

THE FARM.

Malpe Sugar Matters.

A good many are thinking that possibly the run of sap is not so much an upward flow as is supposed. Some now liken it to a pressure of sap from all sides, there to be a reservoir of sap, so to speak, in the wood; and when we sever the pores of the wood, the pressure from all sides causes the run. If this be so, then a very small hole, and possibly a very shallow one, is best.

When I was a boy a three-quarter bit was used for tapping trees, the hole made deep, and soon a second hole bored close by. Now we are down to three-eighths inch bits and inch deep holes, and no second spout, and we seem to be getting the same amount of syrup and sugar. That the quality is better is undoubted; but at the same time we are using better and costlier utensils, and far less wood to discolor sap and syrup.

Frequent collection of sap and rapid boiling are the first requisites of success in maple sugaring. Sap quickly begins to lose quality if not boiled at once, and it should be the aim of the maker to have large boiling capacity, so there shall be no large accumulations of sap on hand. A few dollars invested in an extra pan for the arch, so that the sap may be sooner boiled, and less necessity exist for night boiling would be judiciously expended.

It looks as though with metal utensils and evaporators, with continuous flow, some makers had passed the limit of actual perfection and were sacrificing color and flavor both. Water-white syrup will not sell without a suspicion that it has been "stuffed" with white sugar, as our makers found out last season. A beautiful amber tint is wanted, and it should be the makers' aim to keep as close as possible to natural tints and flavors, and not attempt improvements upon Nature and her gifts.

The plan of canning syrup is always up for discussion, and both hot and cold plans are advocated. If it were not for a slight deposit in the cans, I should favor canning hot at the evaporator. I never saw syrup that had become cold and was then reheated but had lost a per cent of its fine flavor and had its color darkened. For home use, when a little silica sand in the bottom of the can is not to bring the charge of "sanding," there is no other way so nice. The syrup can be thoroughly strained through double thicknesses of flannel, and will be strictly pure. If cans are filled absolutely full, cold-filled will keep all right especially if the temperature be uniform at about 45°.

The wholesale adulteration practiced by city dealers, using a good deal of glucose syrup with a very little fine maple syrup as a flavor, should be circumvented in some way, for it weakens the market to the farmers' disadvantage. If makers would deal as much as possible with consumers, and as nearly as they can with commission houses who will not deal in adulterated goods, a great gain would be made, for this would tend to restore confidence in the purity of the syrup and bring more satisfactory prices.

Management of Young Lambs.

The sooner the young lambs are docked, and the males are emasculated, the easier the operations may be performed. We have been in the habit of going through the flock once a week with a pair of sharp sheep shears, and clipping the tails and castrating by one single clip. The lamb is held under the left arm, and the skin of the tail is slipped up toward the root with the fingers of this hand; the tail is then clipped off with the shears. A pinch of powdered blue-stone (sulphate of copper), is put on the wound, and the wool is drawn down and matted together with the little blood which escapes. Nothing more is required, and the wound heals quickly, the lamb evincing no indications of suffering. It is best to cut the tail about two inches from the root, so as to leave sufficient of it to escape injury if the stump does not heal favorably, and the joint next to the cut sloughs off; this, however, rarely happens if the shears are clean, and at the same time sharp.

Live Stock in April.

Bathe the horses, shoulders with cold water or brine as quick as the collars come off, before the sweat begins to dry, and rub off the collars and saddle pieces with a moist cloth. This will prevent sore shoulders. All changes of food should be gradual, but in proportion to the work. Heavily taxed muscles make demands on the stomach; hence, increase the feed after work begins—never in anticipation. A horse fed up before he is called to work gets soft and fat. Be careful to protect horses from drafts when warm; rub down, blanket, or let them stand in close stables. Cows at calving need little care, the less the better if in a loose box or the open field. "Fusling" over them is always provocative of injury. Give no grain, but a loosening diet of bran and roots for some days, and gradually increase feed as feverish symptoms pass away. Keep calves growing thriftily; skim-milk with a little linseed meal scalded and added to it as a substitute for cream, is just as good for them as whole milk fed from the pail. Sheep must be kept in dry yards or there will be danger to their feet. Ewes with lambs should have grain daily, at least until they come to pasture. Swine.—Those who buy young pigs for feeding should buy none but half-bloods by the Berkshire, Yorkshire, Poland or other pure sires. They grow faster and fatten with less feed. Poultry.—Reduce the stock of fowls as soon as this year's hatch is well provided for, but hold on to old turkeys and old geese, they get used to the ways of the farm and are worth much more as breeders than young ones. Ducks also are good till three years old. A turkey is in her prime at five, and a goose at twenty.

