

AGRICULTURAL.

Protecting Grape Vines in Winter.

In cold parts of the Province it is the safer way to lay the grape vines down at the approach of winter in order to secure crops of fruit. By laying the vines down the evaporation is lessened, and when the snow falls they are covered by it, and thus protected until it is melted. It is the frost driving winter winds sweeping through the vine branches if left on the trellis that injure the buds, seemingly lowering the vital force so that they push feebly, if at all, on the return of warm weather. The writer has seen vines through which the sap ran freely, unable to burst a bud; the buds were killed, though the wood was seemingly uninjured. It is usually better merely to throw the vine upon the ground and place the snow for a covering, than to trust strawy manure in which mice may harbor upon them, or to cover them with much earth, which in wet weather will rot the buds.

Apple Jelly.

The wholesale manufacture of apple jelly has become an important business. The process in one of the largest manufacturing in the State of New York is described in the report of the State Agricultural Society, from which we condense:—The factory is located on a creek which furnishes the necessary power. The apples are brought by farmers are stored in large bins by the side of the creek above the mills. When wanted they are discharged from the bins into a trough of running water, which carries them into the basement of the mill, discharging them into a tank of water. This process gives them a thorough scouring and all refuse, litter, dirt, etc., is carried away by the water. The apples are hoisted by an endless chain elevator from the tank to the grinding room, the buckets on the elevator being perforated to allow the water to escape. They are carried to the upper story whence they roll by the force of gravity to the cotter. The cheese is laid up in strong cotton cloth instead of straw as in old times. The cider as it is expressed passes to the storage tank thence to the defactor, a copper pan eleven feet long and three feet wide. It is here heated, at first moderately by steam pipes, till all impurities have risen to the surface and been skimmed off, and then a greater degree of heat is applied to reduce it to a semi-syrup or boiled cider. From the defactor it passes to the evaporator, also supplied with copper steam pipes, and so arranged that the semi-syrup introduced at one end is reduced to the proper density in its passage through, flowing off in a continuous stream, of a consistency of thirty degrees to thirty-two degrees Baume. Great care is taken in all these operations to prevent absolute cleanliness, every part being thoroughly cleaned by hot water and steam each day. No fermentation is allowed to take place in the cider before reduction. The jelly flows from the evaporators into large tubs, from which it is drawn while still warm in the various packages in which it is shipped to market. A favorite package for family use is little covered wooden buckets holding five and ten pounds respectively, and which are familiar to the grocery trade. The capacity of the factory is from 1,600 to 1,800 pounds per day. A bushel of fruit will produce from four to five pounds of jelly. Crab-apples make the finest jelly; sour, crabbed natural fruit the best looking, and mixtures of all varieties the most satisfactory product. The pomace is manipulated in water, when the seed sink and the lighter part flows off; and it is said that the value of the seeds will pay the cost of all the labor employed. They are sold to nursery men for planting. *New York Observer.*

FARM ITEMS.

Lack of pure and fresh water greatly interferes with the production of eggs during cold weather. Eggs contain a large amount of water, and hens need it for the manufacture of eggs.

Galvanized iron pans for drinking water should not be used. The zinc coating is readily acted upon by water, forming a poisonous oxide of zinc.

Do not leave any uncultivated land to grow a crop of weeds. When an early crop is removed sow at once any crop that will keep them down. Buckwheat and peas are good, and may be turned under before frost.

By weighing a small sample of wheat, counting the number of kernels in the sample, and multiplying by the number of times the weight of such sample is contained in the weight of a bushel, it has been found that there are from 650,000 to 750,000 kernels in a bushel.

In fruit orchards the trees are more important than any crop that can be grown under them. If they are not, cut them down. The hills of potatoes or beans close to the trees never amount to much, and it is not worth trying to save them at the risk of injuring the trees.

A farmer who for years had his crops damaged by woodchucks, says:—"After the woodchuck had retired for winter quarters and the surface of the ground was deeply frozen, I selected a cold night and shut every hole with earth, pressing it down so that the entrance and exist were hermetically sealed, excluding the air. With all their strength the woodchucks could not dig out of their prison, and died."

