

AGRICULTURAL.

The Young Lambs.

Although it is rather soon for estimating upon the number of lambs due, in a few more weeks some of the ewes will come in, and if the farmer desires to push them forward rapidly he must pay some attention to the dams now. The ewe must endure the cold, be deprived of her natural green food, and nourish the coming lamb in such a manner as to bring it forth strong and vigorous. The early lambs are the ones that bring the highest prices when sent to market, but an early lamb is a nuisance and unprofitable when it is stunted and dwarfed by cold and insufficient food. If the ewe is sound and healthy, and has been well-fed on a variety of food, she will have no difficulty in lambing or providing for the lamb; but the trouble is with the farmers, who invariably leave the ewes to themselves during that period, and give them no attention at a time when it is mostly required.

The ewes are naturally protected by their wool covering, but when lambs come into the world on a cold, bleak day or night, they are too delicate to be left to the care of the ewe alone, and the farmer who expects early lambs should be on the alert by penning the ewes that are liable to come in, and giving them good shelter and dry bedding. The first care of the lambs is one-half the difficulty removed, and if they get a good supply of milk they will do excellently, but that is something, too, to be noticed. Feed the ewes liberally on all the hay they will eat, and give them a small allowance of mixed ground grain, such as corn-meal and oats, with some roots. Should milk fever occur, feed on oats and hay alone, inducing the lamb to draw as much as possible by placing it occasionally at the udder. Give ewes that have lost their lambs others that are twins, which may be done if not postponed too late, thereby allowing only one lamb to the ewe.

The Cost of Dogs.

An Iowa man has figured up the cost of keeping dogs in his State, and finds that they eat enough annually to feed 100,000 workmen, and counting in the damage they do to the sheep farmers, the dogs cost the State \$9,000,000, while the education of all the children in the State is less than half that sum.

A Tennessee man makes out a similar condition of affairs in his State. He finds there are 300,000 worthless dogs, which consume food enough, if fed to hogs, to make 30,000,000 pounds of bacon, which would be equal to feeding meat to 100,000 able-bodied men a whole year. At ten cents per pound the bacon would be worth \$3,000,000, and if in silver would load down 94 two-horse wagons, and make a wagon train more than half a mile long. Again the worthless whelps prevent farmers from keeping 2,000,000 sheep; the mutton and wool from which would be worth \$5,000,000. Including the sheep now annually killed, the whole expense for keeping the dogs of the State amounts to the pretty sum of \$9,000,000. Tennessee expends \$3,000,000 for educating her children. Three dollars for dogs. One dollar for children.

Another writer after making careful estimates of the damage done by dogs in the Northern States alone, finds it costs not less than \$35,000,000 annually to support our dogs, a sum that would buy 165,000 farms at government prices for land, or it would purchase 132,000 neighborhood libraries of 200 volumes each.

Preservation of Hen Manure.

We can hardly overvalue the manurial product of the hen-house, or exercise too much care in its preservation. If thrown into the compost heap, deposited with hog manure, nearly all its good qualities would be retained very likely, but I advise a different course. Nearly every farmer wants a little fancy manure for special purposes in the spring, and instead of buying guano and superphosphates of doubtful quality, he can manufacture his own at far less cost, if he keeps a considerable number of fowls, by utilizing their droppings for that purpose.

It has been my practice to sprinkle dry earth under the roosts, or what is fully its equal, road dirt or scrapings from the highway, collected during dry weather. It is gathered in places where the soil is of a loamy character and from sand, and put away in boxes or barrels for use in winter and spring. By using this three or four times a week, and oftener in warm weather, all bad odor is prevented and the escape of the fertilizing properties of the manure is arrested.

