

THE FARM

Plowing.

As a general rule, says one of the writers in a recent letter, do not take pains with this part of their farm work. It is well plowed that I can get more clear furrows from an acre that is only half plowed. From an acre that is only half plowed, I mean by half plowed is where it is plowed by guess, deep here and shallow there, with the furrows standing on edge or over very fast. We can do good plowing just as easily and just as fast as we can do it over.

Sowing Grass Seed.

The amount of seed required for an acre ground intended for grass cannot be properly estimated, although most farmers sow an equal quantity every year without giving any consideration to the quality of the seed or the condition of the soil. The soil should be in excellent condition to-day for sowing, but may require double the quantity of seed in two or three days after. In the proper place, seed will not germinate unless proper conditions are favorable for so long. When the ground is hard, as is sometimes the case when grass seed is sown in a hard soil, there are a great many seeds which are lost. Birds eat much of the seed, while a large portion of it rots on the ground. In such cases a large quantity of seed is necessary. Many of the poor seeds of clover are due to not using the best seed. A light harrow passed over the field immediately after the seeding, the ground is hard, will not only cover the seed, but greatly benefits the grain crop. Grass seed is sown in the spring, the grass should be sown at the same time, in that both may have the advantage of thorough preparation of the soil, and less seed will then be required. Even a "brush" of the field after sowing grass seed is better than simply scattering it on the surface. It is not too late for seed yet, nor should the opportunity be thrown away of sowing the advantage of the spring rains. In sowing seed do not trust entirely to the weather, and there will be a better chance of seed germinating.

The Cruelties of Heathenism.

On his way to the centre of Africa, Mr. Arnold wrote from Bihe as follows to the Standard at Ballundu, concerning "a heathen barbarity": "A few days ago I met a little boy, about eight years of age, who belonged to Ruaki's town close by, going about with both his hands in a sad mess. His left one was completely distorted and the fingers jointed together in one mass, the palm bulging forward. Above the wrist was skinned and the right hand, I found that this youngster had been out visiting at the king's court or somewhere near there. The boy in question had stolen some beans belonging to a daughter of Jamba Yamina, who they call her Naroma Cunengile, who punished the child for stealing her beans by putting his hands into a pot of boiling water. I saw something of that work before, and from the state of the child's hands she must have kept the left hand, at least, for several weeks in the water. The poor little fellow, smart and good-looking, is injured and this creature in woman's shape has not been called in question for her crime. If you are passing here at any time, would you see the child; the boiled hand being a description."

A Royal Battle took place between a bull and a buck, the latter weighing over 200 pounds, on the farm of the Hon. Oscar Turner, Ballard county, Kentucky. The two animals fought dead. The bull had received several thrusts from the horns of the buck, and was lying through the heart.

SPRING SPARKLES.

Der cystickel vos no goot—he vas some caevsdropper. Signs of Spring—Ball frogs, and other croak cusses. "Does death end all?" Alas, no; there is the monument subscription-fund. There are plenty of bandits in Peru yet, and they are giving as much trouble as the brass bandits in this country. We have received a little poem entitled "Will the Spring Time Come?" We shall not publish it, as we are anxious for Spring time and don't want to do anything to delay it.

"Did you ever see anything like this?" said a young lady at a church fair, when raffling was in progress. "Only once," replied he. "When was that, dear?" "Once on a train out West, when it was robbed by bandits," was the gentle response. Caller: "The little one is sleepy, isn't she? Where should little girls go when they are sleepy, Edith?" Edith (crossly): "I don't know—I'm tired." Mamma: "Don't know darling? What are beds made for?" Edith: "To sweep dirt under, I guess." If your biography is to be written, my son, do the work yourself. If somebody else should write it he might accidentally wander into truth now and then and spoil the whole thing. A biography is valuable in indirect ratio to the amount of truth it contains. One little girl was heard to say to a playmate: "When I grow up I'm going to be a school-teacher." "Well, I'm going to be a mamma, and have six children." "When they come to school to me I'm going to whip 'em." "You mean thing! What have they ever done to you?" That was a cautious old tramp who, upon being asked whether he would have a drink of whisky, as he was beginning a job of sawing wood, or would have it when he had finished it, answered: "Well, mum, I think I'll take it now. There has been a pile of sudden deaths 'a'oly."

