

FOR THE FARMER.

Fall Feeding.

November is a trying month to farm stock in our northern climate. The tender grasses have been partially ruined by the first hard frosts, leaving just enough to coax the cattle and other stock away from their dry fodder, yet too scant to furnish a generous living, or to keep up the flow of milk for the dairy.

The poor dumb brutes are loath to leave the fields and pastures so long as there is a green blade to be nibbled, and they will even continue to haunt their favorite grazing grounds when only the yellow tufts of frost-bitten herbage remain to mark the place of their summer revels. Reason, instinct, experience, or something, seems to teach them that a long, hard winter is approaching, when they will have to forego their wholesome diet of green food, as it is too often the case on the farm: and they seem to dread its arrival, and endeavor to protract the grazing period to the last possible hour.

This of itself should teach the farmer the needs of his stock, and induce him to provide for their wants by laying in a generous supply of green food to relieve the monotonous diet of dry hay and grain, which he has been long accustomed to deal out to them. It is a hard matter to break up old customs and practices that by long association have become fixed habits: yet when the farmer sees how closely it affects his interests, he should not long hesitate in working the greatly needed reform.

While the cattle may naturally desire to roam over the fields to the latest possible day, I do not think it policy to allow them to do so. More cattle are made unruly at this time of the year than at all other times put together. They find nothing satisfactory to feed upon, so roam uneasily about, reaching through the fences and bars, and trying the strength of every obstruction that comes in their way, in the form of wall or fence. The holdest of the lot will make a "break" and the rest of the herd are not slow to follow, thus taking their first lessons in fence breaking and pilfering.

Instead of allowing stock to wander about to pick up a precarious living during the late autumn months it is much better management to provide late cut forage plants which yield very heavily and can be cut and cured for this purpose, at very little expense. Those who have corn-fodder—and what farmer has not—can find no better time for using it than during these late months. If well cured it is always relished by stock, when hay would go untouched. This is particularly the case with the fodder obtained from sown corn, which is cut and cured with regard to the forage rather than to the ripening of the grain.

To supplement this coarse food, and to furnish something to take the place of the green food they have lost, pumpkins, squashes, and such quick decaying roots as cannot be kept along into winter, should now be fed out. In immense crops of flat, white turnips can be grown for this purpose after another crop has been taken from the ground. These are not long keepers, and can be fed out in the fall. Pumpkins are excellent, while squashes cannot be surpassed as feed for milk cows in fall and winter. All the roots are good—potatoes, ruta lagas, carrots, beets, wurtzels, etc.

Stock fed liberally with the above mentioned articles will not fail in flesh or milk, as is the case with those that are allowed, or forced, to pick up a living from the fields. When so fed they should be kept in large yards where they will have plenty of room for exercise, but still not enough to cause them to run their flesh off in exploring them.

As soon as the frosty nights come, the stock should be housed, as well as fed, regularly. Stock cannot do the best when they get up in the open yard covered with frost and thoroughly chilled through each morning. I know that it is customary among a large class to allow them to lie out in the yards until heavy freezing, or perhaps snow comes; but the fact does not make it any better for the stock, or the practice profitable to the owners. An animal well-housed does not require as much food to keep it up in good condition, as the one that is exposed to all sorts of weather, day and night. If the readers of this article have ever seen cattle fed in the yard on a cold, frosty morning, they will agree with me that such voracious appetites require at least a third more fodder to satisfy them. As the cattle when so exposed do not thrive as well as those that are housed and fed much less, it is quite plain that the extra feed is wasted, to say nothing of the injury done to the stock.

Nor should stock be allowed to run over the grass lands late in autumn, on account of the injury resulting to the next year's crop of grass in consequence of close picking, and hard treading. Grass roots need mulching in this climate, and the only practical method of furnishing this mulch, is to allow a portion of the growth to serve in this capacity. It is not that a light growth of dry grass will keep the frost from the roots, but it assists in retaining the snow evenly on the surface, which prevents the alternate freezing and thawing, so fatal to the roots of grasses and grains.

I am satisfied that yard and stable feeding is by far the most economical system of feeding at all times of the year. Good farm managers are resorting to the soiling system, and nearly all agree that the capabilities of an acre are much increased by this method of feeding. As our farms grow smaller, as they eventually must, in consequence of divisions of family estates and increase of population, this method will become more generally adopted. There is certainly no other time in all the year when yard and stable feeding can be more advantageous to the farmer than during the autumn season.

