

AGRICULTURAL:

Management of Sheep in October.

The first part of the season, over nearly the whole country, was so wet as to produce a large growth of grasses, and pastures were everywhere lush. Still, in some places, it was observed that sheep did not lay on flesh as fast as when the growth of grass was more moderate, it was too watery and contained less substance. But September has been dry over a large extent of country, and pastures have become short. This will, in many sections, keep the condition of sheep lower than will be desirable for fall sales, and thinner than they should be for the most profitable winter feeding.

We do not believe that any feeder can afford to let his sheep get thin because his pasture is short—that is the policy of the man who remarked that he "always made his hay hold out whether his cattle did or not!" When an animal is not thriving all profit at once ceases, and loss begins.

The question then arises, what shall the sheep-feeder do to keep up a steady growth on young sheep, steady gain on fattening sheep, and a full, healthy condition in breeding sheep, when drought cuts off the supply of grass? If the ensilage system has been fully entered upon, then succulent clover and other grasses preserved in silo may be given to excellent effect; but this system is only yet on trial by the "one in a thousand," and won't apply to the general sheep-feeder. For breeding sheep one-half pound of wheat bran, fed in troughs in pasture, will probably make up the deficiency. A little extra food goes a long way in keeping up condition. For 8 months lambs and young growing sheep, a half pound of bran with one to two gills of corn, or one-half pound of oil meal, will keep them thriving. For fattening sheep to be sold in late fall or early winter, one pound of corn and a half pound of oil meal; this, with half pasture, will push them forward favorably.

These specific ration are not intended to be considered as adapted to all cases. The feeder's eye must take in the situation of each flock, and adapt the ration to each particular case. But we have seen the quantities named produce excellent results with the different classes of sheep mentioned.

There is another method which we have adopted on several occasions when pasture was cut off by drought. We took early cut and nicely cured clover and timothy hay, cut into very fine chaff in a power cutter, then moistened this chaff so that ground feed would adhere to it, and mixed the bran, oil meal, &c., with it. This mixture was placed in the troughs, and the sheep ate it all down. The cut hay was about twice the bulk of the ground feed. We found that the whole was more completely digested when cut hay was added.

This plan could only be followed by those who use a cutter, and then it does not add very materially to the labour. When cats are cheap, there is no better food for sheep on pasture.

The rule of profit must always be to full feed growing and fattening sheep. This brings them to maturity and market at the earliest period and commands the best profit. If sheep are allowed to stand still, without gain or growth, then the food eaten is utterly wasted. We have always found a little grain in the fall to pay even with fair pasture, because the fattening sheep can digest a little concentrated food besides all the grass they will eat; and this concentrated nutriment will all go to gain or profit. Every feeder should look carefully to his sheep and see that they have enough regardless of drought. —[Canadian Breeder.]

Look after the Weeds.

One of the most thoughtless and unwise things a farmer can do, and yet a practice so common that a farmer's garden has become a synonym for a weed nursery, is to let weeds take possession of every place made vacant by the removal of any crop. This practice not only exhausts the fertility of the soil, but fills it so full of noxious seeds as to greatly multiply the labour of keeping a clean garden the following season. It is a very sensible practice to so arrange the various plants that those maturing together, at different times, shall be grouped, so that as they mature and are removed, the vacant ground shall all come in one plot, gradually enlarging, as others mature and are removed. When so placed, a boy, horse and cultivator can go over the ground in a very short time, and by repeating the operation at intervals of one or two weeks, the ground can be kept entirely clean. See to it now that all weeds grown in and about the garden are carefully cut or pulled, and all, root or branch, placed in a pile and burned. The seeds are so fully matured that it is not safe to place them even in a compost heap, and it is better to sacrifice what little manurial value they contain than to scatter the seeds. By cutting or pulling them when damp, but few seeds will shell out, and by putting in a handful of dry straw or brush at the bottom of the pile and leaving them till mid-day, they can be easily burned. Every day you now neglect this little "chore," the more weeds you will have to contend with next summer. Go for them at once!

General Rules for Breeding Light Horses.

