

THE FARM.

Care of the Team.

It is astonishing how little care some farm teams get. They come from plowing or harrowing, all dusty, sweaty, and with skin worn off in places. It may be, by hard harness that does not fit. Into the stables they go; and the currycomb and brush scarcely ever touches them; and as for washing off the dried sweat, and rubbing them down, that is never done. They go into the field in the morning; perhaps they have been watered and perhaps not; and they are compelled to wait until noontime, when, if allowed to drink, they will take more than is good for them. It is only humane to manage somewhat that, on the hottest days, the work-team may have more frequent opportunity to drink than once at morning, noon and night. In respect to feed, let it be out hay mixed with meal. It is most economical; horses will do best on it and work the hardest. It is an error to feed a horse all the hay he will eat. Make up the deficiency in grain; and, if oats are fed, twelve quarts per day is as much as a horse can digest well; and, unless they are digested, of course they do no good. Above all feed regularly, and do not overfeed. On the other hand, do not expect a horse to do heavy work on light rations.

The Apple's Enemy.

This, it need hardly be said, is the codling moth or apple worm. The only nice thing about it is its entomological name, Carpocapsa pomonella. This moth makes its appearance in latter May or early June, and it is well to be prepared to meet it when it comes. Traps have been invented for this insect, and various means suggested of staying the advances and preventing its ravages. Professor Cook asserts, that Paris Green and London Purple if mixed with water and sponged on the trees "it is sure to kill this arch enemy of our most valued fruit." He has found that a pound of the poison mixed with 100 gallons of water, and kept well mixed, is still effective to kill the larvae as they attempt to enter the apple. One or two applications of the poison to the trees, made soon after blossoms fall, will thin almost to extinction not only the codling larva but all other insects present, as the canker-worm, leaf-roller, and various caterpillars. The probabilities are that in those localities where apples were so abundant last season, there will be few enough at best this year, and we can't afford to give many to the worms.

Potato Planting.

It is customary in most farming sections to plant potatoes in the early spring, and once for all. By this we mean that there is only one season of planting and only one crop to harvest. But in view of drought and bugs, a late planting, say along in June, might make a decided and desirable change. This planting leaves the tuber formation for early fall, about the time fall rains should prevail. Moreover, during harvest time, when grain must be garnered, it is just the time when the potato crop needs attention; and if it does not have it, weeds will soon preempt the territory to the disadvantage of the potato crop. But late planted potatoes will not need so much attention during the busy harvest season. The late crop can be dug and marketed when labor is cheaper, and the market is usually better. In order to insure a good crop at any time, the ground must be kept mellow and soft, and a slight scratching over with a cultivator, as opportunity permits, will have good results.

Feed for Butter.

It is not necessary to feed oily food for a large production of butter. On the contrary nitrogenous food mixed with selected food rich in starch and peculiarly well flavored fatty matter is preferable. It is a fact that oils taken into the digestive apparatus are largely absorbed directly by the blood and are carried, without change, into the milk, thus giving to the butter a flavor like that of the food. But when peas, bran, malt, sprouts, and other food rich in nitrogenous elements, and fat which have an agreeable flavor, are used with cornmeal or other starchy feed, the whole is thoroughly well digested, and pass into the blood and the milk in a changed form, and not directly. The butter is thus of a better quality than when oil meals are fed. The selection of food for dairy cows is a matter for the greatest care, and also for individual experiment. A good mixture of food for cows used for making butter is 100 pounds of peas, or Southern cow peas, 200 pounds of corn, and 260 pounds of fine wheat or rye bran, all ground together. To eight quarts of this meal may be added four quarts of thoroughly soaked malt sprouts and one of oatmeal meal for a full daily allowance, divided into three feeds for a large full milking cow.

The Color of the Eye.

Some curious researches have recently been undertaken by Swiss and Swedish physicians on the color of the eyes, but without any apparent purpose. For convenience all eyes were divided into blue or brown, the various shades of gray eyes being classified according to the prominence of blue or brown in their color. Some of the conclusions from a great many observations are these: That women with brown eyes have better prospects of marriage than those with blue; that the average number of children is greater with parents whose eyes are dissimilar. In children both of whose parents have blue eyes, 93 per cent inherit blue eyes; but in children both of whose parents have brown eyes, only 80 per cent have brown eyes. The above results were reached in Switzerland. In Sweden the discoveries were not quite the same. The women with brown eyes were more numerous there than the men with brown eyes, but brown eyes are apparently increasing there as in Switzerland.

