

# THE FARM.

**Rot—Its Cause and Remedies.**

The microscope in the fields has revealed much of the life of the potato. Many forms of rot have been discovered, and the origin of the disease has been traced to the soil. It is caused by a fungus which enters the plant through the roots and spreads throughout the system. The disease is most common in the potato, but it also attacks other plants. The symptoms of rot are a general withering of the plant, and the appearance of a brownish, watery exudate from the leaves and stems. The disease is most common in the potato, but it also attacks other plants. The symptoms of rot are a general withering of the plant, and the appearance of a brownish, watery exudate from the leaves and stems. The disease is most common in the potato, but it also attacks other plants. The symptoms of rot are a general withering of the plant, and the appearance of a brownish, watery exudate from the leaves and stems.

this spring.—By J. Hayes Panton M. A. Professor of Natural History at the Ontario Agricultural College.

**He Fired on Time.**

They engaged a new porter at a Lafayette Hotel. Everybody liked him, he was so cheerful, so obliging, and so rigorously and scrupulously exact in carrying out every order given him. The other day Mr. J. B. Johnson, the vice-president of the Omaha Chilled Plough Works, put up at the hotel. Mr. Johnson is a very dignified and polished gentleman, and extremely particular about his room and service. That evening a very extraordinary thing occurred. Some say it was about 9 o'clock, others place it as late as 10. At any rate, somewhere near that time Mr. Johnson was amazed to see the door of his room open and a man step in.

"Who the dickens are you?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"Oh am the porter," replied the stranger, deliberately removing his coat and rolling up his sleeves.

"Well, what is the meaning of this singular intrusion?" inquired Mr. Johnson.

Thomas did not reply. He spit upon his hands, executed a rapid and fantastic jig, and leaped suddenly upon the astonished guest.

"Help! Murder!" bellowed Mr. Johnson; "crazy man killing me."

"Shut up, ye dhrirty spalpeen!" exclaimed Thomas, obtaining a firm grip upon the bust of his trousers, and propelling him rapidly out of the room, "its none of the loikes of ye that is wanted in a decent house."

"But, my good man!" gasped Mr. Johnson, his words coming by excited jerks, "there is some mistake. Let me explain."

"Niver a word, ye hoodlum!" replied Thomas, rushing him toward the stairs; "we're on to ye. The house has had ye spotted!"

The next instant the guests in the corridor were amazed to see two figures, one spluttering and kicking and the other grim and determined, scot down the staircase, plunge through the lobby, and disappear into the outer darkness. In a few moments Thomas returned, panting and rolling down his sleeves.

"What in the name of heaven were you doing?" asked Mr. Weekly, the proprietor, when he recovered sufficiently from the shock to speak.

"I was firing that dhrirty blackguard Johnson," replied Thomas.

"Firing him? Hold me, somebody? What put such an infernal idea into your head?"

"Here she is," replied Thomas, with an injured air, holding the slate before the proprietor's eyes.

"By—the—great—horn spoon," gasped Mr. Weekly, and swooned away.

This was what he read:

"No. 40; fire at 10:30."

# YOUNG FOLKS.

**A PUZZLED TIGER.**

A STORY OF BRITISH INDIA.

Two men sat under a clump of palm-trees on the bank of a small river in upper Bengal eating their tiffin (lunch) with the appetite of men who had been all morning in the open air. One of them, a tall, weather-tanned, black-mustached fellow, was evidently an English officer. His companion, who was a good deal smaller and slighter than himself, did not look much like either a fighter or a hunter; but the almost superstitious reverence paid him by the Hindoo servants showed that he must be a great man in some way.

In fact, there were few more famous scientists or more adventurous travellers than Professor Anneroyd, Fellow of the British Royal Geographical Society, President of the Calcutta Antiquarian Club, Honorary Member of the Russian Imperial Association of Scientific Research, with other titles too numerous to mention. There was hardly a corner of the earth, however remote or dangerous, into which he had not thrust his little bald head and gold-rimmed spectacles; and people who saw him for the first time, after having heard of his exploits, were greatly startled to see, instead of the big bearded, sun-burned fellow whom they expected, a slender, pale-faced little man, who looked as if he would be knocked up or knocked down by the first mishap that befell him.

In the centre of an open space just behind the two plotters stood a large looking-glass, which the Professor had just been using in one of his experiments; and at this the native attendants were looking and pointing excitedly, although keeping their distance from it all the while as carefully as if it had been a packet of dynamite.

