AGRICULTURAL.

How to Break a Colt.

Suppose that a horse which you are going to ride has never been ridden before—how should you begin? If he is an intelligent animal, well brought up, he will probably allow you to mount him, provided that you do it very slowly and cautiously; but if he be stupid or timid you can begin by having him carry a bag of oats. "I had lately a horse that had thrown the only man that had ever attempted to ride him," said a writer, "and when I prepared to get on he showed unmistakable signs of an intention to do the same by me. So I called the oats into play.

"A bag, half full, was tied up, and he was allowed to smell of it. When an effort was made to put it on the saddle he showed excessive fear, but by proceeding gradually, and by soothing and coaxing him, we were soon able, first, to put it on gently, and at last to throw it on the saddle without disturbing him.

"At the next lesson, after going through the same process, the bag was tied to the saddle, and he was first walked and afterward trotted about with it on. I then put my foot in the stirrup, immediately withdrawing it, however; he became alarmed. Then I tried it again, and after a few attempts, finding that he was not hurt, he submitted.

"The next step was to raise myself in the stirrup, and this again alarmed him at first, but gradually he became accustomed to it, and at last I slowly and carefully put the other leg over, and in a few minutes more I was riding about. I do not think the whole lesson occupied more than twenty minutes. Of course the horse was held by a groom during the process."

Some Neglected Crops.

There are many crops which are not generally regarded as staples, which may yet be properly cultivated in a large way upon the ordinary farm. Some farmers think that unless a crop is of sufficient importance to warrant the planting of fifty acres, it will not pay to bother with. For this reason cabbages, beans, sweet potatoes, and even Irish potatoes for market crop, are left to the market gardener when they might properly be made farm crops. In growing such an area of any of these, it will pay to fit up with the special implements needed for their cultivation, and to prepare properly for handling and storing the crop. These may all be stored and held—not so long as wheat or corn, it is true, but so that one can market them at such time in the year as prices are best. They will all bear shipment, and all, excepting cabbage, are compact enough to warrant the expense of shipping to a considerable distance in the effort to find the best market. There are other garden crops which may be made adaptable to the need of the farm, so there is no excuse for a man to stick to any one staple which does not pay him, on the excuse that he does not know what else to grow. A new thinking machine is the great need of some farmers who have gotten into such a deep rut of limited crops that they cannot see anything but the two or three items which they have been growing all their lives. Such men need to read the papers, particularly the argicultural papers, and to study the markets, and to get away from home once in a while to see what others are doing. No man has ever become a really successful farmer who acknowledges himself limited to the cultivation of a few things.

Winter Care of Trees.

There is no better time than the present to examine groves and groups of trees in order to determine whether they are becoming overcrowded, and to designate those which should be removed to make room for the rest. The axe is the only remedy for crowding among trees, and when this heroic treatment is necessary, no considerations of sentiment should be allowed to interfere with its use. At this season, too, it is easier to find where branches are growing too thickly on a tree, and where they are rubbing each other, than it is when they are in full foliage, and in the warm days of midwinter pruning can be done to advantage. When it is necessary to remove large branches they should be sawed close to the trunk and the edges cut smooth with a sharp knife. Coal-tar applied to the wound will keep out moisture and fungi, and thus prevent decay. Any kind of ochreous paint will answer almost as good a purpose, and it can be easily applied with an ordinary brush. All sprouts should be cut from the trunk and all suckers from its base, but the dead twigs in the heads of trees can be more easily detected in the summer.

Farm Notes.

There is as much difference in the quality of pork as in the quality of beef. First-class pork must be from a pig and not from an old sow, and the pig should be kept in clean quarters and fed on wholesome feed.

To increase the dairy product, bran and other nitrogenous by-products of wheat and oats are always of the greatest value. Use all the coarse food that the farm can produce, in proper proportion with these, and there will be little doubt about the profit of butter making if you have the right kind of cows for a basis.

There is no breed of cattle which possesses the desirable quality of prepotency more fully than the Herefords. Bred for two hundred years for beef animals, they have the beef type so indelibly impressed upon them that they leave the mark upon every head where they are introduced.

