

PRACTICAL FARMING.

Preventing Smut in Grain.

Smut grows from minute fungous spores clinging to the seed grains, so that if there are no live smut germs upon the grain sown, no fungous threads will grow into the plant tissues of the crop, and no smut spores will be fruited upon the resulting grains of wheat or oats. By stirring the seed grain in cold water for half an hour, many of the smutty grains will float out and many be skimmed off. The best remedy is to soak the seed grain in hot water at 132° F, which not only destroys the smut spores, but hastens the sprouting and improves the vigor of the resulting crop. A basket or bag through which the hot water passes to the seed is lifted up and down in a barrel or tank of water which must be kept at 130° F to 135° F for 15 minutes, when the grain is dipped into cold water to cool, and then spread out to dry. Solutions of chemicals may injure the germinating power of the grain, but they have long been successfully used for the burnt smut of wheat, and the loose smut of oats. Where a grain drill is to be used, washing for a short time in a strong solution is preferable to a long soaking in a weaker fluid. One lb. copper sulphate (blue vitriol) dissolved in 7 qts to 3 gals of water makes strong solutions for thoroughly wetting 10 to 15 bu. grain, which is then dried by mixing well with a little land plaster or slaked lime. On using 20 gals water, soak for 12 hours, wash in strong limewater for 10 minutes, and dry. One lb. potassium sulphide (liver of sulphur) dissolved in 10 gals water will soak out the smut in 12 hours if the grain is stirred occasionally; or using 20 gals water 24 hours soaking will be needed before drying the grain.

Growing Tomatoes by the Acre.

It is difficult to say which is the best single variety of tomato, there are so many good ones. The Paragon has always given satisfaction, but in the home garden it is a good plan to plant a small and a seedling. The seeds should be sown in cold frames a month or six weeks before the plants are wanted for planting out. The plants should be ready by the time frosts are over. There are several ways of growing tomatoes, but a plan which is liked very much by many, especially when not more than an acre is planted, is as follows: After plowing the soil thoroughly and then harrowing in a half or whole ton of some good fertilizer, check off the land five by five feet, and at each intersection of the furrows drive down a stout stake 18 inches in the soil, leaving three feet above. In a triangle about this stake set three plants, 12 or 15 inches from the stake. Before the plants fall over encircle them and stake with a broad strong band, drawing the plants in just a little. If the band is placed about 15 inches from the ground it will be sufficient to hold up the fruit from the ground; but if the vines grow very large a second band may be put on later, but one is usually enough. Each hill should yield, at the very lowest, if the land is good, a peck of tomatoes. At five by five feet there will be 1,742 stakes or hills, and with three plants to the hill it will require 5,226 plants per acre. If preferred, two plants may be set to the stake, and the hills reduced to a distance of five by four feet, using 4,356 plants per acre.

Dairy Pointers.

Beauty is only skin deep, even in a cow. No cow can keep a sweet temper when her owner has a sour one. The cow that gets kicked kicks back by shrieking her milk. It is not so much the quantity of fluid in the milk pail that counts, as does the number of butter globules it contains. Train up a heifer in the way she should go, and when she is a cow she will not depart from it. Cows seldom grow long hair except in a cold stable. Then it is a blessed provision of nature. No cow needs a board hung over her face, or a poke around her neck, on a farm where there are good fences. It never pays to overcrowd the pasture or stable with cows. Make the farm larger, or the dairy smaller. A cow is different from a child, in that she can never be spoiled by too much petting. Speak softly, milk gently, and she becomes at once your profitable friend. Winter sunshine is always good for dairy animals, if it does not reach them through a frosty air. Some cows are older and less profitable at eight years of age than others are at twelve. Difference in care is the cause of it.

The Best Hens.

The most profitable breed of hens for farmers, who live away from the city markets, is the Leghorn. They more than make up in eggs for what they lack as flesh producers. Poultry raisers of our northern states have to send their dressed poultry to market at a time when prices are low. Fancy prices are obtained just before cool weather, but there is risk in sending dressed poultry 200 or 300 miles by express in hot weather. Leghorns are easier to raise and the pullets mature at least a month earlier than the heavy breeds. Pullets hatched in May make winter layers. They are active and not likely to accumulate fat during the fall and winter, which puts a stop to laying. Some object to their large combs, which are likely to freeze; but all hens, to be profitable, must have houses warm enough to prevent such injury. White Leghorns lay fully as well and are more inclined to sit than those of the brown variety, besides having no colored pinfeathers, which makes them look better dressed.