Coarse fodder that could not be stored in the barn, should now be fed out before it suffers any further injury from rains and snows. If fed in the stable it will usually pay to cut it up fine and mix a little ground feed with the mass. Above all things the stock should not be denied a fair portion of green food, such as we have mentioned above. A sudden change of diet from green to dry food is always sure to cause a falling off in the condition of the stock.—[Western Plowman.]

Work in the Garden.

November is a good month to plan out the garden for next year. It may seem like working a good ways ahead, yet if this work is done this fall it will save consider-

able time in the spring. Then if you have no asparagus bed, or rhubarb, you can procure the sets this fall and make a start; or, if you have sown seed in the spring, now is the best time to transplant.

In planning out the garden, first decide to use a garden plow and drill in planting and cultivating, and in order to do this to the best advantage plant in long rows.

My plan of a garden is to reserve one side for a number of rows for asparagus, rhubarb, sage, savory, horseradish, mustard, spinach, chicory, saffron and horshound. They are all convenient. More might be added, but I find the ones enumerated sufficient for ordinary purposes.

The asparagus bed, or rows, come first, then the rhubarb, because they require nearly the same treatment, and by planting them close together I save some trouble in mulching in the fall. Then the sage, savory and saffron follow next, and then the horshound. This places the medical and seasoning plants together. Then the chicory, spinach, mustard and horseradish, these are principally for greens. By having these all on one side there is no need for disturbing them when plowing up the garden in fall; part of them do not necessarily require extra manuring, and I find this plan economizes manure, while the others require extra heavy manuring in order to secure the best results, and this can be given without waste. The plants can all be set out better in the fall than in the spring, while the seed of the mustard and spinach can be sown as well in the fall as in the spring and will come into use much earlier than if the work is delayed until spring.

In plowing up the balance of the garden see that the furrows are left open so that the water will drain off easily and rapidly. A good dressing of well rotted manure will be beneficial. Remember that it is extremely difficult to get the garden too rich. Yet it is not desirable to haul out fresh manure that is full of weed and grass seeds in the garden. It will pay better to pile up and rot well and then work as fine as possible before applying.

A little time spent now in preparing a supply of pea brushes, or sticks, and bean poles ready for use, will save considerable time in the spring when work is pressing.

Then it is a good plan to prepare a number of small round stakes, flatten one side and paint white so they can be written upon. They are very convenient for marking the places where the different varieties of plants are sown; store them away where they will dry. See that all the tools are under a good cover, well cleaned up and oiled so that they will not rust.

"Fat in December, strong in March," is a maxim that should be printed in large letters over the door of every sheep-house. The practice is altogether too common of letting sheep run on the pastures without extra food till the snow gets so deep that they can no longer secure a scanty living. The first heavy freeze so injures the grass that it has but little nutritive value, and unless additional food is given the sheep will begin to lose flesh; and if compelled to live on what they pick, will get quite thin before severe cold weather. This is about the most foolish thing the farmer can do, for when they are once in this condition, it is very hard to arrest the downward course. It is the result of this unwise practice that causes the great loss among the flocks toward spring, particularly among the young sheep, which is so often attributed to "grub in the head." Every sheep keeper should have the facilities, and on the approach of hard freezes should commence to feed daily a little hay or grain. The necessary outlay will be money well invested.

Precious Stones in America

A beautiful diamond that was cut into a remarkably fine stone has lately been found near San Francisco, and at a jeweler's in Indianapolis there are two crystals of this precious gem on exhibition which were found in Indiana. Within the past year a diamond is reported to have been found in Missouri by a hunter, who picked it out of a brook where he stopped to drink. Experienced geologists held to the opinion that so many of the associations of the diamond are present in North Carolina that they have hopes of their being found there. The garnet districts of Arizona and New Mexico may also be looked upon as the probable diamond mines of the future. Sapphires and rubies have been found at Vernon, N. J., and in Franklin, Macon County, N. C. The colors are rich blue, violet blue, ruby red and yellow, while some are colorless. The principal locality for sapphires in the United States, however, is in the gravel districts near Helena, Mont., and Santa Fe, N. M. Here they occur in the sand, associated with peridot and pyrope-garnet. No regular searching for them is carried on. They are often found with the associated gems on ant hills, which abound in that district.

