

FOR THE FARMER.

About Swine Feeding.

The first thing a farmer should consider is, to have healthy hogs, and in order so secure this he must provide a variety of food, and give them comfortable quarters. My pigs were fed, last winter, corn, roots, wheat middlings and buckwheat bran. This winter they are fed the same, with the addition of raw apples, of which I purchased eight hundred bushels, mostly for the pigs. Warm sheds, or rather pens, are constructed in a sunny corner of the fields adjoining the buildings and here the pigs are being wintered, in lots of a dozen or less in each. They have plenty of room in which to stir about; and are fed in a spot where the cold winds do not reach them. One fruitful cause of disease with pigs is, exposure to a cold wind when just out of a hot nest where, perhaps, they have been piled upon each other. The sudden change of temperature may be as great as twenty or thirty degrees, enough, anyway, to cause colds, which may assume the form of pleurisy, quinsy, inflammation of the lungs or bowels. Flaming under the straw stack, and feeding on the open ground in a raking wind, lay the foundation for many diseases. If the farmer has made no provision for feeding his hogs, other than corn, let him give them clover hay. This may cause the exclusive corn feeder to smile, but he should remember that this is not only a change of food, but that clover lacks the very elements the corn lacks. If his hogs have been so pampered that they have no appetite for such food, then get a breed which has, and let "early maturity" mean, with him, a healthy body, ready to slaughter. I care not whether the pig weighs one hundred, two hundred, or three hundred pounds, so long as this weight has been made at a profit. Good appetites are the result of good bodies and good bodies cannot be made without a variety of food. With good appetites and strong digestion, coarse and cheap food can be utilized, and herein is the best basis for profit. Let corn come in as an aid in fattening swine, but not as the all in all in pig-feeding.

More Brain-Power on the Farm.

About the best use a farmer can make of himself is, to devote the present long winter evenings to an increase of his mental activity. Farms differ in their productiveness, mainly according to the amount of intelligence that is brought to their cultivation. Brain-power may be increased by a thorough knowledge of the present condition of the farm, and its worth as a machine for making money. What crops have paid, and what have been raised and sold at less? What percent has it paid on the capital invested? In the case of the gain, what secured it? Was it the manure applied, or the frequent tillage, or the extra amount of rainfall? In case of loss, was it the want of fertilizers, was the crop choked by weeds, or was the seed poor, and the crop damaged by late planting? This accounting for failures is as profitable as bragging over big crops, without making any record of the process of obtaining them. Brain power may be increased by planning improvements. There may be several acres of peat-swamp or bog meadow, producing only brush and bog hay, hardly worth cutting. There is a good outlet, and it can be drained three feet or more deep. Ciper out the cost of drainage, and of making it produce three tons of clover or Timothy to the acre. Would not the sight of the waving heads of the grass be more pleasing than the cat-tails, flags, and skunk-cabbages, that now waste their sweetness upon the desert air? There may be an acre of swale, underlaid with hard-pan, over which ferns, weeds, and aquatic grasses run riot during the whole summer. Is it not time the bottom was knocked out of it, by tiles laid three or four feet in the ground, and the superfluous water compelled to go out through these instead of creeping lazily over the surface? It can be made the best grass land on the farm. Why not make it so, and handle the dollars that come from maximum crops? Brain power can be increased by reading and digesting the instructive contents of agricultural papers.

Profitable Feeding of Cows.

Where milk is sold at high prices near cities, it may pay a dairyman to overfeed his cows with brewer's grains and articles of the kind, to stimulate milk production, without regard to their health; but for the general farmer, it is important not only to have a good cow, but to keep her in health for a number of years. At present prices of dairy products, I do not see what profit the ordinary farmer can make without, by close management, he can turn every function of his cow to account. First, of course, in importance is her milk production, but of almost equal value are her calves for veal or beef, when her milking days are over. While admitting that the excessive milk or butter production of individuals may be so profitable, that the other elements above named may be dismissed as of relatively little importance, I feel called on to lay down as a proposition, the truth of which extensive observation and the experience of many years devoted to the breeding of animals of various kinds has convinced me. To wit: excessive or abnormal development in any one direction, destroys the balance of the system, and unless kept within proper bounds, results in acute disease or constitutional deterioration. No one believes more firmly than I do, that the average yield of our domestic animals in every kind, can be largely increased in every direction, but the improvement must be sought in improved animals, both in breed and general individual quality, and not in an over-

development of one organ or set of organs at the expense of the rest.—[American Agriculturist.]