A rousing appeal—"Time to get up!"

Fellow townsman to (manufacturer): "Hallo, Jackson! Your works closed? How's that? I understood you were busy." Jackson (brass founder): "So we are; but our 'ands took 'emselves off to-day, to join the procession of the unemployed."

Anecdotes of Great Men.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, though a lover of anecdotes, did not set a high value upon many of the tales which are told about great men. He doubted the utility of a story, the only effect of which is to make the subject of it appear ridiculous. Even when these narratives were strictly true he could not see that it was worth while to put them on record. "I know not well," said he, in an essay written in defence of anecdotes, "what advantage posterity can receive from the one circumstance by which Tloknell has distinguished Addison from the rest of mankind—the irregularity of his pulse; nor can I think myself overpaid for the time spent in reading the life of Malherbe by being enabled to relate, after the learned biographer, that Malherbe had two predominant opinions; one that the looseness of a single woman might destroy all her boast of ancient descent; the other that the French beggars made use very improperly and barbarously of the phrase noble gentleman, because either word included the sense of both."

It is probable that he would have been even severer in his strictures on these collectors of anecdotes, if he could have foreseen what would be made of some of the incidents of his own life. Without these anecdotes, however, posterity would not have had a complete picture of the man; and, on the whole, even those who have most respect for his memory do not regret that they have been preserved and handed down to succeeding generations. Happily he had great qualities enough to render it unnecessary for his weaknesses and faults to be overlooked and forgotten. A less brilliant luminary than the sun would be dimmed and disfigured by the spots which he bears upon the surface; but his transcendent effulgence makes us unconscious of their presence.

Macaulay praises Boswell's biography of Johnson, but he does it at the expense of the judgment of its author. He appears to have been of the opinion that with a sounder and more vigorous understanding he would not have done as good work. Indeed he seems to have come to the conclusion that in order to be a first rate biographer a man must be a half-fool. But if the aim of the biographer should be to produce a true picture of the subject which he undertakes to delineate, as well as of the principal events of his life, one would think to succeed in this sort of work would require the very highest qualities of authorship; and the man who, confessedly, has produced the very best biography which has been written in modern times deserves a more favourable verdict from mankind than that which has been pronounced upon him by the great essayist and historian.

I confess I do not altogether like the account that Boswell gives of Johnson's eating; and yet without that inimitable piece of description we would not have been able to see him as he really was. Those protruding, near-sighted eyes brought down to within two or three inches of his plate; those veins standing out like whiplords upon his brow glistening with perspiration; and the silent and concentrated energy with which he devoted himself to the business in hand until the cravings of the inner man were fully satisfied, though they do not, taken together, form one of the most delicate and refined pictures imaginable, are too characteristic of the man for them to have been omitted without the picture of him losing something of its truthfulness and reality. We should not have fully known the greatest Englishman of his time if this description had been left out.

I do not know how the Scotch people like the ill-natured sayings of Johnson respecting themselves and their country which have been preserved. He appears to have, for some occult reason that, so far as I am aware, has never been explained, formed an inveterate prejudice against Scotland and the Scotch. He could, apparently, see nothing either in "the land of mountain and of flood," or in the people who live in it at all worthy of his admiration. The country itself he pronounced "detestable," and the only ground upon which he found himself able to justify the ways of Providence in producing such a country was that "it was made for Scotchmen." Sidney Smith confessed that he would like to roast a Quaker—metaphorically I suppose, of course—and evidently it would have been just as agreeable a pastime to Johnson to roast a Scotchman in the same sense. Even in his dictionary he finds occasion to vilify his bile upon the North Briton. His definition of oats is well known: "A grain commonly fed to horses in England, but used as food for men in Scotland." He admitted to a Scotch gentleman that God made his country, but he took care to modify the admission by reminding him that the same great Being had made hell.

