is strong and disagreeable.

If such damaged fodder is to be given to stock, the ration of each day should be hauled out of the stack and shaken up so thoroughly that the wind will dry it, and all odor will be destroyed. In this way the sun and wind will dry it and make it safer for food for the stock. After it has been dried it will be well to moisten it a little with a weak salt or acid solution. This not only destroys disease germs but makes the fodder more palatable for the animals.

Grains are often damaged in the same way and fed in a moldy condition to the animals. There is just as much danger in the grain as in the fodder ration. Damaged grain is often bought by farmers for cheaper rates, and stock is kept upon them right along. This will not be so cheap as the pure grains if it is going to injure the health of the animals. Nevertheless, all danger can be avoided by dusting the grain out well and moistening it with the weak solutions mentioned. In this country and abroad it is quite a common thing to feed wet, damaged fodder to animals regardless of consequences, but for all such carelessness there is strict payment to be made to nature.

London Stone.

In the midst of the old city of London, where the heart of human life beats fastest, stands the church of St. Swithin's, an old edifice rebuilt by Wren upon its ancient foundations, but recently reduced by modern taste to a most commonplace air of comfort and newness.

If the curious traveller will step out of the passing throng, and edge his way through the hucksters of flowers and stale fruit squatted around the church, he will find imbedded in the bluish slabs of its foundation, a large oblong stone as gray as the beard of Time himself.

This is London stone, erected by the Romans half a century before the birth of the Saviour as the central milestone or point of their possessions in Britain. From it all roads, divisions of property and distances thoughout the province were measured.

It has been recognized as the heart of England, from which all its arteries flowed, "by every historian, dramatist or antiquary known to English literature."

A feeling has always existed among Englishmen about this stone which was not altogether superstition that, as all distances were reckoned from it, so it was in a certain way the base of the stability of England.

It appeals to a foreigner in a less practical way, reminding him that in his own and every other man's life there is a central point from which every distance, every advance or falling off, is measured by himself.

This man makes his home and family the centre of all his plans, work or hopes; that one, his country; others erect an ambition or a passion for the keystone of life.

This middle stone of our existence may be a very small affair. A man who looms large in the world's eye has perhaps taken a certain amount of dollars in bank as the point to which every road of his life tends. A woman may take her tidy kitchen, or, more pitiable still, her wardrobe as the centre by which to measure her own life and that of other women.

Our neighbors may guess at the thought, or creature, or thing which we have made the measuring stone of our lives; but we, each of us, know it. And as the lines of our life after death will justly be raised or lowered to its level, would it not be wise in us to tell ourselves candidly what it is, and what is its height and value?

The Daily Life of Princes.

Of the daily life of the three eldest Imperial German Princes, the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News* writes:—The princes, as is generally known, are very simply and strictly brought up. Every day, summer and winter, they get up at seven in the morning, and have breakfast at a quarter to eight, consisting of tea and rolls. The meal never lasts longer than a quarter of an hour. Punctually at eight their lessons begin. The Crown Prince, as well as the Princes Fritz and Adalbert, are each taught separately, but for some hours the Crown Prince and Prince Fritz are taught together. The Crown Prince, who is most zealous and takes all his lessons in earnest, is much further advanced than his two brothers. The play hours during the morning are filled up with gymnastics, games of ball, digging, &c., in the playground, near the right wing of the New Palace. At a quarter to ten they take luncheon—sandwiches, claret, and natural mineral water, which beverage is much drunk at the Imperial table. After lunch they again have lessons for a short time, and then take their riding lessons, either in the riding school in bad weather or in fine weather out of doors. The Crown Prince, who is an excellent rider, with a firm seat, has lately begun to ride. His horse, Abdul, which he received on his birthday from the Emperor, is a handsome large Arabian, with a long tail and thick mane, of faultless build, proud bearing, and a most graceful step. After their riding lesson they sometimes take a ride in the neighbourhood of the New Palace, accompanied by the Crown Prince's Military Governor, Major von Falkenhayn. The Princes Fritz and Adalbert accompany the Crown Prince on their ponies, and it is a pretty sight to see the younger ones trying to keep up with their elder brother. They very often take a drive in their pony carriage, the Crown Prince driving. This little basket carriage is drawn by a white pony, hung all over with silver bells, and its name is Seehund.