A great proportion of all complaints of our domestic animals can be traced directly to indigestion. This is caused in many instances by the too continuous use of a single article of food. Give a variety as great as the resources of your farm will enable you to, and your stock will be more easily kept in health.

Keep an accurate daily record of the performance of each cow. Then use the tester to find out the value of her milk. See whether she requires more or less than the normal quantity of food to keep up her milk supply, and then put all these facts together and you can determine easily whether she is profitable or not.

When a spirited horse is first turned loose in a field that is inclosed by a wire fence, he should be taken up to it and made to understand that it is dangerous, and that he will get hurt if he runs against it. By observing this simple precaution many horses that have been seriously injured might have been saved from harm.

If you have the home raised feed, and good facilities for housing, it is a pretty safe matter to buy good young cattle for winter feeding You not only turn your product into such shape that they can be well marketed, but you will probably profit both from the feeding, and from the increased price that you can obtain for the finished stock above that which you paid

There is one condition under which it pays to burn corn for fuel. That is when you are so unfortunate as to have any mouldy corn. It is not a good food for any sort of stock, having a tendency to disarrange the stomach and digestive organs, and so bring on disease. But the good farmer does not have mouldy corn, because he harvests his crop at the proper time and stores it safely.

Most men who feed hogs know that it is a good plan to have ashes or charcoal where the animals can get at them, but not all know why they practice this. When hogs are being fed largely on corn their digestion is frequently interfered with. The alkali corrects the sourness of the stomach which always accompanies indigestion and the hogs know enough to help themselves to the remedy if they can reach it.

Both hay and straw are constipating foods, and the exclusive use of these as winter feed for stock is the cause for much of the poor success many farmers meet with in keeping animals through the winter. Corn stalks are laxative, and so are the nubbins of unhusked corn usually found among them. For home feeding, especially for cows, it may not pay to husk out every ear that can be found. A few ears of corn with the stalk make an excellent addition to the winter feed for milk and butter production. It gives the desirable yellow color to butter which is not obtainable from the use of a hay, straw and bran ration.

Money may be made by winter feeding but it may be lost quite as easily and quickly. Very often it is lost and the loss not discovered until too late to remedy it. The only safe plan in winter feeding if to weigh and measure everything consumed, keeping a strict account of it with the animal which consumes it. This is the only method by which the profit or loss can be determined with accuracy, and if one does not know what he is doing the chances are all against a profit and in favor of a loss. Do not be afraid to look facts in the face, and do it in time, so that you may change your methods if they prove to be wrong.

In the best city markets there is a growing demand for light pork, and heavy weights are hardly considered, except at a considerable decline in price. The consumers want pig pork. Small hams and shoulders and tender chops sell quickly at the top. A pig of 100 pounds, or even a little less, well rounded, but not too fat, is the proper thing, and it will sell at as much as two cents above the quotations for heavy hogs. Unless it costs a good deal more to grow these than to produce the 300 pound animals, it would appear that it is for the grower's interest to meet this demand; and if the pig can be produced as cheaply, pound for pound, as the hog, then the road to profit would seem to be a wide one. With such a demand coming up, we can soon feed off even the June pig for market, at say five months, which will be vastly better than keeping him over a whole winter.

We see a good deal said about keeping hogs, sheep, poultry and other farm stock to consume what would otherwise be waste products, and so add to the profit of the farm. Why are bees not named in this list more frequently? Surely there is no product which would be more wholly wasted, were it not for them, than that which they gather from the flowers and fruit. The farmer need not be a bee-keeper on a large scale, any more than he need keep an extensive flock of poultry, but he should have some of each. Fifty colonies are perhaps enough for any one who does not wish to make a specialty of the business. Begin small, and work up if you find it suits you. A farmer of our acquaintance began with two colonies 10 years ago to test the matter. He says that they never have failed to pay expenses, including the value of his time and labor, any single year. He sells both bees and honey, and so his colonies vary from 25 to 50. He say that with himself there is less expense and worry in producing $100 worth of honey than in getting the same amount from either hogs or poultry, and that he finds the chances of an unprofitable year much fewer. Honey is in steady demand in all markets, and a really fine article does not have to go begging for a purchaser. There is a great difference in the quality, and this does not depend wholly on the food, as some people imagine. The strain of bees has something to do with it, and the man who handles the bees and the product has as much more Honey must be in an attractive shape when put on the market if it is to sell well.