Student—"Well, we treated the patient in a most approved way." Doctor—"How?" Student—"Well, we put him on milk diet; then he was put on wine; then we put him on electrical treatment; then we put him on quinine, and now—" Doctor—"You will put him on ice." Doctor—"You need more sleep, my friend; that is the whole trouble with you; what is your business?" Patient—"I'm a policeman." Doctor—"Then it must be something else, but I surely thought it was loss of sleep. After all, perhaps you don't take enough exercise." A young married lady who moved into the country from a city home considered keeping hens a pleasant and profitable duty. As she became more absorbed in the pursuit her enthusiasm increased, and "hens" made a favorite subject of her thoughts and conversation. Daring one of her animated descriptions of success, a friend inquired: "Are your hens good hens?" "Oh, yes," she replied in a delighted tone, "they haven't laid a bad egg yet."

"We feel," writes a Western editor, "that an apology is due to Widow Grimes. In our issue of last week we stated that she had eloped with an 18-year-old man. The truth is that she was thrown from an 8-year-old man, which she was riding in a hope, and which slipped and fell. Mistakes will happen in the best-regulated newspaper offices, and we are confident that when we state the item was sent over a telephone-wire no other apology will be needed."

It is said to be Japanese etiquette for a gentleman caller never to leave the house of a lady friend until she has given him the signal for departure. There are a great many young men in this country who never leave the house of a lady friend until she gives the signal, but it is not etiquette. And it is not healthy, either. It deprives both parties of too much sleep. Sometimes the signal is so long delayed that the old folks are compelled to give it. And that is not very healthy either—especially for the young man. Chicago Damsel (to New York dude who has been talking about "dear old London, doncherknow")—"Are you a relation of the Browns, of London, Mr. Brown?" Mr. B.—"Naw, fact is, ye know, Miss Benton, my name is Van Duzen-Brown—with a hyphen, doncherknow; and I prefer to be called Mistah Van Duzen-Brown." Chicago Damsel (sympathizingly)—"Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Brown; but we're so particular in the West, and really I haven't been introduced to the Van Duzen half of you yet."

Two newly-fledged physicians met the other day, and the following highly interesting conversation ensued: "Ah! good morning, doctor." "Good morning, doctor." "And how are you to-day, doctor?" "I'm all right. Got a good case of meningitis at your hospital, doctor?" "Yes; come down and take a look at it, doctor. Anything special up your way, doctor?" "Man fell from scaffolding and broke his neck two days ago; still alive; may get over it. Please to have you call, doctor." "Thank you; I will, doctor. Good-day, doctor." "Good-day, doctor."

Mrs. Snugmoch (who is the first guest to arrive) to her hostess—"And so you expect Mrs. Dash? Fine woman, very fine woman; though, between ourselves, a trifle loud. And, really, she shouldn't go on as she does with young Mr. Milda. And he's coming, too? Nice fellow, extremely nice fellow, if I do make a mistake of a monkey every time I look at him. And Miss Jolie! Lovely girl! Pity she's so very plain and unpleasantly rude. And Ritewell, the author? Clever man, but horribly conceited. And Mrs. Wood? Ah, there's a charming old lady! I admire her so much for this reason: You never hear her say a word against anybody."

He said: "Gentlemen of the jury, charging a jury is a new business to me, as this is my first case. You have heard all the evidence, as well as myself; you have also heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you judge like me, and don't believe what either of them have said, then I'll be hanged if I know what you will do. Considerable, take charge of the jury."

STODDARD'S MULE.

A Story of How It Broke Ferryman Dagget's Business.

Many years ago down in Idaho, during a gold excitement, a good many men went into the country to make money outside the gold hunting industry. Their idea was to make the old fellows delve for the gold while they appropriated it afterward. Rollin Dagget, afterwards Nevada's congressman, says the Carson (Nev) Appeal, established a ferryboat on a small creek and named the place "Death's Ford," at the same time inventing a musty legend to the effect that it was thus named because so many lives had been lost in the attempt to cross it. The stream was not over a dozen yards wide and the water nowhere over two feet deep, but he rigged up a flatboat and pulled it back and forth by a rope contrivance. Whenever prospectors crossed he regaled them with horrible tales of the treachery of the stream, and the remorseless quicksands which had drawn so many men and mules to terrible deaths.

In the night when he ferried people over he would caution them not to get too near the edge of the boat, as a fall overboard was certain death. By letting the dim old lantern go out and making slow time he frequently impressed the passengers with the idea that the stream was half a mile wide; for night trips he charged \$5, but if the wind was high and the weather bad he struck sanguine prospectors for much larger sums. In the daytime \$1 was his modest charge.