A Rat as a Lapdog.

Writing from St. Petersburg a correspondent says:—A curious case comes up for trial in a court of second instance next week, the details of which are instructive. The plaintiff, a lady, took a strong fancy to a tiny lapdog a few months ago, which she declared was the prettiest and funniest little creature she had ever set her eyes upon. The dealer, however, damped her enthusiasm by asking an exorbitant price for the animal, whose nimbleness and vivacity were certainly marvellous. A day or two later the lady called again, determined to pay the extravagant price, but, like the Roman King when bidding for the books of the Sybil, her offer was refused, and the price raised. She acted somewhat differently from the Pagan monarch, however, and paying the money, returned home with the coveted prize. All her friends admired her new acquisition, but both she and they agreed that it was somewhat queer that the animal should be slinking away into dark corners, and generally fighting shy of the light, while she had no more success in trying to tame it than if she had tried her hand at a jaguar. The general conduct of the lapdog was highly mysterious, but it was a mystery possessed of a certain charm which rather added to its value than otherwise. She fed the animal with the best of everything, and one day after it had partaken of a hearty meal, its mistress thought she heard an explosion. Looking round, she missed her lapdog, but in its place beheld an enormous rat standing upon the lapdog's skin, in which it had been cunningly sewed up by the dishonest dealer. The case will now be heard by the court of second instance in connection with the question of the amount of damages claimed by the plaintiff. The dealer alleges that he was deceived himself, having purchased it for a lapdog.

Some of the African tribes pull their fingers till the joints crack, as a form of salution.

THE CANADIAN LYNX.

Some Characteristics of this Dreaded Animal.

The Canadian lynx is a feline that invites our consideration. He is an animal of remarkable and varied accomplishments, but withal of a most disagreeable character. He is a splendid swimmer and a thorough sportsman, and is provided with feet that enable him to travel with ease over the snow. He differs from the American lynx in being larger, having grayer and longer hair, in being more energetic and in possessing those large feet which serve him for snowshoes.

This lynx, which was formerly common in Maine and other Northeastern parts of the U. S., but is now confined to the remoter regions of Canada, is about three feet in length. His fur is long and soft and of a fine gray color above, with long hairs tipped with black along the spine.

On his stomach the fur is white, with black spots. a short time in summers this fur is a rusty brown. His head il large and round, suggesting that of a wel grown and vicious tomcat. His ears and tail, however, distinguish him very clearly from the harmless, necessary one. The ears are long and tufted, and the tail is short and also tufted. This should give a good idea of the appearance of the lynx to those who have never had the honor of meeting him.

The hunters say that they would much rather tackle an ordinary black bear than a lynx. When cornered he is absolutely fearless and fights to the last gasp, which is a very proper thing to do. He has a custom of stretching himself along the branch of a tree and waiting for prey to pass underneath. In this way he sometimes encounters a man without having had any intention of doing so. Then there is unpleasantness. When the lynx becomes angry his eye turns from its ordinary yellow to a pale silver, and he stares straight at his enemy with such a steadiness as to shake the courage of many men and beasts. Often he frightens his foe into submission by a screech, his vocal organ being far more powerful and penetrating than that of the largest domestic cat. Young deer, hares, grouse and a great variety of wild animals are eaten by him. Although an excellent runner he commonly resorts to stratagem to catch his dinner. He travels in parties and has been known to swim for miles through lakes.

HIS STRUGGLE WITH OPIUM.

The Man Won, but Only After a Battle that Severely Tried Him.

One day I realized, writes a former victim of the opium habit, that my word was no longer a symbol of truth, and the moral nature I had not quite drowned leaped up in the dark and called me "liar!" to my face. Then I awoke, and for many a day I prayed. Then also came the resolve, come what may, to be done with this damnable tyranny. At 6 o'clock that evening I took a hearty meal of meat (principally) and a little (very little) red wine. It was June 10, 1868. I had determined to walk into the summer night, walk till I died if necessary, but walk till I won my battle, if I lived through the ordeal. I left my watch at home that I might not pawn it for opium; I took no money with me; even as I left home and struck across the downs, I felt the craving coming on (the hour for my penultimate day dose was at hand), and I knew my temptation was with me, and realized how long and bitter the struggle was to be. The craving seemed to me a palpable shape that walked beside me, a presence that outran me and lost me, and came back to me like a faithful dog that would not lose or leave me, that I could not leave or lose! Sometimes I sang, sometimes I raved and swore, sometimes I prayed and wept, but never once, thank God, did my resolution falter.