Keeping Watermelons and Squashes.

We ate the last of our watermelons December 8th, a large one, a descendant from seed brought from Virginia, a dozen years ago or more. This fruit, as usually managed, lasts only three or four weeks in the Northern States. The season may be prolonged through October and November with a little pains taking. Specimens for late use should be picked about a week before they are in their best eating condition, carefully handled, and placed in a cool, dry room, where there will be no danger of frost. By the last of October they should be packed in dry sawdust, clean dry hay, or cut straw, kept in a dry room and used as wanted. The old-fashioned way of keeping crook-neck squashes, hanging up in the kitchen by a loop of woolen linting, is still in use, and is effective when the room is safe from frost. When the coal fire is not suffered to go out, they keep well through the winter. The Hubbard and Marbleheads are good keepers under similar conditions. Where there are closets against the chimney, these and other hard-shelled squashes, keep well. The great secret of success is very careful handling. As a vegetable, and in pies, these winter squashes are hard to beat.

How Many Acres in this Field?

If one asks how many acres there are in any of our fields, nine out of ten of us will say: "Oh, about—acres." This guesswork is one of the serious defects in our practice; we guess too much. Let us be more accurate and know each month just where we stand. We do not tell just how much we have gained or lost by a crop, unless we know how much land it has occupied. If it has occupied "about" so much land, then we do not really know anything about it. To measure fields with straight sides and square corners is an easy matter; the length multiplied by the breadth will give the area. If there is a hollow running through the field, get its length by measuring along either side a certain distance from the central line, and multiplying this by the average width. No matter how many bends there may be in the central line follow it; if the bends are equal both ways, you will have the exact length; if the central line follows a continuous curve in one direction, measure it, or else measure along both sides and take one half of their sum. When the area occupied by the hollow is thus determined, subtract it from the gross area of the field as previously ascertained.—[American Agriculturist.]

One Poor Chamois.

We had made good progress, when of a sudden Franz gave a loud whistle and then fell flat down. The other two guides immediately followed his example and beckoned to us with excited pectulations to behave in a similarly foolish manner. Thereupon we, too, sat down, and inquired what the purport of this performance might be. It turned out that there was a very little chamois about half a mile off. Knowing that it would be impossible to induce the guides to move on till the animal had disappeared, we seized the opportunity of taking an early breakfast. The guides meanwhile wiggled about on their stomachs, with eyes starting out of their heads, possessed by an extraordinary desire to miss no single movement of the object of their attention. "See, it moves," said Franz in a whisper. "Himmel! it is feeding," said Burgener. "It must be the same that John saw three weeks ago." "Ach! no, that was but a little one" (no true chamois hunter will ever allow that a brother sportsman can possibly have set eyes on a larger animal than himself). "Truly it is fine." "Thunderwexel! it moves its head." In their excitement I regretted that I could not share, not being well versed in hunting craft; my own experience of sport in the Alps being limited to missing one marmot that was sitting on a road licking its paws. In due course the chamois walked away. Apparently much relieved by there being no further necessity to continue in former uncomfortable attitudes, the guides sat up and fell to a warm discussion as to the size of the animal.—[Above the Snow Line, Clinton Dent.]

The Seal of Fidelity.

Quite recently the Canadian papers reported an anecdote of canine fidelity which, had it been told of a Roman soldier or a Hindu nurse, would have been bruited throughout the civilized world as an instance of humanity's truest devotion to duty. The story as told to us is, that when nearing Montreal, the engine-driver of a train saw a great dog standing on the track and barking furiously. The driver blew his whistle; yet the hound did not budge, but crouching low, was struck by the locomotive and killed. Some pieces of white muslin on the engine attracted the driver's notice, he stopped the train and went back. Beside the dead dog was a dead chick which, it is supposed, had wandered on the track and had gone to sleep. The poor watchful guardian had given its signal for the train to stop; but, unheeded, had died at its post, a victim to duty.

Rewards for Comet Finders.

H. H. Warner, of Rochester, offers two hundred dollars in gold for any new comet or a comet of 1815, found this year, and two hundred dollars for the best three thousand word essay on the causes of the recent red light appearances at sunset, the competition being open to North and South America, the West Indies, Great Britain and Australia.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

English towns of less than 10,000 inhabitants have scarcely grown at all in the last decade. The increase of ports and seaboard towns is much greater than that of the inland.