The accumulation under the roosts should be removed as often as once a week, and this, shoveled in a pile, will begin to ferment and generate more or less heat as the weather grows warm in spring. If closely watched and shoveled over when undue heat is liable to be generated, the process will add to its value for the spring crops, as the manure becomes decomposed by fermentation and its particles are separated and mingled with the earth used as a deodorizer and its crudeness is changed so as to be readily available for the growing plants. Last year I used some fifteen bushels of this kind of manure and found it a very active fertilizer. For potatoes and corn I applied it in the hill, mixing with that used for potatoes one-fourth its bulk of unleached wood ashes, dropping it in the row and covering it immediately. As there will be considerable moisture present in such manure the addition of ashes sets free the ammonia to some extent; hence no time should be lost in getting it underground as the earth absorbs the fertilizing properties of the manure set free in the form of ammonia by the addition of the alkali. On garden vegetables this manure has a very marked effect. Nearly every farmer, by taking a little pains, can make enough of such fertilizer to go some ways in the garden. It has the advantage of being free from the seeds of grasses and weeds.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Mr. Adam, formerly of the English Legation, Washington, and who married Miss Palmer, of Georgetown, D. C., is now secretary of the English Legation at St. Petersburg. Mr. Adam, who is a very distinguished linguist, won the prize for mastering the Russian tongue within the prescribed time allowed by the English Government.

Moslems and the Mehdi.

The Cairo correspondent of the *London Standard* says that the religious side of the Sudan question seems very generally misunderstood, and the following remarks on the pretensions of the mehdi by a learned Moslem may throw some light upon them: He was amongst those who signed a fetva, or species of excommunication act, against Mohammed Ahmed Shemseddin El Mehdi, and I asked him what he would do if the invader should take Cairo and find out the fact. "I should say, of course, that I had only signed under compulsion, and I should at once recognize in him the mehdi." "But you cannot really believe he is such?" "Not I. Neither does he believe it himself, if he knows anything about his religion—and he has studied for years at the holy mosque of El-Azhar. I doubt, indeed, if he pretends to be the mehdi. Any man who raises a religious enthusiasm and leads on a host is a mehdi, or leader, and the present rebel in the Sudan is a mehdi. But our religion teaches that before the advent of the last mehdi seven men shall successfully arise in various parts of the Moslem world, and by religious propaganda shall prepare the way for him. Each of these seven men shall be called either Ahmed or Mohammed. In my opinion this Sudan mehdi is the third. Lenoussi was the first, Arabi the second, and he the third agitator bearing one or other of the prescribed names. The real mehdi shall appear at Mount Ararat at the time of the Howaf, or Sacred Procession of the Haj. His coming will be foretold by the dumbness of the seven mams, who shall in turn attempt to recite the Rubeah and fail. Then the mehdi will ride out from the crowd of worshippers on a white horse, and he will at once be accepted by the whole Moslem world. There will then remain forty years' domination of Islam after conquest, during which your Christ will come again from Syria and rule our empire. Then we believe that our last decadence will set in, and some nation from the farther east will occupy our countries—probably the Chinese." "Then you do not think any good Moslem can accept the Sudan pretenser as the mehdi?" "No, not as the last mehdi; but as his forerunner, yes; and the mass of the ignorant believers will probably even go so far as to believe him to be the true mehdi. They look at results and success, and they will argue that the poor native of the Nubia who, without other tribute of power except such as he may be invested with by God, has been able to gather about him vast hosts, and defeat armies commanded by the infidels, must be something nearly approaching prophethood. We know that he is not the Mehdi ala el Haasooi—the forerunner of the last prophet, Christ, but you cannot expect the masses to draw fine distinctions."

What to Do, and What Not to Do.

If you have goods to sell, advertise. Hire a man with a lampblack kettle and a brush to paint your name and number on all the railroad fences. The cars go whizzing by so fast that no one can read them, to be sure, but perhaps the conductor would stop the train to accommodate an inquisitive passenger.

Remember the fences by the roadside as well. Nothing is so attractive to the passer-by as a well painted sign: "Millington's Mixture for Mumps."

Have your car in the hotel register by all means. Strangers stopping at hotels for a night generally buy a cigar or two before leaving the town, and they need some inspiring literary food besides.

If an advertising agent wants your business advertised in a fancy frame at the depot, pay him about 200 per cent more than it is worth, and let him put it there. When a man has three-quarters of a second in which to catch a train, he invariably stops to read depot advertisements, and your card might take his eye.

Of course the street thermometer dodge is excellent. When a man's fingers and ears are "pewing" at the heat or tingling with the cold is the time above all others when he stops on the street and reads an advertisement.

