

AGRICULTURAL.

Dairy Gossip.

A correspondent writes:—As is usual at this season of the year, there are many farms which do not afford sufficient water for the stock. I have known of instances where cattle and sheep have been shut up in fields for a number of days without a drop of water to quench their thirst and perhaps not a single shade tree to afford protection from the scorching rays of a mid-summer sun. To permit stock to suffer from thirst is surely dragging down the little prospect for profit that may exist, and it is poor economy not to provide against such emergency when an abundance of the best water can be secured by driving to the depth of twenty to thirty feet.

Serious as may be the result of forcing other animals to go without water, the effect is more easily detected upon the milk cows, and every possible provision should be made to furnish them with an abundance of pure water, where they may drink at their pleasure. Sometimes it may be inconvenient to have every field upon the farm well watered, but when this is the case the pastures may be so arranged as to permit the cows to go to the barn or into an adjoining field for water. When we remember that so large a percent of milk is water, the necessity of a water supply clearly appears.

While other farm animals may be permitted to drink from a pond or pool, milk cows should not be permitted to drink such water at all. If one does not enjoy the luxury of good springs or running brooks he ought surely to secure a good well if this is possible; and if a well is out of the question, as it is in some localities, then provide a cistern of such capacity that it may never fail to meet all demands made upon it. For stock purposes I prefer a well to a cistern, but ever so good, but where the cistern is of such capacity as to provide a summer's supply of winter rains, and not permitting summer rains to enter the cistern, and where all is thoroughly filtered, the water is of good quality, though stock usually prefer well or spring water.

In driving a well do not stop until a good supply of water is assured, and in building a cistern do not stop short of one hundred barrels' capacity; while much larger would be necessary in many cases, and then drain as much roof as possible into it.

While the shade trees are out of fashion in many of the grain-farming districts, and we hear farmers argue that no trees should be permitted to remain in the fields, I confess friendship for the shade trees and groves about the farm, and especially in the fields that are to be pastured occasionally. If one practices the soiling system and stables his stock continuously, he may dispense with all trees, but it is usually at the expense of the beauty of the landscape, and that in itself is no small item. Then again, to stable stock at all seasons is so much like imprisonment that I have never fallen in love with the system as yet.

Our pasture fields have a few shade trees and about the springs, to which the cows have access, are clumps of trees which not only afford shade to the animals but protect the watering troughs from the sun's rays as well. Cool and inviting as these shaded retreats are, the cows appreciate the covered barnyard still more, for in its coolness and darkness (we keep blinds on the windows during the fly season) they enjoy freedom from flies, and they have learned to seek admittance by noon unless the day is cloudy. Here they may rest at their ease, with well water before them and the salt box within reach.

Some knowing ones laughed when we erected the barnyard in connection with the addition to the barn, saying it would not only be unprofitable, but altogether undesirable. However undesirable it may be to such, I believe the satisfaction of knowing the animals enjoy its benefits is sufficient pay for its cost, but that the flow of milk is better maintained when the cows are not subjected to the torment of the flies is a fact, and for this reason it pays well on the investment.

Dairy Points.

Perhaps you have your dairy up to a certain standard of excellence, but how are you to keep it there? Some of the cows will soon begin to get old. Then they must go to the butcher. Better be raising and training some good heifers whose breeding you know, to take their places. Do not wait until you have to use them, and then buy where it comes handy.

Select a bull from a good dairy family, and then breed the very best of your cows, feed the resulting youngsters well, and train them so that they can be easily handled when you are ready to put them in the dairy. This feeding and training is a necessary supplement to the breeding, in order to make a perfect dairy animal.

Dairymen should wake up to the fact that it is quite as easy, at a well-managed creamery, to make good butter in winter as well as in summer. When they realize this we shall not see so many idle establishments just at the time when they should be running at their fullest capacity.

Threshing Grain.