Fortunate Accidents.

An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucible, one day found that he had made porcelain.

The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle-glasses between his thumb and finger he was startled at the suddenly enlarged appearance of a neighbouring church spire.

The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremburg glass cutter. By accident, a few drops of aqua-fortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass became corroded and softened where the acid had touched it. That was hint enough. He drew figures upon the glass with varnish, applied the corroding fluid, then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed, the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground.

The shop of a Dublin tobacconist, by the name of Lundyfoot, was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully into the mouldering ruins he noticed that his poorer neighbours were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tested the snuff for himself, and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma. It was a hint worth profiting by. He secured another shop, built a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a particular name, and in a few years became rich through an accident which he at first thought had completely ruined him. —[Life's Calendar.

AN OLD FRAGMENT.

Interesting Reminiscences of the Volunteers of 1812.

A fragment of an old journal, which was published in the town of York during the early part of the present century was discovered recently by the Hon. John Beverley Robinson amongst a mass of old letters and documents which, for many years past, had lain undisturbed. It is only a single page of printed matter, upon which the hand of time has written many wrinkles, and its antiquity, rather than the matter which is printed upon it, makes it more interesting. Chance the blind arbiter of works of genius, has given us many documents of the highest value. Ignorance and barbarism have no doubt, caused the destruction of many manuscripts which would have made their authors immortal, and many of our ancient classics have had a narrow escape from total annihilation. Chance has often produced a lost author of antiquity and given another classic to the world. In the present instance, however, the discovery has been simply that of a fragmentary report of certain events which took place in York during the beginning of the month of March, 1813.

The document was in a condition which would hardly bear handling. For years the tooth of time had eaten into the creases which marked it, and when it was unfolded it immediately fell in two. On one side of it there was given a report of a ceremony which took place on the return of the 3rd Regiment of York Militia after the war of 1812. With that regiment General Brock himself set out on the 6th of August for Amherstburg, to stop the invasion of the Western peninsula. There he was joined by the Shawnee chief, Tecumseh, with whom, and his Indian followers, Brock concerted measures for the capture of Fort Detroit. This was soon consummated and 2,500 American troops were taken prisoners. The report says the members of the regiment "were gratefully thanked for their faithful discharge of their duty, and the young ladies, with a fervour of patriotism, literally above commendation, had prepared a banner, which it was their intention to present to the regiment immediately upon the return of the volunteers from that expedition. The sudden recommencement of hostilities rendered the late General Brock's presence for a time impossible, and subsequent events, the recollection of which it is painful to recall, occasioned a delay of their intention. Sir Roger Hale Sheaffe, having it in his power at length to honour the ceremony with his presence, this day was appointed for the purpose, and at one o'clock the regiment was drawn up in front of the church at open order to receive and salute the General and his suite as they passed."

There follows a report of the ceremony. A service was read, and a sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. Strachan, afterwards Bishop of Toronto, and general regret is expressed at the absence of Col. Chewitt, whose place in command was taken by Major Allan, father of the Hon. G. W. Allan. The colours and standard, which were supported by Lieuts. George Ridout and Samuel Jarvis, were consecrated by Dr. Strachan, and the formal presentation was made by Miss Powell, daughter of Hon. Mr. Justice Powell, with a short address. The major received the colours, which he consigned to the care of Ensigns Charles Denison and Edward Thompson, the junior officers of the regiment. Addresses followed by Sir Roger Sheaffe and Major Allan. The report is signed "A Spectator," and concludes with a Latin quotation.