He went along in this way for several months, the men who rushed to the hills looking upon him as the benefactor to his race by this conquering of so formidable an obstacle to travel as "Death's Ford." One day Charlie Stoddard, the promoter, appeared on the bank with a mule and bearded the flatboat to cross. In the midst of the stream, just when the ferryman was telling how dangerous the place was, the mule grew restless and fell overboard. One leg caught on a rope and he got his head under water, and, unable to extricate himself, was drowned. When he was out loose he lay there in the middle of "Death's Ford" half out of water so that all who came along saw what a miserable sham the ferry was, and that any four-footed animal could walk across. Dagget tried to get the mule away but he was too heavy to budge, and so he lay there in sight for weeks, until Dagget's business as ferryman was ruined. That's the reason old Dag hardly ever speaks to Charlie Stoddard when he meets him.

Unpleasant Camping Out.

On the plains of Afghanistan, in Central Asia, a joint commission of Englishmen and Russians is slowly laying down the boundary line which, it is hoped, will mark the farthest limit of Russian progress southward on the road toward the English possessions in India.

A correspondent who is with the commission writes to the London "Pioneer" an account of the cold weather which has been experienced. Those who have enjoyed the delights of camping out in the long summer vacation will perhaps shiver a little at this story of tent life in the valley of the Oxus:

On the night of the 23rd of December the thermometer went down to 2 deg. below zero. "One's breath froze into ice on one's pillow, and many of us found it difficult to sleep despite all the clothes we could pile on. I myself was awake toward morning by a loud report, which I found was caused by the bursting of a bottle of what had been drinking water, but which had turned into a block of ice and burst under my bed, and once awake the cold was too intense to get to sleep again. At nine in the morning the thermometer was still only at 6 deg., and it continued to freeze all the day through, despite the sun. In the afternoon I was out shooting with the sun full on my face, yet my breath froze on my moustache the whole time. The poor cook, I think, had the hardest time of it. His eggs, he says, are all frozen hard, and he can make nothing of them; and further, as fast as he roasts his joint on one side it freezes, he says, on the other. I confess, though, that I did not witness the latter. Writing with ink, of course, is an utter impossibility—every ink pot in camp contains simply a solid block of ice, and it is no use in thawing it, as it freezes on the paper before it has time to dry. I am writing this, therefore, in pencil. It is wonderful how well the men and followers are standing the cold, but a liberal issue of meat and tea and sugar seems to make them all proof against anything. I must say, though, that they are precious quiet in the mornings, and loath indeed to get up; their ablutions, too, I dare say, are few and far between, but really I cannot blame them. When it comes to our having to thaw our tooth brush every time we have to use it, and when everything around is frozen hard, little wonder that the poor Hindu is chary of touching water. The bhooties, I think, I pity most. They can fill their muskuks certainly at the running canal, although even that is frozen over, but by the time they get back into camp the water they are carrying is frozen, and absolutely refuses to run out of the muskuik again.

Disraeli's Assurance.

A little volume has recently been published made up of the correspondence of Lord Beaconsfield with his sister in the years 1832-1842. This man's career was indeed wonderful, and it is interesting to observe the young Hebrew novelist, Benjamin Disraeli, forecasting his subsequent career. His firm belief in his talents is thus expressed in a letter written to his sister in 1835:

Went to the House of Commons to hear Bulwer adjourn the House; was there yesterday afternoon during the whole debate—one of the finest we have had for years. Bulwer spoke, but he is physically disqualified for an orator, and, in spite of all his exertions, can never succeed. He was heard with great attention, and is evidently backed by a party. Heard Macaulay's best speech, said, and Charles Grant. Macaulay, admirable; but between ourselves, I could floor them all. This only says: I was never more confident of anything than that I could carry everything before me in that House. The words will come!

Caged Fire.

The fate of the Oregon has shown the danger to be dreaded from water, and the more fortunate experience of the steamer Crystal only two months ago, suggests the peril in which a vessel may be placed by fire. In the case of the Crystal the bulkheads were undoubtedly of great assistance.

On January 11 John Gray, the steward, thought he could feel unusual heat in his room. He waited until 8 o'clock, and then went into the chief officer's room to report his suspicions. When he opened the stateroom door he was met by a dense cloud of smoke, and with difficulty aroused the mate. A volume of smoke was pouring in at a small hole bored through the bulkhead to allow a telegraph wire to run from the forward steering wheel to the after one, and it was four hours before the mate was returned to consciousness. The second officer, whose room was about the mate's with a similar aperture in the bulkhead, was also unconscious. The vessel was then 700 miles east of Newfoundland.

When the full extent of the danger was made known to Captain Stannard, he at once ordered all the openings described to be closed up and the hatches battened down. The ship is divided into four water-tight compartments, with iron bulkheads separating them. That one where the fire was located was about forty feet long, and reached from the upper deck to the keelson. There were stowed bales of jute, carpets, paper stock and burlap, and Captain Stannard rightly concluded it to be useless to attempt to distinguish the fire with water. The smoke from the smoldering mass permeated every corner of the vessel and made it impossible for the men to remain below decks. Several of them were prostrated during the passage and had to be cared for in the engine room.

