

FOR THE FARMER.

How to Raise the Calf.

I will give the benefit of my experience in raising calves, for many years, and the best evidence I can offer that my system is right is that I have been fairly successful, having never lost but one matured calf in thirty years. Two or three weeks previous to calving, the cow is separated entirely from the herd, and given a large, airy lying stall, and is kept as near as possible in perfect quiet as possible. As the time approaches for her to drop the calf, I watch her carefully, so as to render any assistance that may be required. Sometimes the life of a valuable calf may be saved by a few moments of timely assistance. The calf, when dropped, is allowed to remain with the mother for one week, and sometimes longer, as judgment may dictate. Some calves that are a little weak may require a mother's care even longer, but ordinarily a week will answer. The cow is then taken to her accustomed stall in the dairy. I always remove the cow at night, and she seldom misses the calf more than a day.

Now for the calf. The first time I undertake to feed it, I milk about one quart from the mother, and generally succeed in getting about two-thirds down—having sucked the night before, it is not yet hungry enough to drink. At night about two quarts is milked, and perhaps two-thirds will be drunk. Generally the third time they will drink without any trouble. After one week, in which I increase a little each day, but go slow, until the third week, they are on a ration of half new and half skimmed, and are fed three times a day—morning, noon and night. They will do much better if you have six quarts of milk to give each calf—to give them two quarts three times a day—to give them three quarts twice a day.

This brings us up to the fourth week, when we discontinue the new milk entirely, and feed only skimmed, and you may now feed safely three quarts three times a day, and at noon a handful of dry wheat bran is thrown in their dish after they have finished drinking. In another week this may be done twice a day with entire safety. Calves having thus been fed will never have their digestive organs overtaxed, and at the age of ten or twelve weeks you can crowd along about as fast as you please. At that age I chop three parts oats and one part buckwheat for feed. I have never found it necessary to use any of the highly stimulated feeds to make fine calves, believing I can have a healthier animal, and one of stronger constitution at one year of age, although they may not make as great a growth the first few weeks. I never allow calves to be exposed to storms and keep them in a warm, dry place in cold weather, and their quarters are kept clean and neat; also, I never allow calves to drink cold milk until they are three months old, and last, but not by any means least, I do not trust to boys or hired men to feed them, always preferring to do it myself.

Feeding and Care of Swine.

None of our farm animals answer more quickly to, or yield more profit from good treatment, than swine; and, in many localities, none are more neglected than these hardy, but useful animals. In the West, where hogs run at large, and follow the droves of feeding steers, their management after they are weaned is very simple, but where hogs are kept in yards or pens, and are expected to subsist mainly on skimmed milk, or the refuse from the kitchen, more care is necessary, and their wants must be carefully attended to, or they will not thrive as they ought. The most important thing to remember in feeding hogs is, that there is no such thing as "stock order"; the pig that is not so fed that it gains in weight continually and rapidly, is not a profitable animal, and soon eats more feed than it is worth. Many farmers keep a pen of store hogs in low condition through the winter, at a dead loss; the pigs do not grow, and yet eat almost as much as the fattening hogs. Here, again, we come to the "food of support." The larger part of the pig's food is needed to keep him alive, and prevent him from going backward; and a very little more food, judiciously applied, will usually make all the difference between profit and loss in keeping pigs.

The cheapest pork is that made from pigs which have been fed all that they would eat. If it does not pay to make pork by liberal feeding, it does not pay to make it at all, and it had better be given up. The care of pigs should begin as soon as they are born; sometimes the sows are very savage, and, if not prevented will eat the pigs as soon as they appear. If a sow shows this disposition she should be watched and the pigs taken from her. When her labor is finished, they should be carefully put down beside her, and she will generally take up with them at once. The pen for breeding sows should be roomy and warm, the floor nearly level, so that the weight of her body will not settle down and crush the pigs.

A Windy Day in March.