Much that night I cannot remember. Dim things came back to me at times, such as a fall I had once, hurting my knee. I think I frightened some one who asked me some question, and I believe I can recollect that I myself grew at one time full of fear—fear of hurting myself, not others; and then I suffered thirst—such awful thirst—but I must have slaked it somewhere, for in the morning my clothes and necktie were all wet, and so was my hair. At 7 in the morning of the next day I found myself leaning on a gate and looking out on the landscape before with a sort of curious wonder as to how I come there; my head dropped on my hands. I slept for (I think) only a few minutes, and awoke quite well. Since that day I have never been tempted to touch it. Of course, I am well aware that the doses to which I had become accustomed were not very large, but I am also sure that they were on the increase, and having told my experience lately to a distinguished English physician, he begged me for the sake, of others, to put on record these plain and simple facts. This I now do, and if I do so anonymously, it is only because I believe that no further good could follow the knowledge of my indentity or name.

HOW ANIMALS BEAR PAIN.

In Heroic Silence the Mute Creatures Submit to Intense Suffering.

One of the most pathetic things is the way in which animals endure suffering. Take the horses, for instance, in battle. After the first shock of the wound they make no sound. They bear the pain with a mute, wondering endurance, and if at night you hear a wild groan from the battlefield it comes from their loneliness, their loss of human companionship, which seems absolutely indispensable to the comfort of domesticated animals.

The dog will carry a broken leg for days wistfully but uncomplainingly. The cat, stricken with a stick or stone or caught in some trap from which it gnaws its way to freedom, crawls to some secret place and bears in silence pain which we could not endure. Sheep and other cattle meet the thrust of the butcher's knife without a sound, and even common poultry endure the intense agony without a compaint. The dove shot unto death flies to some far-off bough, and as it dies the silence is unbroken save by the patter on the leaves o his own life blood.

The wounded deer speeds to some thick brake, and in pitiful submission waits for death. The eagle, struck in mid-air, fights till the last against the fatal summons. There is no moan or sound of pain, and the defiant look never fades from its eyes until the lids close over these never to uncover again.

MAY HAVE BEEN BURIED ALIVE.

Serious Accusations Made Against a Young Husband in Idaho.

A Boise, Idaho, despatch says:—Just one month ago to-day Miss Una, the only daughter of Don G. N. Smith, and a reigning belle of Boise society, was wedded to Edward Maynard, a young merchant of this city. The nuptials were celebrated in grand style, the marriage ceremony being performed by Hon. Norman B. Willey, Governor of Idaho, in the presence of a large and fashionable assemblage. On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Maynard suddenly died. Very few persons knew that the young and beautiful bride (she was only 18) had been ill, and the sad tidings of her death was a great shock to every-one. The doctor who attended her during her brief illness said that acute typhoid fever was the cause of her unexpected demise, and a permit for the interment of the body was granted. Young Mr. Maynard desired that the funeral should take place upon the following day. The father and mother of the dead bride were surprised at the unseemly haste exhibited by the husband of a month, but not wishing to dispute with him over the lamentable matter they offered no strenuous objection to an early funeral. On Wednesday evening the corpse was prepared for burial by Undertaker George Glover, who remarked that the remains retained the warmth and color of life with greater tenacity than any dead body he had ever attended, but was assured that the physician had pronounced the girl lifeless, and he said no more. On Wednesday night the watchers beside the gloomy bier saw, or fancied they saw a movement of one of the arms of the supposed corpse, and when they placed their hands upon her breast, just over her heart, they found the soft, white flesh as warm as it was wont in life to be. The watchers immediately laid those startling facts before the parents of the silent bride, and they, terribly perturbed and almost prostrated with grief and anxiety, came to the house and demanded that the interment be postponed until this afternoon. The physician who had pronounced the woman dead was again called in, but he insisted that life had flown. Twenty-four hours after the surgeon's last visit the body was still warm, and not a muscle was rigid. The joints of the limbs and fingers were supple and the lobes of the ears were pink. Despite those many signs of life, the body of the young woman was placed in a casket, and this afternoon, after imposing funeral ceremonies at St. Michael's Church, the interment took place. Immediately after the funeral the neighbors of Maynard publicly declared their belief that the young wife had been buried alive. Mrs. Warn, who lives in the same street, claimed that Mrs. Maynard had taken an overdose of a powerful medicine, which had caused her to drop into a protracted trance. Other persons who had seen and handled the body asserted the belief that it was a case of suspended animation, and a demand was made that the body be instantly exhumed. Both the husband and the father of the entombed girl objected to this, but the authorities will be appealed to though many fear that the alarm was given too late. The case has created much excitement here, and even if it should be ascertained that Mrs. Maynard was really dead at the time of interment, her sudden demise will be closely investigated.