Advertise on a calendar. People never look at a calendar to see what day of the month it is. They merely glance hurriedly at it so as to be sure that your name is spelled without a p—that's all.

When the breezes blow, wafted by a paper fan in the hand of a lovely woman, 'tis well to have the air redolent of the perfume of the carmine ink in which your business address is printed. This will make the market for decent fans very good.

Patronize every agent that shows you an advertising tablet, card, directory, dictionary or even an advertising Bible, if one is offered at a reasonable price. The man must make a living.

But don't think of advertising in a well-established newspaper. Not for a moment. Your advertisement would be nicely printed and would find its way into all the thrifty households of the regions, where the farmer, the mechanic the tradesman and others live, and into the families of the wealthy and refined, all who have articles to buy and money with which to buy them, and after the news of the day has been digested, it would be read and pondered, and next day people would come down to your store and patronize you, and keep coming in increasing numbers, and you might have to hire an extra clerk or two, move into a larger block and more favorable location and do a bigger business, but of course it would be more expensive—and bring greater profits.—*New Haven Register.*

A New Treatment for Neuralgia.

The latest agent introduced for the relief of neuralgia is a 1 per cent. solution of hypereosmic acid, administered by subcutaneous injection. It has been employed in Billroth's clinic in a few cases. One of the patients had been a martyr to sciatica for years, and had tried innumerable remedies, including the application of electricity no fewer than 200 times, while for a whole year he had adopted vegetarianism. Billroth injected the above remedy between the tuber ischii and trochanter, and within a day or two the pain was greatly relieved, and eventually quite disappeared. It would be rash to conclude too much from these results, in the face of the intractability of neuralgia to medication, but if it really prove to be as efficacious as considered, hypereosmic acid will be a therapeutic agent of no mean value.—*Lancet.*

AN AUSTRALIAN HORROR.

Terrible Hardships of a Police Party—Perishing of Thirst.

The *Sydney Herald* of a recent date says: A report reached Adelaide a short time since that two persons had been murdered—Readford and Macneil—by blacks in the northern territory. The authorities ordered a party of police to go in search of the supposed murderers, consisting of Mr. Giles, five troopers, and a black boy. The following telegram was received from J. Skinner, station-master at Alice Springs: "I am afraid I have to send very bad news of the police party who started in search of Readford. I have not yet received full particulars, but I believe that the whole of the party, with the exception of Giles and the black boy, have perished for want of water. Giles left Trooper Shirley about fifteen miles from Attack Creek, apparently completely exhausted, but as there have been thunderstorms about the vicinity, there are hopes of his having survived. The rest of the men J. Rees; J. Hussey, George Phillips, and Arthur Phillips—were left without any hope of recovery. Giles and the black boy walked in fifty miles to Attack creek. A party from Powell's creek left this morning to assist Giles, with instructions to travel day and night."

The following telegram was received from Mr. Giles:

"I am sorry to have to report that all the police party, except myself and a black boy, died of thirst last Wednesday; also all the horses. I have walked in fifty miles, and have had nothing to eat since Sunday. Please instruct Abbott to send a man with two spare horses; also pocket instrument, foolscap, pencil, pick, shovel, tomahawk, and rope to lower bodies into place. Let him send me a little food, such as rice, corn flour, fruit, and lime juice; also a blanket, towel, shirt, trousers, pipe, tobacco and matches. Please let the party start at once, as I am very weak, tired, and wet through. I know where the bodies of Shirley and Hussey are lying—about fifteen miles from the last water. Arthur Phillips and Rees are farther back. Please let the party get here to-night."

"A. M. GILES, Survivor of Police Party, Attack Creek."