The modern threshing outfit leaves nothing to be desired, but there are a few useful hints which may be of assistance to some farmers. Sufficient help should be employed that the grain may be delivered to the machine in a steady stream and in ample quantities. It is a fact that in every section are farmers who are noted for being short of help at threshing time. The men are consequently overworked. The threshers are dissatisfied because they cannot make the usual progress, and a sourness prevails on all sides, because one man desires to economize to the extent of two or three dollars. The fact is that he loses many times that sum, for men thus imposed upon will shirk their duty in more ways than one. The farmer who raises several varie-

ties of grain should, if he desires to keep the seed pure, take pains and thoroughly sweep the floor when changing from one variety to another. If one has been considerable, the ripest and best developed portions of the grain was so placed in a certain part of the building, or so located by placing a little hay or other fodder between it and the main crop, that the pitchers could distinguish it and inform the one who carries it away that it may be deposited separately and used for seed. The great prevalence of foul stuff should cause the careful farmer to use extra precaution in having the threshing apparatus thoroughly cleaned before coming upon the premises after having threshed grain for a neighbor whose grain is known to contain foul weeds. This is one source of danger that but few of even the careful farmers have ever seriously considered. It is an important one, as the machine will have lodged about its various parts many weed seeds that are liable to become dislodged at any moment when in operation. Threshing machines are a great source of danger in the dissemination of weed seed, hence it is well to be on the guard and save future expense and trouble.

CRUISERS IN BEHRING SEA.

The United States Begins to Think That the Patrol Service is Very Expensive Work.

The preservation of the fur seal is a duty to which the United States long ago felt itself specially called, and since the enactment of the Paris Tribunal's regulations it has been as diligent in that duty as if the responsibility for it were still undivided. When the spring season opened, nine United States gunboats followed the sealing fleet into Behring Sea, and watched there until the last days of April. When the close season ended on the last day of July these nine cruisers were again on the spot. One lonely cruiser represented and supported the majesty of British law. The nine American vessels probably deterred poachers, but they only captured two. These two were from Victoria, in British Columbia, and both have been judged guilty of any breach of the law. The United States begins to feel that the welfare of the seal might be equally cared for by a smaller police force, and talks of calling in some of its cruisers. The patrol service comes high, costing some \$40,000 a year. The vessels engaged in it are frequently wanted on other duties, as Uncle Sam has no superfluous craft in his navy. When he wanted to make a big show among the maritime squadrons dispatched by the European powers to the East, he had to call on some of the vessels which had replaced the cruisers sent to Behring Sea. The vessels there and those in Korean waters left few United States warships anywhere else. And while the United States has these reasons, and also the example of Great Britain, for economizing its force in the sealing waters, it may also be persuaded that the damage hazard is less when the police are fewer. If there had been seven cruisers this season instead of nine, it is likely that two mistakes that were made would not have been made. The Wanderer and the Favorite, Canadian sealing vessels, would perhaps not have been erroneously seized. The owners of these vessels will hardly fail to put in their bill of losses, and ask Uncle Sam to balance the same by his cheque. If so, that item must in fairness be added to the cost of the Behring Sea Squadron.

ARE WE DEGENERATING?

The British Medical Journal Thinks That if Europeans are Diminishing in Mental Power, They are not Diminishing in Mental Activity.

More than one recent writer is endeavoring to prove that the people of Europe are degenerating mentally, morally and physically. Such views have been maintained by some of each generation of our forefathers since the time of Homer. Whether we are losing the delicacy of our literary and artistic tastes is too uncertain an enquiry, and if Europeans are diminishing in mental power they are certainly not diminishing in mental activity.

The patience with which our studious youth submits to the often unreasonable exactions of examiners is a proof that at least they are willing and sometimes eager to labor under very heavy loads. But, leaving such difficult enquiries, let us rather take the data which the more exact observations of biological science have given us. Though the evidence is no doubt conflicting, the presumption that we are, on the whole, not degenerating seems to be strong. The working classes receive in the amount and purchasing power of their wages twice as much as they did fifty years ago; their food is better and their houses healthier.

