

## THE FARM.

### Soistored and Penned.

Why should there be not as many grades and prices for milk as for butter. There certainly are as many qualities.

An exchange calls attention to the evils of bleaching evaporated fruit with sulphur, and also using hard, immature fruit for drying.

Working horses and working men are far less dangerous than the disease, equine or human. Work keeps the dangerous elements in both where they ought to be.

Fighting flies is about as hard work for the horses as plowing. Rub their legs lightly twice a day with a rag wrung out of water that smells strong of carbolic acid.

To oil an iron axle-tree, first wipe the spindle clean with a cloth wet with spirits of turpentine, and then apply a few drops of castor oil near the shoulder and end. One teaspoonful is sufficient for the whole.

Give the wheels a good coat of boiled linseed oil. This will fill the pores as well as water, swell the wood, tighten the tires, and is much more lasting in its effects, and at the same time is acting as a preservative of the wood.

Weeds on gravel walks may be destroyed and prevented from growing again by a copious dressing of the cheapest salt. This is a better method than hand pulling, which disturbs the gravel and renders constant raking and rolling necessary.

The *Western Plowman* gives the following hint which our readers would do well to heed: Farmers can get one valuable pointer from "plow jockeys"; they are always careful to have a sharp plow when showing up good work or light draft. Moral, always keep your plow sharp.

Put your skim milk and buttermilk into calves or pigs, supplementing them with cornmeal and a sprinkling of oil meal, says the *United States Dairyman*. Give both calves and pigs room to move around in and keep clean. Both will be benefited by having good grass to feed on in addition to what is carried them. It will keep them healthy and contented and promote growth. Plenty of clover is a good preventive of hog cholera.

One of the chief reasons why orchards should not be crepped is because it requires cultivation during the summer season. When roots are destroyed by deep working the ground it often results in permanent injury to the trees, especially if done late in season. Since the clearing of woodlands has given winds a free sweep the soil dries out much faster than formerly, and this makes trees more liable to injury from mutilation of their roots.

There's nothing like the agricultural fair to educate the farmer. When he sees the crowd tramp his big cucumber and evergreen spring chickens into the ground to pay twenty-five cents to get in the amphitheatre to see a horse race that was sold out the night before, he realizes the grandeur of his profession and takes his diploma and goes home so enthusiastic that he feels just like buying all the farms in the neighborhood, and going into the exclusive business of raising things to snatch diplomas from the grasp of fair committees.

There appears to me to be a possibility of our achieving much greater things with dairy cattle than we have done. This mere stock the more crops. A maximum number of cattle on a minimum quantity of land necessitates artificial feeding, and this is just what makes the soil fertile, and so the ball set rolling by heavy stocking, heavy feeding, and heavy cropping, brings grief to the farmer's mill. High feeders almost always find it pays, and the extent of the purchases of a judicious farmer in artificial feed is often the measure of his success and the condition of his farm.

"If you should call upon us about seven o'clock some evening this summer, and see our young men all dressed up, you would hardly think we were farmers who had been at work in the dirt all day, perhaps. If you expected from the color of our hands and faces that we were farmers you would certainly think that we were 'expecting company.' Our boys visit the bath-room after work is done and sleek themselves up, often putting on clean clothes entirely, and then go in for a good time until nine or ten o'clock." So writes Mr. T. B. Terry to the *Albany Cultivator*. He insinuates that farmers may be just as neat and tidy, when the day's work is over, as though they lived in a town or city.

### Harness Polish.

The *Science News* gives the following recipe for making a harness polish: Four ounces glue, a pint and a half of vinegar, two ounces gum arabic, a half pint of black ink, two drams isinglass. Break the glue in pieces in a basin, and pour over it about a pint of vinegar; let it stand until it becomes perfectly soft. Put the gum in another vessel, with the ink, until it is perfectly dissolved; melt the isinglass in as much water as will cover it, which may be easily done by placing the cup containing it near the fire about an hour before you want to use it. To mix them, pour the remaining vinegar with the softened glue into a sand-pan upon a gentle fire, stirring until it is perfectly dissolved, that it may not burn the bottom, being careful not to let it reach the boiling point; about 82 degrees C. is the best heat. Next add the gum; let it arrive at about the same heat again; add the isinglass. Take from the fire and pour it off for use. To use it, put as much as is required in a saucer, heat it sufficiently to make it fluid, and apply a thin coat with a piece of dry sponge. If the article is dried quickly, either in the sun or by fire, it will have the better polish.