The ex Khedive, who did more than any one to bring about the present deplorable plight of Egypt, is now a familiar figure—short, stout, and white-haired—in the west end of London.

Mr. Gladstone has lately written a preface to "The Catechism of Archbishop Hamilton," published by Mr. (formerly Father) Law, who seceded from the Roman Catholic Church.

The Mongolians imported into Jamaica to eat up the rats having accomplished their task, the burning gophers, which the blacks have a superstitious fear of killing.

The Garter of Austria is the order of the Golden Fleece. The Emperor's recent nominations bring the total number of members up to 83, of whom three belong to the house of Hapsburg, and five are reigning monarchs.

The last edition of the London Weekly Echo is published on Sunday morning. It comes nearer to the Sunday edition of a New York paper than any published in England. Mr. Storey, M. P. for Sunderland, is the chief manager and controller of the paper.

Chicago received from licenses last year the sum of \$1,600,000, an excess of \$1,000,000 over any preceding year. Of the amount stated \$1,400,000 came from saloon licenses alone, as a result of the operation of the high license law; and this represents only eight months, the law not having gone into effect until May 1.

Three great musical festivals will be held in the provinces in England this year—that at Birmingham at the latter end of August, one at Hereford in September, and another at Bristol in October. At the first one Gounod's "Mors et Vita" will be produced, and new works by Dvorak, Mackenzie, Stanford, Cowen, and Arden, and Prout.

Lord Rossmore, the Orange champion, has been compelled to part with his racing stud. He married the daughter of Mr. Naylor, the inheritor of an immense Liverpool fortune. Mr. Naylor has no son, and the marriage would be a great thing for Lord Rossmore if his father-in-law approved of him, but it is distinctly understood that he does not.

The translation of the "Arabian Nights" by Capt. Burton, the explorer, will probably be published in part next spring. No passages will be suppressed, as the book is specially intended for students and scholars. It will be obtainable only of Capt. Burton, Trieste, Austria. Capt. Burton has been 32 years at work on it. The special aim kept in view is to reproduce the book as originally written.

The London Land Agents' Record says: "Real estate is not at a premium in Kerry just now. The land agent or proprietor who escapes dynamite has too good a chance of being 'potted' with a shotgun unless he exercises the utmost caution. Probably the Kerry landlords have suffered more than almost any in Ireland. I doubt if Lord Lansdowne has cleared £8,000 a year on an average during the last ten years."

Charlotte Bennett, of Weymouth, England, was unable to procure poison, as such, with which to commit suicide. But she displayed a fine instinct for the drugs which kill when she called a well-known patent medicine to her aid. At the inquest it was shown that her friends found her dying, with an empty glass in her hand; three bottles which had contained the legalized poison were discovered in the room.

The English Journal of Education prints the following as bona fide answers to questions set in recent examinations: "William Pitt began life by playing the cornet in the Blues." "Dryden was a man in high position, Pope lower, Johnson still lower. Johnson was a frequenter of the Cock tavern in the Strand." "Zacharias and Elizabeth had a son named John. When he grew older he had his head cut off to please a young lady."

A Scotch boy, having injured his leg severely, was turned over to a local practitioner. The cure progressed slowly, and the mother, who had become very anxious, concluded to consult a "bone setter" living some miles away. The latter worked hard at the leg and at last "got the bone in" to the music of the boy's lusty screams. "Didn't the setter do it well?" asked the cheerful old lady as the pair hied homeward. "Yes, he did, mother," said the lad, "but I was as sic a fool as to gie him the sair leg."

Archdeacon Denison, the distinguished English ritualist, writing to a friend at Langport, Eng., says that the highly prized Cheddar cheese has of late years greatly deteriorated in quality and value through what he calls the "insane process of making it rapidly." It is true that enormous quantities of cheese, bearing some outward but no inward resemblance to true Cheddar, are brought to market, but nothing like the old are now to be found. American and factory imitations have taken the place of the Cheddar of years ago.

The discovery in California lately of considerable quantities of the peculiar stone used by lithographers is the subject of much remark in the papers of that State. Heretofore the best lithographic stones have been found at Kelheim and Solenhofen, near Pappenheim, on the Danube, in Bavaria; but they have been found also in Silesia, England, France, Canada, and the West Indies. They are found in beds, commencing with layers of the thickness of paper till they reach the

thickness of one and several inches in thickness, when they are easily cut, being yet soft for the quarries, to the sizes required for printing purposes.

