

THE FARM.

Swampy Lots—Not so Bad as They Look

When land can be drained, and yet is left year after year, to grow sedges and swamp grass, there ought to be a good reason for it, or else it shows negligent farming. I have just such a lot—three acres or more in extent, with hardly a square rod of dry ground on it, except just along one edge, where the cows go to find a dry spot to lie upon. A tall willow hedge fences it on a part of one side, and there is a brook and many springs of never failing water in it. Here the bog-grass is green earlier than anywhere else, and my Jersey cows get enough of it to color their butter a month or two earlier than they otherwise would. In fact, as soon as the green shows, be it in March or February, they have a chance at it, and we get golden butter from that time on. There is not much nutriment in the grass, or whatever the vegetation is—I think sedge or *carex* is the name for it—but it contains chlorophyll all the same, which, though green in the plant is yellow in the butter. It does not take many days of mild weather to start the tussocks sprouting, by day, and the peepers piping by night, all over the swamp, and very soon the cows will need very little, if any other f. I do not think there is as much butter in these sedges, even though tender, succulent and abundant, as there is in poor upland pasture. Still, the butter comes abundantly, and it has not only good color, but a fresh grassy flavor.

The warm weather comes on, and the sedge becomes tough and wily. The cows gnaw the upland grasses, which grow on the few patches of hard ground, down to the roots, so after the grass starts well on the upland, the cows of course "go to grass," and leave the sedge to grow. Well, it does grow, and after the hay crop is all in, we mow this, and it gives me a big stack of several tons of at least good bedding. Young stock will eat a good part of it, and cows and horses nibble at it. It is rich in ash constituents, and goes a great way toward making a big manure pile. If I were to "reclaim" the meadows, I should hardly know what to do. It would change my whole system—no yellow butter in March, and very little in April. I would have to raise more rye for straw, get less and not so valuable manure, and not have such an easy time with my mowing. No doubt the meadow would yield splendid timothy and orchard grass, and there would be more money in it, but now, as for a good many years past, I am not quite ready to give up the only swamp meadow I have left.

Timely Suggestions.

We find the following plan floating among our exchanges: Have a strap in halter long enough to pass through ring in post or manger and reach to the hind feet when the horse stands as naturally tied. Fasten a strap around the ankle of one hind foot, pass the halter-strap through the ring, between the fore legs, and fasten to the strap around ankle; pass a surcingle around the horse to hold up the strap. Let him pull; he will sit down like a dog, only to get up the worst beat horse you ever saw. A few attempts will break the most inveterate halter-breaker.

Probably posts and timbers out now will not prove as durable as if out at midsummer. Such is said to be the experience of those who have tried cutting at both seasons, but few want to spend time then to cut fence-posts, and it is well to save out all such as are suitable for that purpose when cutting fuel. Bean poles and pea-brush may also be saved out now, which will save time in getting them at planting time.

There is great economy in feeding corn-stalks which have first been cut into as short pieces as possible. If the stalks are cut before frost injures them, cattle will devour nearly the entire stalk. An acre of stalks thus managed will keep a cow three months, but it will pay to add some corn-meal, especially if the cow is giving milk for butter. If milk only is desired, bran made into a slop with warm water is better than corn-meal, which is likely to fatten rather than increase the milk yield.

The Homestead finds no trouble in making a hog fence of wire. Use six wires, and posts about a rod apart. Use hog wire for the lower strands, and pull the lower wire quite close to the ground, and the second four inches above the first. They are cheaper than boards and in every way better.

Most of the farming that can be done in winter is in the barnyard. Before cold weather it should be covered two or more feet deep with straw, which will be trampled down while the ground is soft, and will help to save the droppings of stock from waste. Successive layers of straw may be added at times, especially if there is stock enough to make a due proportion of manure.

Live Stock Notes.

January is a critical month with all kinds of live stock. They should be kept comfortable and gaining. If they begin to fall off in condition, they will be almost sure to lose rapidly, and will require more food and better care to keep them up, than if well housed, and continuously well fed. By systematic and regular, then they will not stand and worry for food or water, and will take time to feed, to ruminate, and to rest. Look after sheds and stables, to keep them clean and warm. Water ought not to freeze in cow or horse stables, on the coldest nights, and at the same time the ventilation should be such, that the air is always sweet. Pigs suffer greatly with the cold, and should have dry, well-littered nests, always. Litter them with straw or swamp hay, enough so that they can cover themselves out of sight in it. Sheep should have dry sheds; they bear a great deal of cold, but should not have wet nor dirty straw to lie in. Where much straw is to be thrown into their sheds, provide a few movable platforms, like old barn doors, for them to stand upon. They will be a great comfort to them, and they are easily turned over when fresh straw is thrown in, or they get dirty. Fowls will lay if they have warm houses, are well fed, and have a chance to exercise. The free range of the cattle sheds, sheep sheds, and the barnyard, gives usually sufficient exercise. If debarrered from these, they must have sheltered runs and bare ground. Ducks need to be well fed, but not allowed to get too fat if they are to begin laying early.