They tell a story, said to be a true one, of a farm-hand in Ontario who was so smothered by the rosy cheeks and bright eyes of a school-ma'am boarding with his employer that he one day remarked with a sigh to the latter: "I would give a dollar to kiss her." "All right!" said the complaisant employer, "you may." When settling time came the man found his cash \$1 short. "Why did you take out that dollar?" was asked. "Oh! that was for kissing the school-ma'am," was replied. "But I didn't kiss her," protested the man. "Well, if you didn't it was your own fault. I gave you leave."

## THE CHARLESTON EARTHQUAKE.

### Effect of the Shock on the Negroes.

It would be simply impossible to exaggerate or to depict in sufficiently descriptive language the effect of the visitation of that Tuesday night on the colored people of Charleston. A great deal has been written about the people and their actions under the strong feelings of sorrow or despair; but there was never, until within the past few days, an opportunity of noticing a public exhibition of superstitious fear to the degree that has existed among all classes of the colored people since the tremendous shock of that Tuesday night. Only a few minutes after the warning voice of the earthquake had passed away, the effect on the mind and imagination of every colored man, woman, and child in the city was complete. They fled from their homes, they knew not where, and as they ran hither and thither, through blinding clouds of pulverized mortar which was shaken from houses and arose again from the streets, they filled the air with

### DISMAL GROANS OF DESPAIR

and lamentations of terrified and terrifying distress. As usual with them in their funeral devotions, the name Jesus was most frequently used, and as though supplicating God face to face, they shrieked out in the very helplessness and pathos of despair such sentences as "O, my Master, Jesus, have mercy on me!" "O, sweet Jesus, save me, save me!" "Let me live through this night, dear God, my Saviour!" "Hold me up once more, Thou blessed Christ, my Master!" and other tearful supplications, which intensified the horror of the situation, and went far toward demoralizing the white people, who were also rushing blindly and blinded hither and thither in the fitful glare of flickering lights, almost eclipsed by the shower of descending and ascending dust. As usual, the faces of the white man and white woman in the time of danger was a sight of sudden joy in the gloom to many a poor wandering colored boy or girl, who endeavored to stop their white friends as they ran by in the confusion to supplicate that they would remain with them until the "Judgment was done." In many an instance a trembling colored girl

### SANK DOWN ON HER KNEES

and seized with frantic energy the folds of some white lady's dress, and, falling to express their terror in words, with scarcely moving lips betokened that they wanted only the moral support of a friend in the hour of distress and agony. But the white faces were blanched a paler hue. There could be no stop or stay in the mad race away from tettering house tops and tottering parapets. The trembling suppliants were hastily thrust aside by those whom events have proved were powerless to save themselves. There was death in the air—nay, more, it was below and around and was expected none knew whence. Only the feeling was ever present that every body stood face to face with the menace of instant death.

### SCENES IN THE STREETS ON TUESDAY NIGHT.

Certain scenes that were observed on the streets immediately after the first shock deserve to be described, and especially one that indicated the general feeling throughout the city. Further north on King street than the locality just mentioned there was a tremendous throng of citizens assembled. Nothing can account for the fact of the great crowd but the supposition that for some reason the people left the side streets and were poured like a stream into the principal thoroughfares. The remarkable instance referred to was the exhibition of joy and the voices of congratulation that were heard on every side, and all mingled with words of thanksgiving to the Divine Providence. People clung to each other like brothers and sisters. There were no strangers there.

### WITH FEARS OF REPENTANCE

and joy in their eyes, embraced each other. Women fell on each other's necks, and, with hearts too full to speak, rooked to and fro in the happy embrace, devoutly thanking God in silence for His blessing in the dreadful hour, and the children in arms and at their mother's knees lipiped out they knew not what, but it was plain that they all realized that somebody had been killed, and immediate danger was over. Not so with the trembling and demoralized colored people. After the hand of Providence had been apparently removed they began to prophesy, and to recall all they knew in their confused way of Bible scenes and Bible history. "It's the night of Sodom and Gomorrah," shouted one in a frenzy of apparent delight. "The city of St. Michael is down to the ground," yelled another; "I told you so," cried a third; "Aha, how about my wife's dream now?" said a fourth; "Look for the rock of Herod to split," said another; "Pray, my white people, why don't you pray?" Old women began crooning over snatches of negro religious melodies and frantically seizing each passer by and inviting them to join in the "song of praise to the Redeemer." After an hour or so prayer meetings were organized, and the singing and screaming were kept up until daylight. At that time the watchword was passed around. "The battle is over, but the soldiers must not rest;" and this order was carried out on Wednesday and Thursday nights.