"See those fellows!" laughed Major Hampton, as he finished his second plate of cold chicken. "I'll be bound they all take you for a magician of the very first class. Just now I overheard two of them having a discussion about what you could be trying to do. One would have it that you were at work to discover a buried treasure."

"So I am," chuckled the Professor, cutting himself a slice of bread, "but it's a treasure of knowledge, not of money. However, this can't be much fun for you, my dear Major; and its too bad of me to keep you here all day doing nothing, just for my convenience. Couldn't you find a wild beast or two to amuse yourself with while I'm at work?"

"No such luck," replied Hampton, shaking his head. "This bit along the river here used to be a famous cover for the big game; but since they began to cut away the jungle you can't get a decent tiger here for love or money."

The words were scarcely uttered when, as if on purpose to give the lie to them, the native servants, who had been enjoying their long pipes in the cool shade of the trees that flanked the clearing, suddenly sprang up and fled in every direction with shrill cries of terror. Mingling with their outcries came a deep, hoarse roar, which the hardest sportsman never hears quite unmoved—the cry of a hungry tiger on the track of his prey.

"Up into that banyan-tree for your life, Anneroyd!" shouted Hampton, leaping to his feet, "for that fellow means business, and no mistake."

Up flew the Professor as nimbly as a monkey, and the next instant Major Hampton was beside him. But even in that moment of deadly peril the veteran sportsman had found time to snatch up his double-barrelled rifle and ammunition pouch.

Hitherto the flight of the Hindoos and the fearful sound that accompanied it had been the only signs of the terrible creature's presence. But the Major's keen eyes soon detected a stirring among the bushes, and then a great flat head and fiery eye gliding forth from them.

"Isn't he a splendid fellow?" whispered Hampton, as coolly as if he were looking at the beast through the bars of a cage in a menagerie. "He seems to be in want of a lesson, though, and I'm going to give him one."

But he had hardly loaded one barrel of his rifle when he suddenly broke into a fit of laughter so violent as almost to shake him off his perch. And well he might. The tiger was indeed about to get a lesson, but such a one as neither he nor his two enemies had foreseen in the least.

The tall mirror was still standing in the middle of the clearing, just as the coolies (native porters) had left it; and the tiger, coming out right in front of it, saw (as he thought) another tiger advancing against him open-mouthed. His very whiskers bristled with rage at this defiance, and with a savage growl he drew back for a decisive spring. But in doing so he moved beyond the line of reflection, and instantly the other tiger disappeared as if he had never been.

This was evidently something quite new to the "royal Bengal." He stepped short, stared blankly around him, dropped his tail, and altogether looked so utterly bewildered and foolish that the two watchers almost burst their sides with laughing at him.

"Well," gasped the Major. "If this isn't the best fun I've seen since I came out, my name's not Dick Hampton."

Meanwhile the tiger seemed to have made up his mind that the puzzle lay in the mysterious looking-glass, and that it was his duty to examine it more closely. He crept cautiously toward it, and of course the other tiger reappeared at once. Now for it! With one tremendous bound he was close upon his enemy; but the shock of his leap overturned the mirror, and the phantom tiger vanished once more.

This second disappearance was quite too much for the nerves of the "jungle king." With a low whine of dismay he turned sharp round, and was about to make off, when Major Hampton, who had no notion of losing his game so easily, levelled his rifle and fired. The sting of the bullet in his flank changed the tiger's fear to fury, and with a roar like thunder it darted toward the tree whence the shot had come; but instantly the second barrel sent its charge home, and the monster reeled over into the jungle grass, a harmless heap of black and yellow fur.

A nightgown is nothing but a napook.

# OVER THE OCEAN.

Mr. Gladstone will spend the holiday recess at Howden Castle when not engaged in his canvass in Scotland.

The total coal output in Great Britain last year was 159,351,415 tons, with 520,632 colliers employed, against 160,757,779 tons and 520,360 colliers employed the preceding year.

The backwardness of the season in Scotland is seriously retarding agricultural operations; and in some districts farm work is less advanced than it has been for a great many years past.

Her Majesty has written a letter to Elizabeth Mount, the heroine of the Columbine, expressing sympathy with her in the sufferings she endured in her memorable voyage, and sending at the same time a check for £20.

A copy of Dickens' "Strange Gentleman," one of the rarest of his productions, was recently bought by a small bookseller for three pence. By him it was sold for 15s to a young man in the trade, he in his turn disposing of the book to another person for £1. This last knew the value of his prize, and in spite of its being imperfect, resold the volume for £5 to a well-known firm of booksellers, who now want somewhere about £12 for it. A perfect copy is worth £20. It is quite a small pamphlet, and has been reprinted—without the frontispiece.