Mr. H. Pratt, of Gawsorth, Co. Cork, one of the most successful breeders of light horses in Ireland, lays down the following rules for the breeding of hunters and saddle horses:

- "1. Determine exactly what it is you really require to produce, and having done so never lose sight of it.
- "2. Procure a young mother that has arrived at maturity and is healthy, roomy, well-shaped, round, large-sized, with good temper and good action, and remember the better bred the mare is that possesses those qualities the more valuable she will be.
- "3. The dam, as a general rule, has more direct influence on her offspring as regards health and size than the sire has.
- "4. The offspring bred from greatly dissimilar parents in either size or character should never be used for breeding purposes; their offspring will certainly prove to be mongrels of nondescript character. That the parents should be as similar as possible is a rule the neglect of which has led to more disappointment than almost any other rule I know of.
- "5. A pure thoroughbred sire that has got good ones should be selected, and I do not believe a really good weight-carrying hunter will ever be bred from anything but a thoroughbred horse.

"6. The sire has more direct influence on the bones, heart, tendons, and nerves of the foal than the mare, consequently nothing but blood horses will produce stout and fast hunters.

"7. Breeding too early is quite incompatible with hardness of constitution and lasting qualities. Hence I believe the mare should be at least four years old before she is put to the horse."

How to Save Corn Fodder.

Prof. Sanborn, of Missouri, says the complaint that stock will not eat corn fodder well, or over one fourth to one third of it, arises from our method, or lack of method, of securing it. Most of our corn is allowed to stand as it grew, and to have its nutrition washed out of it, and then it is fed where it grew to cattle roving through the field. The bleached stuff is little liked and little eaten. A few cut it and put it into large shocks, but not until after the corn is dead ripe. It should be cut while the stalks are yet quite green, the corn being in the latter stages of the dough state, or before the corn is too hard to crush easily in the fingers, and before it is dry throughout. It should be put into shocks made from four hills in place of the old 16 hills square, and bound round the top by rye straw, twine, or a green corn stalk. It is well to bend the tassels down, binding the tops under, thus turning the rain. In the course of two to four weeks, depending upon the weather, the small shocks may easily be husked out, and the corn cribbed. The band will not have to be removed or the shock taken down in husking. After husking, the hills of corn, around which the shock is made, as fast as the shock is wanted, may be cut, and the fodder of the shock may be quickly and easily, by one man, passed to the wagon for stacking in. Thus treated, it will be tender, more palatable, and more nutritious, and when fed with clover, cotton seed meal, or middlings, will be nearly all eaten. It will also be handled from the start at less expense per acre than by the system of 16 hills square shocks.

A Little Hero.

A sad story of a French drummer boy is told at Heidelberg, in connection with the last siege of that city. The Austrians were in possession of the place, and the only means of attacking them was by crossing the old bridge over the river Neckar. But the defenders were well prepared for the attack; they placed their cannon in such a manner that it covered the bridge and its approaches. The French planted their cannon on the opposite side of the river, and kept up a terrible fire, but were utterly unable to dislodge the Austrians from their end of the bridge. The attackers were determined to take the city, but had no other means of doing so than by crossing the bridge, and that was swept by the guns of their opponents. They made repeated charges from their side, but each time they advanced they were mowed down by the Austrian artillery, or repulsed at the point of the bayonet. The French band advanced as far as the centre of the bridge, exciting the soldiery with their martial strains, but were compelled to retreat with the retreating men. Again and again the musicians advanced and retreated, with their comrades, until at last a little drummer boy, displaying flight, mounted on the parapet of the bridge, and, although his fellow-bandsmen fled with the soldiers, stood his ground manfully, beating a wild air to recall the men to the charge. On rushed the Austrians with fixed bayonets, whilst the little hero, still beating his drum defiantly, was run through the body by some brutal foe. As he fell over the bridge into the rapid rushing river below, the poor boy cried out, "Oh, my mother! my mother!" The last words of the little hero were heard, both by friend and foe, and are yet remembered in Heidelberg. On wild nights, as the peasant crosses the bridge, in fancy he still sees the form of the little drummer boy beating the fierce alarm, and still, amid the rush of the waters, imagines that he hears his dying words, "O, my mother! my mother!" —[Exchange.]