There are farmers who have extra good butter cows and do not know it. They have poor pastures in summer and no shelter and indifferent feed in winter. In the house they have no convenience for making butter; the milk is set where there are no arrangements for keeping it cool in summer, and in the living room, exposed to the odors of the kitchen, in winter; and neither the quantity nor quality, nor any index of what a cow can do is kept.

The San Francisco reporter didn't get anything new when he asked a Chinaman how the children of Confucius kept Christmas: "Same like Melican man," was the rejoinder; "eat, drink and glad drunk."

When a man enters a sample-room and sees a person there with whom he has sworn off, the man inside says he entered to warm his hands, while the other says he just dropped in to ascertain the time of day.

HONORING THE DEAD.

The Folly and Extravagance of Current Funeral Customs—The Origin of costly Burial Ceremonies—Ancient Mortuary Practices

"Among other things which are not as they should be," a Greek tragedian is fabled to say in an English crib, "I might mention the unbounded character of feminine extravagance." The unbounded character of funeral arrangements is also mentioned among things which are not as they should be. We published, the other day, a letter on this topic signed by the archbishops of Canterbury and York and by other distinguished members of the church of England Funeral and Mourning Reform association. According to this letter, our old funeral observances "help to create a mistaken view of death." What a correct view of death may be it is perhaps not easy to ascertain. But the writers of the letter probably mean that our funeral pomp gives an idea of hopeless gloom, which is certainly neither beautiful nor human nor consistent with either the hopeful Christian or the resigned pagan theory of the close of mortal existence. The writers go on to point out that the bereaved are often unable to resist the tyranny of custom or fashion. These demands in all ranks a heavy tax to Mr. Mould to be paid on the decease of a kinsman. Even when well-to-do people have sensibly insisted on a plain, quiet, funeral, the poorer classes (especially the Scotch and Irish poorer classes) often feel it their duty to expend comparatively large sums on "waking" and otherwise doing honor to the departed. The Homeric custom of a funeral feast, though no longer followed by athletic sports, prevails among the poor in many parts of these islands. Scotch tradesmen are not unacquainted with "burial port," and the vintage served out at the funerals of the poor is neither old nor costly nor expensive, though undoubtedly "very curious." "The people at large," say the reformers, "still cling to the old so-called 'handsome funeral,' with, in various parts of England, much feasting and treating, entailing often absolute want, and conducing to permanent pauperism." This is true, and lavish bad taste in the mortuary matters is not confined to the poor. Look at our funeral monuments in cemeteries and churchyards, look at our style of mourning in dress, look at our plumed hearse and abominable hearse-horses and mutes. Can anything be more hideous and degraded than the mass of our funeral art? While people content themselves to flowers and crosses they can do little harm. But they aspire to veiled urns, broken columns, photographs and allegorical images such as may be observed in Brompton cemetery. As to mourning raiment, the taste of most raves, from that of the Australians, who daub themselves blacker, is in favor of black; white and yellow are the exceptions. Black is not unbecoming, but it is not and heavy. Many women with large family circles are martyrs to ponderous, uncomfortable, and expensive craps. For mutes and hearse plumes nothing can be said except that they are survivals from ages even more costly than our own in gloomy funeral arrangements. They are like the horse led behind the soldier's tier—a survival from the time (not so very far distant) when the horse was actually sacrificed and buried with the warrior. The touching relic of that sacrifice, as it exists in certain military funerals, no one would abolish. But the reformers have plenty of work before them in teaching economy and taste. That they will help to popularize cremation, the most sanitary and the noblest manner of disposing of the dead, is more than likely.