Too much corn is always bad, except for fattening poultry, as it produces internal fat, stops laying, and makes the fowls lazy. No exercise, no eggs.

Glimpses of Home Life.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

There are many lessons to be learned by the children at Christmas that we hardly realize at the time, but often see afterward in the wise ordering of a Providence that guides all things.

The blessedness of giving should be inculcated more than that of receiving, for it is part of the privilege of the season.

There is a lesson of patience, too, in the waiting for the day and its enjoyments and a lesson of faith in the trust that it will bring happiness; so the three graces are taught by the advent of the Christmas morning.

To the housekeeper it is a busy season and in the country there is as much work as at midsummer. Generally a touch of house-cleaning precedes it; then the canning for extra meat, and attention to fowls and the condiments of mince pies, and plum pudding; and when about the Christmas pudding it is as well to make up sufficient to divide into two or three. Boll them all for five hours, then hang in a cool place.

They are better for the keeping, and an hour's boiling prepares them for the table, and gives a nice change during New Year festivities. There is a grain called corn flour that the children of one household are fond of, and in the form of porridge it makes a good supper for little ones, when eaten with sugar and milk. It is white, and wholesome, and preferable to corn starch as being more nutritious, and requiring no additions to make it palatable. Children's appetites are often variable about these times, but there is really nothing better than to wrap them well up and give them plenty of air and exercise. But there must be warm underwear for all in this Canadian climate if one would have health. Then, while the long evenings last, let there be an hour before bed time when they can play and sing with you—let it be games, or any other pleasant way, and let the singing be from their hearts and something they will remember in after years.

About holiday time, when friends drop in, it is often desirable to dispense hospitality. There is nothing better than a cup of coffee, with a simple cake and a dish of good fruit. A very agreeable style of coffee is "Cafe au Lait," made by straining a quart of clear strong coffee through muslin and boiling a quart of milk. Scald the coffee urn and pour in coffee and milk alternately stirring the while. Prepare a pint of whipped cream, and beat stiff the whites of two eggs with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Wrap a cloth around the urn for five minutes and when sent to table put a large spoonful of the sweetened white cream upon each cup. The simple hospitality we extend at this time does not depend so much on the quantity of the viands, as the manner of the hostess. Given with a truly pleasant appreciation of one's guest the plainest food becomes ambrosial. The holidays are the children's time of enjoyment, too, and if their home is made pleasant they will not seek to stray from it. Let the New Year be ushered in with good wishes and resolves, but also with kindly deeds, and mutual forbearance in the family circle. While we are busy with the rich food the season makes fashionable, let us not forget that plenty of fruit is a corrective to the system, and much more healthful for children than a surplus of sweets. An orange after dinner is better than pastry, and apples are always wholesome. A very nice way to use apple sauce is to take a quart of it, fine and smooth, rub into it while hot sugar to make it quite sweet, nutmeg, and a spoonful of butter; make a heap of it in a dish, wet it all over with a beaten egg, and sift rolled cracker thickly over it. Bake half an hour and eat hot. It is not the sumptuous fare or extravagant expenditure for provisions that makes food palatable, it is the knowing how to make the most of it and to serve it to the best advantage.

A Specimen Spiritualist.