The Port Physician at Philadelphia, Dr. H. Luffman, has been investigating typhoid fever there. From his figures it would seem that this disease is more prevalent in Philadelphia than in most large cities, and that it is steadily on the increase. This fact Dr. Luffman does not ascribe to Sanitary ill water nor to sewer gas, but mainly to cesspools and to water from contaminated wells. A large number of the deaths are of recently arrived foreigners, who are most susceptible to malarial influences.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

There was an unusually large attendance at the meeting opened, and it was whispered from one to the other that Brother Gardner had something on his mind. His countenance had a serious look as he took his seat, and during roll-call he was busy with a letter. When the secretary had finished his call the President arose and said:

"My friends, hear me a letter from Asheville, North Carolina, inclosed the purposed-in's of a late temperance meetin' held by de cull'd people of dat nighbourhood, an axin' me to publicly state my views on the subjick of temperance. Not a man among you hez eber heard me preach temperance. Some of you who war drinkin' too deeply hev bin made to walk chalk, but I haan't fered my opinyuns upon you. I see my cull'd friends alyin' in an' slippin' out of saloons, an' although I know dey leave money dar, which am sorely needed at home, I haven't a word of advice to give. I often meet a good man drunk, but I dean' chide him. I see young men gwine to destruktshun by de aid of whisky, but I dean' hold 'em back. Why? Bekase—

"1st. Advise unsked am words frown away.

"2d. To be known as a philanthropist am about as bad as to be known as a fool.

"All dat I could say or do fur a decade of yars wouldn't lessen de number of drunkards by one. De man who makes a practice of gittin' drunk am, in my opinyun, so low down in his moral natur' dat his fellow-man had better let him finish de bizness widout interupshun. Let me say a few words to de men. In dis club:

"Do ye know what a glass of beer a day means? Thirty-five cents a week—a dollar forty a month—about \$17 a y'ar Nobody stops at one glass. Jist make dat \$34 a year.

What hev ye got to show fur yer money when de y'ar ends? How much better does yer breaf smell? How much stronger am yer muscle?

"Fifty long ya's ago, when I was a slave-boy on de plantashun, I saw a specter. It had hands which trembled. It had hollow eyes—a toothless mouth—a face so drawn an' pinched dat a blue light seemed to dance aroun' it. I asked de name of de specter, an' an old man answered: 'Rum!'

"I hev seen dat specter almest ebery day since. It has followed friends to de altar—it has jined de funeral piousshun when dese friends war buried. When men fust see it dey cry out in disgust but, little by little dat grim, relentless specter gits a foothold. It puts you on de back. It walks am in arm wid you. It becomes a been companion. De broken voice of a father—de sobe of a mother—de tears of brothers an' sisters de not reach de heart of dis specter. It has no heart—no soul.

"I have heard it laugh as de poo' ole drunkard fell down in de snow to freeze to death.

"I hev heard it exult as de young man was brought home drunk fur de fust time!

"I hev seen it stan' at de cottage window an' dance in glee as de brutal blows of a drunken father smote a sufferin' mother an' innocent chill'en.

"I hev seen it ridoulin' de youth bekase he would not be led into temptashun.

"I look back for twenty years an' ask what has become of Ben an' Tom an' Sam an' a scoot of others. Dead, alas! How? By old age? No! By accident? No! By disease? No! They locked arms with de specter. Drink, an' drink alone was responsible fur de out o' five deaths.

"I look aroun' me to-day an' I see de specter seekin' new victims. It has victims in ebery graveyard in de world—its dead sleep on de mountains and under de sea, but it am not satisfied. It has made a million widows, but its hand is relentless. It has made five millyun orphans, but de number mus' increase.

"De young man who puts liquor in his mouf am holdin' a keen-edged razor to his freat an' walkin' ober broken ground. He am stealin' away an' sellin' to de dramsheps his reverence for his father,—his love for mother—his brotherly feelin' fur brothers an' sisters. He am exchangin' honesty industry an' de respect of his fellow-men fur—what?