The great expense traditional at obsequies no doubt arises from a wish to honor the dead. The old way of honoring the dead was to fill their tomb or funeral pyre with all manner of precious things. Thus when Hector's body still lay in the Achaean camp his friends in Troy burned many of his costly possessions. The idea was that the spiritual forms of these objects, like the ghosts of the slaves slaughtered besides the pyre, accompanied the departed lord into hades. People had not learned that, as they entered this world naked, so they departed. They brought nothing with them, and carried nothing away. But the human spirit revolted against this inflexible rule. His slaves, his dogs, his horses were buried with the Greek, or Scythian, or Scandinavian prince; the child carried her toys into the sunless gardens of persepolis. In the "Philopseudes" of Lucian (the report of a meeting of a Greek psychical society), one of the characters tells how he burned all his dead wife's finery. But the unsatisfied shade of the dead lady haunted him, till he found and burned one of a favorite pair of gilt slippers, which had fallen behind a chest and so escaped the general conflagration. Briefs like this have been of the utmost service to history, because we now find in the barrows and tombs of the dead examples of the objects they prized in life. Christianity discouraged and almost destroyed the practice among her early converts. By a curious inconsistency, however, the dignitaries of the church and the heads of the state were still buried in canonical costume or in royal robes, with croziers and rings. Other and humbler Christians have usually been buried with no sacrifice of portable property. Thus prevented from sacrificing to the honor of the dead in one way, the world clung to another ancient usage, and expended needless sums of money in hideous trappings of mourning and in wakes and funeral feasts. "I dinna care for your marriages; gie me a good solid burial," said the old Scotchman, expressing a sentiment which has a still stronger hold on the Irish.

All our funeral customs show a gloomy, hopeless view of death which wiser peoples have not encouraged. The northern nations have a curious love of poisoning on corruption, on skulls, skeletons, cross-bones, all the hideous emblems of country church-yards and of the *Danse Macabre*. There is hardly a skeleton to be found in all Greek funeral art. The *stela*, or pillars over the dead, show us the departed as he was in this life—the man about to mount the horse of Hades, the lady at her toilette. Sometimes we find representations, as is supposed of friends meeting again in Elysium. The Etruscan dead are represented as lying at endless feasts, "enjoying each other's good." The Egyptians were with Osiris in a peaceful and happy place. Such are the usual Pagan representations of death. But

what did they really believe about death? There was no consistent or orthodox doctrine. Hell was painted on the walls of the *Lesche* at Delphi—hell with a blue-black fiend, *Lurynomous*, the color of a carrion fly, devouring the damned. Other souls were at the endless tasks of Sisyphus, of *Tantalus*, of the daughters of *Danaus*. The blue-black fiend may still be seen on the painted tomb walls of *Etruria*. Thus there was a belief in a place of torment, crowded by demons like those we see in old medieval missals and psalters. But was the belief in such a place common? In the "Republic" one of the characters marvels at *Socrates* when he speaks of a future life among just men made perfect. "These things are old wives' fables," says the skeptic, apparently an orthodox gentleman of Athens. *Socrates'* myths of heaven came like a new gospel to his hearers, a gospel attested only by the vision of *Er*, the ancient *Dante*, who had beheld the homes of men departed. Again, the people of Greece believed (as the story of *Capid* and *Psyche* shows) in a home of future life exactly analogous to what *Ojibweys* and *Soloman* islanders believe in—a shadowy, formless place, guarded by monsters. There was thus no one orthodox view of death. Annihilation, immortality in our sense, purgatory, a survival of the fittest of savages, a theory of absorption into the divine, all these notions had their disciples. But vague as his beliefs were, the Greek treated death, when he had to deal with in mortuary art, with a manly pious resignation, not hopeless, but devoid of fear. English mortuary art is far indeed from this admirable example.—*London Daily News.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

The best thing out—Out of debt. It takes a clever man to conceal from others what he doesn't know.

Diamonds are a good deal like hens. Much depends upon their setting.

When a young lady refuses a marriage proposal, it is a case of slight of hand.

Trufe am might, but use it in small doses, in criticising the acts of yo' friends.

The power to do great things generally arises from the willingness to do small things.

The amount of pin money required by a woman depends on whether she uses diamond pins or rolling pins.

It is in harmony with the eternal fitness of things that a man should turn pale when he "kicks the bucket."

There is no disgrace in being poor; the thing is to keep it quiet and not let your neighbors hear anything about it.

The man who says that woman has never invented anything should listen for a few minutes at the key-hole of the sewing society.

The latest dude story is that a farmer saw a couple of these agonizing specimens on the street, and exclaimed: "Gosh! what things we see when we don't have a gun."