No portion of the year so tries the cheerful temper of the farmer as does the month of March. From childhood he has been told, and the almanacs have repeated in his maturer years, that spring begins with March. This idea has become so firmly fixed that successive yearly disappointments have not dislodged it, but as each succeeding March comes round, he feels that it should bring spring weather and spring work. We are apt to think with something akin to envy, of the English farmer, whose wife

comes true to the almanac, and whose spring, if it does not begin in March, is not deferred until May, but borrows the latter days of February. Even in the generally genial climate of England, March is proverbially a blustering and uncertain month. Even in our era the Anglo-Saxons had in their language names for March which meant "rugged month," and "stormy month." These people believed that March had borrowed three days from April, and expressed the character of these days in a proverb, which is said to be still in use by the rustics in parts of England and Scotland. It said of these three borrowed days:—

"The first it shall be wind and wet;
The next it shall be snow and sleet;
The third it shall be sleet and freeze,
Shall gar the birds stick to the trees."

With us, in some years, this ancient description of its last three days will apply to all the others that precede them. The thoughtful farmer will the more patiently endure the bluster of the month, if he thinks of the part these uncomfortable winds play in preparing his lands for the plow. A March wind is proverbially a drying one and it takes up the moisture left by melting snows with an astonishing rapidity. These winds are even fertilizing his fields. As they rapidly remove the water from the surface, more comes up from below by capillary attraction, bringing with it the plant-food it holds in solution; as this in turn is evaporated, whatever it contains is left in the soil, within reach of the roots of the crops. It is a mistake to fret about the weather. However disagreeable it may be, if we look with believing eyes we can see that every dispensation of nature is ever working for our good.

An Extraordinary Blind Man.

The blind engineer, John Metcalf, is one of the wonders of history. He was born in 1717, at Knaresborough, Yorkshire, England, the scene of Eugene Aram's famous crime. At six years he went blind, but disability did not disable him. He helped steal birds' nests and rob orchards, learned to ride, acquired a knowledge of music, and was very fond of cock-fighting and other sports. In an old picture of a cock-pit the blind engineer is seen betting on the game he could not see.

At twenty-one Metcalf was a young giant, over six feet in height, and full of mischief. In 1745 he enlisted as a musician in the army. He was a smuggler and a stage and wagon-owner; in short, everything likely to turn to money in his hands. He contracted for and laid down some of the best roads in Yorkshire, boxing the job himself.

It is of him that a famous statesman of the time observed: "Considering what this blind man can do, if he had his sight he would be the most useful man in the kingdom."

Dr. Bew, who was personally acquainted with Metcalf, in his account of him says:

"This man passed the younger part of his life as a wagoner, and occasionally as a guide in intricate roads during the night, or when the tracks were covered with snow. His present occupation is that of projector and surveyor of highways in difficult and mountainous parts. With the assistance only of a staff I have several times met this man traversing the roads, ascending precipices, exploring valleys, and investigating their several extents, forms and situations, so as to answer his designs in the best manner. The plans which he designs and the estimates he makes are done in a method peculiar to himself, and which he can not well convey the meaning of to others. His abilities in this respect are, nevertheless, so great that he finds constant employment."

Headless Officers in the Sudan.

Close observers notice a new type in this Nile Expedition—a class of officer very different from that seen in the old days. He is quiet, singularly well-mannered, and courteous, better bred, perhaps than the men who have gone before. He talks fluently, pleasantly, but not much, strange to say, about horses or the fair sex; he does not drink or swear; in ordinary life he strikes you as a most unassuming, unpretentious young fellow. He is very willing, and will do anything—when he is told; but he has no initiative about him, he never originates anything for himself; he does not seem to realize that he ought to take the lead with his men, to get things done somehow, to push through by hook or by crook; that if one way won't do another must be tried. He is apparently invertebrate, without any backbone; and unless he gets orders he does nothing at all. Possibly the Egyptian climate tends to develop helplessness; but there may be a sharp awakening for some of the listless before the campaign is at an end.

Mark Twain's Favorite Style of Reception.

Mark Twain, it seems, is a very congenial, moderate fellow, and likes a convivial time with friends. A few years ago a committee of newspaper men waited upon him and tendered some sort of entertainment in his behalf. "Well," said he, with his customary colloquial lisp, "I've had a good deal of this sort of marble palace and gilded chandelier business, and I don't want any more, but if I could get together with the boys in a quiet, cozy place, where a fellow might smoke a cob pipe and put his feet on the table if he wanted to, then I don't know but what I'd enjoy it." The place was procured and the dinner laid out with the pipe and tobacco beside him and his hat on his head and related yarns the whole night through to the edification of a score of fellow scribblers.

USEFUL HINTS.