Two Great Needs.

Ventilation and drainage are the great

needs of the modern dairy barn, which has been built too close and warm of late years. Nothing is more injurious than the offensive and unhealthful gases that arise from tightly floored stables with no drainage facilities. Proper drainage insures a more wholesome atmosphere, and the liquid excrement, drained to a tank, is worth as a fertilizer several dollars per cow annually.

To Feed Wheat Without Grinding.

Into a kerosene barrel put four bushels of wheat. Bring 20 gallons of water to a boil and pour over the wheat. Cover the barrel with a cloth, let it stand for 24 hours. It will then be thoroughly cooked and ready for feeding.

Give Animals Time to Drink.

Young animals are sometimes slow to drink cold water. Be patient. It does not pay to drive them away from the trough before they have drunk.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

A MAN CUTS HIS PARAMOUR'S AND HIS OWN THROAT.

A Terrible Deed Committed in Toronto—Both Fenned Dead in Bed—An Awful Sight—The Bodies Removed to the Morgue.

A despatch from Toronto says:—A most brutal murder and suicide were perpetrated at 65 1-2 Jarvis street on Sunday morning. At an early hour Mrs. Harry Hewitt, who occupies a suite of rooms with her husband on the upper floor, knocked at the door of the landlady, Mrs. Sarah Swallow's, apartments, to obtain some milk. Mrs. Swallow occupied two rooms at the back of the second floor. Mrs. Hewitt knocked several times, but received no reply, and she called a young man named Legatt, who also occupies a room in the building. They came to the conclusion that there was something wrong with Mrs. Swallow, and forced the door. A horrible sight met their gaze. On the bed lay Mrs. Swallow, with a great stream of blood oozing from her pillow to the floor, and alongside of her lay John Bell, a man who had been living with her. His head was thrown back, and a great gash in his throat also told a deadly tale of murder or suicide. The two children were lying in a cot, playing, as if nothing had happened. The horrified intruders at once gave an alarm, and Legatt ran to police headquarters. Constables Snell and Tripp drove to Jarvis street in the patrol wagon and took possession of the premises.

A TERRIBLE SIGHT.

The room had the appearance of a slaughter house. Two great pools of blood almost covered the floor, and the wall and furniture was spattered all over. At first it was thought that both had been murdered, but when P. C. Snell examined the body of the man, a razor covered with blood fell out of his nerveless fingers. The bed stood in the south-east corner of the room. Against the south wall stood an old-fashioned bureau and next to it in the south-west corner stood a cot with two children, aged four and six years. The children were playing with alphabet blocks when the police entered, and they were at once removed to the Children's Shelter. The last words the little girl said when she was taken from the room were, "When will mamma be better?"

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

The body of the man Bell lay on the side of the bed next the wall. The lamp, still burning, stood on the bureau. An empty beer pail and whiskey bottle stood on the table. One of the small drawers of the bureau was pulled out, and the empty case of the razor was found in it. There was every evidence to show that the man had waited until his paramour had fallen asleep. He then reached over her, and quietly pulled the drawer open and secured the razor. Then he cut a deep gash in her throat, close above the collar bone, severing the jugular and arteries. She never stirred, for there was not the slightest trace of a struggle, as far as she was concerned. After he had satisfied himself that she was beyond earthly aid he sat up and cut his own throat from the left ear across to the windpipe, severing the jugular vein and main arteries. His blood was spattered over the clothing, and his hand, which held the razor, was also red. Having committed the devilish deed he threw himself back on the pillow, and was found in this position, his mouth and eyes wide open.

The bodies were removed to the morgue. Coroner Johnson, who was called, decided to hold an inquest on the remains at the morgue.

So far none of the relatives of the two victims have turned up. Bell was an Englishman, about forty-five years of age, slim, with a fair moustache. The woman was also fair, and about thirty-five years of age.

How He Broke the Ice.

Many different persons find the beginning of a conversation awkward, especially on ceremonious occasions and with strangers. Sometimes, however, the beginning is not half so awkward as what comes afterward.

