AGRICULTURAL.

Aids in Fence Building.

A person passing along a country road and glancing down many of the lines of fence between the farms and pastures, is often constrained to marvel at their ups and downs and devious windings. Some of them appear to have been built on the trail of a snake, others by guesswork, and still others by mistake. Such fences show plainly that the builders worked without any of the guides or conveniences used by experts, but simply began at one end and wrestled away until they reached the other. It is

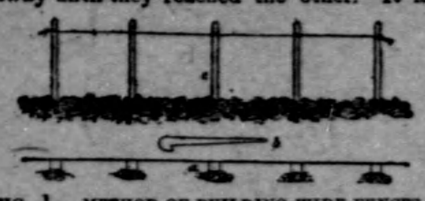

FIG. 1. METHOD OF BUILDING WIRE FENCES.

not quite so easy a matter to run a straight line over uneven ground as many people imagine, and after the line is run it is not easy to follow it exactly, unless one knows just how to do it. And this fact accounts for many of the crooked and uneven fences.

In the first place, guide poles (Fig. 1) should be firmly set at either end of the contemplated fence, then intermediate poles or stakes between these two, not to exceed one hundred yards apart. For these intermediate stakes plastering laths answer every purpose. A person standing a hundred feet from one of the end poles can direct the setting of these stakes so that the job can quickly be done. Next, a line, *a*, that will not stretch much, and is long enough to reach from one stake to the next, should be laid down perfectly straight, and pinned fast every fifty feet with small, hooked stakes, *b*. Then with a light pole that will reach the exact distance the posts are to be set apart, to measure with, the holes can be marked by cutting a straight edge along the line, *a*, first and throwing the earth outward. When the holes are thus marked, the line may be taken up and the digging proceed, the digger being careful not to gouge the straight edge in the least, because that will be the main guide in setting the posts. It will not be difficult to set the posts in a straight line in holes dug in this manner.

After the posts are set attach the boards or wire. If the ground is rough the line should be strung along the posts, *c*, an inch above where the top board or wire is to be attached, and hung there on small nails driven just far enough into the posts to hold it. The line being in plain sight, it is easily adjusted so as to make a perfectly even fence. After the top board or wire is on, the holder, *d*,

FIG. 2. SECURE BRACE FOR WIRE FENCES.

(Fig. 2) is used for adjusting all below it. This holder is a light strip of wood having a hook near one end, by which it is hung on the top board or wire and iron or wooden pins placed at proper intervals, upon which the boards or wires rest while being fastened. In putting up wires alone, I have sometimes found it best to hang the holder on the top wire close by the post, and mark the places for the remaining wires with blue chalk. This can be done rapidly, and then the wires can be attached without further measuring or sighting. By using it to hold one end of the boards, one man can nail them on without any assistance. Another form of holder and marker, *e*, for use on comparatively level ground, is set on the ground close by the post, and the boards or wires rest on the steps. It will be found very useful where it is desired to have the boards or wires run even, and at equal distances apart. For bracing a wire fence, either at corners or at intervals along the line, I know of no better method than boards nailed to the posts, *f*. These make a firm, solid brace that will hold the fence stiff without lifting the posts out of the ground, as many of the old style post braces do. The brace should be placed at intervals of about two hundred yards along the line. If this is done the wires may be drawn tight, and will remain so for many years.—[American Agriculturist.

Free the Walks From Snow.

After every snow storm the walks and paths should be cleared of snow, which should not be allowed to remain until trampled down so firm that its removal is difficult. If in an exposed situation, throw the snow upon the oposite side from which the prevailing winds blow, for if upon the other side, the winds often fill the path as high as the bank is made, entailing more work at the second clearing. For handling light snow, the common snow shovels are best, while snow that is firmly drifted or trampled, nothing is better than the common scoop shovel. Where long stretches of walks are to be cleared, a light scraper of two boards on edge and meeting in front is best, and is readily drawn by two men. It pushes the snow equally to the sides. Where snow accumulates upon the roofs in large quantities it should be removed, as a thaw invariably clogs up the gutters, and freezing fills the pipes, overflowing at important points to the inner walls.