Further particulars received from Mr. Giles with reference to the fate of the relief party show that the victims endured unmitigated hardships before they dropped down one by one in their endeavors to regain their camp. Giles and the black boy, who were the only survivors of the expedition, are doing as well as can be expected after the terrible privations they suffered. Giles is anxious to return to the scrub as soon as possible, not with the hope of finding any of his late comrades alive, but with a desire to secure their remains from dogs and birds and give them a Christian burial. Giles accounts for his being able to hold out longer than his companions from his refusal to share with them the blood of the horses which his companions eagerly drank whenever one of the animals became knocked up. Mr. Giles started off again to endeavor to rescue any of his companions, if found alive, but from his report there is no doubt all the rest perished. He telegraphed to Mr. Todd, postmaster general of Adelaide: "I beg to report my return to Attack creek this afternoon. I start for the Tennant to-morrow and arrive there on Tuesday. I hunted for the bodies of my late colleagues on the plain and the edge of the scrub for four days, but was only able to find those of Shirley and Arthur Phillips. Shirley's was under a bush about ten miles from the water, close to where I left him, and Phillips was on the open plain about four miles further off. I buried the bodies and read the burial services over them. I have no hopes of any of the others being alive, although I was unable to find the bodies, as they must have wandered away from the track. I recovered a few sacks, rifles, etc., and will send the rest from Tennant's creek. I am glad to say that I feel better."

The Spanish Beauty.

We in America are apt to judge of the Spaniard by the Mexican and the Cuban. Nothing can be more different. Whatever their faults or virtues, the Hispano-Americans seem to have taken nothing but the language from what of the conqueror's blood they may have. All else has come from the native. Unbroken in pride, undebased by evil habits, self-respecting, sober in speech as in food, the Iberian needs only a leader to again take his rightful place in the family of nations. And the woman? Is she beautiful? I hardly know, but she is the most bewitching, bewildering, fascinating of all Eve's daughters. There is a magic in her step, a poise of foot, a grace of rhythmic motion, a proud tenderness in her dark eye, a something voluptuous which is yet chaste, a magic in her smile, such as no other race or clime can show. Beautiful? A man whose blood runs red in his veins may see beauty elsewhere, but he has never felt the perfect charms of woman's loveliness until he has met love looking from the melting brightness of those matchless orbs, which none but Spain's dark-glancing maidens bear. There is no neglect here. The dress may not be rich, but there is not a fold ill placed. To her is paid the reverence of passionate devotion. Still is Spain the land of romance and of song, because her men are brave, her women worthy to be loved.

They Kept Cool.

The Amesbury *News* relates that a trader of that town, accompanied by his wife, visited a friend in Merrimac, a provision dealer, who invited him into the store to examine his ice-closet, in which he kept his meats, vegetables, etc. Upon arriving at the store, the Amesbury gentleman left his wife in the carriage, and proceeded with his friend to an inspection of the ice-closet, which they entered, the former pulling the door to after him. A spring lock being attached to the outside of the door, they were prisoners in the coolest place the town could provide. In vain they shouted—their cries could not be heard. The wife, tired of waiting, took a short drive about town, and her husband not appearing on her return, she entered the store, but no one was to be seen. In passing a particular place she thought she heard voices, and upon opening the door of the closet was surprised to see the gentlemen, who had become nearly exhausted by their close confinement, and endeavors to escape.

SIGHTS IN JAVA.

An American Circus—The Upas Tree—The Earthquakes.

Probably the most interesting thing I saw in Java was an American circus, and it was curious to see the crowds of Malays and Chinese as eager to catch a glimpse of the lion or to get a seat next the ring as the average American small boy. It was American in every respect, and I believe they are getting to be an institution of our country. To get a warm reception anywhere all the manager has to do is to advertise it as such; draw attention to the bareback riders all as Miss Emma, or some such good English name, instead of Mile. Lucie de la Vere; as is the custom with us, and that Sam Johnson, the great American negro lion tamer, will give an entertainment with his five tame lions captured in the wilds of Missouri. Yes, the American circus is gaining a world-wide reputation, and even here in Batavia was the excitement of the week.

Java is the home of the upas tree, and as it is only recently that true scientific explanations have been given of them, probably one theory may be interesting. Wonderful stories were told about the valleys where they grew. No living creature was able to live an instant exposed to its effects, and even birds in flying over would drop dead, so that the whole valleys were covered with their skeletons. When scientific men first began to inquire into it, they could only with the greatest difficulty induce the natives to accompany them to the spots, in such dread and superstition they held. A peculiar feature in the earthquakes in this part of the world soon solved the problem and exploded the theory as to the trees themselves. It was found that at certain times the sulphurous vapors and noxious gases escaping through the cracks in the earth in these valleys were so dense and poisonous as to be destructive to animal life, and at such times had so affected the natives that they had retained the memory of such places and avoided them forever afterward. No evil effects were experienced by those who traversed the valleys, but there was unmistakable evidence that at periodical intervals they were deservingly to be avoided.