A Ghost Story from the Pacific.

A correspondent in Canton sends the *Pall Mall Gazette* the following story from the Marshall Islands: The end of last year an American ship the "Ranier" was wrecked on these islands, and about 20 men found refuge on them. But their number being too large for their supply of provisions it was agreed that the party should separate. The captain caused a small twenty-ton schooner to be built of the remains of the wreck, and taking ten of the crew and a share of the provisions sailed away for another island of the group about 200 miles off. The rest of the crew was left in charge of the first mate—a son-in-law of the captain. The second mate was sent off to make his way to Saigon and appeal for aid. This he did, finally reaching Hong Kong, when the U.S. corvette "Essex" was despatched to the rescue, carrying the second mate as a guide. Meanwhile the king of the island on which the shipwrecked men were, who was kind and friendly to them, was full of forebodings as to the fate of the captain's party and the second mate; said they would never see them again and so on. But one day he came with different tidings. It seems he was in the habit of holding spiritual communion with his dead wife, by name Olivia. In one of the seances he had, I suppose, asked her if she could give him any tidings, any hopes, for his shipwrecked friends. She said that on a Sunday a sail would be seen, and they would be rescued. The king brought this news with great joy to the refugees, and with some curiosity they awaited the result. This must have been some four months after they were wrecked. Sure enough on the following Sunday a sail was seen, but in spite of their efforts to attract attention the ship passed on her course. But the Sunday after that the rescuing ship, the "Essex" appeared in sight, and eventually took them all off. This story was related by an officer of the "Essex" to a friend of mine, who at once told it to me. These islands are in the North Pacific Ocean, to the S. W. of the Sandwich Isles, and there is very little communication with them.

A Fast Life on a Slender Income.

"There goes a man who leads a fast life."  
"Is he rich?"  
"No, he only gets \$75 a month."  
"Then he must steal to lead a fast life on that income?"  
"Oh, no; he's a railroad conductor."

AMERICAN FABLES.

A number of Sharks once Gathered in Convention to Discuss the Question: "Shall a Sailor be Eaten Head or Feet First?" As they were about Equally Divided in the Discussion a Wrangle soon Resulted, and from angry Words they began to Battle with each other, and many hard Knocks were given and Received. A Whale finally made his Appearance and Commanded the Row to cease, and when order had been Restored, he said:

"Why Fight over how a Sailor should be Eaten when none of you have Sighted a Ship for the last six months?"

MORAL:

Steal your Melons before you draw lots for the Biggest.

THE JUG AND THE JAR.

A Jug and a Jar which found themselves on a shelf together began to plume themselves on their Merits.

"I cost thirty-eight cents," observed the Jug.

"And my owner walked ten miles to secure me," replied the Jar.

"I hold two gallons of water."

"And I am nearly always filled with milk."

"My master takes me to the hay-field and gives me the shadiest spot."

"And the women carry me in their arms up and down the cellar stairs."

They were still disputing when the Peasant's wife entered the room and said to herself:

"My husband having brought home a new tin pail, I can now throw the old Jug and Jar out of the back door."

MORAL:

Our merits are best known to ourselves; our faults to the world.

A QUEER QUARTETTE.

An Elephant was standing in all his majesty under the shade of a Banyan tree when a Hare, a Frog and a Sloth Approached him in Company, and the Hare Announced that they Desired to journey across the country with him in search of wisdom.

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed the old Colossal as he flapped his ears around, "that's to good. The Idea of such insignificant Nonentities as you are thinking you can Teach me Wisdom." Well, well, but that's worth Botling up."

The Hare stuck to her point so Persistently, however, that the elephant finally decided to humor the trio, and a start was made. They had not proceeded above a quarter of a mile when the Sloth asked for a slower pace. The Elephant sneered at this, but in the next ten minutes discovered that had he stuck to his swinging pace he would have run into a Band of Hunters crossing the Trail.

When the journey had lasted an hour the Hare suddenly called for a Halt, declaring that the notes of the Birds in the Branches above Betokened Strangers in the Forest.