A consultation of the officers was held, and all but the captain thought it advisable to make for St. John's or Halifax. Some dissatisfaction was expressed when Captain Stannard made up his mind that he would bring the vessel to New York.

The succeeding ten days and nights were filled with apprehension. The decks are of iron covered with wood, and it was feared that before reaching port the heat would force its way upward to the deck and give vent to the smoldering flames. Both fore and aft bulkheads of the compartment containing the fire, it was feared, would give way, and then the flames would have a clean sweep fore and aft. But with a steady courage and admirable coolness the captain continued on his course and quelled the fear of his crew.

"I have been at sea many years and have suffered shipwreck," he said, "but never was I placed in so terrible a position as on this passage. Sailors can fight all the elements except fire. In a gale of wind, so occupied are the crew with their duties that they have but little time to think of danger, but in this case all know their fearful peril." The consignees are much pleased with the manner in which Captain Stannard acted, and say that to his determination is due the safe arrival of the ship. The damage to the cargo is said to be in the neighborhood of \$10,000, mostly covered by insurance.

The Deadly Knife in Sicily.

A horrible deed of blood committed near Gergenti gives an illustration of the use of the knife in the island of Sicily. Two butchers, father and son, of the name of Indellato, who kept a shop in that town, not long since took two brothers, named Alfonso and Giovanni Cannetonis into partnership. Before long the Cannetonis began to trade in lamb carcasses separately on their own account, and disagreements arose, which ultimately led to a collision between Baldassare Indellato and Alfonso Cannetoni. They drew their butcher's knives from their belts on each other. Alfonso aimed a well-directed blow at Baldassare. He parried it with his left arm, which was cut to the bone, and at the same instant drove his knife into the heart of Alfonso, who fell dead on the spot. At that moment a young son of Alfonso, aged 19, came up with a bludgeon to his father's assistance. Baldassare struck him to the ground, and then cut his throat across, "as he would have slaughtered a sheep." Mad with rage, Baldassare then rushed into the shop, and taking Giovanni the brother of Alfonso, by surprise, killed him with a slash across the abdomen. Turning then to leave the shop, he inflicted a serious wound on a person just entering. All this occurred within the space of four minutes, the result of the collision being three persons killed and two wounded.

Servants in India.

"In India," said a gentleman with an Oriental tan on his face, "the customs with regard to the servants are somewhat peculiar. When a man is invited to a dinner party, or is sitting at the table in his boarding-house, his own 'bearer,' or body servant, stands behind his chair to wait upon him. The exigencies of the feast often make it necessary for a bearer to serve somebody other than his master, but on such occasions the guest is expected to overlook any shortcomings of which the attendant may be guilty; for in India the rule, 'Insult my servant, and you insult me,' is acknowledged everywhere. Once at a boarding-house on the Chauringee road, in Calcutta, I saw a bearer who was serving a stout, choleric Englishman with curry, spill a little of the peppered mixture on his trousers. Furiouly turning around, the angry Briton found that the delinquent was not his own bearer, but the employee of a gentleman sitting at the other side of the table. 'Well, sir,' he said to his vis-a-vis, 'I won't kick your servant, but, by god, sir, I'll kick my own!' and an astonished and innocent bearer, who was twenty feet away when the offence was committed, was ignominiously kicked out of the room."

Four Years of Faithful Service.

"Patrick, are you sure you can handle a pair of horses if they're a little vicious?" "Be gorra, I can, sir." "How long were you in your last place?" "Four years, sir." "That speaks well for you. You don't drink?" "Whisky, do you mean? Sure, niver a drop passed my lips durin' all that time, sir." "Good for you, Patrick. Oh, by the by, what were you doing those four years?" "I was in jail, sir."

FEEDING ON HUMAN FLESH.

Awful Sufferings of Poor Canadian Fisherman in an Open Boat.