So—commenced the study of music only when he was sixty. We recommend this fact to the young lady who lives in the opposite house, and has begun practicing the "Maiden's Prayer" before she is twenty.

A Michigan youth, aged 19, had a flare-up with his girl, and out of revenge married the latter's aunt—fair, fat and forty. It is the first time aunty has been utilized as a cure for a broken heart.

Weakly Children.

No subsequent care can fully atone for neglect of proper physical training and development in childhood. Some parents are so tender of their children that they hardly allow them to go out of their sight. They keep them in school nine months in the year, and under more or less restraint and confinement during the other three months. The result is that neither mind or body reach their full development; and they are children at twenty, and weaklings the rest of their lives. The perfection of manhood is a sound mind in a sound body. Most of the business of the great cities is in the hands of country-bred men, while those born and brought up in affluence in cities, are, as a occupying inferior positions. This condition of things will not always remain thus; parents are beginning to appreciate the cause and to seek the remedy. Early last summer I went up among the hills of Sussex County, N. J., and stopped for a day or two with some friends who reside on a large farm a mile from the beautiful village of Newton. A delicate lad of ten years of age from Brooklyn had been sent to spend the summer with this family. When he came he had but little appetite, his eyes were weak and he could endure but little fatigue; but he entered into rural life with great gusto, and when he was sent for at the end of a month, he begged to remain longer. Another delicate boy about the same age was sent up from the city later in the season, and the two are full of business; racing over the hills, riding bare back or in the farm waggon, and developing health and strength all the time. I met one of the family in October, and was told that I would then hardly recognize these boys, so brown and rugged had they become. It is reasonable to say that this summering has added five or ten years to the lives of these children. The family above referred to are people of education and refinement, so that the influences under which the children are brought are the very best. The children become greatly attached to the family who allow them much freedom, and thus the farm-house is known as "Liberty Hall." We wish there were many such summer resorts for city boys who are suffering for the want of better country air, and the fresh milk and butter and bread and fruits that abound here. If the thousands of people who visit the fashionable watering places, leaving their children at home in hot, dusty cities, or bringing them with them to be pampered by rich food and fatigued by late hours, would seek for them homes for the summer at farm-houses in healthy localities, permanent benefit would result. There are plenty of such places to be found; and among the recollections of a child's life, none would be brighter or more satisfactory to look back upon than his rural experience. The highest joys and pleasures of childhood are lost in the walls of a great city.

The drum we beat ourselves duzznt sound so loud as the drum our nabur beats.

STIFLING TIMES IN RUSSIA.

The Social and Political Life of the People Extinguished by the Government.

"Oh, this stifling, horrible reaction!" gasp intelligent Russians. "We are dying for fresh air." Meanwhile the government creatures are shouting: "Everything is all right in the czar's country, it is the nicest place on the globe." For the time being there is no life at all in this huge country—I mean social and political life. Like school children, the czar's subjects are constantly bidden to keep still. All the functions of the autocratic government seem to be concentrated on the hushing up process. I heard a witty Russian say that nowadays the czar does not issue a ukase, but simply "Hush, No.—" Earn your daily bread and eat it—that is, if the imperial tax collectors do not snatch it from you. Such is the whole code of daily life for the Russians now.

The czar as usual does nothing. He is merely a figurehead for his country. In order to fill up his time his ministers make him sign "hushes," and give audience to civil and military office-seekers who presumably come "to lay at the feet of his majesty their loyal feelings." There are thousands of regiments in Russia, and each regiment has its own patron saint. The patron's day is the greatest holiday of the Russian soldier, and the present czar has made it his rule to give them a treat on that day. Besides vodka he gives half-a-rouble to each man, a rouble to each under-officer, and a dinner to the officers. And here ends the czar's "daily and nightly care about the needs and wants of his beloved country."

The ministers are certainly less idle than their master. Each of them has daily many orders to sign and a crowd of office-seekers to see. But what particularly keeps them busy is the competition in making up hushes or ukases. Queer, indeed, are some of these documents. Here, for instance, the minister of public instruction proposes to head all the Russian universities by establishing a state board of examiners, having sole power to confer degrees upon students. The trouble is that over three-quarters of the nihilists were university students, and the professors were satisfied with them so long as they were proficient in their studies. But the state examiners would issue diplomas only to those who were undoubtedly loyal, and thus there would be fewer chances for nihilists to penetrate into the imperial service.