And yet it is a remarkable fact, that ought to be mentioned to the credit of the grace and good sense of the Scotch, that among no other nationality has he more ardent admirers than among those people whom he would have us believe are brought up on horsefeed. To say nothing of Macaulay and Main, both of whom are Scotchmen, Thomas Carlyle is perhaps the only man in the last generation that has fully understood Johnson, or who has been capable of duly estimating his character and worth. The rugged elements of essential manhood, the great heart, the fierce and terrible earnestness and independence which he found in this strange and wonderful man, made the modern Diogenes forget his faults and foibles. He does not hesitate, therefore, to give him a permanent place among the heroes whom he recommends to the worshipping attention of mankind.

There is just one scene in the life of Johnson, which, as it appears to me, might better have been forgotten. His unfortunate rencontre with Adam Smith, the account of which has been preserved by Sir Walter Scott, was scarcely creditable to either one or the other of these worthies. Johnson called Smith a liar, and Smith responded by calling Johnson a son of a—well not of a respectable woman. "On such terms," says Sir Walter, "did these two great moralists dialogue between these two great teachers of morality." This is very sad indeed, and I feel one could have wished that when Scott's account of it was written, that like Sterne's recording angel, he had dropped a tear upon it and blotted it out forever.

Highly reprehensible as the conduct of the great men unquestionably was on that occasion, it is not conceivable that it formed an essential part of the character of either one or the other of them, or that it was in any sense necessary in order to complete the picture of either of them.

On the whole, the probability seems to be that unless Mr. Astor should take him in hand, even the alchemy of modern criticism will never be able to make a fine gentleman of Johnson. But after what has been done for Lucretia Borgia there is hope that even his ferocity of manner, and his colled linen, which gave so much offence to her sons of fastidious taste, may after all be resolved into myths. There is in the meantime enough in the greatness of the soul that was in him, the kindness of his heart, and the substantial service which he has rendered to the literature of his country—the noblest in the world—to secure for him the respect of those who think more of the substance than of the mere accidents of human character.

JUMBO AND HIS SKELETON.

He Has Been Stuffed and Will Join the Circus Again.

When Jumbo tried to knock out a freight locomotive at St. Thomas, Ont., last September, he not only made a failure of it, but got so badly mangled that he died three minutes later. If this had happened in England, the chances are that Jumbo would have been buried, the Prince of Wales would have worn orange on his arm for a while and a ton tombstone would have held him down. But Phineas Taylor Barnum knew that the American people would never forgive him if he let Jumbo slip out of sight in that way. He wrote to Professor Henry A. Ward of Rochester and asked him if he would set the big elephant up in such shape that everybody who had ever seen him bossing things in a circus procession would know him at once. So since October last Professor Ward and four of his men have been at work on the reproduction. It is now finished.

A tawny haired post named Tody Hamilton guided six young New York citizens to Rochester to see the elephant. They drove through blizzards to Professor Ward's big museum on top of a high hill to take a look at it. Professor Ward met the elephant hunters half way and led them toward a big yellow building that looked like a locomotive round house. He threw open a wide door, and standing on a thick oaken truck, and filling up half the house, with a jovial smile wreathing his tremendous trunk into a gigantic hook, there was Jumbo as natural looking as could be.

When the Canadian locomotive got through having fun with Jumbo, he was not much more than a heap of poker chips and cold meat. There were 1,538 pounds of elephant hide around the wreck, and it was with this that the Professor set about building up a new Jumbo. After the skin had been thoroughly tanned by two months' soaking in arsenic and corrosive sublimate of lime, it was ready for a mounting. When the hide arrived at Rochester Prof. Ward began to make a model to mount it on. On a foundation of nine-inch oak beams he planted eight standards of two-inch wrought iron. Two of these were to form the core of each leg, which was then built out with wood.