A Horse Problem.

Color in regard to constitution is a problem which some casual students of horse-breeding are trying to solve. As usual in such cases, when the information vouchsafed by those who are in the position of knowing something is not submitted to the test of cross examination, it is not reliable. For a long time all those who have been engaged in working horses have been of the opinion that brown horses lasted the longest, and were the best to withstand wear and tear. Bays and blacks were next fancied, then came the animals of lighter shades of color. We have no good reasons for believing this, however, for any single opinion on the subject expressed without reasons or facts, is not reliable enough. We have known the oldest horses—horses that have done the hardest work in the centre of a Clydesdale district, where chestnut is despised—to be pure chestnuts, and the best and oldest horse of the opposition firm almost next door to be a pure black. There is danger, therefore, we say, in raising discussions on this subject without material. In fact some horsemen are color blind to all but bays and browns.—[London Live Stock Journal.]

The knowledge of courtesy and good manners is a very necessary study. It is like grace and beauty, that which begets liking and an inclination to love one another at the first sight, and in the beginning of an acquaintance a familiarity; and consequently, that which first opens the door, and introduces us to better ourselves by the examples of others if there be anything in the society worth taking notice of.

A FORTUNE IN CLIPPINGS.

A Yankee's Quick Jump from No Thing to a Big Thing—New Way of Utilizing Newspapers.

About two years ago a young man of Russian descent and Cincinnati birth was standing one morning on a Parisian boulevard, wondering whatever was to become of him. He had only two francs in his pocket and had already tried in vain every means he could think of for getting a living. While he was contemplating the black prospect before him a gentleman stepped up to a newspaper kiosk close by, received a copy of a paper costing two sous, laid down a franc in payment, and walked away. It was not for nothing that this young man had been born in America, since to witness this mysterious transaction was to him the same thing as to realize that there was place and fortune for the middle man between the two parties to it. The explanation, as he learned afterward, was that the gentleman was an artist, that the old woman carefully searched each morning's papers for any remarks upon his pictures, and that when she found one he gave her a franc for the paper containing it. What the apple was to Newton or the deer's skull to Geoffrey Saint Hilaire, this monetary spectacle on the boulevard was to Henry Romeike; in so far, at any rate, as it pointed the way to fame. He managed to get to London, invested his last penny in a copy of the *Daily Telegraph* during the picture season, cut out the notices of artists' works, and positively peddled them from studio to studio. The next day he was in a position to buy several papers, and the next week a large number, and to extend his operations to other persons than artists. At the present moment, so accurate was his *idee mere*, and so skillfully has he followed it up, that his handful of newspaper snippings has become nothing less than "The Artistic and Literary Correspondence and Universal Compendium of the Press," with offices where a score of clerks, male and female, are busily engaged all day long in putting up great heaps of newspapers, casting the cuttings upon printed forms, and mailing them literally to all parts of the world.

Three thousand English newspapers, 600 American ones, and several hundred published on the European continent are thus regularly searched through and dismembered under the direction of this ingenious American. The papers as they come in are examined by Romeike himself or one of his head clerks (French, German, Italian, and Russian are read in the office), passages referring to any person or subject on the books of the bureau are marked, numbered, and a printed slip correspondingly numbered and having blank spaces for the date, name, and address of the newspaper, and name of the subscriber, is placed between the leaves, and finally the paper is handed to the boys or girls, who cut out the passages, stick them on the slips, enter them in a book, and mail them. The charge made for 100 notices—"To see ourselves as others see us," on any matter whatever—is \$5, or \$20 for 500. From its humble beginnings, the "Artistic and Literary Correspondence" has grown into an institution of recognized merit and importance. Among its 7,000 subscribers are a majority of the members of Parliament, numbers of actors, artists, novelists, poets, institutions, and every person who makes a hobby of any public matter. When Lord Dufferin was appointed Viceroy of India, he telegraphed to Romeike from Constantinople to forward him all allusions to India. Lord Randolph Churchill was provided with 8,000 cuttings about himself in eight months. Barnum received 1,000 notices of his white elephant in three days; Mr. Chamberlain has been supplied with opinions concerning the shipping legislation, and Lord Derby concerning New Guinea; the Irish members have a standing order for cuttings upon which troublesome questions to her Majesty's ministers may be founded. Not a few persons are actuated by the same motive as the lady (not the major's wife) who writes for all allusions to Major ————, now serving in Egypt, and Oscar Wilde, it need hardly be added in conclusion, has been a patron of the enterprise from the first.