Immediately following there is given a list of the bills which had been passed at the session of the Legislature of Upper Canada and had received the royal assent on Saturday, March 13th, 1813, some militia orders from Acneas Shaw. Adjutant-General of the Militia of the Upper Canada, and some advertisements follow these.

Although it is in almost the last stages of dilapidation, Mr. Robinson's discovery is a valuable and very interesting one, and one worthy of careful preservation.

Curiosity of Easter Day This Year.

Easter Day falls on Lady Day this year for the first time in the history of the United States. The last time these two days fell together was in 1742, and they will not clash again until 1951. Lady Day has somewhat lost its significance and importance of late years, and it has never been such a special day in this country as in some others, where the leasing and renting system are more general. It is still, however, the first quarter day of the year, and although for convenience rents and premiums are generally made payable on March 31, the law in some states still recognizes March 25 as quarter day. Easter has to fall exceptionally early to come into contact with Lady Day, and the coincidence will cause inconvenience in countries where a legal holiday and a legal pay day will be simultaneous.

When car sweeps by and you vainly run,
How you fiendishly wish for a loaded gun.

"They say Brown has taken the lecture platform?" "Shouldn't wonder; take anything he can lay his hands on."

Manager—"Ah, madam! you sing from your heart." Prima Donna—"Yes; I've always been complimented on my chest tones."

Ethel—"Jack Jollyboy is very impudent. He attempted to kiss me last night." Clarissa—"Impudent? I should call him crazy."

Wife—"I wonder what became of that angel cake I made yesterday?" Husband—"I—I gave it to a poor boy for a football."

She—"Is it true that a lover never eats anything?" He—"Not after he becomes engaged." She—"Why not?" He—"He never has any money to spare."

Prosecutor—"What reason can you give for thinking that this lady did not intend to hit her husband when she threw the sugar bowl at him?" Witness—"Well, she did hit him."

Dealer—"We sell our tea for sixty cents a pound and throw in a chromo." customer—"Is one obliged to take the tea? My wife is just gone on chromos; but you see she has tried your tea before."

Buffer—"There's one thing about icy side-walks." Biffer—"What?" Buffer—"If we don't like them we can sit down on them without much trouble."

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

The Two Mediterranean Whirlpools Still Dangerous to Sailing Vessels.

The whirlpools of Scylla and Charybdis are situated in the Strait of Messina between Sicily and Italian Apulia, and although dangerous to the mariner of the ancient world are not regarded by the London Globe as very formidable in the present day. The whirlpool of Scylla lies at the base of the cliffs on which stand the village of Scylla. The circling waters have worn the cliffs into caves, which in heavy seas emit sounds like the barking of a dog. Charybdis is near the port of Messina, nine sea miles from Scylla, and, according to Signor Spallanzani, is 500 feet deep.

THE OLD DANGER

in sailing between them has recently been explained by M. Keller, an engineer, who shows that the currents in the strait depend both on tide and wind. The currents are strong because the tide is low in the Ionian Sea when it is high in the Tyrrhenian Sea, and vice versa, and whirlpools more or less energetic are formed at various points of the strait. When the wind is from the southeast the waters pour from the Ionian Sea into the strait and form whirlpools north of the port of Messina and also near Faro, where ships at anchor are sometimes carried out to sea and borne by the current on the rock of Calabria, toward the point of Pezzo, a little farther off than Scylla. It is probable therefore that the ancients meant by Charybdis the casual whirlpools near the port of Messina, and by Scylla those at Point Pezzo. Between these two points the currents are extremely rapid, strong and variable. The danger is really serious for sailing vessels, which were all the ancients had, and an inexperienced pilot might in avoiding Charybdis find himself in Scylla.

Towed by an Iceberg.

When the captain of the Norwegian bark "Wave King" sailed for the port of New York, he expected as a matter of course to meet some icebergs on the way. He also expected to engage a tug-boat to tow him into the harbor if he found the weather at Sandy Hook boisterous or the wind too strong against him to sail in alone, but as for having a present of a tow in the middle of the Atlantic, and free of charge, that was a piece of good fortune of which he never dreamed in his most economical moments. Yet, improbable as it seems, that was the treat he unexpectedly received.