Dying Is Made Easy.

It is said that the guillotine has recently been introduced by the French into their colony at Tonquin. Our neighbors, as all the world is aware, have had and still have plenty of work to do in the way of exterminating piracy in that vast and as yet unremunerative possession. And the method by which they endeavor to exterminate the pirate (when they catch him, which, as a rule, they do not) is that of decapitation. That ceremony has hitherto been performed in the primitive and rather barbarous native way. The culprit, being placed in a convenient position, used to light a cigarette and wait for the executioner to take a shot at his neck with a big sword.

Sometimes the headsman aimed straight, and sometimes he did not, and a feeling had long existed among the gentlemen of the piratical profession that an execution thus executed was distinctively an unpleasant process for the patient. Consequently, the introduction of the "wood of justice" has by no means produced the effect which the French authorities desired and expected. Instead of being impressed with the horror of this mode of execution, the natives of Tonquin are said to be highly delighted with it. In fact, they regard the guillotine as a most ingenious article de Paris, and they have already witnessed one execution with every demonstration of enthusiasm.

Dying, they say, is made so delightfully easy by this admirable invention of the superior European intelligence. The result is that considerable satisfaction is expressed in piratical circles, and it is confidently anticipated that piracy will shortly increase very considerably, as nobody in Tonquin would mind being abbreviated instantaneously by the guillotine. Death, in short, has lost most of its terror because the process of dying has been rendered so simple.—[London Globe.

A Would-be Murderess.

Before the Assize Court of the Seine there has been unfolded a tale of a long-suffering man and a determined woman. The much-enduring male is a M. Pajot, described as a vendor of theatre tickets, and assistant-director of the claque or hired applauders attached to an important playhouse. It is nothing short of a modern miracle that M. Pajot is still in the land of the living. In an evil hour he associated with a Mdlle. Menat, and she having deceived him he resolved to leave her. The damsel then organized a vindictive and blood-thirsty campaign. In June, 1891, she fired at M. Pajot with a revolver outside his theatre. He escaped untouched and pardoned his assailant. In May last Mdlle. Menat stabbed him in the head and on June 8 she flung vitriol in his face. Still M. Pajot declined to prosecute or to punish. On June 17, however, the discarded one resolved to do more serious damage to the deputy-chief of the claque. She again took her revolver, met M. Pajot outside the playhouse, and fired three times at him. The man ran away with a bullet in his jaw and another in his neck. He was pursued by Mdlle. Menat, who was making ready to fire once more when she was arrested. M. Pajot recovered from his injuries, and the woman has been condemned to five years imprisonment in solitary confinement.

VERY INTERESTING.

Churches built in America in 1891 numbered 8,508.

The only fresh-water fish in the Canary Islands is the eel.

About a quarter of the people in Paris live in apartments.

London has paupers enough to fill all the houses in Brighton.

In the Australian Colony of Victoria milk is 9cts. a gallon.

The moon is on the average 238,818 miles distant from the earth.

During the Crimean war of 1854-55, 785,000 men were slain.

Perfectly white cats, if they have blue eyes, are nearly all deaf.

In France there are now in existence 4,822 clubs, with 277,155 members.