### FRENZIED NEGROES.

On Thursday night, however, on Marion square, the sights and scenes baffled description. The colored people were unrestrained and committed all manner of riotous and frenzied excess. A report of their actions as they took place would perhaps be considered blasphemous in such a staid and conservative city as Charleston. The first object, and that one interested everybody's attention was an assemblage of colored boys, about a half dozen in number, who had fallen to the ground in a paroxysm of religious frenzy. They were grovelling with their faces down in the grass, and were singing a hymn in a loud voice. The hymn was, "The Angels a Rattle at the Door," and the refrain, sung rapidly, was, "Oh, tell ole Noah to bill on de ark, to bill on de ark, to bill on de ark." This song they repeated over and over again until they were quite tired and ceased from utter exhaustion. In a few minutes they were that asleep.

Near the boys was a large tent which had

been gaily decorated for some festive occasion. In the door stood a very old colored woman swaying backward and forward, her legs only moving, but uttering no sound. The crowd in front of her watched with intense anxiety. Suddenly she burst out with the hymn, "Oh, Rasin Jacob, Let Me Go," and the crowd joined its bodies forward to the right and to the left, alternately, just like a sacred dance.

CLAPPING THEIR HANDS IN AN ECSTASY of emotion. Finally one man dropped to the ground "converted." The lamp was hastily brought from the tent, and he was surrounded by a crowd of women who held his hands. He cried aloud for mercy, and eventually swooned away and was almost as rigid as a corpse. The work of conversion then went on, and in less than a half hour about ten men and women succumbed to the emotional sensations of the occasion. Similar scenes were being enacted all over the square.

The prayers which were offered up were simple in every sense of the word, but they evidently came from the bottom of hearts that were palsied with fear. One of these prayers was as follows:

Keep my brothers and sisters. What is the matter now? Oh, Lord look on last Tuesday night: some is dead and gone. Oh, my handsome God, dear sir, look down on us. We know what the little finger of the Lord can do. Sometimes the world can kick up in thunder, but do take care of our brothers. Ain't the black lamb and the white hen done lie down together in peace? Move along, my brothers, move along. God git me grace to move along. Ain't I done promise to be baptiz?

Just here the crowd took up the words "promise to be baptiz," and sang it to the end with peculiar force and pathos. Then the exhorter proceeded.

"Fight the battle, fight the battle; fight out girl, fight it out boy! Oh, yes, ma'am, the time is come. Wake up, wake up, do last chance is come to save old Charleston. Oh, my Lord, don't touch my city any more I pray God to hold the world up. Ah, ah, I thank God. Take for it is our country people, fight for it people. Walk on brothers. Hip, hip, hip, Oh Lord, take me in your charge to-night. Night before last I didn't expect to see Jesus. O, God look down at these dry bones in the valley. Didn't you hear Gabriel's horn blow? O! Gabriel, turn that horn to the land of Egypt on the the miserable sinners and not on we, Oh, Lord, we are here to-night. The birds have nests, but we are here to-night for mercy. Oh! Lord, have mercy."

After this hymn about a dozen people were converted, and the work was kept up in a similar strain until broad daylight. To the white people who were there the scenes of Thursday night can never be forgotten.

Taken From the *Gibbet* and Brought to Life.

There was a young man residing in Wake county by the name of Fitzgerald. Receiving information that his mother was lying at the point of death and wished to speak with him, he made immediate haste. His horse became exhausted when he arrived at the Catawba River. He applied for a fresh horse. By contract to return it in a special time he obtained one, leaving his own until his return. He found his mother still alive and conversed with her. She soon died, and was buried, and he, remembering his appointed time to return his horse, being behind time found a State warrant against him for horse stealing, was arrested, committed to jail in Statesville, was prosecuted with all hatred, malice, and vengeance, convicted by the law, and executed by hanging, and pronounced dead. His friends obtained his body from the gibbet carried it a short distance from Statesville, to water, applied the proper remedies, restored the body to life, and returned with it to Tennessee. He there married and raised an interesting family, highly intelligent, wealthy, honest, and respectable.