A noted spiritualist of New York visited Montreal some time ago, and before leaving had several conferences with some of the leading dead of that City. His acquaintance in the other world extends back to gentlemen who lived at the time of the deluge; and he has been enlightening some of the people in the United States, as we perceive by a New York paper, upon certain Scriptural problems. He is perfectly well acquainted, he says, with Jonah, whom he describes as a person of wavering character, though "extremely sociable"; and he declares that "the gentleman never was swallowed by a whale." The Scriptures are true he maintains, but "the incident with respect to my friend Jonah was this: He was fleeing away from certain people, and God put in his way a ship whose name was *The Whale*. Into that vessel my friend went; and after the days mentioned in Holy Writ, he was delivered from the ship, which was cast upon dry land." The New York papers seem to delight in his irreverence; and a large number of persons accept the new version of Jonah, and ask all manner of questions respecting his personal appearance &c. The spiritualist, however, is allowing his mind to wander away from sacred things, and he spends his time, at latest accounts, raving about a beautiful Egyptian Princess, a daughter of one of the Pharaohs, who, he declares, reciprocates his affection. Two obstacles are in the way of his marrying the Eastern beauty with the large, dusky eyes, namely, he has a wife in New York, and he has not the advantage of being dead. He prays for his release from life hourly, and the only cloud that stands upon the exquisite horizon of the other world is the dread that when his wife follows, she may seek to separate him from his beautiful bride, with her lotus buds, and her divine Scarabeus. He was seized with an illness last week, which he believed would be fatal, and as he lay upon his couch, with rigid eyes, he repeated in an ecstasy of delight,

"I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ere the crimson life-blood has—"

The glorious vision was broken up by the voice of his wife, "You're drunk again, you beast, are ye?" The princess tripped back into the "ratty deep," and the spiritualist sat up and looked in speechless awe upon his fat and ugly wife.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The immigration from Ireland is at a perfect standstill. The people there are in hopes since the election.

The new British man-of-war *Camperdown*, built of steel, at a cost of \$2,375,000, is the heaviest ship ever launched in England. It will be three years before she is ready for sea.

A new pretender has turned up in Paris, a young man of intelligence, claiming to be the ex-Prince Imperial, escaped from captivity among the Zulus. He resembles the Prince almighty, but is insane.

A man appeared on the streets of Denver recently driving a team of fully developed oxen, worth \$1,500, and capable of travelling 100 miles a day. The children thought Santa Claus had come to town.

The coal mines near Egypt, N. C., are to be reopened next summer. One of these mines has a shaft 490 feet in depth. It was this coal that was used on blockade runners at Wilmington during the war.

Capt. Ead's Tehuantepec ship railway scheme has received a great impetus from the recent action of the Mexican Congress in enlarging the concession to the railway, and guaranteeing it \$1,250,000 a year for fifteen years, on condition that some other country guarantees twice as much for the same period.

A cigar-smoking doctor says that when other smokers ask him for a light he offers them a box of matches, but never his cigar. "Gentlemen suppose," said he, "that I do this because my own cigar is not well lighted. The real reason is that I wish to avoid the risk of contagion from any one disease out of the dozen or more which may be transmitted by putting into the mouth an article infected persons have handled."

The *Chemist and Druggist* tells how an astute rascal has been playing "what the Americans would call the disinfecting racket." He appears with a charcoal furnace and some brimstone, saying that the Health Board has sent him to disinfect the house. Then he blows up his furnace and creates so outrageous a stink that the servants leave the house, and he soon follows them with everything he can lay his hands on.

Referring to the decision of the Roman Church declaring the operation of craniotomy to constitute homicide, Dr. Mielzner writes to the *Medical Record* that according to the Mishna—the earliest collection of rabbinical decisions—"It is justifiable to kill the unborn infant in order to save the mother, as her life precedes his life. If the child be partially born, however, the rule does not apply, as 'one human life must not be set aside on account of another.'

In the Chinese maritime reports it is stated that the Amis savages of South Formosa "harden their children" by bathing. The infant is thrown into a tub of cold water on the day of his birth, and a month afterward is taken to the river or sea and allowed to struggle until tired out. The Amis children can swim long before they are able to walk. It is said that the "hardened" ones become strong because they were born so; the treatment knocks out the weak ones.

A Connecticut deacon received a slight injury to one of his eyes, which gave the organ a peculiar, fixed expression. Hence, when he asked the village drug clerk for soda water, that experienced person believed he recognized the mute request for superior eye pills which prevail in many temperance villages. He acted on this be-

lieve. The deacon was really surprised, and flushed slightly as he drained the glass, but he has become a regular customer for "eye-drops" and the salary of the clerk has been raised.

The late Lord Ranleigh left three illegitimate daughters by a woman of great beauty but obscure birth. One of them married the Hon. Mark Napier, second son of Lord Napier, remembered as a boy in Washington when his father was British Minister there, immediately preceding Lord Lyons, and who is now the very able barrister who conducted Arab's defence. Another is wedded in Australia, and the other is Mrs. Langry's sister-in-law, having married Mr. Le Breton, her brother, of Jersey Island.