"Rum! A specter walkin' beside him wid noiseless step. A serpent lyin' in wait wid deadly fangs. It blights your manhood. It hastens ole age. It digs graves fur heart-broken women and starvin' chill'en.

"As I um down heah to-night I heard walls of sorrow in a house to which de master will neber return. He traded his all for Rum an' de grim specter walked to de river wid him an' coaxed him to jump from de wharf. You cannot imagine how dark de clouds hang eber dese left behind. De victims of dat specter an' lyin' about us as if Death had been holdin' a carnival. Walk up and down de streets of any town or city in de land an' yer eye will tell you which household welcomes de specter an' which drives him away. What de broken gates, shattered pains, ragged chill'en and bar' floors mean? What de blows, screams, oaths an' arrests mean? What in fo' cases out o' five, cooks de murderer's pistol or draws his deadly knife? What separates husbands an' wives—breaks up homes—fills our asylums and poo' houses?

"It is Rum! Dey talk of de deadly weapons of war, but Rum kills its thousands whar war kills its scores. War re-sets de aged an' helpless. Rum delights in deir slaughter.

"I say to you, young men, look out fur de fust temptashun. De specter stands behind you to drop pizen in de glass. Men argy wid you dat a glass of beer kin harm no one. Neither kin it benefit anyone. You am simply tradin' off yer money fur sunthin' of no account. It am a step down hill. De man who tells you he kin drink jist so much ebery day an' den let drink alone am battin' a trap fur hisself to walk into. No vicious habit eber yit stood still on a man. It mus' grow or it mus' be checked.

"You ax a boy 12 years old what drink in leads to, an' he will tell you to gambelin', fightin', idleness—de gutter, State Prison, de gallows. If, in de face of dat sartin knowledge, he jines hands wid de specter, who shall argy dat he kin be turned back? Ebery drunkard realizes what de sand will be. If he am satisfied why should de world be anxious. I hev no days to devote to de salvashun of sinners who feel destrictives well 'nuff off, nor to de rescue of men who realize dat each glass am anoder feroce' on'er on de highway to degradation. I has simply held you how I feel about it. Let us go home."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A new test for tea is the amount of ashes yielded, the quantity being greater in superior and adulterated samples than in those of good quality.

If paper has been laid under carpet all dust may be easily removed with it. Moreover, greater warmth is secured by using carpet lining, or even old newspapers under carpets.

It is said that mosquitoes, flies, and other pests will not enter a room in which the castor oil plant is growing. It seems that the small fly is not alone in his horror of castor oil.

It was found by exact measurement that a chimney near Marseilles, France, 115 feet high and 4 feet in diameter at the top, reached a maximum oscillation of twenty inches during a high wind.

Prof. N. S. Shaler is authority for the statement that 50,000 square miles of territory east of the Mississippi now covered by swamps might easily be drained and turned into fertile lands.

The practice of scalping is not peculiar to the American aborigines. Southall, in his "Recent Origin of Man," quotes from Herodotus to show that the Soythians used to scalp their fallen enemies. In the present time the wild tribes of North-eastern Bengal use the scalping knife.

Voltaire: Nothing is more estimable than a physician who, having studied nature from his youth, knows the properties of the human body, the diseases which assail it, the remedies which will benefit it, exercises his art with caution, and pays equal attention to the rich and poor.

A Paris medical society, seeking evidence from many sources concerning the contagiousness of pulmonary consumption, has forwarded questions on the subject to every practicing physician in France. Similar inquiries in England and in Germany have not been particularly successful, only 1,500 out of 23,000 English practitioners answering, and but 200 Germans out of 16,000.

A new and rather curious application of the steam whistle has been made at the Jacksonville (Ill.) Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. A whistle four feet in length and twelve inches in diameter has been placed on the pinnacle of the boiler house and is used as a signal to awaken the inmates of the institution, etc., who, although they cannot hear, are made sensible of its various signals by the vibration it gives to the buildings.