Concerning Finger Rings.

While there is a touch of barbarism, in wearing rings on the fingers, yet the civilized hand has so long been adorned by them that it would look plain and unfinished without its hoops of gold. The ancient Romans wore the ring on the joint just under the nail. The Hebrews wore it on the right hand alone. The Greeks wore their rings on the fourth finger of the left hand the Gauls and Britons on the third finger of the left hand. In Pliny's time the betrothal ring was an iron hoop, set with a loadstone instead of a gem. The Romans were even greater slaves to fashion than we of the present. They had winter and summer rings, the weight and color of the ring being adapted to the season. The Greeks wore weekly rings, which were charms, and were always taglias and cameos. Talismanic rings were also in use among the Romans. Silver rings were heirlooms and of great value in business transactions. The wedding ring is of great antiquity. It is a common thing to find wives who have been married a lifetime, yet never had allowed the wedding-ring to slip over the finger-joint. It is considered unlucky to take it off. To lose it indicates a misfortune.

As your wedding ring wears
So wear away your cares.
It is only on very old hands that the worn thread of gold is now seen.

A Duchess's Narrow Escape.

Duchess Thyra of Cumberland, sister of the Empress of Russia and of the Princess of Wales, has just escaped, in an almost miraculous manner, an accident of the chase. Two days ago this young princess was hunting a stag in company with her husband and several other members of the illustrious colony of princes established on the shores of Lake Garda. Just as she was crossing on horseback the waterfall of Aurach, the little bridge gave way and the noble huntress was precipitated into the stream. The fall was the more unfortunate as the horse rolled over the princess. However, her Royal Highness received only a few slight bruises which did not even prevent her from mounting into the saddle again as soon as she was drawn out of the water.

The rich are able, but not liberal; the poor are generous, but lack ability.

HUNGRY JIM'S STORY.

The Details of a Romantic Tragedy Told Before the Pine-Knot Fire of a Sierra Shakemaker.

Living just above the foothills and in the midst of the virgin pine forests of the Sierras are a class of industrious people little known to the world, writes a correspondent. They live an isolated happy life far from the busy world, of which they know little and care less. These are the "shakemakers." They exist usually in couples, and make their home for the time being where the finest sugar-pine grows, and whence the products of their labor can be conveniently hauled away. They are a jolly, happy lot, these "shakemakers" of the Sierras. They work at will, and by way of recreation provide their leisure time between deer and bear-hunting and the nearest country store. The mode of making "shakes" or clapboards is simple. The tree felled is sawed into suitable lengths, and then is split into thin boards or "shakes" by means of a froe and a mallet. The shakes sell here in the mountains at \$4 to \$4.50 per thousand, and are always in demand. A shakemaker's camp is one of the most picturesque scenes to be found on the coast, and the voluntary recluses who spend year after year in these mountain solitudes are the jolliest lot of bachelors on earth. A majority of this almost unknown race of men are old miners and young men from the foothill farms. Wild, brave, uneducated, and kind-hearted, they include within their numbers hundreds of the best frontiersmen and the noblest types of manhood. While rambling among this hospitable class of men one evening I suddenly came into a clearing upon the mountain side, in the centre of which stood a log cabin of the most primitive character, upon the porch of which stood a smiling old man; who ventured the information, "This is 'Hungry Jim's' place." Before I could reply to this startling and incomprehensible announcement the old man added the following explanation:

"The shakemakers call me 'Hungry Jim' just for fun; not that I don't have enough to eat, for if you stop at my place to-night, as I hope you will, you will find Hungry Jim a good feeder."