I can not close without a last word about the earthquakes. I was in Batavia only a week from the time they happened, and from what I saw I must say that the newspaper accounts at home were very much exaggerated. The destruction was great enough when it happened, but why extend it to Batavia itself, when, save for a few ashes that fell harmlessly around, and for a tidal wave that threw down a few hundred yards of breakwater, they were perfectly secure. According to some of the papers at home it was totally destroyed, whereas I think the city was never in a more healthy or enterprising condition; and heard less of the earthquake than the people at home.—*Correspondent New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

The Weight of the Human Brain.

The recent discussion about the weight of Tourgueneff's brain has led to the publication of an article on the subject of the weight of brains by a Russian scientist, M. Nikiforoff, in the *Novosti*. According to him the weight of the brain has no influence whatever on the mental faculties. The average weight of a man's brain is, according to Luechka, 1,424 grammes, of a woman's 1,272 grammes; Krause gives the averages as 1,570 and 1,350 respectively. The maximum weight is said to be 1,600 grammes, and the minimum 200 grammes. The brain of the celebrated mineralogist Hausmann weighed 1,200 grammes. It ought to be remembered that the significance of the weight of the brain depends upon the proportion it bears to the dimensions of the whole body, and to the age of the individual. Byron died at the age of 36; the geometrical cause at 78 years of age; the brains of the two should, therefore, not be compared. It is equally important to know what was the cause of death, for long disease or old age exhaust the brain. To define the real degree of development of the brain it is, therefore, necessary to have a knowledge of the condition of the whole body, and, as this is usually lacking, the mere record of weights possesses little significance.

Carrier Pigeons.

Dr. Harvey J. Philpot, in a letter to the *London Daily Telegraph*, writes as follows: "I have made valuable use of the carrier or homing pigeon, as an auxiliary to my practice. So easily are these unqualified assistants reared and trained that I am surprised that they are not brought into use by the profession I belong to. My *modus operandi* is simply this: I take out half a dozen birds massed together in a basket with me on my rounds, and when I have seen my patient, no matter at what distance from home, I write my prescription on a piece of tissue paper, and having wound it round the shank of the bird's leg, I generally throw the carrier up into the air. In a few minutes it reaches home, and, having been shut up fasting since the previous evening, without much delay enters the trap cage connected with its loft, where it is at once caught by the gardener or dispenser, who knows pretty well the time of its arrival, and relieves it of its dispatches. The medicine is immediately prepared and sent off by the messenger, who is thus saved several hours of waiting, and I am enabled to complete my round of visits. Should any patient be very sick, and I am desirous of having an early report of him or her the next morning, I leave a bird to bring me tidings. A short time since I took with me six pairs of birds. I sent a pair of them off from each village I had occasion to visit, every other one bearing a prescription. Upon my return I found all the prescriptions arranged on my desk by my dispenser, who had already made up the medicines."

Several years ago, in a Madison Avenue horse-car, Mr. Cullen Bryan and Bayard Taylor were comparing notes about the poet Whittier, who they believed, could not live long. They are dead, and Whittier celebrated his 76th birthday on Monday.

James Bishop died recently near London, aged 83, from a fall from his caravan, in which he had lived without interruption for the last thirty-five years. During this time his wife gave birth in the caravan to eight-teen sons and two daughters, all of whom were reared there.

Healthy Women.

A writer, in urging the necessity for more attention to physical culture, notes as a favorable sign the fact that the pale, interesting type of beauty is fast losing its popularity, and that men of position and influence are declaring for the healthy standard of womanly beauty, such as was ever recognized by Greece and Rome. This is certainly an important and happy change in public taste, and already the effects of it are to be detected in an improved condition of feminine health; for it will hardly be denied that on an average women of to-day are physically superior to what they were a few years ago, when tight lacing and similar destroying customs prevailed.