Vogel, in his "Diseases of Children," tells a story illustrative of the influence of the American mother's milk on the precocity of the infant. He once treated an American mother who still nursed her child, who was then two and a half years old. One morning when called to be nursed this infant politely declined, saying: "No, I thank you, dear mamma, the nursing is too tedious for me." The mother was then convinced that she had better wean the prodigy.

The simplest and least expensive method for removing saltpetre exudation from brick work when the efflorescence is in position where the sun and wind do not have free access is to wash it off with diluted hydrochloric or common muriatic acid of commerce. About half a pound of the acid is used with an ordinary pailful of water, the application being made with a sponge.

Considering the number of meteorites which reach the earth's surface, it would not be surprising if many lives had been destroyed by them. It is stated that loss of life resulted from a large fall in Africa; that about the year 1020 many persons and animals were killed; that in 1511, about 50000 one evening, a priest was struck and killed; and that still later, in 1650, a monk was killed. But these, according to Mr. James R. Gregory, seem to be the only instances recorded of death from falling meteorites.

A German entomologist, F. Dahl, claims that spiders have perfect vision only at a very short distance. Their sense of touch is consequently remarkably well developed, enabling them to locate disturbances in their web. Their smell is so good that they can distinguish odors, and their hearing is excellent. Some of them show a remarkable instinct in building their webs—even their first—in perfect geometrical form. A reflective power is evinced by their refusal of kinds of tough insects which have once been attacked unsuccessfully.

Always in Danger.

A certain Dr. Bull, in New York City, became a confirmed inebriate, and was proved to be so irresponsible that his family succeeded in having guardians appointed to take care of his property. In the course of time Bull applied to the courts to give him back his estate, as he claimed he had overcome his thirst for alcohol. Much interesting testimony was produced as to whether the attraction for strong drink could ever be entirely gotten rid of. It was contended that there were such persons as reformed drunkards; men who had lived sober lives after having been apparently confirmed sot; but several physicians gave it as their opinion that after a drunkard had an attack of delirium tremens the appetite never really disappeared, though it might not manifest itself if the patient was surrounded by favoring circumstances. The late John B. Gough who had not touched a drop of liquor for ever thirty years, said he dared not eat a piece of mince pie away from home, for the brandy or wine it might contain would awaken the dormant demon, the thirst for strong drink, which had made his life as a young man so unhappy. One of the strongest arguments for prohibition is that the absence of a temptation to drink is essential for the protection of the vast army of people who are under the spell which liquor fastens upon its devotees. Young people should be careful how they form the habit, for once acquired one's future life is a constant struggle to resist the appetite then acquired, as the allurements of the gilded saloon are far more effective and numerous than opportunities for healthful recreation.

No Russian lady can travel without her husband's assent to the issue of her passport, but in Austria woman's right to a vote has just been recognized. It is stated that a decree has recently been promulgated to the effect that no married Austrian subject shall henceforth receive a passport for journeying beyond the frontiers, without the express consent of his wife.

A WIFE THE WAGER.

A Russian Incident.

"You'd better give up the game for this evening," said a friend of Toheretsoff. The young officer poured out another glass of champagne.

"Retire from the game," he cried, "at the very moment that my luck is returning! I shall not leave the table until daylight."

"I pledge myself to do the same," replied Augustineff.

The game continued with renewed animation. Such struggles have a terrible resemblance to duels to the death. Each adversary watches the other, seeking to divine in his eyes the secret of his next play. Each tries to hide his own thought—he yields, advances, retreats again; eyes flame, hands tremble. A single mistake would be irreparable. Every play is calculated, all consequences are reckoned, and cards are rapidly flung down in order to disconcert the adversary. Finally one of the two becomes confused; he feels his luck departing from him; he staggers; he succumbs. It's all over with him; the game is lost!

Thus in that memorable night succumbed Toheretsoff. Long before the dawn began to glimmer, and the nights in St. Petersburg are long, he had lost all that he possessed—his house upon the grand Moskala, his fine estates in the central provinces, and even his beautiful chateau in the Ukraine, where he used to raise the finest horses in the empire and lived like a king when he went hither with his young wife to visit his serfs and receive the revenue of his lands.