FRUIT CRISPS.—Wash and trim four or five heads of celery. Cut them in equal lengths—about four inches long is the best size. Stew them in milk until quite tender, they will take about an hour and a half to cook. Season with salt. When tender, lay them in a vegetable tureen thicken the milk with an ounce of butter, and the same quantity of flour, and serve.

RAILWAY PUDDING.—One tablespoonful flour, one tablespoonful pounded sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful baking powder. Mix all these ingredients well together, then add a little milk sufficient to make into a thick batter. Pour into a buttered flat tin, and bake ten minutes in a quick oven. When cooked spread over it a layer of preserve, and roll over three times while hot.

RICE MILK SOUP.—To every $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of whole rice allow three quarts of milk and sugar to taste. Wash the rice well, put it into an enamelled saucepan, and pour the milk over it. Let it come to a boil over a clear fire and then draw the saucepan on to the side and allow to simmer for two hours, or rather more. Just before removing it from the fire, add sufficient sugar to taste. Serve either hot or cold for supper. This is an excellent vegetarian dish.

TO STIFFEN AND GLAZE COLLARS, ETC.—Melt a lump of borax in half a wine-glass of hot water, mix it in cold white starch; have the things dry before starching them, then starch well once only. Place the collars and cuffs singly in a towel with a fold of it between each row, roll up each shirt tightly, have a box-iron ready, and iron at once very quickly. The heater should be red hot, and if kept moving quickly will not scorch. Each article as finished to be placed close to the fire. The cuffs and collars are best on a tray, and it is placing the shirts, etc., close to the fire stiffens them, the borax gives the glaze. I was taught by a London clear-starcher, and have found the plan successful always.

MIXED PICKLES.—To every two quarts of vinegar allow two ounces bruised ginger, two ounces, two ounces of mustard, of salt, one ounce of mustard seed, half an ounce of turmeric, half an ounce of ground black pepper, a saltspoonful of cayenne pepper, half an ounce of cloves bruised. Have a large jar with an air-tight lid, put into it as much vinegar as is required, put the mustard, turmeric, pepper, and cayenne in a basin, mix them thoroughly with sufficient vinegar to make into a smooth paste, and add to the vinegar in the jar. Keep this liquor in a warm place, and stir every morning for a month. It will now be ready for use. Put vegetables into it as they come into season, taking care to pick them on a dry day, and wipe them with a cloth to remove any moisture or blacks. The following vegetables may be used: Cauliflower, white cabbage, onions, celery, sliced cucumbers, gherkins, French beans, nasturtiums, capsicums, young and old carrots, beetroot, radishes. The vegetables which require it should be sliced, and the cauliflowers divided into smaller bunches. Put these into the pickle raw, and at the end of the season, when as many of the vegetables have been added as could be procured, store it away in bottles, and tie over with a bladder. It will be ready to eat in about nine or twelve months.

The Bayuda Desert.

A correspondent writing from Gakdul thus describes the Bayuda Desert: The southwest of Afghanistan and the eastern part of Belochistan, the wildest part of Arabia, and that part of Arabia that lies near Aden, are, bad as they appear when one is travelling in them, perfect paradises compared with this Bayuda desert as it appears during the present season. Everything but a little mimosa, and close to the wells a few tufts of wiry and wooden grass, is withered and dried. The mountains seem but heaps of brown or black rubble, and though fuel is plentiful water is scarce. There are no historical remains. There does not appear to have been any resident population save a few hundred wandering half-bred Arabs, who have now retired with their flocks to the pools which exist in the inaccessible gorges of the hill ranges, and who here wait events. We have had a meat ration for two days, but the cattle were driven up from Korti, and not so much as a goat have we seen, though some sportsmen have been good enough to get gazelle and antelope, which, with sand grouse, make a very acceptable change from ration fare. The sun is usually hot from 8 till 4, but at most times the kindly north wind tempers the heat, and sometimes it even blows with violence enough to tear down the branches of the acacia trees, from which camels and flocks have stripped all the leaves within reach. Throughout Nubia the insects are most troublesome, but here the ants leave one alone. The beautiful bronze and gold hornets are too busy thinking about getting a drink of water to concern themselves about stinging. But to the terrors of the night on the ground are added the fears of the black scorpion, as well as of his sandy-colored and larger brother. Altogether this is a country to keep away from, and we here may well hope to get out of it soon, for it is even now a very Gehenna, and what it will be in three months' time the imagination shrinks from contemplating.