And so it proved, for Jim is a good cook, a hospitable host, and one of the best story-tellers extant. His name is Miguel Elias, and he is a native of Tucson, but he has spent thirty-five years among the mountains. He is one of those interesting characters who live in the past, and never tire of telling of the days of '49, when gold was being taken out of these gulches in fchunks and every man was wealthy who would work. "Jim" had seen the day when he could count his wealth by thousands, but monte and bad luck has made him poor, but happier than ever before. His life is a romance and a woman the cause of his financial ruin. Now he came a rendezvous for the Calaveras and Tuolumne shakemakers. It was "Jim" seated before a cheerful pine-knot fire which glowed brilliantly that keen frosty evening, who related the following interesting details of a recent tragedy and romance. The tale he told me of the life of the man, which was committed last fourth of July, but the romantic part of the affair remained untold. "Said Jim: 'Did you notice a toll gate down the mountain? A nice little white cottage near the bank of a creek? Yes? There is where my old mining pard, Frank Pareta, lived, and there in that creek is where he drowned his wife. Oh, she was a beauty, was Frank's wife. The handsomest Italian girl I ever saw. Frank went all the way to Italy to find and marry her, and now he has killed her. This is how it came about: Frank Pareta and I were working together several years in the mines down there in Angel camp, and one day Frank said to me, 'Miguel, I am going to get married when I get money enough to buy that toll road at Murphy's.' I laughed at him, and thought no more about it, as women were scarce about Angels, and Frank never mixed with them. But he saved all of his money, and in due time left the cabin and went to Italy. In a few months he astonished the camp by returning with a young girl wife, the handsomest woman I had ever seen. Frank was very proud of his prize and fairly worshipped her. He bought her everything she desired, dressed her gayly, decked her in jewellery, and kept a girl to wait on her. He bought her the toll road for \$4,000 and built that pretty little cottage you see there. But the girl was not satisfied. She tired of her elderly husband, and looked with loving glances upon young admirers. The husband was jealous, but he was kind and patient. She was capricious and abusive, but Frank lived on in hopes of happier times. The toll-gate keeper had about \$1,200 buried in his cellar, and this hidden treasure he revealed to his pretty Italian wife, who secretly appropriated \$500 and with it went to San Andreas, the county-seat, and applied for a divorce. Frank heard of the divorce business, but did not discover the loss of his \$500 until the morning of last Fourth of July. There was a celebration at Murphy's camp, and Frank staid at home to collect tolls. He went down to the cellar and discovered the loss of his \$500. He called his wife and accused her of the theft. At first she denied, but finally a knowledge that she had taken it, and defiantly announced that she intended to use it to obtain a divorce, and positively declined to give it up. Then the angry husband went out and walked up and down in front of the house. Then he went and gazed into the foaming mountain stream, which was swollen and deep. Then he went to the house and quietly and calmly invited his wife to take a little walk with him. She consented. The servant girl protested and warned the wife that her husband intended to kill her. The man and wife walked to the creek. There seized her by the throat, and, after furtively strangling her, threw her body into the stream to see her drown. An old German living near witnessed the struggle and ran to the wife's assistance. He drew the half-drowned woman out of the water. The husband seized her again and plunged her into the water once more into the torrent. The old German once more dragged the inanimate woman to the shore. Again the brutal husband threw her into the water and she floated down stream from whence the old German pulled her lifeless form. When taken to the house the missing \$500 and \$150 more money was sewed in her coat. She died with her coin."

"And what became of the murderer?"
"He is in the county jail at San Andreas awaiting trial. He is as happy as a prince and sings merrily every day. Of course he will hang, and everybody in these regions will say, 'Well served.'"

To quarrel with a superior is injurious; with an equal is doubtful; with an inferior, sordid and base; with any, full of unquietness.

A LADY'S PLUCKY FIGHT.

Shooting and Perhaps Mortally Wounding a Negro Assailant.

Mrs. L. A. Cooley, of Atlanta Ga., is almost much of the night owing to her husband's absence at his mill. She had locked the doors and windows of her house at 9 o'clock for the purpose of retiring when a rapping on the door attracted her attention. Asking "Who's that?" the answer came in a man's voice:

"It's me. I've dropped something out here; give me a match."

"I'll shoot you if you don't leave here instantly," the lady replied.