With the aid of a life photograph and an elaborate scale of measurement, made long before Jumbo's death, the builder was able faithfully to reproduce Jumbo's giant form in wood. This frame he hammered and chiseled and planed until it looked like an elephant with his coat off on a hot day. Then began the task of laying on the skin. Every wrinkle was replaced exactly as it used to be when Jumbo wore it, and all the cruel rents made by the locomotive were so carefully mended that his own mother couldn't have found them. It took 74,480 Swedish iron nails to fasten it all on, and it now fits him better than it ever did before.

The way in which Jumbo's mild brown eyes are imitated in glass would delight a poet's heart and make him tune up his lyre for all it is worth. C. A. Akley and W. J. Critchley, two young men who knew all about building elephants, gave Professor Ward lots of valuable help.

As it stands on its platform the new elephant weighs over 6,000 pounds and is as solid as a rock. It is so traced that all the travel and knocking around in the world cannot damage it. During circus hours Jumbo redivivus will be saddled and children will ride around the ring on his back like they used to when he was alive. Between the performances he will ride from town to town in a specially constructed car. He is the biggest job a taxidermist ever worked on.

The chalk white skeleton of Jumbo stood a few feet away. The mounting of it was the biggest problem in articulation that Professor Ward ever tackled. Every bone in its colossal framework has not only been made to keep its proper place, but the whole is made so strong that it will be able to bear all the knocking about and rough handling, by land and sea, that falls to the lot of a skeleton in the circus business. Professor Ward is authority for the statement that it is the only mounted skeleton of an adult African elephant in this country, and at the same time the largest skeleton, of a modern terrestrial mammal in the world. Stuffed Jumbo and Jumbo's skeleton are the most gigantic specimens of the naturalist's art that the American public has ever had a chance to gaze on.

Bound to Preserve His Health.

Barkeeper—What's yours? Cautious Customer—I was thinking of taking a glass of ice water, but I read the other day that nearly all this season's crop of ice had worms in it.

Barkeeper (stiffly)—Haven't heard that, sir.

Customer—It's a fact, I assure you. I'll take a glass of ice water if you'll put in something poisonous to kill the worms.

Barkeeper—What shall I put in?

Customer (after reflection)—Whisky will do.

A husband who had incurred the anger of his wife, a terrible virago, seeks refuge under the bed. "Come out of that, you brigand, you rascal, you assassin!" screamed his gentle companion. "No, Madame," he replied, calmly, "I won't come out. I am going to show you that I shall do as I please in my own house."

PERSONAL POINTS.

King Theobaw is an expert poker player. Sir Charles Dilke lives in the old home of Charles Roade, called by the latter "Naboth's Vineyard."

Thomas Carlyle's house in Cheyne row, Chelsea, is the property of a proprietor of quack medicine.

Irony, the chemist whose experiments led to the discovery of the modern match, has just died at Pesh.

The centenary of the birth of Ludwig I. of Bavaria will be celebrated elaborately at Munich on July 8, 9 and 10.

The late Prince Torlonia left a fortune of \$20,000,000, to be divided equally between his only child and her eldest son.

Although Kocuth is eighty-four years old, it is said that he entered with spirit into the recent carnival festivities at Naples.

Lord Wantage has given twenty acres of land at Blewbury, near Willingford, England, for the site of the Gordon Memorial Industrial Schools.

Mrs. Mary Grant Cramer, sister of Gen. Grant, is lecturing in Massachusetts under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Dan Rice, the one-time famous Shakespearean circus clown, is lecturing in Texas and is said to receive \$500 a week for his oratorical ground and lofty tumbling.

Queen Victoria's recent attendance at a performance of "Mors et Vita" at Albert Hall, London, was to a day ten years after her last previous visit to that building.

Grace Hubbard, a civil engineering graduate of the Iowa State University, is employed by the United States Government Survey in Montana to make maps.