Everything went very well with the bark until half through her voyage, when one day the mate (who was an Arctic weather-prophet) reported that ice-fields and icebergs were near.

He knew it, he said, because of the light loom along the ocean's rim; also from the look and coldness of the sea-water. A bright lookout was therefore kept, and sure enough, about noon a great ice-field, or "floe," became visible in the haze, dead ahead. There it lay right in their track, and extended as far on each side as their best telescope was able to make it out.

For several miles on both sides the bark now sailed back and forth, the lookouts searching for an opening in the beautiful, trembling, glistening white fields; but none could be found, although the fair blue water lay temptingly beyond, in full sight.

Presently the captain noticed that the ice-field, under the pressure of the fresh breeze, was advancing toward them, and he gave orders to "'bout ship."

As the vessel went about, a large iceberg was noticed right astern in the light haze, and, strange to relate, it also appeared to be coming toward them. At first this caused the sailors much uneasiness, for they feared to be caught between it and the field of ice.

A little careful steering, however, placed them safely to one side of the berg, and the men gathered along the ship's side to watch the monster as it went majestically by.

The captain knew that some strong lower-current was pushing against the under-water portion of this berg, and urging it along against the winds and surface currents. He wondered what would result when the berg and ice-field met. Which would gain the mastery? Why, the heavy berg, of course.

Then a bright idea flashed through his mind, which he instantly began to put in execution by ordering the steersman to turn the bark and run her right in behind the berg.

Going as close as he dared to the great ice-mountain, he ordered the crew to lower a boat and take a rope and hitch on to it. This they did, making fast to a low pinnacle, or foot-hill. Then sail was shortened to flying jib and spanker, just enough to keep her steady and take some strain off the rope; and lo! the ship was towing kindly in the wake of the berg, while all hands awaited developments.

They had not long to wait. Steadily and surely the ice-mountain bore down on the ice-field. There came a great crash, and a little shiver of the berg that could be felt on the towline.

With bang, and smash, and roar, the mighty contest went on. But the berg proceeded serenely, leaving a broad swath behind in which the bark rode safely until clear water was once more reache

Then, as quickly as possible, the rope was cast off, all sail set, and a respectful distance put between the bark and berg.

Glibby—"A man can never make anything out of politics unless he's a hog." Gabby—"I don't know. I've been in politics a good deal." Glibby—"And never made anything? Oh, well, there are always exceptions, you know."

"Doctor, do you think that the cigarette habit really affects the brain?" Doctor—"That is a question that will probably never be answered." "Oh, doctor, why?" "Well, a man of brains has never been discovered smoking one."

First business man—"Why, man alive, once I was so poor that I didn't have a shirt to sew a button on." Second business man—"That's nothing; I was so poor that I didn't have even a button."

Mrs. Shortt—"How do you expect me to buy things for you to eat if you don't give me any money?" Mr. Shortt—"And how do you expect me to earn money for you if I don't get anything to eat—say?"

"And so, Peter, you spell 'women' with an 'a?'" said the teacher, correcting an exercise. "Please, sir," was the reply, "my papa told mamma only yesterday that women were singular beings."

WOMEN IN NEW ZEALAND POLITICS

How They Worked and Voted for Their Candidates, and Elected Them, Too.

In the recent general elections for members of the New Zealand House of Representatives, for the first time in any British colony every woman over 21 years of agd possessed equal voting rights to those held by men. Women of the colony, says a Wellington correspondent, developed a remarkable keenness for politics. They registered in thousands and throughout the whole election campaign displayed a most laudable desire to learn their new duties. Afternoon meetings for women only, at which the more social side of politics was dealt with, and the new electors instructed how to use their votes, became part of every candidate's work. Heckling there often was, and that of the keenest description, so much so that some candidates are said to have declared they would sooner face double the number of men than be hauled over the coals as they were by these gentle electors.