According to a story in Punch, a bashful young man said to a lady at a dinner-party:

"I've got to take you in to dinner, Miss Travers, and I'm rather afraid of you, you know. Mrs. Jolibois tells me you're very clever."

The young lady was naturally amused by this display of simplicity.

"How absurd!" she exclaimed. "I'm not a bit clever."

The man heaved a sigh of relief, and answered:

"Well, do you know, I thought you weren't."

A Lucky Man Servant.

It is not often that an employer is so handsomely considerate of the services of an old and faithful retainer as the recently deceased K. S. Masurin, a wealthy Moscow merchant, who has bequeathed the sum of 400,000 rubles to his man servant, Philipopol. The fortunate legatee had served M. Masurin for the last thirty years.

THE QUEEN IN FRANCE.

Grand Hotel, Cimiez, Southern France, Her Temporary Residence.



Queen Victoria is now domiciled on the Riviera for a few weeks. She occupies the Grand Hotel at Cimiez, which has been partly redecored, refitted and refurnished for her use.

Plans of the building were sent to her at Osborne some time ago. She picked out for herself a suite of rooms on the first floor, the bedroom facing the north. The drawing-room and the dining-room were furnished anew under her immediate direction.

BIG PRISONS OF PARIS.

GALAXY OF SENATORS, DEPUTIES AND BANKERS IN THEM.

A Visit to the Great Mazas—The Luxurious Sainte-Pelagie, Where the Prisoners Have a Jolly Good Time—Prisoners Work at Making Boots, Tailoring.

Paris prisons at the present time contain a more distinguished set of guests than ever before in their history. Ex-Senators, ex-Deputies, bankers, directors and managers of newspapers, officers, noblemen, wealthy manufacturers, have of late been arrested with marvellous rapidity.

A hundred years ago they would have been led to the guillotine without delay. The progress of a century has for such cases suspended, and probably put an end altogether, to the "veuve," the slang term for the terrible knife, but the disgrace is as complete as ever.

There are eight prisons in Paris—the depot and jail of the Prefecture of Police, situated behind the Palace of Justice; the Mazas Prison and House of Cellular Correction; House of Correctional Education or Petite Roquette; Prison and House of Correction La Sante; Sainte-Pelagie; St. Lazare, for females exclusively; La Conciergerie and La Grande Roquette. In addition to these there is the prison of Cherche-Midi, for military prisoners only, and of which so much was recently heard during the trial by court-martial of the traitor Dreyfus.

The largest and by far the most important prison in the capital is Mazas, both as regards the number and the "quality" of the prisoners. Of all persons condemned by the tribunals of Paris only those who are to serve a term of

ONE YEAR OR LESS

remain in the capital. The others are sent to one of the twenty-six penitentiary houses in the provinces.

The Mazas covers seven and a half acres. There are 1,200 cells, which shelter 1,150 prisoners. The cells measure 11 feet 10 inches in length, are 6 feet and a half wide and about 8 feet high, their capacity being about 740 cubic feet. Each prisoner is shut up in a separate cell. A small window, almost a peephole, strongly barred, is cut out in the wall, the prisoner being at liberty to open and close it at will. It lets in neither a great amount of light nor a great quantity of air. There is one chair in each cell and it is chained to the wall. The prisoner sleeps in a hammock.

The most interesting objects on the walls are the Chaplain's almanac, which are freely distributed among the prisoners. They contain good moral advice and solid arguments to prove that the worst criminal may, later on, lead a good life. Some of these almanacs contain short stories, and the subject of more than one of them is the wonderful escapes made by criminals from prisons. These almanacs constitute the reading matter of most of the prisoners. All the doors are of solid oak, and have a little hole in the top, through which the warden can keep an eye on the prisoner.

The warders seem to be prisoners themselves. They always talk in an undertone, never laugh, and, were it not for their costume, would often be mistaken for their charges. They never leave a cell without taking the precaution of walking backwards. The director of the prison alone is allowed to inflict punishments, and his powers in this respect are limited to five days' dungeon. Orders from the Prefect of Police are necessary for anything beyond this penalty.

Prisoners work eight or nine hours a day at matmaking, bootmaking, or tailoring, and are allowed one-hour's fresh air and walking exercise. Only prisoners who have been condemned are compelled to work, but the majority of the accused, to pass the time and rid themselves of

THE TERRIBLE ENNUI

that overtakes the most buoyant, ask permission to work also. Twice a week, prisoners are allowed to receive visits, and it is on such occasions that the brutality of prison law becomes manifest.