"And what of it?" sneered the Elephant, but next moment the Hare pointed out several Natives stealing away from a Pitfall they had Constructed in the Path. A hundred feet further and the Colossus would have been Trapped.

The Quartette had scarcely circled the Dangerous place and struck the path again before the Frog began to Croak.

"And what's up now?" asked the Elephant.

"There is going to be a terrible storm. I, being a Swimmer, will remain here. The Sloth, being a climber, is safe in a tree. The Hare, being a Swift Runner, can distance the Flood. As for you, Sir Colossus, with all your size and strength, you must at once hurry to the Hills to save your Life."

"Poor, Silly Fools!" exclaimed the Elephant, as he looked down upon them in Contempt. "When such as you teach me wisdom I shall expect to see Hen's Feathers growing on the backs of Wolves."

Nevertheless the storm broke and raged fiercely for hours. Next day, when the Frog, the Sloth and the Hare met again, it was Beside the Dead Body of the Elephant, and the Hare answered:

MORAL:

"Many a great Statesman, feeling secure in place and power, has been humbled to the dust by degrading words of wisdom from a back country."

How to Judge a Horse.

An old horseman says if you want to buy a horse don't believe your own brother. Take no man's word for it. Your eye is your market. Don't buy a horse in harness. Unhitch him and take everything off but his halter, and lead him around. If he has a corr, or is stiff, or has any other failing, you can see it. Let him go by himself a way, and if he staves right into anything you know he is blind. No matter how clear and bright his eyes are, he can't see any more than a bat. Back him, too. Some horses show their weakness at tricks in that way when they don't in any other. But, be as smart as you can, you'll be caught sometimes. Even an expert gets stuck. A horse may look over so nice, and go a great pace, and yet have fits. There isn't a man could tell it till something happens. Or he may have a weak back. Give him the whip and off he goes for a mile or two, then all of a sudden he stops in the road. After a rest he starts again, but he soon stops for good, and nothing but a derrick could move him. The weak points of a horse can be better discovered while standing than while moving. If he is sound he will stand firmly and squarely on his limbs without moving any of them, the feet flatly upon the ground with legs plump and naturally poised; or if the foot is lifted from the ground and the weight taken from it, disease may be suspected, or at least tenderness, which is a precursor of disease. If the horse stands with his feet spread apart, or straddles with his hind legs, there is a weakness in the loins and the kidneys are disordered. Heavy pulling bends the knees. Bluish, milky cast eyes in horses indicate moon blindness or something else. A bad-tempered horse keeps his ears thrown back. A kicking horse is apt to have scurred legs. A stumbling horse has blemished knees. When the skin is rough and harsh, and does not move easily to the touch, the horse is a heavy eater and digestion is bad. Never buy a horse whose breathing organs are at all impaired. Place your ear at the side of the heart, and if a wheezing sound is heard it is an indication of trouble.

Photographing a Bully.

The frontier town of Cayanee, Texas, had been pestered for some time by one of those swaggering bullies who delight in terrifying women and children, and inoffensive citizens. The desperado boasted that he could "clean out" the whole town single handed. He was accustomed to enter the stores, demand whatever caught his fancy, and threatening, to shoot the proprietor if the article was not forthcoming at once, emphasizing his threat by flourishing a horse pistol. One day, this "flower of the plains," as he facetiously called himself, "entered into a photographer's studio. The artist, a young man from New York, had been in Cayanee but a short time.

"Well, teadeefoot," said the bully, as he dropped carelessly into a chair, "what do you charge for pictures?"

"I beg your pardon," answered the artist, replied his visitor, pulling out his pistol. "I asked you how much you charged for pictures?"

"I beg your pardon," answered the artist, quietly, "but I did not understand your first remark."

"No? I don't repeat remarks, young fellow," replied the visitor, pulling out his pistol. "I asked you how much you charge for pictures?"

"Eight dollars a dozen, large size."

"As large as my size?" sneered the bully.

"I have taken them your size," answered the young man, copily.

"Well, look here, you! I don't intend to pay any such price. My size is too big for this establishment. You are going to give me a sitting for nothing. Do you understand that, stranger?"