Salting in the Churn.

A young professor connected with the Iowa Dairy School replies to an inquiry concerning salting in the churn, that it has no advantages and is open to serious objections as there is no way to salt properly but to weigh the butter and weigh the salt, and if salted in the churn the butter will, he thinks, be mottled unless great care is taken in tamping down when packing. This is not bad for text book teaching, but the fellow who has once learned buttermaking has no need to weigh the butter and the salt any more than he has to weigh his horse and his oats every time he feeds. Salting uniformly, a given rate to the pound, will *not* insure a uniform salt content. Salting by measure, not weight, is practiced by the best of creamerymen. Of course the best creamerymen are not bullheaded fellows devoid of proper intuitive instincts. In private dairying, salting in the churn has some marked advantages. The churn is kept sweet, the butter is not exposed to the air, etc. The writer has done it thousands of times, and the most promising of late improvements are the churns for factory use with salting and working attachments inside. Taking out to salt is the old way, but it may not always hold precedence even in factory work, because *it* has objectionable features.

Look Far Ahead.

Every farmer who is at all worthy of the name, lays plans for the future. He knows that there are many uncertainties, but he also realizes that both duty and interest require that he mark out a course which, is his life is spared, is to be pursued.

It is not possible to make a complete separation between the farm work of diferent years. The operations of farming are of a complex nature, and those of one season necessarily interweave with those of other periods. Therefore the business of any given year can not be closed without some reference to that of the twelve months which will follow, and the plans for the farm work of any season can not be all formed at once. It is because of these facts that a good many farmers are not as prompt and decisive as they should be if planning their work. For the same reasons it also occurs that even the most careful farmers have their plans constantly in process of development, and that causes which are beyond their control not infrequently make it necessary to considerably change some which were considered almost settled. Consequently, when plans are being laid a considerable degree of latitude should be allowed for contingencies which are liable, if not likely, to occur.

The winter is a good time for perfecting, as far as possible, the general, and perhaps very indefinite, plans for the coming year, which have been made as the work of the busy season has been carried on. There is then more leisure than there will be in the spring, and more thought can be given to the subject than will be possible if its consideration is delayed until the warm season is near at hand and work out of doors demands immediate and constant attention. This excellent opportunity for attending to such an important matter should not be allowed to pass unimproved.

While the plans for the next season are being laid, thought should also be taken for the years which are to come. The farmer should not be contented to grow good crops merely for this year, but should endeavor to work in such a manner as to make his land permanently productive. To this end he should consider what the effect of his proposed crops, or methods of tillage, will be upon the soil and upon the crops of future years. He should try to secure large and profitable yields, and at the same time have his land steadily increasing in value and productivness. This desirable end has been secured by many farmers. It can be attained by others if, in laying their plans, they will look far ahead, and while keeping the present well in mind will also have respect to the future.

Veterinary Notes.

A farm may be over-stocked with sheep as with other animals, but it is rarely done now.

Don't be so careless with your harness as to find a great sore on your horse before you attend to it.

The stock of hogs is light all over the country and prices are likely to continue good all winter.

The colt forced to live his first winter on corn-stalks and keep warm by exercise will not make a valuable horse.

Don't whip a horse when he gets frightened along the road or he will expect it the next time and may make trouble.

The sheep is the small farmers' friend because with them they can convert into a good product much that would otherwise go to waste.

Don't say whoa unless you mean it. Teach your horse to stop at the word. It may check him if the lines break and save a runaway and smashup.

Have you seen the equine bicycle? Two wheels, one on each side of the horse, and a seat above the horse, just a little further back than where a saddle would be used, constitutes the machine.

No man should own a work horse unless he is willing and able to furnish it shelter against cold winds and rain. If nothing better than straw-covered sheds can be afforded, they are better than nothing; and really serviceable as long as they last.