Full details of the terrible story of cannibalism have been obtained from only one of the survivors who is able to speak of the affair. The boat landed at Louisburg, N. S., the other afternoon, with two exhausted survivors. A ghastly sight met the gaze of the crew that assembled about the boat when from beneath the piece of canvas covering them in the stern were brought to light the remains of James McDonald and Angus McDonald. The former was in a frightfully mutilated condition. The right arm was missing from the elbow, the throat was cut and hacked in a sickening manner, and two great pieces of flesh had been chopped, as by a knife, from each thigh. In the bottom of the boat in a pool of blood, which washed to and fro with the motion of the waves, lay three

LARGE PIECES OF HUMAN FLESH

that had been bitten, partly masticated and then spat out. The spectacle was of a nature witnessed but once in a lifetime, and the feelings of those looking on were so wrought with horror that the strongest in the crowd turned away, unable to stand it any longer. The two half-parished survivors of the terrible voyage are Colin Chisholm, of Harbor Bouche, N. S., and Angus McEochern, of Long Point, Strait of Canso. Chisholm told the following story: "We belonged to the American fishing schooner Cleisly H. Low, Captain McKennis. The vessel had fourteen hands altogether, and sailed from Gloucester on Wednesday March 15. After a fair passage we arrived on the Western banks on the succeeding Tuesday. On the Monday following, about eight o'clock in the morning, McEochern and myself left the vessel to attend to our trawls in company with another dory containing the two McDonalds. While at our work fog suddenly shut down, hiding the vessel from our view. As soon as the trawls were all set we started to find the schooner, and in trying to do so fell in with the other boat. No answer came to our signals and we concluded

WE WERE LOST.

We kept in company all day and night and until noon of the following day, when the McDonalds got into our dory and we set the other adrift after scouring her oars. We observed a sail but could not attract their attention. We had neither food nor water and began to suffer awfully. On Thursday evening James McDonald, who was more than twice as old as the rest and had been gradually growing weaker and weaker from hunger and exposure, felt that he was dying, and looking at the three of us from the stern where he was lying, said in a voice I shall never forget, 'Good by! good by, mates! I am dying.' These were his last words. We kept his body, thinking the rest of us might yet be rescued. We kept on in the direction we thought the land lay, though every stroke was weaker than the last, and none knew at what moment one of us would give up in despair. On Friday, after James McDonald died, Angus McDonald said he was starving and thirsty, and that as he must have something to eat and drink he was going

TO DRINK JIM'S BLOOD.

He had no sooner uttered the words than he seized his knife and cut off Jim's arm; sucking some of the blood and eating some of the flesh. Then looking at me with his mouth smeared and with a piece of flesh in his hand, he asked me if I would have some, remarking at the time that the blood tasted like cream, I tasted it, and at once spat it out, saying if I was to die within an hour I would neither eat the flesh or drink the blood. In the afternoon Angus again turned to me and said:—"I am going to cut Jim's throat to get some more blood." I begged him not to do so, saying:—"For God's sake, whatever else you do, don't cut his throat. Do what you like, but don't do that." In the morning we found he had cut the dead man's throat, and, not finding any blood there, had also cut pieces of flesh out of his left thigh. His hunger and thirst not being then appeased, Angus cut another piece of flesh out of Jim's right thigh and during Sunday

ATE SEVERAL PIECES.

Mr. McEochern attempted to eat some, but could not. The taste made him sick. On Sunday night, "having kept rowing, we met a quantity of drift ice and we were then, I should judge, sixty miles east southeast of Guyon Island. By this time Angus McDonald, a d.J.I. netted, was becoming crazy and going aft to try to get him to lay down, he picked up an oar and struck me twice, but not hurting me much. Sometime afterward McEochern and myself lay down to sleep. At daylight we awoke, to find that Angus McDonald had thrown all the oars overboard. We took the thwarts and paddled through the ice searching for the oars, and at last found five of them. All day Sunday we rowed through the ice as best our weakness would permit us. About noon

ANGUS DIED INSANE.

never having spoken after striking me the previous day. As evening drew near we made out what afterwards proved to be Guyon Island, but darkness coming on and squalls setting in we were then unable to find it. We lay down to sleep but cold and anxiety to reach land made sleep impossible. All night long the waves beat over us, and when dawn broke at last we were covered with ice and hardly able to move, but land was now close by, and by strenuous efforts we managed to make gradual headway. About ten o'clock on Monday morning our dory grounded on the beach of the island, and the lighthouse keeper, who had observed us through the ice, came down with his two boys and carried us up to his house. Neither of us was able to walk when we were assisted to land; the feet of both of us had turned purple and raw and were horribly swollen. After we got into the ice we used to suck it to allay our thirst, and that was the only thing we had in the shape of water for over eight days. Now it is all over, and I am very thankful to God for having been preserved."

The codfish continues to grow indefinitely, without regard to age, so long as it has a plentiful supply of food. The oldest codfish are the largest, and they sometimes grow 60 be as long as a man is high. They swim about near the bottom of the sea, not even according to the surface, feeding on all sorts of animal life, such as crabs, shell fish and other small fish, but not on vegetable.