The parlor is composed of two rows of cellars separated by a railing. The time for each visit, under the vigilant eye of a

warder, is limited to a few minutes. The parlor scenes in French prisons would bring tears from the eyes of the most stone-hearted men. It is not strange that the realistic playwright should have transported so pathetic a tableau to the stage.

In the prison of La Sante the prisoners are divided into two groups of 500, one lot being confined to cells and the other working together during the day. This system is called "in common" and is said to meet with more success than the strict cellular arrangement that prevails at Mazas. La Sante is one of the finest if not the finest prison in Europe.

Sainte-Pelagie is used nowadays as a political prison. Newspaper men are allowed also to serve their term here when condemned for a cause that does not come within the criminal law. Sainte-Pelagie once was a private house. It was transformed into a prison in 1665, and during over a hundred years enjoyed the reputation of being the most immoral prison in Paris. The prisoners sent there made chignons, and many a noble duchess wore a wig fabricated at Sainte-Pelagie.

The prison has sheltered M. Drumont, the editor of Libre Parole, who has just returned from his voluntary exile in Belgium, and other well-known editors. Many deputies have been confined here also. Like the journalists, they are always able to order their meals from an outside restaurant, to reside in a large and well-furnished room and to receive frequent visits from their friends. No one feels that he is serving a term and

to a sentence executed at Sainte-Pelagie. The Petite Roquette is reserved for boys under the age of sixteen. Half of the inmates are sent down by their parents as incorrigibles, the other half being condemned by the courts. A system of education is in practice here, and the boys are all compelled during a certain number of hours each day to make copper chains and nails. Many of these youngsters were once "gavroches" in the streets of Paris.

La Grande Roquette has been surnamed "the ante-chamber of the guillotine," and the discipline is very severe. When an execution takes place in Paris, the condemned prisoners are led direct from the Grande Roquette to the Place de la Roquette, where the guillotine is erected. One of the most curious scenes to be witnessed at this prison is the final examination of prisoners about to be transported for life. They are first shaved—chin, cheeks and head, the last so roughly that it is made to look like a zebra's back. Then they are stripped of all clothing. Warders next examine their mouths and persons. Two assistants finally lay hold of the prisoner, bend him forward, make him cough, and then slap him on the stomach, so that he is compelled to vomit anything secreted in his body, a little file, for instance, or some other specially made instrument. A batch of convicts were despatched to the Ile de Re on the west coast of France, a few days ago. They will be transported by the first vessel to New Caledonia.

QUEER OATHS.

How the Ancients Were Wont to Declare Themselves Bound.

The ancient Phoenicians in taking a legal oath, held a lamb in one hand and a stone in the other, to intimate their wishes that God might strike them dead, as they were ready to do the lamb, if they swore not according to truth.

The old Romans, upon a like occasion, took a pattern and cast it from them, saying to themselves, that God might cast them away if there was any falsity in what they swore.

In taking or administering an oath, the Jews slew a calf and cut it asunder, and the person that was to swear walked through the dissected parts to convince the spectators that he wished God, in like manner might cut him asunder, in case he falsified his oath.

The Scottish Highlanders used to think slightly of the Lowland form of oath. At the Carlisle Assizes, a Highland drover, who had meditated the ruin of another, prosecuted him for horse stealing, and swore positively to the fact. This being done, the supposed criminal desired that his prosecutor might be sworn in the Highland manner, and the oath being tendered him accordingly, he refused to take it saying: "There is a handle of difference betwix blowing on a book and damning one's ain soul."

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Betings—News of Moment and Birth Gathered from His Daily Record.

Four persons were seriously burned in an omnibus, which caught fire after being overturned near St. Cloud, Minn.

The banks in Chicago are trying to induce the Western banks to do business in that city instead of in New York.

Work has been begun at Somerville, N. J., on the trolley road which is to connect New York with Philadelphia.

A plot to kidnap the eldest son of George Gould from his home at Lakewood, N. J., was discovered and frustrated.

Mrs. Lavina Bohannon, of Kansas City, Mo., who eloped with a liveryman of Luray, Va., in August, has killed herself.