The poorest economy that can be practiced next to starving hogs is feeding all kinds and sizes together. The breeding stock, both male and female, stockers and pigs, will do much better if divided into four or more lots and fed according to their needs.

The floor of the stable where you keep your colts this cold weather should be covered with a thick layer of straw: nothing gives an animal more comfort than a good, warm bed. During the day, unless it be very cold or stormy, the colt is better outside.

The most valuable horse to a user of horses is the one that will do him the greatest amount of work at the least expense. Such a horse may be a diminutive pony, a speedy trotter, a general purpose horse or a ponderous draft horse, all depending upon the requirements of the owner.

An important point to observe in the feeding of all young stock is to give sufficient to keep up the best thrift and growth without giving so much as to stall the animal by over eating. It requires the services of a practical expert to do this effectually. A fine adjustment of foods given to the varying conditions of seasons is the thing to be sought after.

If you want your heifer to develop into a profitable cow, you must extend her first milking period as far as possible, in order to promote and fix the milking habit. A cow to be really profitable must give a good yield of milk for at least ten months in the year, but it will be difficult to get her to do this if you do not milk her the first year just as long as possible—even beyond the period when there is a profit from her product.

The dairyman can never afford to lose sight of the value of a good heifer calf raised by himself. If he does not raise it and raise it right, who is going to do it for him? You can't make a good dairy cow without the right foundation to build on, but you can easily enough knock out the foundation in the building up of the superstructure. Proper care and proper feed are the next considerations to breed itself, and they must commence at the beginning.

Aristotle, the first naturalist, says that a horse should never be put in the stud until after he is five years old; that his offspring before that time will be small and weak; that mares attain their height at five, and the males at six years. The mares should not be bred every year; that two years should intervene between colts; that the average age of the horse is eighteen and twenty years, but that with careful treatment they will live longer. Thirty years is a very long life for a horse and twenty-five for a mare. This is pretty good horse talk even though it was written 2300 years ago.

LADY BAKER'S ROMANCE.

Curious Circumstances Attending Her Union With the Great Explorer.

In all the obituary notices that have appeared of the African explorer and traveler, Sir Samuel Baker, there is not one that draws attention to what is a very peculiar and, to a certain extent, romantic circumstance of his second marriage, certain matters in connection with which earned for him the ill-will and disfavor of his sovereign. At the time when Sir Samuel started out on the eventful journey up the River Nile which was to win for him both his fame and title he had no idea that his undertaking would turn out so great a success, and being unwilling to restrict himself to the society of

THE DUSKY BEAUTIES

of the Soudan, he persuaded one of the German girls who formed the band of musicians that performed nightly in an Esbekiah cafe chantant at Cairo to accompany him on his trip. The girl happened, unlike the majority of her companions, to be a woman of singularly strong character, and played a notable and prominent part in the expedition and in the exploration, contributing greatly to the success thereof. On Baker's return northward the fame of his doings and those of his fair companion proceeded him, and when he reached Cairo he found that all England was ringing with the splendid conduct of the lady, whom the newspapers and the public designated as his wife. It was too late for Baker to explain that the lady was not entitled to bear his name, so he made the best of the matter and at the same time paid his deep

DEBT OF GRATITUDE

toward her by marrying her very quietly at Cairo. A reference to the records there will show that the wedding took place not before his departure from the Soudan, but on his return. On reaching England he was immediately summoned to Windsor Castle, with his wife; and after he had related to her majesty some of the principal events of his journey she commanded him to kneel, and, tapping him on the shoulder with a sword, exclaimed: "Arise, Sir Samuel!" The queen was also very gracious to his wife, who had now become Lady Baker, and it was only several months later that she disovered the true facts of the case. From that time forth Sir Samuel was not honored with any more invitations to Windsor, and Lady Baker was not only never permitted to appear in court, but was even subjected to a mild kind of ostracism by society. This she scarcely deserved for since her marriage she proved herself to be a most estimable and honorable woman in the opinion of many infinitely superior in every way to her garrulous and somewhat mendacious husband.