In point of food, sanitation and means of changing air and scene it may be safely said that every class now lives under better sanitary conditions than it did at the beginning of this century. Preventible diseases have much diminished; some, like scurvy and smallpox, have well-nigh disappeared; others are milder in their attacks. The registrar-general's reports also show a decrease in deaths from phthisis and scrofula. Studies in anthropology do not confirm the legends of giants in ancient times. It has been inferred from the size of old armor that the men of to-day are bigger than their ancestors. Broca maintained from accurate observations, that the Parisians of the present time have larger skulls than those of the middle ages, but some of the skeletons of primeval man, especially those found in the south of France, have larger and well formed crania. Dentists generally hold that the teeth are now more prone to decay than formerly; but this may be owing to some changes in the nature of food, not entailing degeneration in other respects.

A Boy's Paradise.

Sammy Suburb—"Whoop! Pop has brought a new house on the bluff."
Neighbor's Boy—"Nice place?"
Sammy—"Jus' jolly. The lawn is so steep that all I'll have to do will be to start the lawn mower at the top and ride down on it."

YOUNG FOLKS.

"PANSY."

A Recollection of British Barrack Life.

They called her "Pansy," those stern old warriors who had charged down upon the long, treacherous lances of the warriors of Scinde, endured the dreary struggle of the Crimea and hewn their way to the gates of Lucknow, beneath the burning sun of India. She was too frail and delicate a flower to be compared to the glory of England's floral emblem, the blush red rose. The pansy with its sweet, modest tints and frail, tender petals, is far more typical of that gentle, truthful life.

The day was a blessed one to many of us on which that little blossom was wafted from paradise along the highways of the clouds till in its descent to this inclement world it rested in the domestic garden of our brave, gruff, old senior major. But a year before he had brought from her native soil of Jamaica a frail, beautiful flower that, longing for the sunny skies and gentle breezes of her occidental home, no sooner bore this blossom than she faded away and died.

Little Pansy then truly became a part of "ours." When the bugle would summon us to morning parade she might be seen courting toward us, accompanied by her inseparable four-footed friend, "Bob," the dog of the regiment.

Poor old Joan! "Pope Joan," as we called her. How she loved our little one. The poor thing's mind had long departed and she used to wander through the barracks seeking "John," whose body was moldering in the dust far away beneath the palm trees that shaded old Delhi's somber gates. But a touch on the hand from our little one, a chirp of her childish treble voice, would cause the lack-luster eye to brighten and the wan, wrinkled face to light up with a joyous smile.

To me, the baby of the regiment, fresh from Sandhurst, with the responsibility of but eighteen years upon my shoulders, Pansy was particularly attached. Often in her little white frock, set off with a brilliant red bow, with her blue eyes lit up with childhood's joyous laughter, and her golden hair streaming behind her, she would shout in glee from her seat on my shoulder as I raced from the officers' quarters to the mess-room, then around by the row of old oak trees skirting the river, and then on to the burnt, level parade ground.

"Oh!" she would say, "you are so good to me. Papa is so good to me! God is so good to me! Thank you, God; thank you, oh, so much." Ah, it is some consolation to remember those grateful childish expressions now.

But a cloud fell upon us one day. We were seated at evening mess. The chair of the senior major was vacant, also of the surgeon. Later on the surgeon appeared. A cloud was on his brow and his voice was broken as he said:

"Pansy is stricken with brain fever. All her glorious locks have had to be sacrificed to its pestilential sway."

The evening meal was finished in silence. No laughing joke, no flash of wit, no interesting reminiscences of hot days gone by that usually lit up the conversation around the hospitable table of the officers' mess. But 3 years old! Poor little Pansy! And already in the toils of such suffering.