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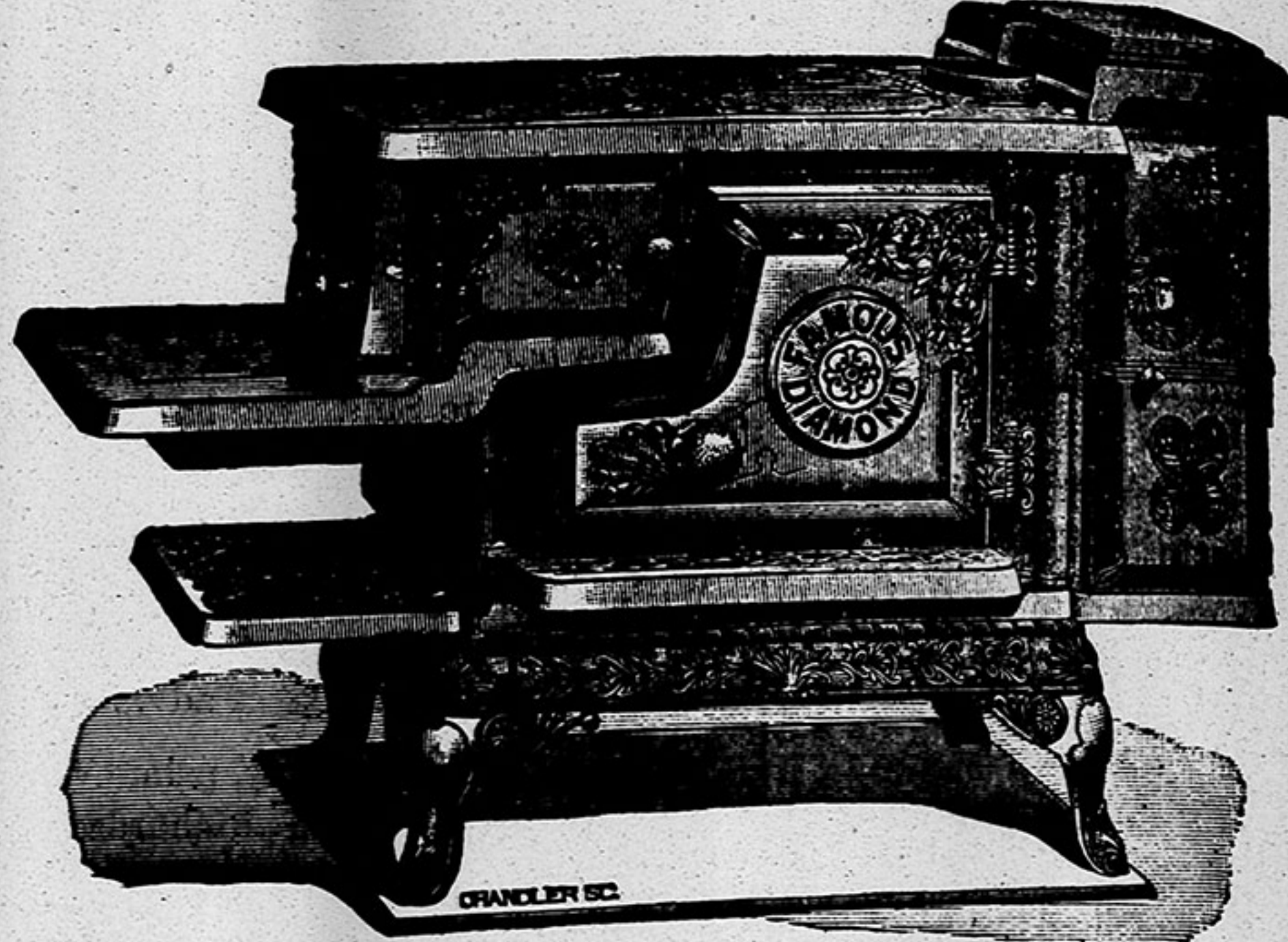
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