She heard the man retreat and pass out of the gate. Going to her bureau she loaded her husband's revolver and laying it on a shelf beside her bed retired. During the night she was awakened by a noise at the door, and thinking her husband had come she started to open it. All recollection of the man who had knocked at the door earlier in the night was for the moment forgotten. On opening the door a hand black as the ace of spades was quickly thrust in, and before Mrs. Cooley could realize her danger a negro had his arms about her and was bearing her back into the room. As the negro raised her from the floor her hand came in contact with the shelf on which she had laid her pistol, and she grasped it. Unluckily it was her left hand with which she seized the weapon, but as the negro strode further into the house she cocked the pistol and placing the muzzle close to the negro's neck pulled the trigger. A loud report followed and with a groan the negro released his hold upon Mrs. Cooley and dropped to the floor. Mrs. Cooley also fell but instantly regained her feet, and changing the pistol from her left hand to her right, she again cocked and presented it at the negro, fully determined to kill him. The negro who was already wounded and bleeding, begged for his life. Mrs. Cooley pulled the trigger, but the hammer would not respond. She laid all her force upon it, but it would not go.

The negro was quick to see that something was wrong and, rising, staggered towards the door. Just as he disappeared through the doorway Mrs. Cooley discovered that her pistol was but half-cocked. The hammer was given another pull, and as the negro sprang through the yard gate Mrs. Cooley sent a ball flying after him. Again he dropped, but almost immediately was upon his feet again, racing towards the woods.

The encounter drove the sleep from Mrs. Cooley's eyes for the rest of the night and until her husband came home she sat beside the fire with the pistol in her lap.

Mrs. Cooley is satisfied that she mortally wounded her assailant. The police are scouring the country for him, but it is most likely he will be found dead in the woods.

THE ALASKA SEALS.

Preparing the Skins for Market—A Mystery in Natural History.

Few of those wearing a sealskin sacque have any knowledge of the process by which the skins are prepared for use. Seen when first taken from the animal they little resemble the warm glossy skins worn upon our streets, for until dyed and cured they are of a light-brown hue, coarse and full of sand. Before becoming valuable they are shaved down on the flesh side until not thicker than paper, the long hairs are pulled out and the fur dyed. The cost of the article is due to the labor expended on it. The raw skins are sold in London, where the finishing is done, and then shipped back to America, where they are sold with a heavy duty added. The killing season in Alaska begins about the 12th of June and the 100,000 skins are usually ready for shipment a month later. The work of slaughtering the animals is done by natives who live upon the St. Paul and St. George islands and the process is an interesting one. When skins are wanted the natives go to the rokeries, station themselves along the shore between the seals and the water, and at a given signal spring to their feet and make as much noise as possible. The frightened victim, timid as deer, then stampede up the beach and are driven like sheep a few miles inland, until their captors, attack them with hickory clubs. Being knocked senseless, they are stabbed with long sharp knives and the skins are quickly stripped from the bodies. The work is divided among the men, some knocking the seals down, others stabbing them and still others taking off the skins. The native Indians numbers about three hundred and under the terms of the lease, are provided gratis by the company with warm houses, sixty tons of coal, a doctor and a schoolmaster, salmon and other necessities and comforts. For their labor the men are paid some \$40,000 altogether each season, a sum more than sufficient to meet the limited needs of life in a region of almost perpetual fogs and utter isolation.

After the killing season is over the seals begin to shed their hair and a few weeks later disappear from the summer camping-grounds for parts unknown. The males leave first and the females and young seals later, until by November the islands are utterly deserted. Where the fur seal spends his winter is a question that has never yet been settled. The fact that he goes away in November and returns in May is all that can be learned of him. Some have supposed that the animals take themselves to undiscovered islands further south, where they remain during the winter season, but still none of the many seekers have been able to find these places. The seal is not a water animal in the true sense of the word. He cannot remain long under water, is not an expert swimmer, and yet he leaves St. Paul for months and returns there thin and scrawny. Where is the time passed? If somebody could tell, that person would have information worth a fortune. They go away in sections and are scattering in their return, yet they select every year the old feeding and breeding stations, and are found nowhere except upon the two rocky islands of St. George and St. Paul. Here is a simple fact, yet one of inestimable value to Alaska. Sail to the seal islands in July, notice the countless number of animals there, realize the price which the skins command, the constant demands of the market, and Alaska will appear in a new light; it will look to be worth the money that it cost us.

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