A LONDON THIEF'S TRICK.

Crafty and Comic Schemes Worked by Smart European Thieves.

A few nights ago says the London Daily Telegram, after all the occupants of a house in Westbourne Park had retired to rest, the head of the family was disturbed by the ringing of the front door electric bell. Cautiously opening the portal, he was surprised to see a dapper-looking stranger, who, making mysterious signs and hurriedly impressing on the half-clad listener the necessity for silence, explained that burglars were on the premises and that he was a detective charged with the duty of arresting them. Two officers of the law, he added, were watching the other side, and every step had been taken to entrap the intruders. Acting upon further instructions the startled householder took the midnight visitor up to the dressing room, on the table of which was his wife's jewel case. "Hush," whispered the stranger. "I hear sounds. Take this whistle and blow it at the back of the house while I conceal myself here. They cannot possibly escape." Meekly obeying, the terrified man ran to the landing, threw open the window, and made stupendous efforts to extract a sound from the whistle, which, however, remained silent as a mute. It was a dummy. Hurrying back to the room he found it deserted and the jewel box gone. Then it dawned on him that he had been duped. The circumstance that the articles abstracted were paste of no great value, whose owner, very well known in the neighborhood, is reputed to possess rare jewels, probably accounts for the fact that no attempt has been made to capture the miscreant, against whose craft householders with diamonds may well be on their guard.

China Losing Territory.

Vast and populous as China is, the experience of the present century shows that she is weak for aggressive purposes. She has not the hold on territory adjacent to her borders which she could claim 100 years ago. European nations are pressing on her, both on the south and on the north. She has been forced to cede a portion of her territory to England, and she has been compelled to avail herself of the help of Englishmen, both for civil administration and for military command.

All these things show that an expansion of the Chinese race does not necessarily involve an extention of Chinese dominion. On the contrary, they tend to prove that it is the order introduced by European administration which leads to the multiplication of these industrious people, and there is, therefore, at least as much ground for saying that, though Borneo, Sumatra and New Guinea and the great islands of the Eastern Archipelago may be ultimately peopled by yellow races, they will be governed by the white races, as for believing that a new Chinese empire is in progress of formation; a Chinese India may, in other words, be developed in these great and fertile islands.

HIS BRAINS BATTERED OUT.

Fiendish Murder of a Miser at St. John's N. F.

A St. John's, N. F., despatch says:—His head crushed by the blows of a robber, the body of William McCarthy, a junk dealer, was found late last night in his home in the west end of the city. As yet the police have been unable to find any clue to the murderer.

A CROTCHETTY MISER.

McCarthy was well-known in the city and had the reputation of a miser. Strange tales were told of the vast amounts that he had hoarded away in his lonely home. In his appearance he was a typical money grubber and his manner was not endearing. He owned the tenement in which he lived and was always in trouble with his tenants. A month was a long stay for anyone to make in one of McCarthy's houses.

"THE OLD MAN'S KILLED."

Such a man was not likely to form many friendships and lived alone. When it was noticed that his junk shop was closed no one thought it worth while to enquire as to the reason. All afternoon there were no signs of life about the place. About 10 p. m. a man stepped out of the door of the shop and walked rapidly away. The door was left open. This unusual proceeding caused the neighbours to wonder and at last H. E. Dunn, more bold than the others, entered. In a moment he ran out, his face pale with horror. In a whisper he gasped, "The old man's killed." Through the door the excited people poured.

A HORRIBLE SIGHT.

In a back room lay the body of the aged junk dealer. His head, horribly gashed, formed the centre of a pool of blood. Beside the dead man lay a piece of gas pipe about 30 inches in length covered with blood and tufts of gray hair. The whole place was in disorder. The murderer had ransacked every nook and cranny, seeking for the money to obtain which he had forfeited his life to the law. Empty boxes were scattered around, the furniture overturned, and there was every evidence of a long and thorough search for the old man's gold.