A London real estate paper says: "The death of Mr. Mountiford Longfield, Judge of the Encumbered Estates Court, and then of the Landed Estates Court, recalls a momentous but somewhat disappointing measure. It is a dismal reflection that much Irish real estate now is, in point of selling value, about where it was when, on Oct. 25, 1849, the operation of the court (which ceased Aug. 31, 1858) began. The returns of the Encumbered Court when it was shown that there had been 4,413 petitions, and that the total amount of purchases was £21,161,693. Of purchases 8,253 were Irish, and 324 English, Scotch, and others."

The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad had a busy time last spring taking settlers to southern Dakota. Fortunately for the Territory and the road and the people themselves, the settlers were accustomed to American life, being from Ohio, Wisconsin, and other Western States. The newcomers had to live under canvas or in their wagons for a time, but they got houses built, and in the main they have stayed and prospered. Had a like number of Europeans attempted settlement in any of the new States, there would have been great suffering and final failure. The railroads do not encourage city people, nor, in fact, persons unaccustomed to American ways, to battle with the prairie.

Escapes from Siberia.

Escapes of political and other convicts from Western Siberia are more frequent than is generally supposed, but from Eastern Siberia, though often attempted, they seldom succeed. Sent for convicts under sentence of penal servitude and actually imprisoned it is easy to elude the vigilance of the police and get away from a convict village or settlement, but it is almost impossible to get out of the country. The immense distances to be traversed, the terrible climate, lack of money, the absolute necessity of keeping to the highroads, prove, except in a very few instances, insuperable obstacles to final success. In order to be really free, moreover, it is imperative for a fugitive not alone to pass the frontier of European Russia, but to reach some country where he runs no risk of falling into the clutches of the imperial police. Even in Germany he is liable to be recaptured, and is really safe only in England, France, or Switzerland. Hence, to make good a flight from Eastern Siberia requires a conjuncture of so many favorable and nearly impossible circumstances as to render a complete escape a rare and remarkable event. But the incentives to escape are as great as the obstacles to success. No life can be more horrible than that of a political exile in the far east or far north of Siberia. Even at Irkutsk the mean temperature is 50° below the freezing point of Reaumur; for many months of the year the sun in some parts of the country shines but two or three hours in the twenty-four, and for days together darkness covers the face of the land. A man untrained to manual labor, or unacquainted with the arts of trapping and killing wild animals and collecting peltry, turned adrift in the remote parts of Siberia, runs the risk of perishing of hunger and cold. A Russian refugee, now at Geneva, tells that, during his sojourn in Eastern Siberia, he spent the greater part of the long winter in bed, rising only to swallow some rancid oil, the sole food he could obtain. To escape from such a life as this a man will risk almost anything. Even incarceration in a central prison, or the penal servitude of the mines, can hardly be more terrible. The trouble is, that the way to freedom lies through Western Siberia and Russia in Europe. The road south is barred by the wild tribes that haunt the frontiers of Mongolia and Manchuria, who either kill or give up to the Russians all the fugitives that fall into their hands.

The Panama Canal.

Capt. Bedford Pim, of the British navy, gives the result of his observations along the route of the De Lesseps canal across the Isthmus of Panama. He says that over sixty million dollars has been expended in the work thus far; that less than three miles of the contemplated forty-one miles of waterway have been opened; that even this section is by no means completed; that, owing to the nature of the soil and stone strata, it would be impossible for a force of ten thousand laborers to complete the total excavation of the canal in less than fifteen years, and that to protect the work from overflow by the Chagres River would require five years of great industry and immense outlay.

How to Avoid the Press of Business.

"It is a matter of life and death. You are overworked, sir, and must take a rest."
"That is impossible, doctor. My best men are all sick, my customers are coming in by the hundreds, and I must be at my post."
"If your custom should temporarily drop off you could then find time to rest, couldn't you?"
"Certainly; but how can I temporarily stop all my old patrons from rushing in on me, even if the case should be, as you say, a matter of life and death?"
"Easy enough. Stop advertising!"

More Than the Circus Poster Advertised.