On the parade ground the next morning it seemed as if we were gathered for a funeral. The sharp, eagle eye that was wont to discern the unpolished button, rusty musket barrel, or sword bayonet of some luckless recruit was dim that morning. Any faux pas in dress was passed by unnoticed. Silence and gloom pervaded the barrack yard that day and the next. On the third the blow had fallen. In the early morning, as the rising sun lit up the heavens with its golden rays, the wee, gentle, trustful spirit had plumed its wings for flight, and was resting on the bosom of the frail plant that gave it birth.

Shall I ever forget that funeral procession as it wound its way amongst the yews and willows of beautiful Kensal Green on that lovely May morning? The whole regiment was present, and tears flowed down hard and rugged features to which such emotions were new. As the earth fell upon the little casket, a cracked, wistful voice rose on the still spring air.

"Oh, Miss Pansy, Miss Pansy! Tell John I have been waiting for him so long, Oh! so long."

Poor Joan! She, too, had accompanied us; she, too, bewailed the loss of our much loved darling.

Had we seen the last of our little Pansy? So we all thought then. But since I have thought otherwise. Who dares to say what mysteries connect the spirit world with our own?

One year from the date of that funeral I lay in my tent under the midnight sky of Africa. Defeat had fallen on the British arms in an encounter with the athletic, sable warriors of Zululand. Now they were gathered around Ulundi to administer, if possible, a last crushing blow to Lord Chelmsford's battalions and to drive the "buckramen" from the land.

I was half dozing, occasionally opening my eyes to gaze on the camp fire some yards from my tent. In the distance rang the occasional challenge of the sentry and ever and anon a mounted messenger dashed by. Suddenly the interior of the tent was lighted by a light that was caused neither by the reflection of the camp fire nor by the twinkling of the dripping London railway lamp hanging on my tent pole. Yes! there in the radiance, standing by the tent door, was little Pansy, with her laughing smile, her bright blue eyes, her golden hair, and her white muslin frock, fastened by its scarlet bow. There, as I had last seen her in life, the chubby hands were outstretched to me. She coyly beckoned with the artless grace of childhood. Once! twice! thrice! Then the light faded. The figure seemed to melt into mist before my eyes and she was gone.

The next morning the famous hollow square of England was beset on all sides by the dusky hordes of Africa. Twice was their

"thin red line, tipped with steel" broken. On the last occasion the sable warrior who was leading on his exultant followers dashed right toward where the colors were grouped. A handful of horse dashed forward to stay his progress and give our broken infantry an opportunity to reform. My horse, which was on the left flank of the troopers, fell, pierced in the breast by a well-aimed spear, and in falling crushed my left leg beneath him, rendering me senseless for the time.

They say that the first word I uttered on waking in the hospital tent was, "Pansy." Anyhow the tears were coursing down the face of our surgeon, and, dear and kind friend of mine as he was, I do not believe that the mere fact of my military career being forever terminated by my injuries, caused the emotion that I knew the name of Pansy would arouse.

No, little Pansy! I did not keep my trust. Not from the burning soil of Africa, but rather, perchance, from the borders of America's great inland sea shall I start in quest of thy smile. But time flies on rapid pinions, and ere long over the plains of Paradise shall we romp as of yore in that fair country where the little one shall feel naught of childhood's sorrows, and "the lame man shall leap as a hart."

IT IS THE CAT.

Robbers Who Used Violence in London Sentenced to be Lashed—The Experience of a Man Who Underwent the Punishment.