The general harvest throughout Ireland is declared to be much above the average.

At the Royal Mint at Stockholm a woman has for years been the engraver of medals.

Deducting their shells and juices, one quart or 2lb. of oysters yield 2¾ to 5¼ ounces of flesh.

The total yield of wine in Spain in 1891 is estimated at a little over 540,000,000 gallons.

For over nine hundred years Nuremberg, Bavaria, has made most of the toys used throughout the world.

During the present year nearly twenty-three million oysters have already been consumed in England and Wales.

Neatly worked darns and patches have been discovered in the cloths used in swathing some of the Egyptian mummies.

Australia is diligently cultivating her butter trade. Between 2,000 and 3,000 tons are annually exported, mostly to London.

The total number destroyed by humanity every century in its incessant political, religious, or international wars is at least 40,000,000.

A larger proportion of children survive their first year of existence in Dublin than in the twenty-eight large towns of England and Wales.

In 1841 the density of the population of the United Kingdom was moderate—25 persons per acre—but in 1891 there were 565 persons per acre.

A pyramid of four hundred pianos, conconnected by electricity, and performed upon by one woman, will be one of the attractions of the World's Fair, Chicago.

There is a large carriage manufactory in New York in which the chief art decorator is Miss Caroline Kilby, who has twenty women employed in the department which she controls.

In the first eight months of this year there were landed on the coasts of England and Wales 3,669,966 cwt. of fish, the value of which was £2,510,748.

The highest temperature on the globe i at Dead Valley, Inyo County, Cal. Its surface is 159 feet below sea level, and in summer the thermometer has occasionally marked 122 degrees.

In China the cobbler still goes from house to house, announcing his approach with a rattle, and taking up his abode with the family while he accomplishes the necessary making and mending.

When an Egyptian dog wishes to drink at the Nile he goes a short distance up the river, and howls for some time. The crocodiles, being attracted by the sound, immediately crowd to the place, while the dog hastily runs to the part which the crocodiles have left, and drinks in safety.

The Empress of Germany is in the habit of writing for a few minutes daily in her diary. Nobody ever sees the contents of the dairy, not even the Emperor. At the close of the year a new diary is opened, and the old one, which has a locked clasp, is consigned to the iron safe containing her Majesty's domestic jewelry.

No sensible person will ever wear a single eye-glass unless he is blind of one eye. Its use means that one eye is neither employed or unemployed, but is engaged in ceaseless, though no doubt unconscious, efforts to see as much as its more favoured fellow. This straining is as harmful as anything could well be, and cannot fail to lead to the gravest results.

If the Pacific could be laid bare, we should have a most singular spectacle. There would be a number of mountains with truncated tops scattered over it, and those mountains would have an appearance just the very reverse of that presented by the mountains we see on shore. You know that the mountains on the shore are covered with vegetation at their bases, while their tops are barren or covered with snow; but these mountains would be perfectly bare at their bases, and all round their tops they would be covered with beautiful vegetation of coral polypes.

A curious utilisation of carrier pigeons was recently attempted in Belgium. This was making them carry contraband goods into France. For a short time twenty-four pigeons were let off regularly from the Belgian dove-cote, each burdened with a small coil of tobacco. They arrived at their French destination rather exhausted, and doubtless glad to be relieved of their load. In one case, however, unfortunately for this bright scheme, a pigeon, in making the flight, and proving unequal to the effort, or, perhaps, poisoned by the narcotic, fell into the Seine, and was picked up. The system was found out and suppressed.

Salary No Object.

"Prisoner," said the learned magistrate to a lazy fellow before him, "this is the third time you've been here."

"But, your honour," pleaded the prisoner, "I've been trying to get work, but couldn't."

"You wouldn't work if you could get it."

"Yes I would, your honour."

"What kind of work?"

"Anything, your honour, so long as it was honest work."

"What kind of wages?"

Wages is no object, your honour; all I want is work with food and clothing, and a shelter."

"And you'd work if you had that sort of a job?"

"Indeed I would, your honour: only try me," and the tears came to his eyes.

"Very well," said the magistrate, kindly, "we'll give you a job with shelter, food, and clothing combined. Six months' hard labour. Next case!"