WAITED UNTIL DUSK TO ESCAPE.

The body was perfectly cold when discovered, and it is supposed that the murderer had called early in the afternoon and after killing his victim had taken the rest of the day in his hunt for money, and had waited until dark to escape. The old man had evidently been first struck from behind and stunned, but his slayer wished to make sure of his work and had showered crushing blows upon the grizzled head.

No description can be given of the man who was seen to leave McCarthy's house. The police are entirely baffled.

FACTS IN FEW WORDS.

A widowers' association has been formed in Dresden. No man can join unless his wife is dead, and if he marries again he becomes an honorary member merely. One of the chief purposes of the association is to help newly-made widowers by looking after their wives' funerals and caring for their children.

The chief of the United States senate stationery room holds his office under the title by which he was elected years ago, "Mender of Quill Pens," though there is now but one senator who uses a quill pen, and the chief's duties are now quite unlike those which he first assumed.

On the 1st of March $185,000 will be paid to confederate veterans in Georgia, and $250,00 will be disbursed to the widows of confederate veterans. These payments are made by the state, and are expected to improve the financial situation.

The Austrian poor law gives every man 60 years old the right to a pension equal to one-third of the amount per day which he had earned during his working years.

A silken prayer book has been woven at Lyons, in France, the completion of which has taken three years. The prayers are not printed on the silk, but woven.

A pneumatic tube is in use between the Paris and Berlin postoffices, and thirty-five minutes after a letter is mailed in one city it is delivered in the other.

The domestic pets of the world are believed to carry 30 per cent. of the common contagious diseases from house to house.

A New York court had decided that street car passengers can be compelled to make their own change in paying fare.

John O. Smith, a Cincinnati electrician, has invented a motor which will propel street cars thirty miles an hour.

The root of the tallow tree of China produces oil, the bark the famous "rice paper" and the berries tallow.

The Brooklyn Standard Union advocates a trial of the pneumatic mail delivery in that city.

About $200,000,000 worth of registered United States bonds are held by private individuals.

During a waltz of ordinary length the dancer travels about three-quarters of a mile.

Mark Twain is fond of cats, and has one named "Satan" and another called "Sin."

The Tartars take a man by the ear to invite him to eat or drink with them.

"Æsop's Fables," by Caxton, 1484, was the first book with its pages numbered.

Paper can be made from the standing tree in a space of twenty-four hours.

Children, plants and animals grow more rapidly during the night.

Beheaded turtles can find their way back to their watery home.

There are 1,000,000 unclaimed letters in the Chicago postoffice.

The Prince of Wales' Bracelet.

A London correspondent says the Prince of Wales wears a bracelet on his left wrist. On a recent occasion, when he appeared in public, the gleam of the golden bangle was noticed by a very few individuals, and among those who detected it there was an interchange of wondering glances. The wearing of the bracelet is not, however, foppishness on the part of his Royal Highness, for the bangle has a history. It belonged originally to Maximilian of Austria, the ill-fated Emperor of Mexico, and it is a cherished souvenir.

BURN THEIR DEAD IN THE OPEN AIR.

Strange and Sanitary Mode of Cremation Which Has Existed Among the Hindoos Thousands of Years.

THE FUNERAL PILE OF A MAHARAJAH.

Although we are beginning to believe more and more every year in cremation, and think ourselves accordingly advanced, the Hindoos have practised it for thousands of years. The funeral pile of a rajah sometimes costs lacs of rupees; a Hindoo body is sometimes burned when three rupees cover the entire expenses. The rich Hindoo may be somewhat exclusive. The Hindoo masses do everything simply and openly. They bathe out of doors, they pray out of doors, they cook out of doors, they die out of doors, and—their bodies are burned out of doors. There are three burning-ghats in Calcutta.

A writer to the Pall Mall Budget tells very entertainingly of a visit she made to one of the cheapest and most primitive of these three.