With all the impulsiveness of their sex, the women became almost more partisan than the men, and lucky was the candidate whom they favored. For him were crowded and enthusiastic meetings, ovations when he rose, and often showers of bouquets when he sat down, while in many cases the vote of thanks and confidence was moved or seconded by some blushing elector who heard her own voice for the first time in public. Women thronged his committee rooms, and canvassed for votes with a charming persistence which would not be denied. The whole battery of women's arguments, personal and theoretical, was brought to bare on the recalcitrant male elector who was suspected of a leaning to the other side, and, as has been said, throughout the whole of the campaign the newly enfranchised took a deep interest in the questions at issue and in the result of the contest.

It is gratifying to be able to say that, as was expected would be the case, women's influence was wholly for good in the conduct of one of the most keenly contested elections that has ever been held in New Zealand, and in no case, so far as can be ascertained, was a candidate subjected to the indignities which have at other times disgraced political meetings. Dissent and disapproval were, of course, frequently expressed; but such tangible forms of disapprobation of the speaker's remarks as rotten eggs were but very rarely resorted to; and, considering the length and bitterness of the contest, it is a pleasanter one to look back upon than any previous one.

The election day was a typical New Zealand November day. The women, as a rule, cast their votes early, so as to avoid the crushing which always occurs in the after noon and evening, and they went about their tasks with a gravity which betokened their sense of their responsibilities.

TREED BY RAZOR-BACK HOGS.

The Lively Experience of a Virginian While Farming in North Carolina.

"In my early youth I hired out to a farmer in the mountains of western North Carolina," said a Virginia traveler to a reporter for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "The farm raised little but scrub corn and razor-back hogs. The latter were turned out in the woods and ran at large all seasons, eating mast, becoming as wild as could be found in Africa. In the spring it was the custom to hunt these hogs up and brand the pigs similar to the rounding up of cattle on the western plains. This was sometimes a dangerous occupation, especially so when the winter had been a hard one. One day I started out after the hogs, and after several hours' work failed to find any of them. Finally I saw a drove that had taken refuge in a "rock house," the term used in that country to designate the space beneath overhanging rocks, and descending the mountain, I reached a space near enough to them to recognize them as the ones I was seeking. I had no sooner satisfied myself upon this point than the entire

DROVE STARTED FOR ME,

headed by a large boar with mammoth tusks. Realizing my danger I hastily climbed a tree, hoping that when they could no longer see me they would go back and give me a chance to return to the house and get assistance, but in a minute they had completely surrounded the tree and were grunting and squealing and fighting all around me. I had dropped my gun in climbing to a place of safety, and there was nothing to be done except wait where I was until they left. But they did not leave; all night long they kept up their infuriated squeals and by morning I was completely exhausted from the cramped position I had occupied so long. I finally attempted to change my position, and in doing so fell from the tree, alighting upon two of the hogs. Jumping to my feet, the animals made a rush for the place I had fallen, and finding the bodies of the two hogs I had struck they began to tear them to shreds, losing sight of me altogether in their wrangle over the remains of their comrades. I started on a run for the house, and, bringing assistance, we killed every hog, it being impossible to drive them."

Good Record for a Stormy Trip.

A splendid record for safety of ships and cargoes was made during 1893 by the large fleet of grain carriers between Pacific ports and Europe. The voyage is the longest and stormiest of all routes in the world's commerce, yet out of 326 vessels which sailed from San Francisco and other Pacific ports for Europe only one failed to arrive at her destination safely and with cargo in good order. This one ship was stranded on a South Pacific island, and lack of wrecking facilities alone prevented her getting off and resuming her voyage. Her crew was saved.

Teacher—"What is the feminine of man, Thomas?" Thomas—"Woman." Teacher—"And the feminine of gentleman?" Thomas (unhesitatingly)—"Dude."

Blobbs—"I sent a telegraph boy with a note that required an answer three hours ago. I wonder what has become of him." Slobbs—"A case of kidnapping, I dare say."

Friend of the family—"Why did you promise your daughter's hand to that idiot Softleigh, and then refuse to let him marry her?" Stern Parent—"I wanted something to boot."