Young women take more exercise than they formerly did. They ride and walk more in the open air. They have not the insane dread of the sun's rays which they once had. But there is much room for improvement yet. Many homes are still presided over by invalid wives and mothers, who furnish constant spectacles of sadness and misery to their families and friends, and are a subject of unlimited expense to their husbands. In such homes the greatest of blessings that could be hoped for would be the health of the mistress restored; but too often it is the one blessing which never comes.

American homes, more than any other perhaps in the world, have been saddened by sickly women. And the remedy is simple. American men are as strong and healthy as those of other nations; there is no good reason why American women should not be. All that is needed is proper attention to dress and exercise. Let women dress so that their bodies shall not be squeezed and pressed together, but have free room for motion, and then go out into the air and sunshine as men do and exercise their bodies, and the race of American women will not become extinct, as it once threatened to.

On the contrary it will be improved, built up, and beautified, and a time will shortly come when a healthy man will not have to hunt a whole county over to find a healthy wife. We are on the right track now; all that is needed is to go ahead, and the result will soon be manifest. Women will die to be in fashion; therefore let the fashion of female beauty be in vigor and strength, and all the ladies in the land will be swinging dumb-bells, practising archery, riding on horse-back, but they will be in a s e.

The Largest Living Animal.

What a monster of contradictions! An animal which looks like a fish, but which is not a fish; which lives always in the water, but which can not live long under water, and which nevertheless will die on land; which has a mouth large enough to engulf at once a dozen readers of *St. Nicholas*, but whose throat is so small that your father's fist can fill it.

A whale! Yes, a veritable giant among giants, the largest of all living creatures. To one who does not know the reason for it, it must seem odd to say that the whale is not a fish. But, in fact, it is no more a fish than you are. A fish has cold blood, and takes the little oxygen it needs from the water by means of gills; while the whale must take its oxygen from the air, just as you do.

You need to take oxygen into your lungs to give to your blood at very short intervals, so that you can not exist for two or three minutes at the utmost without breathing. Of course it would not do for the whale to have to breathe so often, for in that case he could never stay under water long enough to secure food, and would consequently starve.

To provide against this catastrophe the whale is enabled to charge a reservoir of blood with oxygen, and thus, with an hour's supply of aerated blood, it can dive down and remain under water until the supply is exhausted. Should it be detained after the supply is gone, it will drown as surely as your own self.

The tail is set transversely to the body, and its motion, unlike that of the same member in a fish, is up and down; and with such vigor does it move that the surrounding water is forced into a series of whirling eddies.

The tail is, moreover, the whale's chief weapon, though occasionally it does make use of its head or of its teeth, if it have the latter. Stung to fury by the harpoon, it will sometimes lash about with its tail to such a purpose as to dash the stout whale-boat to pieces and hurl the inmates into the sea. As a rule, however, the whale prefers to run.

HEALTH NOTES.

A good medical authority says that pease is a capital thing in cases of indigestion. Not only does it stimulate the liver, and so prove useful, but it is a "pepsin preserver" from its action on the gastric lining membrane. A pill for general purposes of indigestion is recommended of that substance which is added less than one half as much strychnia, and double the quantity of gentian. Probably it would be better to leave out the strychnia, unless prescribed by a physician.

Dr. Halsey, in *Australian Medical Journal*, claims that minimum doses of iodide of potassium is of great service in frontal headache. A two-grain dose dissolved in half a wineglass of water will often cure a dull headache which is situated over the eyebrow. The action of the drug is quite rapid.—*Medical Summary.*

An American medical paper says that Dr. Flint has recently tried oil of wintergreen in rheumatism in Bellevue Hospital with good effect. He gives ten drops several times a day in flax seed, tea or milk. Another leading journal says that the oil of wintergreen, mixed with an equal quantity of olive oil, applied externally to inflamed joints affected by acute rheumatism affords instant relief, and, having a pleasant odor, its use is very agreeable.

"How is it you never married, Charley?" "Oh, I don't know, except I remained single from choice." "Why, I heard that you tried to get that Podgkins girl a year or two ago." "Yes, I did ask her to marry me." "And she would not have you?" "That's about the size of it. So I remained single from choice—her choice, you know."