Just as she entered into the inclosure where a burning-ghat was in full operation, there was a crack—a sharp retort like a pistol. The heat had just broken through a dead man's skull. It was the last human part to protest against the extinguishment of death.

The funeral pile of a poor Hindoo looks like an ordinary kitchen-yard woodpile. But if you go up close to it, you discover something very like a human form—a glowing, charred mass, distinguished from every other shape, animate or inanimate. For the Hindoos literally purify their dead by fire. The body is burned until absolutely nothing remains but a handful of ashes—ashes wholly free from any unclean or poisonous matter. As the writer was closely observing the glowing pile, a new body was brought in, and the rite begun.

Two coolies carried the body upon a rude litter, woven from coarse grasses, and held together by outlines of bamboo. Two of the dead man's brothers followed, chatting pleasantly. Four stout sticks of wood were driven upright into the ground, at the corners of an imaginary parallelogram about six feet by two. Between these four posts were loosely laid sticks of dry, cheap wood. When the pile was a little more than three feet high the body was laid upon it. A dirty piece of crash, of the quality the coolies wear about their loins, partly wrapped the dead. One of the brothers stepped up and poured about four ounces of oil over the body. This insured a quicker cremation, but was something of a luxury and not a universal practice. The oil must have cost about three pice. The other brother paid the coolies, who shouldered the light, empty litter and marched gayly on.

More wood was piled upon the dead. A thin stick was lighted at the other funeral pile, which was now flaming finely, the second pile was lighted, and the cremation of the newcomer was begun. The two brothers appeared very interested in the igniting, and decidedly pleased when it was accomplished. They squatted down upon the ground, just so far from the pile that they might feel that their scant filthy garments were fairly safe from the sparks, but near enough to watch all the changing phases of the cremation, and to see easily when it was consummated.

They untied a dirty rag from about a small bundle one of them had brought with them. They took out a small earthen bowl. It was clean and shining and so was the brass chattee each lifted from his filthily turbaned head. The chattees held water. The bowl held curry and rice. They fell to eating with gusto. And, pray, why not? They were eating to live. Their brother was burning to live—to live in Hindoo Paradise. From the Hindoo point of view this state was far more blessed.

The cremation, which was in full blast when the writer arrived, was finally completed. Two distinct kinds of ashes were left. The human ashes were carefully gathered into an old chattee. The authorities do not allow those ashes to be thrown into the river, and they are never thrown there in the presence of Europeans. The bits of wood were swept swiftly away. The bits of wood not quite burned were frugally collected to be utilized in the next pile.

The correspondent also tells of a visit to a burning-ghat after sundown. "Night," she goes on, "is the time of Hindoo leisure—as, indeed, it is of most primitive peoples. The inclosure was crowded with burning piles.

"We sailed down the Ganges. The outlines of the attendants of the dead, and of the funeral pile were sharply silhouetted against the black background of the dark night by the flames of the grewsome death-fires. And from that part of the shore sacred to Hindoo worship came the shrieking and the songs of many thousand half-mad devotees.

"In a primitive part of interior India I once saw a maharajah's funeral pile. It had cost a positive fortune. It was built of expensive spicy woods, and saturated with costly oils. It was richly gilded, and the dead was wrapped in embroidered silken sheets. For miles the air was sweet and pungent, and thick with the perfumed smoke. I remember having thought, when a child, that the literally sweetest experience I ever had was the attending of a high mass at St. Peter's in Rome. But now I must own that the sweetest smell I ever smelled was the burning of a maharajah's funeral pile."

He Must Not Be Distressed.

It is the custom among the Omaha Indians to cease wailing at a certain point in the funeral ceremonies, for the reason, they say, that the departed one must not be distressed as he leaves his home behind him. It is also customary after death to lacerate the limbs, as the shedding of blood expresses how vital is the loss. The funeral song and ceremony, savage as they appear at first sight, are really full of tender unselfishness, and indicate a strong belief in the continuation of life and its affections.

A pool room for women is a New York novelty.