The Rev. Mr. Springer and Professor Huxley have both recently asserted that tobacco is superior as a sweetener and equalizer of the temper. With the profane and ignorant consumer of the drug, who is not a friend of the gentleman. All reports are not so contradictory.

Saved from an Avalanche.

Avalanches have been more frequent than is usual at this time of the year on the Swiss side of the Great St. Bernard Hospice. Travellers who have passed over Mount Joux will remember the line of long posts that runs down the middle of the gorge leading toward Martigny, although every one may not be aware that they mark the track taken in winter to avoid the avalanches which often at this season sweep over and obstruct the ordinary zigzag road. Nearly every morning a monk, accompanied by two or three servants and several mastiffs, goes out to look for footsore and possibly perishing wayfarers. It is literally a man hunt, for the mastiffs quail like any other hounds, and can scent bodies at a considerable depth under the snow.

About ten days ago Canon Luitier and two servants who went out on an expedition of this sort, narrowly escaped exchanging the role of saviors for that of victims. While still close to the Hospice the Canon heard a sound he knew only too well—the thunder of a coming avalanche. He bounded backward at the *passy mystique*, shouting at the same time to the two servants to do likewise. The avalanche passed without touching him, but when he looked round his companions had disappeared. The next moment, however, one of them struggled out of a trap of snow. But where was the other? He could neither be seen nor heard, and the survivors felt certain that he was irrevocably lost.

After a second and longer look, however, the Canon fancied he could see a black mark on the snow some distance away. They ran to the spot at once and, surely enough, the black mark was the lost man's boot. The rest of him was buried under the avalanche. An attempt to drag him out by the leg failed—the weight of snow was too great. There was nothing for it but to dig their companion out with their hands. It was done only just in time. He was quite insensible and recovered with great difficulty. A few seconds more and he would have perished. The man's name is Collombier, and this makes the third time he has been overtaken by an avalanche and rescued, as by a miracle, from the jaws of death.—[London Times.

Hunting a Buffalo.

As we were ascending a hill, keeping a sharp lookout for game, suddenly the captain bawled out: "Boys, there's a buffalo."

"Where?" cried Mel and I, at the same time.

"On the hill over there to the right," yelled Cap. "Don't you see him? Why, he's as big as a house."

There he was, indeed. And in the haze that perpetually surrounds these hills he appeared to be forty feet high, and to grow bigger every time we looked at him. "I'll tell you how we'll fix him," said Cap. "We'll tie our horses here; then I'll surround him and drive him down that ravine, and you can hide at the mouth and shoot him when he comes out." The plan looked feasible to us, and we concealed ourselves near the mouth of the ravine and waited, with our hearts in our mouths, for the noble game. The captain had about a mile to go to round him up, and we were getting awfully impatient, when suddenly we heard a great rushing sound in the ravine, and soon the gigantic animal came forth crashing through the brush that lined the ravine. We only got a glimpse of him, but that was enough, and we both fired and had the satisfaction of seeing him stagger forward through the brush a few steps and fall—the noblest game huntsmen ever brought down. We raised a shout of triumph and started toward our prey, when we heard a great hallooing, and looking up the hill saw the captain running down toward us waving his hands and shouting at the top of his voice. We thought something was the matter, and waited for him. The first words he used, as he ran up breathless, were:

"You are fools; you didn't shoot him, did you?" "You bet we did," I replied. "Well, I never saw such infernal idiots! Can't you see anything? That was nothing but a bull—a Durham bull, belonging to some cattle man here. Didn't you hear me holler?" We didn't. Sure enough the animal was a bull belonging to a neighboring ranch, and that buffalo steak cost us \$25 apiece, and our stomachs were not strong enough to eat it.

A Monster Gun.

Preparations are being made at Woolwich arsenal for the proof trials of an enormous gun, which is now in process of construction at Elswick, and which will be delivered a few months hence. The gun will weigh 110 tons and have a carriage of 90 tons, and the total weight of 200 tons being considerably in excess of previous undertakings, special arrangements will have to be made in almost every particular. The gun will be a breech-loader, and will have a bore of 16½ inches. Its length will be 43 feet 8 inches but its extreme diameter at the breech end will be only 5 feet 6 inches, and it will have a very elongated chase or barrel, tapering down to 28 inches, with a slight swelling at the muzzle. After this gun has been proven at Woolwich it will be conveyed to Shoeburyness for the purpose of testing its range and accuracy. Three guns of this description are to be manufactured for the royal navy.