Then the minister of the imperial household proposes that there shall be no nobles by the autocrat's grace. According to Russian law, all subjects who, while in the czar's service, attain the rank of general or receive the cross of St. Vladimir, become ipso facto nobles of the empire, and all their descendants preserve the title. According to this new project no man, however much he might deserve from his country, could become a noble unless he pleased the czar or his government. Such a system would create a nobility which would be anything but noble.

Next comes the minister of the interior, boasting that he had succeeded in beheading Moscow. During the last coronation he had, or mayor, of the city of Moscow, Prof. Tchicherin, made a speech in which he urged the new-crowned czar to follow his late father in the way of reform. "Only substantial reforms can cure the gaping wounds of our fatherland," he said. For that speech the mayor of Moscow was removed. From that day to this the ancient czar's capital has remained headless, for no new candidate elected by the city has suited the minister. This is the way the autocrat repays Moscow for her hospitality to him during the coronation.

The minister of justice also shines with wisdom. Recently a Russian, who was called before the court as a witness, refused to take the formal oath, which begins thus: "I swear by God Almighty." "The bible forbids me to swear by God," he said. "though I am ready to swear by God." The case was referred to the minister. This decision was also referred to the minister. The case of the Russian minister was as follows: "Count Leo Tolstois shall be counted among absent jurors, and, as such, shall be fined 100 roubles. As to the witness objecting to the legal form of oath, it must be understood that the imperial government is not going to change the laws of the empire to accommodate individuals."

The chief procurer of the holy synod has recently ordered that *The Religious and Social Messenger*, being too radical in its religious views shall be submitted to religious censor. In compliance with this order, *The Messenger* sent to the censors all its religious articles, but not articles of a lay character. The journal received a new imprimatur, for in the procurer's order there was no discrimination made between religious and lay news. So now the reverend censors, who are all monks, are perusing even the financial articles of *The Messenger* in search of heresy.

What can people do under such a government? They can play cards and billiards, give dinners and balls, arrange masquerades, and go to the theatre, and so they do. Vodka and champagne are flowing, dancing parties and light music last through the night, ballets and low plays which have always the same theme, that "the lover is lovely and the husband is a fool," provoke thunders of applause, and above all this babel is heard the so-called Russian national hymn: "Boje, czaria hrani" (God save the czar).

By the way the fiftieth anniversary of that hymn was recently celebrated here. On that occasion its origin and history were fully explained. Up to 1833 there was no national hymn in Russia, and the czars were usually contented with the English anthem, "God Save the King." After his trip abroad, in 1832, the Czar Nicholas ordered Mr. Lvoff, a famous Russian musician, to compose at once a Russian national hymn, for his majesty, while in foreign courts, had been much inconvenienced on account of the lack of one. Mr. Lvoff set to work, and soon the music was ready. Poet Joukovsky furnished the words. The hymn pleased the czar, and in 1833 it was first played in the Grand theatre of this city. Such was the origin of the hymn. True, its music is

rather national, but the words are anything but the Russian people's prayer:

God save the czar!
Mighty autocrat,
Reign for our glory,
Reign for our enemy's fear,
O, orthodox czar,
God save the czar!

It is an official hymn, and is not known at all to the majority of Russians.—*St. Petersburg Cor. New York Sun.*

Vigorous Exercise.

A stroll for mental relaxation, or for pure air, or for pleasant companionship, valuable as this is, is far from accomplishing the full object of physical exercise. Of course, such exercise is meant mainly for brain workers, for the sedentary, for those who do not find it in their employment.

Now vigorous exercise—and exercise only when it is sufficiently vigorous—equalizes the circulation. It brings it to the surface and carries it strongly to the furthest extremities. It relieves undue pressure on the brain, and checks the tendency to congest in the vital organs. It enables the blood to pass freely through the almost invisible network (the capillaries) which it must all traverse in its passage from the arteries to the veins, and thence to the heart and lungs, with its load of accumulated impurities. It arouses to more vigorous action those millions of tiny workers (the cells) by which all the tissues of muscle, nerve, membrane, bone, etc., are perpetually renewed.