Violent crimes and their punishment have occupied a large share of public attention in London, England, recently. At the same hour on Thursday afternoon when the great diamond robbery was taking place at Hatton Garden, a judge at the Old Bailey was sentencing four of the greatest ruffians in London to long terms of penal servitude, coupled with liberal doses of the cat. These rascals have been leaders of a gang worse than any that ever infested New York. They made the Seven Dials district and Drury lane the most dangerous spot in London. For many months they had defied the police, and it was only after a desperate fight, following a highway robbery in broad daylight, that they were captured. The judge announced his intention to make exemplary use of the cat, which put a stop to garrutting in London several years ago. The leader was sentenced to twenty-four strokes, and the others to a dozen each, besides hard labor for from eight to fourteen years. The prisoners did not seem to mind the imprisonment, but the sentence of the cat terrified them. Their bravado disappeared, and they whimpered and cried like the cowards they are. The cat is falling somewhat in disuse of late in England, and the severe sentences are provoking considerable discussion. Most of the comment is strongly in favor of a drastic use of this mode of punishment.

The Pall Mall Gazette even prints a defence of the cat from one of its victims, yet he describes his experience in the following strong language:—"I cannot express the agony I suffered, for it is indescribable. I thought after receiving three or four cuts that I must have died, and begged them if they were men to kill me outright. As strokes followed each other in what appeared to me fearfully quick successions I screamed, I yelled, I cursed, so far as my breath would allow, and, after the fifteenth stroke, I was released, as my cries overcame those who were present completely. Then some mysterious mixture of briny nature was rubbed on my back to heal the cuts, which had gone into the flesh in five or six places. The pain was fearful that night and the next day, the smarting continued in a gradually reduced form for a week. During the operation I bit my lip through, so fierce was my agony, that the mark is observable to this day."

The cat used in English galls is a rod two feet long, having nine whiplcord lashes with a few knots in each. The prisoner's feet and hands are tied to a frame. Many men are unable to survive twenty-four strokes at once, so the chief ruffian sentenced on Thursday will probably take his punishment in two doses.

It is believed that these men, who half killed old Speyer and despoiled him of \$15,000 worth of diamonds on the same afternoon, are the same men who, by a similar plot, robbed a postman of his bag of registered letters in the same neighborhood two or three years ago. They hired a room next to the post-office, so that the postman came with a full bag. When he called they seized him, and after a violent struggle chloroformed him. Hatton Garden is in the centre of the London diamond trade, and the rascals who opened the office pretended to be in the same business. When Speyer called they treated him in the same way as the postman, but the police are doubtful if they used chloroform. The men are foreigners in appearance, but there is no other clue.

Mortality of French Soldiers.

As a corrective to the Napoleon-worship that has sprung up so unexpectedly under the Third Republic, M. Martinien, Architect at the Ministry of War, publishes an account of the terrible losses among the officers of the French Army in Napoleon's great battles. The most destructive was the battle of Leipzig, where 537 French officers were killed and 1,807 wounded. Next comes Moskova, with 485 officers killed and 1,200 wounded, and afterwards Wagram with 415 killed and 1,244 wounded. Eylau comes fourth, and Waterloo only fifth. In the last-named battle 268 officers were killed on the French side and 821 wounded. At Austerlitz, which comes sixth, the numbers were far less, being 108 and 481 respectively. The total loss in officers in these six battles, was 2,080 killed and 6,182 wounded. In a space of ten years, according to official accounts, no fewer than 10,435 officers were killed.

A Helpful Relative.

Mrs. Youngman—"I wish I knew some way to prevent the baby from sucking his thumb."
Bachelor Uncle—"Hum! Let me see. There ought to be some way. Why, yes; I've thought of a plan already."
"Oh, thank you ever so much. What shall I do?"
"Muzzle him."

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Snapshots of Recent Date.

Berlin is having its doors numbered with luminous numbers visible at night.

It is rumored Germany will celebrate the victory at Sedan for the last time this year.

Drunkards in the Argentine Republic are sentenced to sweep the streets for eight days.

In some parts of Dublin there is one public house for every twenty-five other houses.

A new and valuable method of coating aluminum with other metals has been perfected in Germany.

Only citizens who are able to read and write have the power to vote in Bolivia and several other South American republics.