But what gambler ever believes he has lost, so long as there yet remains to him anything to lose? Toheretsoff could not stake the diamonds of the princess, and he had already pledged all his own—even the diamonds of his decorations and a fine jewel he wore upon his finger—a rich gift from the Czar.

He rose up all dazed, took a glass, filled and emptied it several times in succession—walked thrice around the room, and returned to take his place before Augustioff, who sat there quietly shuffling the cards as if waiting for another adversary to continue the game.

But when he saw Toheretsoff again in front of him, Augustioff arose in turn.

"It is not yet day," said Toheretsoff—"why do you get up?"

"You cannot play any more; you have lost everything!"

"How do you know?"

"Have you some hidden treasure?"

"Yes, I have hidden treasures."

And continuing in a whisper, a strangled whisper that barely escaped from his livid lips, he said:

"You love my wife."

"Who told you so?"

"Nobody; I know it! I have not now even the means of nourishing her. I will play you for her. I will stake her against all that you won from me this evening."

A flash as of lightning flamed and passed in the eyes of Augustineff, and for the first time his handsome and passionless gambler's face evinced the emotion of his soul.

"I accept," he said.

But his voice now trembled like that of his adversary. Emotion choked the words at his throat, and came forth only with difficulty.

He continued:

"Still, I accept only under two conditions. The first is this: My stake is insufficient. I add to it 500,000 rubles, because I cannot add any more. Secondly, you must have the divorce obtained, taking upon yourself all responsibility for it. The reputation of the princess is without spot; she must not be touched by so much as the breath of an evil whisper."

"I accept the conditions," replied Toheretsoff. "The first is flattering to my wife; the second is flattering to myself. It shall not exceed my generosity."

At the moment of taking up the cards Augustineff was seized with a singular nervousness. He seemed afraid to begin a contest of which the woman he loved was the stake. Was he afraid of losing? Or did he fear a disdainful rejection by the princess of the terms to which she had unconsciously been made a part—a contemptuous refusal that would annihilate the fruits of victory in his very grasp? All these feelings blended in the tumult of his mind and rebbed him of much of that wonderful coolness he had always shown in ordinary playing.

The game commenced. It then assumed the aspect of a mortal duel, indeed.

A deep silence reigned in the hall. Each held his breath, and nothing could be heard except the dry sound of the cards falling upon one another, like the soldiers mortally wounded. From time to time a voice spoke, announcing a point made—then the gliding of the counters marking it. At each play the two adversaries paused, like wrestlers overcome with fatigue and trembling at the thought of defeat. The chances seemed equal, the skill evenly proportionate. A bold but incautious play was finally made by Toheretsoff. It might in other cases have brought victory—it only led to defeat! Then, for the first time, the man whom the fever had possessed for ten long years suddenly assumed an attitude full of noble dignity. He bowed to Augustioff, saluted him as equals salute each other under arms, and said:

"I shall keep my word."

It never so much as occurred to him to question the validity of his engagement. But from the paller of his face, the mist in his eyes, the lines of pain about his mouth and forehead, it was easy to see how terrible the self-restraint and how violent the agony within.

The pledge was faithfully fulfilled. Toheretsoff obtained the divorce, taking upon himself all the responsibility of the act and assuming all the faults. Certainly the most serious fault was that of having staked his wife upon a game of cards. In Russia the position of a divorced husband is very serious. He is not merely liable to a heavy penalty, but even to deprivation of liberty. The Czar's favorite aid-de-camp was not imprisoned, but he was permitted as a very special favor to join the forces at war in the Caucasus. He departed, but never returned.

And you ask what was the fate of the princess and what free choice did she make? Well, it is evident that she must have acquiesced in the consequences of her husband's loss, because as she became a Russian Augustineff

WHEAT WOMEN ARE DIED.

Thirteen years ago only three girls were employed in the Lambeth prison of the Messrs. Doulton; now there are over 100.

The Virginia Lancer, of Petersburg, is said to be the only paper in that county conducted by a colored woman. The name is Carrie Bragg.

The French national printing office employs girls as type-founders, printers, compositors, bookbinders, etc., the wages being from fifty cents to one dollar per week. After thirty years' service both men and women are retired upon a pension.