"I think I do."

"Then the quicker you mix the chemicals for the scenery of this view, the better. Step lively!"

The young artist looked black for a minute, and then, as if he thought the matter a good joke, burst into a laugh.

"You are sure you want to sit for a large size picture?" he asked, with a queer look on his face.

"Yes. And you want to be quick about it, too. No fooling. That won't go down with this son of the plains. Where are you going?"

"I must get the materials for the picture from my other room."

"Oh, all right!" growled the bully. "Thought you were going to cut. But you don't fool this child!"

The artist went into his other room and came back with the prepared plate which he put into its place in the camera. Unobserved he also slipped something else into the box of the instrument over which the cloth was laid.

"Now then, sir," said he, still laughing. "How will you have the picture, sitting or standing?"

"Well, I'll have it the way I am," answered the desperado, throwing his pistol on a table and folding his arms across his breast in a defiant manner.

"Very well, sir," said the artist, quietly putting his head under the cloth. "Now, then, just fasten your eyes on that projection in the corner over there. Don't move. If you move an inch I'll defend my rights with this!"

And quick as lightning, the photographer threw off the cloth, and pulled out a revolver from the camera, where he had hidden it.

It was a scene for an artist. The bully looked along the barrel saw it was as steady as if it rested on a stone wall, and the sweat gathered in big drops on his forehead. Like most bullies he was a coward. The artist had him completely at his mercy. He coolly took out his watch with his left hand.

"For large-pictures of this kind, I generally take three minutes. But to insure a good sitting in your case, I will make it a little longer. Steady, my dear sir! If this revolver should go off, in haste, it might damage the picture, and I don't wish to spoil my reputation as an artist. You will keep your eyes on that point, or be prepared for the consequences."

Still covering the tramping bully with his weapon, the young artist advanced to the table, took the desperado's pistol, and came back to the camera.

"Five minutes. There is a good impression on the plate by this time. Still, to make sure, seeing it is a large size, too big for this establishment, and all of you may not be taken yet, we will continue the sitting a few moments more."

At the end of another minute the bully's face was livid. The artist, still with a glittering eye on him, put the cap over the camera.

The bully departed and left the photographer master of the field. The picture was a wonderful likeness, and the artist hung it and the pistol on the wall together, where they served the double purpose of an advertisement and a warning. He has never been again troubled by that visitor. —[Youth's Companion.]

That Give Milk and Water.

If a tree produces bread, so-called, it should not be surprised to find one that gives milk, and such a one was discovered by Baron Von Humboldt in South America. It was called the palo de vaca by the natives, or "cow tree," and when the bark was pierced the sap that looked and tasted like milk ran out in a clear stream, forming a delicious and nutritious food.

The tree is a variety of evergreen very common in the higher regions of Venezuela, and the milk not only looks like that of the cow, but tastes like it, and the discovery was considered so valuable that attempts have been made to transplant it, though without success.

Equally remarkable is the Traveller's tree of Madagascar. It somewhat resembles the banana, but grows taller, the leaves extending upward, arranging themselves in a graceful fan-shape, the entire group resembling a gigantic fan forty feet in the air, formed of twenty-four or five leaves, each ten or twelve feet long.

It is called the Traveller's tree, as it takes the place of springs or wells, and in the driest times, when all the pools and springs are exhausted, produces an abundant supply of clear pure water. This is obtained by cutting a hole or piercing the base of the leaf where it joins the tree, upon which a stream of water will flow that equals any spring—a welcome supply to the weary traveler.

It is also called the builder's tree, as houses are made of it, and water tight roofs from the leaves, the smaller ones of which are used as cloth and for various purposes. —[Golden Days.]

CURRENCY.

Milwaukee has five citizens named Devil, two named Stan, and three Heils. How any one can expect to go to Heaven from that town is a puzzle.

Not one post office official in fifty can rob the mails and escape detection and punishment, but every week or two someone decides to take the chances.

A Chicago druggist offers \$25,000 reward for a sight of a traveling man who doesn't feel sure that his liver is out of order and needs about six different remedies.