The late Gov. Seymour said: "I never yet made or procured an appointment for a young man for a clerkship which did not in the end prove to be a great injury to him."

Cepe Whitehouse, the American expert in Egyptian lore, has left Naples for the Nile. He claims to have discovered in Central Egypt the basin of ancient Lake Moeria.

Mr. Erastus Wiman has entered the lecture field and has been entertaining his fellow-citizens on Staten Island with a discourse on "Rapid Transit on Staten Island and its Effect in New York on Suburban Development and Harbor Enlargement."

Professor J. H. Siddons, a grandson of the great Sarah Siddons, died in Washington recently. He was born in Calcutta in 1800, and built and managed the first theatre in that city. He was at one time editor of the London Army and Navy Gazette.

Prince Louis Napoleon is having a good time in India. On the 13th of January he went into the jungle and shot his first tiger. The next day his contribution to the bag was a rhinoceros, and a few days later, in a hunt after wild elephants, he brought down a fine old "tusker."

President Cleveland denies that he has the marvelous memory his flatterers have ascribed to him. He says his memory is very capricious, often retaining trifling details regarding some cross-roads postoffice while letting slip matters of the first importance.

Countess Irene Taaffe, wife of the Austrian Premier, recently told a friend that she would be obliged to sell her wardrobe to give a marriage dowry to her eldest daughter. There is a question whether she is slightly deranged or was merely giving her friend a little taffy.

Mr. Henry Irving's eldest son, having been successful in amateur dramatic performances, is determined to go upon the professional stage, but his father, although anxious to do so, declares himself unable to assist him in doing so, on account of the present system of organizing theatrical companies.

A wonderful Chinese boy is mentioned in the report of a missionary at Peking. At a recent examination he repeated the entire New Testament without missing a single word or making one mistake. He is now commencing to memory Dr. Martin's "Evidences of Christianity," a task which he will soon accomplish.

Alexander H. Stephens' grave is still unmarked, but above the grave of Harry Stevens, his colored servant, a stone has been erected bearing the legend: "He was for many years the faithful, trusted and beloved body servant of Alexander H. Stephens. Like him he was distinguished for kindness, uprightness and benevolence. As a man he was honest and true. As a Christian he was humble and trusting."

It is said that the head of a great dry-goods store in Paris, M. Jaltzot, was about to marry recently a lady of high position and noble family. He requested the head of the Orleans family, the Comte de Paris, to serve as a witness. The answer returned by the secretary of the Prince was "Monsieur cannot render such a service except to a titled person." This answer is about the most unpoplar statement that the Comte de Paris, who pretends to be something of a democrat, could have sent to a Frenoman.

Princess Ypellanti, whose bankruptcy has excited so much gossip in Vienna, and, in fact, throughout Europe, is a daughter of the celebrated banker Baron Sina, and widow of the late Grecian Minister. Prince Ypellanti was an incorrigible gambler, and before his death had spent several fortunes, mortgaged his estates, and induced his wife to sign heavy bills guaranteed by her personal property. At the death of the Prince his creditors immediately besieged the unfortunate Princess, who, to protect herself, was obliged to declare herself a bankrupt. Her health broke down under this strain.

Miss Braddon and her husband, Mr. Maxwell, says a correspondent, are familiar figures at the Princesses and also the Lyceum Theatre on the first nights. The lady is in the prime of mature womanhood. Her hair has taken on a partial frost. Her face is a ruddy one, suggesting a comfortable English matron, mother of a numerous family, rather than one of the most prolific writers of the day. She wears a pretty lace cap and carries around with her a decidedly comfortable, good housewife atmosphere. Her figure is buxom and of traditional English build. She is not a handsome woman, save when she talks, and then her face is full of marvellous expression, and she has bright sparkling eyes and a thoroughly sweet smile.

YOUNG FOLK.

When the Arctic Ice Breaks.

BY FREDERICK SCHWENK.