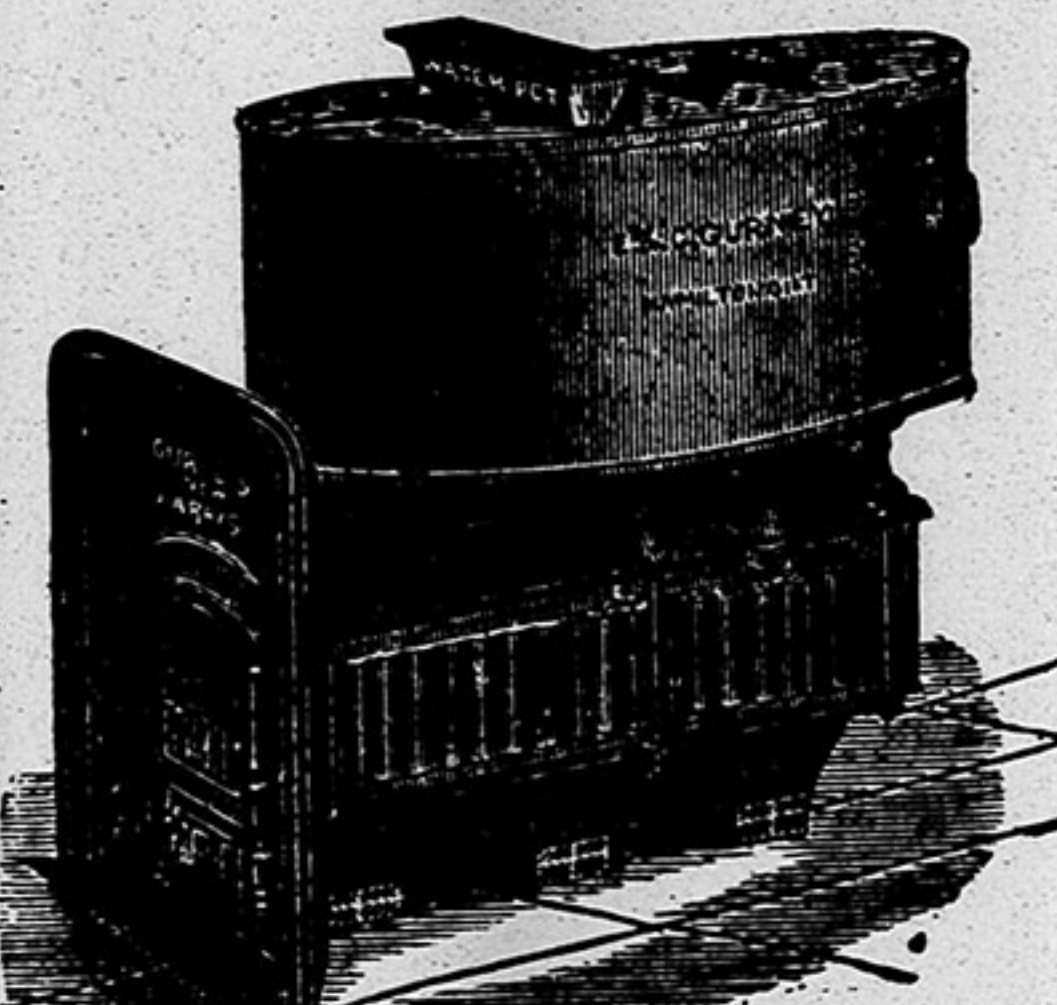
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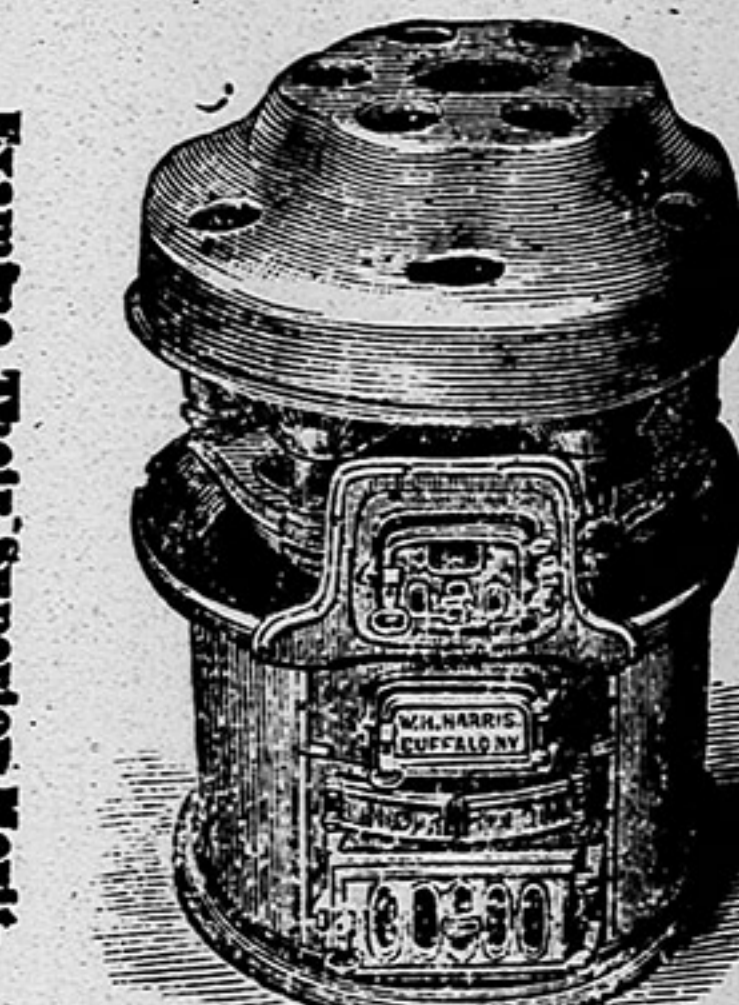