Two stock feeders were found frozen to death in the mountains of Kentucky. Four hunters froze to death in Louisiana.

A bill providing for the creation of a national park out of the battle field of Shiloh was reported favorably in the Senate.

Governor O. Vincent Coffin, of Connecticut, is said to be the best dressed executive that the state has had for many years.

Colonel R. P. Pepper, one of the best known race horse breeders and owners in Kentucky, died at his home in Frankfort.

General John Lindsay Swift, who won distinction in the civil war, died at his home in Boston, aged 67 years of age.

At Davenport, Ohio, Dr. Carver won the third of a series of championship shoots with Charles Budd. The score was 89 to 77.

Brigadier General John H. Broach, who has squandered a fortune of \$300,000, has been sent to jail in New York for drunkenness.

Mr. Montant, the New York auctioneer, has disposed of over \$500,000 worth of silk goods this week, Swiss and German, at fair prices.

Mrs. Edward Albright, the deserted wife of the son of an ex-governor of Missouri, was arrested at Richmond, Va., charged with shoplifting.

The Rev. Samuel G. Jones, the father of the Rev. Sam J. Jones, the evangelist, died at his home in Cartersville, Ga., at the age of 90 years.

John B. Williams, of Gibson, Ga., sued the Augusta Southern railroad for \$1,000 because the company revoked his annual pass. The company won the suit.

Albert Whipple, the absconding president of the broken bank at Crawford, Neb., had served a term as a convict in the Iowa state penitentiary at Fort Madison.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is munificent in her charities and untiring in her good work, but she does not go upon the house-tops to advertise what she is doing for the poor.

Miss Ellen Tickle, of Heno, Butler county, Ohio, is said to be the smallest full-developed woman now living. She is 31 years old, and weighs but 28 pounds.

The village trustees of Sing Sing have decided to call a public meeting for the discussion of the advisability of having the name of the town changed to Westora.

Parnell Fisher, of Bridgeport, Del., is 9 feet 7 1/2 inches tall, and can carry two barrels of flour at once, and trot along easily with 400 pounds on his shoulder.

James B. Leake, of Hannibal, Mo., has been informed that he is the heir to an estate in New York city left by James B. Leake, who died without known heirs several years ago.

Several hundred pass books have been presented to Receiver Kellogg, of the Broome County National Bank, in Binghamton, of which he can find no record on the books of the bank.

Rev. Timothy Dwight Hunt, who died recently at Whitesborough, N. Y., organized the first Presbyterian church in California in 1849, and was one of the pioneer missionaries to the Sandwich Islands.

Mrs. Nannie V. Hines, of Salamano, N. Y., who eloped with her husband, William H. Hines, of St. Paul, Minn., has sued him for divorce because since his marriage he has eloped with three other women.

In an official list of the physicians practicing medicine in New York are the following names, appropriate or otherwise: Bill, Beach, Deady, Coffin, Ender, Gore, Herb, Kabela, Kram, Lordly, Madden, Postus, Saas and Sour.

The New York civil service commission has decided to urge the adoption of the system of registering laborers employed in the municipal departments. If the plan is adopted it will take 5,000 places from the control of the politicians.

Jacob Kinser, residing at Zion, Ky., concluded on Monday last that he was going to die. He sent for his neighbors and a minister, selected the text, heard his funeral sermon preached, and then folded his hands and died. He was 76 years old.

Mrs. U. S. Grant is quoted by Southern papers as having recently given utterance to this remarkable sentiment at Tampa, Fla.: "I loved the South, for I was raised in a Southern state—Missouri—and I hardly knew which side to go with. But the General went with the North, and I went with him."

Clara Louise Kellogg, whose sweet voice once charmed two continents, is living in New York in comparative poverty. Once she was worth nearly \$1,000,000, but it has all been swept away by unfortunate business ventures. The once famous woman has lost her voice entirely, and has no way of recouping her shattered fortunes.

Foster Belfield Lewis, of Cincinnati, has been notified that he is the sole heir to a large fortune. He is past middle life. He ran away from London, went to Australia, then to the East Indies and finally brought up in Cincinnati. For years he was well known at Lorton. He married secretly a girl employed in the Grand Hotel. Not hearing from home for many years, he put his case in the hands of an attorney, who made inquiries in London, and found that his rich parents had died and he was the only heir. He had been given up as dead.