"Are you going to take this speech verbatim?" said a guest at a recent banquet to a reporter, as a gentleman rose to respond to a toast. "No," was the reply. "I'm a friend of the gentleman." All reports are not so contradictory.

The Dash Across the Desert.

"An Old Campaigner," who has contributed to the London *World* a biographical sketch of Sir Herbert Stewart, thus commends Wolsley's plan of "dashing across the desert."

The "dash across the desert" task which required not only coolness in the leader of it, but no mean skill. Critics, military or may differ as to the strategy which required such a manoeuvre to be attempted, but there has been no conflict of opinions regarding the gallant way in which it was carried out by the men of Wolsley entrusted its execution. The movement was one which had almost boldness of desperation about it. It has been said that the general commanding the expedition, when deciding to strike with part of his force across the desert from Korti to Metemmel, expected only a "march over," and no serious dangers than some exertion among the soldiers from a weary march over the sand, and, perhaps, a want of water. But Wolsley is hardly a man to whom a kind of common sense apply. He has done many daring things; his boldness has always been tempered with the so-called better judgment, discretion. Years ago he was written: "Military men are far less daring than civilians in dealing with civilized nations. The little expeditions that I have had goes to prove that the latter are far from rash, and less likely to take precautions which ordinary military knowledge would indicate as necessary. How often have I known an accompanying an army scoff at the notion of general officers, forgetting together that any commander who provides against every possible and probable contingency is deeply culpable. By the strange contrivance of human nature it is generally these responsible gentlemen who are first loudest in their abuse of officers who in anything through rashness or caution."

The gentlemen who live at home ease and discuss critically the actions general in the field would do well to take these remarks in mind before taking for granted that Lord Wolsley had calculated upon the possibility of his art's force being attacked in the desert. He has been blamed for not having a stronger force, if he did foresee a contingency. But it may be allowed, he sent the full numbers he could get, and for whose wants he could transport with food and reserve ammunition. The attempt was of necessity very risky one, but the risk had to be accepted, and although the heavy losses life has to be deplored, the success of the plan has been put beyond doubt. A great deal of argument has been over the vexed question of the formation, and Gen. Hamley, the perhaps of our military critics, thinks that Stewart would have done better if he fought in echelon. But then there are other critics who have had a practical experience of fighting horse-fanatical savages with small bodies of troops, and they have given an opinion that had Stewart adopted another formation than that of the men his men would have been surrounded cut to pieces. It may be surely said that General Stewart made what he considered to be the best disposition of his little force with a view to cavalry; his instructions to get the Nile bank, and with as little loss as possible. The terrible rush of the natural enemy despising the fear of a forced back by sheer weight of numbers, these brave savages were killed to our force suffered heavily. But square formation saved the remainder. Before such an onset the thin red line of Englishmen would have been swept off. All accounts agree that Sir Herbert Stewart showed himself to be a fighting brave man.

How Yale Students Dry Their Skeletons.

The students of the Yale Medical School, New Haven, or some of the least, are likely to get into trouble of count of carelessness manifested in intense devotion to their studies. One of the house-tops in the neighborhood of the college for nearly a month has been a skeleton exposed for purposes, and the women and children that vicinity tremble with fear. On the boarders of the house in question, a member of the medical school, and being in some manner become possessed of a skeleton he wished to have it dried bleached. Powerful field gasses directed against the ghastly object showed there is still ligament and small portions of flesh adhering to the bones. While offensive odor has emanated from the bones, the residents in the vicinity indignant and there will probably complaints to the Board of Health and police authorities in order to test the fact and ascertain whether the inhabitants of the neighborhood must endure the presence of such uncanny sights. It is thought that this is one case of many and there are perhaps a dozen students of the Yale Medical School who dry their bones in the same manner.—[New York Herald.

A 12-year-old boy entered a stanza, threw down 15 cents, and said: "Give me 'The One-Eyed Demon of Ditch,' 'Crimson-Handed Bill,' 'The King of the Highwaymen,' and 'The Queen of the Shores' of the 'Half-Dime' series." An English review thus unceremoniously reads an American book.