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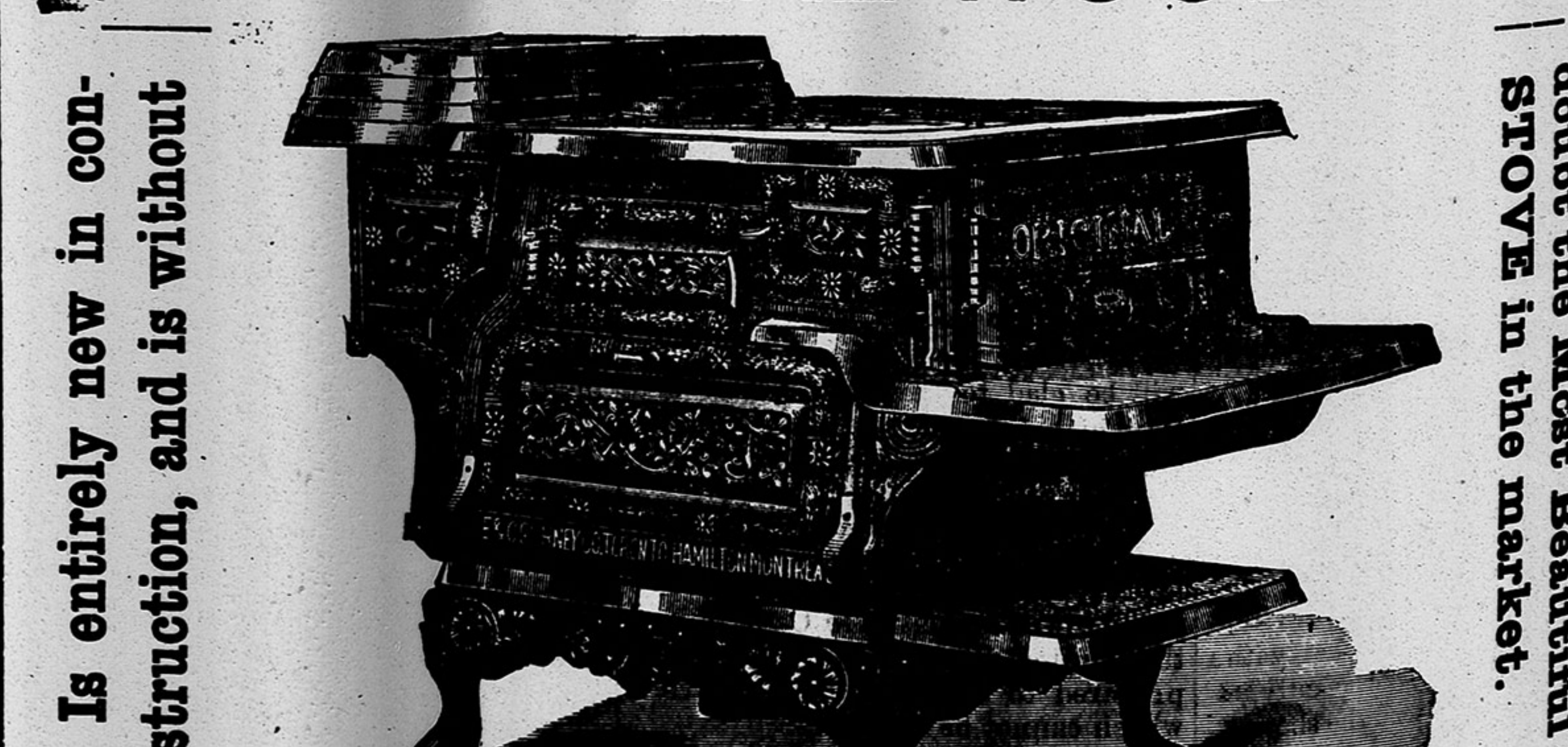
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