An ocean channel in the arctic regions, the winter is rather hard to describe. It imagines the ice we have on a large scale. Then in this thick ice (some of it) number of large dry-goods boxes and there with small cottages, and some whitewashed to represent snow, and will not have a very bad representation of an arctic channel of ice when covered with snow. All these large and small tubercles, which give the parts of the ice the name of "tubercles," are the ice-blocks from the year before did not melt during the short summer, got frozen in when the new sheet of ice formed in the early winter. This ice is floating hither and thither, making "ice packs" and "ice fields," which are read in polar literature, and when the cold snap of coming winter caught it, it froze in the "ice-loe," to remain until the winter and break up again next summer.

In the spring of the year, from the 1st of June to the 1st of July, according to the locality, the snow on this ocean channel melts, and the worst trouble a ship has in crossing it is the fresh water ice. This lasts but a few days, during of which the tide cracks and seal-holes, and the water ice is exposed to the rays of the setting sun. Wherever the ice is of a darker color, or near shore where the banks has blown out on it, it melts more idly. I have seen a halpcock of black ice get down through the ice some six feet before the ice broke up, the channel being but two or three inches wide and disappeared. Thus the great sheet of ice melts unequally, and when some of the storm springs up about this period of its existence, it is broken into pieces and drifting around as ice-packs and fields.

On the 24th of July, 1870, we were sailing on the ice of Victoria Channel in the Arctic Sea. It was very rotten and combed with seams here and there, and was evident that it would go to pieces in a first storm. The sledge rose and fell on rough surface like a ship in the storm, when the day's work was over I went to see my Esquimaux dog-driver, Tom, get in to the shore safely with the sledge, for a storm was coming up. I well-known bad quarter, and to be the ice when it broke up, and the ice cakes commenced rolling over each other such a fearful predicament. We caught our little tent and crawled into it. The noon of that day, the water came to our tent, I ran out to view the situation, and found that my work was realized. Every where the ice was in blocks of the broken ice, some as houses, were in terrible motion, and falling, tumbling and grinding each other in a thundering roar upon that made the loudest commands issued at a few paces. Great fields of ice, covering acres in extent, would be lifted high by the driving mass, and broken by its own weight send blocks of ice as obins spinning over the wilderness, the surface, crushing every thing in their way while the terrible splashing of the ice sending geyser spouts aloft, was driving fine spray before the shrieking gale, and piping all these warring forces of nature weird light that added a mysterious quality to the appalling scene before us.

Perched high on a newly made mound as if it had climbed there to look for means of escape, was the half-headed man in imminent danger of being struck by hands turned out in a twinkling and aeronautical carriage was soon safely sent. Thus ended sledging, on the 24th of July until the coming winter's ice should be on or about the middle of September, for two months.

Could not Help Thinking.

There was once a little girl who was tired of thinking her own thoughts. She went out of doors and sat down on a bench and said to herself, "Now I will not think any more. I'll just stop thinking."

But, to her great surprise, she was thinking harder and harder and harder. Nothing she could do would stop it. She sang, she skipped, she chased the butterflies, she waded in the brook. But all while the thinking went on, faster and faster, and the butterflies, never stopping a single instant.

Then she began to cry, finding her thoughts less and less, and that she must stop thinking, whether she wanted to or not. But that did no good either. So she began to laugh.

It was so funny that she must keep thinking as long as she lived. Although she had her own thoughts she could not stop thinking any more than she could stop from blooming in June.

Since neither she nor anybody else could help thinking she could think only of pleasant thoughts. She found that this was the only power she had over her own thoughts. She could not put any more to them. But she could choose what she should be like, whether kind or naughty, merry or sad.

A Careless Cook.

Customer (to restaurant proprietor)—Find this piece of shoe string in my soup, sir.

Proprietor—Shoe string, sir? (To waiter)—Here, you get this gentleman a plate of soup and tell the cook to be careful. (To customer, apologetically)—The shoe string is a mistake. We have no shoe strings in our fore serving, but sometimes they slip in there is always some distinction.

Accurate Information.

Wife—Mrs. Smith is an awfully nice woman. She leaves everybody in the lurch, and her three children are all dead. It's a shame.

Husband—How do you know all that?

Wife—How do I know all that? I've been over there half the time!