Such exercise also quickens the eliminating organs—those by which the body gets rid of its waste matter. One need not take poison to die of poison. Once at least every year the entire body passes off as dead matter, and each particle is as much poison as if drunk from an infected well.

Now the lungs, with their fuller and deeper inspiration induced by vigorous exercise, throw off more effectively the deadly carbon, and take in larger draughts of life-giving oxygen; and the heart sends a purer blood with a fuller flow through the system. The huge liver, through which must pass for still further purification all the blood of the body, is especially liable to congestion. It cannot hasten the blood, as does the heart by its own contraction, nor as do the lungs by the aid of the muscles of the chest and diaphragm.

It is now known that the successive collapse and inflation of the lungs greatly aid the circulation of the blood through the liver, and that this circulation is especially helped by the deep breathing caused by vigorous exercise. Hence we say to all who walk for exercise, let your walk be brisk, with a full swing of the arms, and if possible let it include more or less of "up-hill."

A Modern Prince.

And so the Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia has at length revolted against the swash-buckler tyranny of her illustrious husband! We are here delighted at the public washing of family linen at Dissau. This red prince, as florid English journalists are wont to call him, is a good military workman, but otherwise no credit to his house or country. He is not a monogamist, and the memory of his heart is a short one. Nor does he like refined and cultivated women. The fraulein who serves in an underground beer-house has the most chance of being "distinguished" by him. Perhaps it is because she does not think the worst of him when the numerous drinks he mixes stultify his brain and make his irascible temper violent. As the Americans say, he soaks his liquor, and doesn't want to share it with anybody. In his most genial moods the Prince Frederick Charles is ready to tell disagreeable truths. His "sincerity in wine"—or beer, or schnapps—is appalling, as he professes and understands the vocabulary of the first Prussian king of his race. When Prince Frederick Charles was in France, he used nightly to have a *kermesse* in the chateau in which he was quartered. I shall never forget an oral account received from an old lady of the state in which he left a country house of hers near Montargis, and of the uses to which he had turned the choice furniture in her drawing-room. He condescended to play some practical jokes on her when he was her tenant; they were heavy and not good-natured.

Prince Frederick Charles is the double first cousin of the Crown Prince, who was as scrupulous in respecting the lares and penates in the French houses which he had requisitioned for his use as the other was the reverse. Fritz did all that in him lay to mitigate the inevitable severity of war when he was at Les Ombres. Prince George of Saxony, at Margency and St. Prix, showed himself a kind and high-minded gentleman, and left a good name behind him. He occupied the chateau of Baron Davilliers, the famous collector of bric-a-brac and art curios. An inventory of the furniture was made by the prince's order, and his military secretary was told to see that every object which might easily be taken away was locked up. Nothing was missing when the baron returned to live in his house. At St. Prix some officers of Queen Elizabeth's regiment moved to a cottage where they were quartered a piano from a neighboring chateau. But the prince, to whom the fact was reported by the mayor of the commune, sent word to his suzerains that they were to use the instrument as if it were their own, to return it when they were going away, and when it was in its place, to get it tuned. They carefully obeyed.—*Paris Cor. London Truth.*

The Duty We Owe to Ourselves.

You have no more right to eat or drink what you know will disagree with your digestion than you have to drop a furtive pinch of arsenic, just enough to sicken him slightly, into your school-fellow's cup. It is as truly your duty to eat regularly and enough of wholesome, strength-giving food, wisely adapted to your needs, as it is to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." Faith without sensible works does not bring about miracles in our age. There is the same sin in kind, if not degree, in omitting your "constitutional" walk to study a foreigner you would like to make sure of for tomorrow, that there is in picking your neighbor's pocket, or cheating in a bargain. Both are dishonest actions, and in the long but certain run of justice, both are sure to be punished. Put yourself, in thought, outside of your body; make an inventory of its capabilities and necessities. It is your soul's nearest neighbor. See to it that the soul loves it as itself.—*Marion Harland.*