Miss Mary Anderson, who recently returned to the city of Louisville, has spent her early years, was honored by a special vote of congratulation, passed by the Kentucky State Legislature, and presented to her on the stage in the presence of an audience.

An interesting bill before the Storking one to grant a married woman independent control of her own property, which hitherto been entirely at the disposal of her husband. This is one of the many steps being taken in Norway to improve the condition of woman.

Miss Augusta Holmes has nearly finished the opera she is composing on an Irish theme. An antique legend of Erin is the subject chosen by the lady, who has composed her own libretto. Miss Holmes spent her autumn in London, studying the music of Irish M.S.S. in the British Museum.

Mme. Ribard, of Paris, leaves Paris for Tonquin, being appointed family physician to the family of M. Paul Bert, the governor general of that French colony. Mme. Ribard is also intrusted with the organization of an ophthalmic and vaccination establishment at Tonquin. She is an artist by profession.

The Lancer says that a maiden named Heathorn, who is known as the Maid of Kent, has just completed her 103d year, having been baptized at Stone in April, 1783. The venerable old lady possesses all her faculties, and is reported to have indorsed a check without the aid of glasses on her birthday, which occurred last month.

The U. S. Ladies' Health Protective Association has induced the owners of slaughter-houses to make the improvements recommended by the ladies. These consisted in putting in asphalt floors, having the slaughtering meat kept away from the side of the sidewalk, keeping the avens clean, trucks, and keeping the houses street that the children in the neighborhood not see the cattle slaughtered.

We have before now had occasion to note the excellence of the work accomplished by the ladies forming the Society of the Libereses de St. Lazare, the female prison. It is well known to the depths of misery the women prisoners were reduced before Mrs. de Lazzare began her beneficent work. The work of assisting the discharged prisoners is now being carried on since 1870 with unusually increasing success. During the year three departments of work have been organized; the first is that of the lady prisoners who receive the women on their release from prison at 28 Place Dauphine, distributing clothing or rations of food to them, and endeavor to procure employment for them. The second branch is the Asylum, where the children of the prisoners are taken care of during their term of punishment. The third branch is that of the lady visitors, who last year obtained permission to enter the prison and visit the women there. They can thus learn their wishes, ascertain what work they are capable of, and obtain employment ready for them at their discharge.

New Gold Fields.

Since the exhaustion of the placer fields of California and Australia there has been a large falling off in the production of gold. At one time some \$200,000,000 more the product of the mines in one year. Last year the production of the whole world was not much over \$70,000,000. This is particularly unfortunate in view of the fact that gold is now the sole measure of value and its scarcity means lower and still lower prices, thus throwing a cloud on the interests of the world. There is reason to believe, however, that in a few years there will be new supplies of gold from other parts of the earth. Patagonia promises to be a most important gold field. The deposit extends from Cape Virgin, on the northern shore of the Strait of Magellan, along the Atlantic shore some fifty miles. The gold country is easily accessible, and the deposits are known to be as rich as those of California or Australia. Supplies of gold also are expected from Africa. There is a gold fever in that vast. On the closing week of last year 580 ounces of gold were received at the Farther north rich deposits of gold and silver metals have been found south of Little Namaqualand. This region is as rich as any region of white men, but if it is as rich as represented to be in Central Africa. Northern Rhodesia another region which is known to contain vast quantities of gold, which will very probably be extensively worked. It is an upland region with underlying rock, all of which is sixteen to twenty feet of roll, all of which is auriferous. There there is gold in the dance in Manthura. This is a region in China near the Russian possessions. Madagascar reports come of wonderful gold finds. In Burmah, also, which has been annexed by Great Britain, there has been discovered gold. The United States has maintained its position in producing gold. But should gold be found in Patagonia, Southern and Central Africa, in Burmah, Tibet, and Northern Rhodesia, will lead to the emigration of white people to those distant regions. Should any large quantity of gold be found it would stimulate the commerce of the world, and only would business be benefited by such a vast gold gain by a rush to these distant auriferous regions.

Mrs. Emily Fifield has been chosen member of the Boston School Committee. She is the wife of Dr. W. C. R. Fifield, of the Dorchester District, has served several years on the School Committee, and is well qualified for the position.