A writer in the *People's Health Journal* tells of a debilitated patient who did not do at all well on beef tea, but was easily restored to health on a diet of bean soup. The only remarkable thing about this is that the patient never expected to derive strength and nourishment from beef tea alone. Considering that we have upward of a hundred thousand doctors, and that a very large proportion of them are fully agreed that beef tea is almost valueless except as a stimulant, it is surprising that people continue to look upon it as a food.

A bee's working tools comprise a variety equal to that of the average mechanic. The feet of the common working bee exhibit the combination of a basket, a brush, and a pair of pincers. The hairs of which are arranged in symmetrical rows, is only to be seen with the microscope. With this brush of fairly delicate the bee brushes its velvet robe to remove the pollen dust with which it becomes loaded while sucking up the nectar. Another article, hollowed like a spoon, receives all the gleanings the insect carries to the hive.

The cause of cold waves, Lieut. Woodruff of the U. S. Signal Service Bureau says, is not yet understood. He explains that in various investigations and studies it has been shown that "a fall of temperature succeeds or follows an area of low barometer and a rise precedes such an area," and asks the following question: "Is the cold the effect of an area of high barometer, or is the area of high barometer due to decrease of temperature?" The prediction of the approach or progress of cold waves is as yet apt to go wrong nine times out of ten. The most intense cold waves follow severe storms.

The *London Medical Press* learns that "an American lady is driving in a carriage and six horses through our provincial towns, attracting people by means of her brass band to accept her device and medicine as from the world renowned American lady doctor." The same paper tells of an English quack "now travelling in America with a very lovely young woman, whom he exhibits as a result of his medicine, which, he declares, causes the perfection of her complexion. He sells a tonic, too, to which he attributes the abundance of her hair, and drugs for the increase or reduction of flesh to her standard."

"Gat" Howard Slandered.

A Montreal newspaper published the other day, in what purported to be a special from Toronto, a charge against Howard, the Gatling man, of having scalped a dead Indian at Fish Creek. That this story is as false as many others which have been spitefully circulated about Captain Howard will be borne out by any who were at Fish Creek. The writer happened to be there with Captain Howard, and in fact was one of those who conducted him and Colonel Straubenzie and Williams over the scene of the engagement.

It should be remembered here that it occurred on the twenty-fourth of April, Fish Creek on the "Northwest," and not upon the fifth of May, as the *Montreal* upon the field, had been "scanned" by Middleton's orders the "scanned" bodies of poor Cook of "A" Battalion Wheeler of the 90th were recovered. The officer was detailed to see that the party did its duty. When Capt. Howard first visited the spot the writer was either him or some other of the party, and a couple of days after the force set out for Estabco. As the man he remarked the Indian grave and they had not been disturbed, and Howard has not been at Fish Creek.

WINTER WRINKLES.

The sigh of the seamstress—A-h-h-h! The world owes every man a helping hand, some of us are finding collection slow.

"Jennie, do you know what it is?" "Yes, 'em. Ma says if you don't get your new person it will be a miracle."

"Yes," said old Colonel Mowbray, often hear of a coal dealer who has but he doesn't go much out of his way to be so."

The most thoughtful man living in one who immediately stopped dying, reminded that his life insurance policy expired.

"Thank heaven," exclaimed a friend as he paced the floor at midnight howling hair, "thank heaven you are twins!"

The most gigantic sharks in the sea are said to be found near Australia. This discovery will make some of our lawyers mad, but facts are facts.

Judge Peterby's wife almost fell to death. "How is your wife coming?" asked a friend. "Splendid; she has such a fearful cold she can't talk."

"Have you read 'Half Hours with the Sects'?" asked Bromley. "No," replied Pampano, with a retrospective in his eye, "but I know what it means."

The more that a man can buy for the least he can get, the more he has. Some of our young men are doing this.

A Kansas man "points with pride" the fact that his wife has worn out for twenty-five years. The being which the wife points to the husband not been described.

"What's the first thing you saw Jones, if you were stung by a bee?" asked Smith, who had been reading of the treatment of stings. "I replied Jones, solemnly. And the stung man abruptly ceased.

"So you've been out to the Pacific eh? Did you see the great gorge of the Colorado?" "I think so. At least Cheyenne-I saw a buck Indian eating of bologna sausage, half a box of oysters and nineteen herrings without a great Is that for gorge?"

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