Tolstol declares in a recently published pamphlet that "what is called patriotism in our time is purely a disposition of mind."

A great bridge over the Seine bearing theatres and houses will be one of the chief attractions of the Paris exposition in 1900.

Total abstinence in the British army in India is on the advance, the number of abstainers having nearly doubled in four years.

At the castle of Simonetta, in Italy, there is claimed to be an angle in the building which re-echoes a pistol shot sixty-one times.

The experiments of flax growing for seed and fiber in South Australia has proved eminently satisfactory, far exceeding expectations.

A long-distance telephone line between Madrid and Barcelona, a distance of five hundred miles, will be completed in two or three months.

Dr. Wishart, of the Presbyterian mission in Persia, has been invited to visit the palace of the Shah and to attend his wives in their sickness.

A grand nephew of Robespierre has been discovered in Paris in the person of Maximilian de Robespierre, a worthy, law-abiding tile manufacturer.

The slab that is to cover the grave of Robert Browning in Westminster Abbey is almost completed and will be sent shortly to England from Venice.

The Marquis of Lorne is a sympathizer with strikes where the men have a reasonable complaint. He has often been known to contribute his mite to a strike fund.

A winter palace has just been added to the attractions of the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris. The main building contains a large concert hall that will accommodate 4,500 persons.

In the India Office Library is the largest collection of printed Sanscrit books in the world, larger than the one in the British museum, and comprising many early and rare editions.

Francisville, one of the islands of the New Hebrides, is the smallest republic in the world. The inhabitants consist on forty Europeans and 500 black workmen employed by a French company.

Marshal Bazaine's son has lately returned from Mexico, where he tried in vain to obtain the restitution of his mother's property, confiscated by the Mexican Government. The family is now in abject poverty.

Lady Margaret Grosvenor, who has become engaged to the young Prince of Teck (brother of the Duchess of York), is a daughter of the Duke of Westminster, whose income is claimed to exceed \$5,000,000 a day.

The grape and wine industry in Hungary is suffering greatly from phylloxera and black rot. The vintage has steadily decreased, year by year, that of last year being only three-eighths of the annual average of fifteen years ago.

M. Barthélemy Saint Hilaire, the distinguished French statesman of a bygone day, who is in marvellous mental and physical health at the age of 90 years, says:—"If you want to live to be old work always and diligently."

The publisher Heinemann has asked for subscriptions to a fund for the support of the late Major Le Caron's family. The profits from Le Caron's book concerning his work as a government spy were small, and his widow is in want.

Dr. Edward Emerson, a son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, is to give two lectures on the last two Saturdays of the month in Mr. Moncure D. Conway's South Place Chapel, London, on Thoreau's life and work, and on Emerson's letters to Sterling.

Sultan Abdul Aziz, the new young Sultan of Morocco, does nothing without consulting his mother, who is a woman of tact and talent. After the discovery of the recent conspiracy at Fez she persuaded him to spare the lives of the culprits of lower rank and to pardon his brother who was involved.

It is said that owing to the close intermarrying of the Rothschilds there is no one of the rising generation of the family who is considered capable of succeeding to the management of the vast wealth now controlled by this house, whose total fortune is estimated by competent authorities as being over \$2,000,000,000.

An increase of fourteen thousand two hundred and fifty-three members in its Bands of Hope, and seven thousand six hundred and twenty-two members in its temperance societies, is the encouraging report of the temperance committee of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of England for 1894.

Sir Benjamin Richardson has accepted the invitation of the lady cyclists to occupy the post of president of the newly inaugurated Cycling Clubs Federation of England, the principal object of which is to extend the pastime of cycling amongst ladies and to advocate rational dress reform for the feminine rider.

The Mayor of Lyons has issued an appeal to all the municipal heads in France asking them to open subscription lists for the purpose of collecting money to erect a monument to the memory of President Carnot, which according to a recent resolution of the Lyons council, will ornament one of the principal public squares.