In the confederation of Switzerland, with a population of about two millions and a half, or just one half that of London and its suburbs, there are no less than four languages. Out of every thousand of inhabitants about 600 speak German, 227 French, 56 Italian, and 17 Romanisch. Each of these languages represents a separately and sharply defined race, and in addition to this multiplicity of race and language, the Swiss are divided in the matter of religious confession; in every thousand of the population there being roughly 600 Protestants to 400 Roman Catholics. Surely it is no small praise to the constitution of Switzerland and to its administration, that with such diversity of race tongue and religion, there should be a profound common sentiment causing German, French, and Romanisch alike to cherish as the strongest political feeling—affection for the fatherland.

Truth learns that the Princess of Wales has really been suffering from blood-poisoning. Her Royal Highness is now convalescent, but it is probable that during the Easter holidays she will either go abroad for a short time, or else take a cruise in the Royal yacht, Osborne. The Princess' health cannot yet be pronounced to be entirely satisfactory, as she will require much care for a considerable time to come. The Low Church people at Torquay are by no means pleased that the Princess should have "sat under" Mr. Hewitt, the vicar of Babacombe, who is locally known as "Father" Hewitt, and is one of the most "advanced" clergymen in the West of England. The Duchess of Sutherland is a regular member of the congregation, and Babacombe is a very attractive church, the musical services being exceptionally good.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts (says Life) has been carrying out the suggestion of cooking savory dishes for the poor in Westminster, and the results are most encouraging. Large supplies of scraps are sent in, which are carefully cooked and prepared into soup, stews, pies and puddings, and these are sold at 1 penny a dish to the poor, who gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of procuring a good meal at such a price. The girls at the Guards' Industrial Home have been called to assist in this good work, and for some time prepared the meals in their own kitchen, but the business has so largely increased that suitable premises have been secured where the work is done. Lady Walsley started a Mayfair scrap cart, and has organized her plan so systematically that large quantities of ready dainty morsels are collected and sent to Westminster two or three times a week, and add greatly to the material in hand. Under the auspices of Lady Sudeley a similar collecting cart will go about Balgravia.

Switzerland, since the time of the Romans, Bellinzona has been a very important military post, for it is the southern key to the Gotthard Pass, and commands the whole valley of the Ticino. In old times the conquering cantons of Uri Schwyz and Unterwalden sent in turn a Landvogt or governor to rule in Bellinzona over the province, and each canton built itself a mighty castle. All three remain, and their ancient towers and hoary battlemented walls, built as they are upon commanding eminences, give the town an old world and picturesque appearance. Some thirty years ago, too, the Swiss confederation, profoundly impressed with the necessity of making good the Gotthard Pass against all comers, flung a line of fortifications right across the valley just below the town. To a layman, this picturesque zigzag of turreted masonry looks very formidable, and as if no man or mouse could overleap such a wall much less an army; but military critics assert that so rapid has been the advance in the art of war, that as a work of defence it is now absolutely valueless.

A goose which has just died at Stuttgart left the flock, while still a gosling, and resolved to have nothing more to do with its companion geese, but to try a new way of life for itself. So it boldly marched into the barracks of a Uhlan regiment one day and stationed itself next the sentry box. The Uhlans were touched by the goose choosing to ally itself with their corps, and built a shed for it to live in. For twenty-three years neither threats or persuasion were able to separate this bird from its adopted regiment. When the corps changed quarters the goose went with them, and when the Uhlans went to fight for their country the desolate creature took up for a time with a battalion of infantry; but no sooner did the first Uhlans enter the town than the goose marched out to meet them, and went with them to her old quarters. Since her death she has been stuffed, and is to be seen in a glass case on the gate of the barracks of Stuttgart.

When Franklin bottled the lightning he was considered an Ajax; the pulpit thundered against his daring impiety. It was echo of the ancient curse on the first tiller of the ground, the first builders of towers, the first bearers of fire and the arts to men. Nevertheless, one of Jove's bolts was bottled; and, from that time, it has been studied and analyzed, until science has learned how to store up lightning and regulate its action.