A California farmer has had to pay a fine of \$10 for knocking his hired man down with a bunch of grapes weighing ten pounds. It was cheaper than hunting around for a rock.

Wisconsin has a two-headed girl, a five-legged calf, the champ on dude and a \$2,000,000 tobacco crop. Some folks manage to gobble up about all the good things in the world.

The average time consumed by men in filling out a p. o. money order is five minutes, while the average woman takes twenty and then calls upon the clerk to tear it up and write a new one.

One issue of a New York daily contains sixty-four advertisements of "pianos for sale cheap because the family is going out of town." None of 'em want any music where they are going.

They are puzzled in Indiana to decide whether a boy caught stealing melons should be branded with a club or sent home with some good advice in his ear and half-a-dozen kicks in his pocket.

"There was no particular ceremony about it," says an Arkansas paper in referring to the lynching of three horse-thieves. Less ceremony and more rope is just what the whole country is aching for this fall.

A laboring man in Syracuse drew \$3,000 in a lottery, and his first move was to buy his wife a set of diamonds valued at \$1,200. He said the poor thing should have comfort if the money didn't last even ten years.

A man who laid claim to half the land on which Buffalo is built relinquished all rights for \$2 and a thumping big drink of whiskey. That's his regular rate for relinquishing, and he is taking the cities in rotation.

London has tested the queezing powers of a boa constrictor twenty-five feet long, and is satisfied that he couldn't crush the ribs of a woman given to tight lacing if he was given every show a snake could ask for.

When Prof. Proctor predicts that all the water will disappear off the face of the earth in about 15,000,000 years more, it's just as good a prediction as John Smith could make and entitled to just as much credit.

They still stick to it in Minnesota that the tornado of last fall carried farm houses half a mile and set them down so softly that not a bit of plaster was loosened. That's very fair but there should have been cellars scooped out for 'em.

The run-off-with-father's-coachman mania seems to have had its day, and after a few beatings and two or three weeks' diet of cold potatoes the various bodies will appear at the front door with tears in their eyes and a case of divorce in their pockets.

London restaurants are advertising "American pie" as a draw for customers. If there is an American who can tell what an American hotel or restaurant pie is lots of folks would like to see him and feel of his head. The English imitation must kill on sight.

For fourteen long years the people of Dubuque allowed Martin Jackson to run the town because it was believed that he was a dangerous man to provoke. The other day a woman had killed him in a row, and now every Dubuquer stops to give Martin a kick.

A Joke on a Musician.

Handel had such a remarkable irritation of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before he arrived at the theatre. A musical wag, who knew how to extract some mirth from Handel's irascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra, on a night when the Prince of Wales was to be present, and untuned all the instruments. As soon as the Prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning, *con spirito*; but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a double-bass which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig in the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced bare headed to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so much choked with passion, that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some moments, amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed upon to resume his seat until the Prince went in person, and with much difficulty appeased his wrath.

Made a Call.

Life in a Florida cabin is occasionally not wanting in excitement, if the following story of adventure, told by the *Palatka Herald*, is true:

While a settler on Cook's Bayou was in the back yard, the other day, assisting his wife in hanging a kettle, preparatory to washing, he was startled by the screams of a child left sitting near the open front door. Hurrying into the house he found a ten-foot alligator lying in the door-way, half of his body being in the house, and his open mouth withing six inches of the child's face.

As soon as he entered, the alligator took flight and wheeled into the water. But for his prompt appearance the child would have been carried away.

The Richest Young Woman in America.

Miss Mary Garrett, the daughter of the late John W. Garrett of Baltimore, is now said to be the richest unmarried lady in America. The estimates of her father's wealth run from \$15,000,000 to \$50,000,000, and of this she has a third. Miss Garrett receives as her share of the property the elegant and costly residence at the corner of Monument and Cathedral streets, with all the plate, furniture and pictures it contains. She will also be the owner of Montebello and of the beautiful Garrett cottages at Deer Park, where her father died. In addition to this property, Miss Garrett will also come in for her third of the personal estate of the testator. Miss Garrett is 28 years old.