An equestrienne in a Russian circus, after going through several daring and difficult feats, flourished a revolver, placed the muzzle to her temple, and while her horse was in full career fired and dropped dead upon the saw-dust. Such an attraction must be fearfully draining on the company, but it is sure to draw like a corkscrew or a porous plaster.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

PANCAKE.—A novelty in pancakes is made in this way: To two eggs allow two ounces of flour, a little salt, and milk enough to make a batter of medium thickness. Beat the eggs until they are very light before adding the flour; put a lump of butter into a saucup and then pour in enough batter to make one large cake; put in just enough to cover the bottom of the pan nicely, as the cake should be so thin that it will not need to be turned. When the pancake is done sprinkle powdered sugar over it and roll it up; put on a hot plate, and when you have three or four done send them to the table. To make these cakes very delicate flavor with a little lemon. A little thick raspberry jam may be rolled in them if you please.

CORN BREAD IN CUPS.—Two and one-half cups Indian meal; one cup flour; three tablespoons cornstarch; three tablespoons shortening; three eggs; one teaspoonful soda; and three and one-half cups thick sour milk; add salt at discretion. It should be a thin batter. Bake quickly in small tins or cups. It is best to soak the meal at night, or at least several hours in the sour milk, adding the other ingredients just before baking.

CREAM CAKE.—Three eggs, one coffee cup of sour cream with a teaspoonful of tartaric acid in, one and one-half cups of sugar, two and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of water with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, one cup of currants, a pinch of salt, and a little grated nutmeg. After baking, cover while hot with a soft frosting made by pulverized sugar into the unbeaten white of an egg. Stir it only enough to mix thoroughly into a thick paste, then thin it with lemon juice and spread on at once.

SALAD COFFER.—Season one pint of rich milk with a little salt and pepper. Put it over the fire, and when heated add a generous lump of butter with a teaspoonful of corn starch rubbed into it. Let the gravy boil up once, then set it off with a cover on the saucepan to keep the contents warm. Put a layer of thinly sliced cold potatoes on the bottom of a baking dish. Have ready a cupful of soaked and shredded salt codfish; put a thin layer of this over the potato. Chop six hard-boiled eggs—they must be cooked fully twelve minutes to insure their not being sticky. Spread a thin layer of egg over the fish, then begin again with a thick layer of the potato, and so on till the dish is full. Pour the cream gravy on, sprinkle bread-crumbs thickly over the top, and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes. The dish makes a good substitute for meat at dinner.

GINGER SNAPS.—These ginger snaps are very crisp, and keep well. One coffee cup of butter and lard mixed, one coffee cup brown sugar, one cup of molasses, half cup of water, one tablespoonful ginger, one tablespoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful cloves, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in hot water, flour enough for pretty stiff dough. Roll out very thin and bake quickly. The spices must all be ground.

WASHING FLUID.—One pound of washing soda, quarter pound unslacked lime (or a tea-cupful of good whitewash), one gallon of water. Boil up and set aside to settle. Use one tea-cupful to each boiler of clothes, and it will take out dirt and stains with almost no rubbing; and I have never thought that it injured clothes in the least. I have never found any machine or soap equal to it for lightening the labor of washing.

TROUBLOUS TIMES IN RUSSIA.

Nihilists Accused of Stealing Money and Hatching New Plots.

The police of Russia have received some startling information about the doings and designs of the Nihilists. It is said that the Nihilists are now engaged in a conspiracy to murder certain officials, who have incurred the hatred of the order, by means of poison. In the effort to thwart the conspiracy a circular has been sent to all the principal officials in the empire warning them against the employment of new servants who are not strongly vouchered for, and cautioning them against the acceptance of food or drink from any one not known to be trustworthy.

Ever since last September numerous defalcations and embezzlements by minor officials connected with the treasuries of Russian cities have come to light. The thieves have invariably proved to have been connected with the Nihilist organization and little or none of the stolen money has been recovered. It is feared that the Nihilists have now obtained sufficient funds to organize a well-planned attempt upon the life of the Czar.

There is no longer any doubt that the attempt to wreck the special train on the Gatchina Railway, which was conveying the Czar to St. Petersburg, was a deliberate attempt upon the life of the sovereign, and the body of the sentinel found by the side of the railway just where the train was expected to leave the track furnished ample proof of the malignity of the assassins. That narrow escape has considerably shaken the Czar's nerves. He is now virtually a hermit in his gorgeous Winter Palace on the Neva Perspective, and he looks forward with superstitious dread to the first of March, which will be the fourth anniversary of the murder of his father.

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