Some years ago a Frenchman crossed the English channel being sixteen slender-stemmed in a Gladstone bag. He conveyed to Sir William Thomson, at Glasgow, so many little metal boxes, called lightning. Dr. Buchanan came in one day to borrow one of these boxes, saying that he wanted to use it on a patient—a little child that had a tumor on its tongue, which he was afraid to cut off or to burn off in the old way; the heated wire sometimes loses its heat, has to be reheated, causing much pain. The stored electricity was taken to the child's room, the wire was kept at one heat. In one second the lightning touched off the tumor, painlessly, soft as a mother's kiss; and the child is well.

# THE STORM'S APPEARANCE.

An Eye Witness Describes the Cyclone in Minnesota.

The best testimony that can be had from eye witnesses of the storm is to the effect that the cloud was somewhat different in appearance from cyclones in general as reported. Hon. J. A. Demeules, an ex-member of the house of representatives was at his house near George Lake, not far from the track of the storm. He told a reporter of the appearance of the cloud. Said he: "It must have formed rapidly, and just above the lake, as it was there when I first noticed it. It was very black, and seemed to be constantly in motion. At first I thought it was the smoke from some large fire and it was moving rapidly across the lake when I first saw it. It was flat and oval in shape, with a sort of spiral at each of the extremities, one extending upward and the other downward. It was peculiar in appearance, and I watched it closely when it had passed across the lake. It seemed to stop. Its movement resembled that of a fan opening and closing, and it remained stationary for some seconds. Almost instantly its form changed. Instead of lying flat, it seemed to turn on end and the spirals that had run up from the other end formed a part of a big double spiral. It had a movement that was peculiar, as if there was a commotion within it.

ITS COURSE WAS RAPID

and as soon as the big spiral was formed it began moving at a terrific rate in a course that was somewhat zigzag. It dropped down to the ground, and I saw the entire work of ruin. Its course after it crossed the river was rather sinuous, though hardly as much so as before. It swept across the country, and in five minutes from the time it reached the Sauk Rapids the work of destruction was done." A Mr. Clarke was driving with Mr. Cooper of the State board of agriculture. He said that he had seen the cloud form. There were two at first that came together directly over the lake, and then turned on end and swept onward. A daughter of Governor Gilman corroborates Mr. Demeules' story. She saw it when it lay like a fan, and she said it was apparently standing still. She thought it was the smoke from some large fire and ran to a lookout on the top of the governor's house, to discover where the fire was. Before she had reached the top the cloud had turned and was approaching with terrible rapidity and was already creating havoc, whereupon she ran down. A gentleman who did not give his name told Mr. Alexander Rigg, of Monticello, who was here that he had seen a man in the spiral rapidly moving after the clouds had passed Sauk Rapids three or four miles. There are one or two missing, and it is possible that it may have been the druggist who had not been found.

A peculiarly sad incident occurred at Sauk Rapids, Minn. Out in the rubbish some reds from the depot, wandering about the stricken neighborhood, was a middle-aged man. He looked haggard and took no notice of the curious people who constantly passed him in their search among the ruins. It was Charles Shellgreen. His home had been leveled to the ground by the cyclone, and he was wandering near the spot where his home had once stood. He was a poor man and had nothing but his home. One of the visitors was the Rev. Mr. Pierce, of Ferguson Falls, who had once preached at Sauk Rapids, and not knowing how Mr. Shellgreen had been afflicted, he approached him and asked if he had lost any besides his house. The man stopped, walked up and shook hands with the man of God and said "my baby." He could go no further, but sat upon the ruins of his home, and the tears rolled from his eyes as his voice thickened. His entire family had been killed, a wife and four children. The woman and three of the children lay over in the dead house awaiting their coffin, but the fourth, a little girl baby of some weeks, had not been found. The minister could not say cheer up, and he left the man sitting alone and desolate, with the tears streaming from his dazed eyes.

A Manly Word to Boys.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running. If there is a dull one, help him to learn his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fuss.

A Leopard Can Change His Spots.

"That, my young friend, is a leopard," observed a schoolmaster at the Zoo the other day as he was showing off before three or four favorite pupils. "Notice the spots upon his skin. Can the Ethiopian alter his skin or the leopard change his spots?"

"Yes, sir," unexpectedly replied a keeper who was standing near; "that 'ere one often does."

"How so?" inquired the schoolmaster, eagerly, with visions of discoveries floating before his eyes. "Explain yourself, my friend."

"There, sir! Didn't you see her? She's just done it," answered the keeper. "She was first of all a lying down on this spot, and then she got up and changed, and now she's lying down on that spot."

Exit keeper amidst disgust of schoolmaster and stifled laughter of pupils.