

FOR THE FARMER.

Stones and the Soil.

In some very stony localities, it is a popular belief that stones are in the process of formation, or as it is often expressed, "they grow." The fact is, instead of any increase of a stone from the surrounding soil, the action is in exactly the opposite direction. All of the soil, save the vegetable matter it contains, results from the disintegration, the breaking down and powdering, of solid rocks or stones. Changes of temperature, contracting and expanding them, break down stones. Rain penetrates the pores of rocks, and freezing them, throws off small particles. Rain also dissolves some of the constituents of rocks, especially those largely, or in part, of lime-stone. Finally, plants aid in breaking up rocks into soil, by the action of their roots while growing. Also, when plants decay, various compounds, including acids, are produced, which act upon rocks and aid in reducing them to powder. Instead of there being anything like an increase in the size of rocks and stones, there are a number of agents silently but ceaselessly at work, slowly converting them to soil.—[American Agriculturist.

Farm-Gardening.

The farmer who continues to raise the same crops that he grew before towns and manufacturing villages sprang up all around him, makes a great mistake. In the older States, at least, there are but few farms not within an hour or two hours' ride of a market. It is worth while for farmers in such localities, to consider if they can afford to raise field corn, when sweet corn will pay them much better. It is true, that sweet corn needs high manuring, but when the ears are off, there will be a heavy crop of the very best fodder. The ears will bring in ready money, just how much will depend upon the market, but safe to say, more than any crop of ripe corn would be worth. It is a mistake to grow late potatoes, to be dug when every one else has potatoes, and prices are low, while early potatoes will bring several times the price of late ones. It is so with other crops. There are but few garden vegetables that may not be grown as farm crops, and it is a mistake to raise produce that will bear transportation from a distance, instead of that suited to a near market, and must be disposed of at once. A farmer, on the other hand, would make a mistake, were he to devote his land to a new set of crops at once. He should determine to grow those things that pay the best, and to gradually work into a more profitable kind of farming. Those who propose to do this, will find sweet corn and potatoes excellent crops to begin with. Others will pay better, but these are best to prepare the land for other and more profitable crops. It would have been better had the land been prepared for these last fall, but as this was not done, make it ready as soon as it is safe to work it.—[American Agriculturist.

Live Stock Notes.

The results of neglect in the stable and stall will be apparent now. All who have failed to keep their animals clean, warm and well fed, will need to take more than ordinary care in bringing them through the winter. Liberal feeding is the only true economy in wintering stock. Induce animals to eat, keep their appetites keen with frequent changes of food, and feel satisfied, when spring comes, that all the fodder has been consumed in keeping the live stock plump and healthy. Every barnyard should have an abundant supply of pure water. Animals that are well wintered are half summered. Steady work does no harm to a mature horse. If well fed, carefully groomed and kept from undue exposure, a team may labor the winter through with profit both to the owner and the animals. Horses when confined to a close, warm stable, become tender and subject to colds, etc. Incoming cows should have a limited diet of dry hay, with a little bran, for a few weeks previous to calving. The young stock, and all others infested with lice, should have the skin rubbed with a mixture of sweet oil and kerosene in equal parts. Sheep need, besides abundant wholesome food, plenty of pure air, a dry yard and sleeping place. The porkers should have already gone to the market. Store pigs will make a profitable growth if well housed and fed during winter. Light and frequent meals are best. Eggs can only be expected from fowls that are "at home" in a warm, dry house, provided with abundant food, both green and dry, lime, gravel, and pure water.

What is a Silo?

So much has been said about silos and ensilage in this and other journals within the past few years, that it is surprising the subject should have escaped the notice of any one, yet here is a new subscriber in Indiana who asks in effect the above questions. As there may be others to whom the matter is equally new we answer our inquiring correspondent in brief. A silo is a contrivance for preserving green fodder, in the fresh state in a manner similar to that used in the canning of vegetables and fruits for human food—by exclusion of air. A silo—literally a pit—is any air-tight receptacle. It may be built of stone, of brick or of wood. It may be constructed entirely below ground, entirely above ground, or built into a bank and be partly covered and partly exposed. The important point being that its walls shall be air-tight. Green forage of any kind, especially Indian corn stalks, is cut small and closely packed in the silo, treading it down firmly. The fodder is covered by boards or planks, upon which heavy weights are placed, the cover following the fodder as it settles. The weights may be heavy

logs, stones or boxes filled with earth. When the fodder is taken out for feeding, during the winter, it may be quite unchanged, may have an alcoholic odor, or even a strong odor of vinegar. In either case the animals are fond of it; but as the alcoholic or acetic odors indicate that there has been some loss of nutritive matter by fermentation, these conditions are not desirable, and recent experiments tend to show that they may be avoided. Several power cutters are now made for the purpose of preparing the fodder for storing in silos. The term ensilage is applied to the method of preserving fodder, and to the fodder that has been thus preserved. The term silo is short, and well suited for the first use of the word ensilage. We ensilo the corn fodder, and it comes out of the pit as ensilage.—[American Agriculturist.

Points in Poultry Keeping.

The "Plymouth Rocks," being the best feathered of all varieties of chickens, are apt to be the best winter layers, and as they feather up very young, are better suited to the incubator trade, or the artificial rearing of broilers than the "Light Brahma," or many other varieties. There ought to be a profit in buying up young roosters, caponizing them, fattening them and selling at the usual market price. Turkeys treated in this way often reach a weight of from thirty to fifty pounds. A brood of chickens led by a turkey hen to forage in the fields, will attain to great weight and early maturity without food or care on the part of the owner. The best eggs are the result of a meat diet; the high colored and well flavored eggs of Kansas during the grasshopper visitation were a marvel to strangers. When grasshoppers and worms fail, their lack should be supplied by feeding cracklings and other cheap butcher's offal. The crushed oyster shell supply, and the boxes of road dust or ashes, should be kept within easy reach. When moving to an entirely new location we secure immunity from gapes for two years. The farmer who does not provide his wife with a good poultry house is standing in his own light, as it need not be fine or costly. In winter, drop a little carbolic acid in the food mixture, once a month, as a preventative of disease, and give a few appetizers, such as cabbage, garlic, and red pepper, with a variety of grain food and not all corn. With this treatment and a proper house, we may count more certainly on profitable returns than when the fowls have to roost on icy perches, exposed to the zero winds of long winter nights. The products of the poultry yard are always in demand, and judging by the imports now made in that line, they will be the last to glut the market in our large cities.—[American Agriculturist.

Animal Longevity.

Camels live from forty to fifty years; horses average from twenty-five to thirty; oxen, about twenty; sheep, eight or nine; and dogs, twelve to fourteen. Concerning the ages attained by non-domesticated animals, only a few isolated facts are known. The East Indians believe that the life periods of the elephant is about three hundred years, instances being recorded of these animals having lived one hundred and thirty years in confinement after capture at an unknown age. Whales are estimated to reach the age of four hundred years. Some reptiles are very long lived, an instance being furnished by a tortoise which was confined in 1633 and existed till 1753, when he perished by accident. Birds sometimes reach a great age, the eagle and the swan having been known to live one hundred years. The longevity of fishes is often remarkable. The carp has been known to live two hundred years; common river trout, fifty years; and the pike ninety years, while Gesner—a Swiss naturalist—relates that a pike caught in 1497 bore a ring recording the capture of the same fish two hundred and sixty-seven years before. Insects are very short lived, usually completing the term of their existence in a few weeks or months at the most. Some even die upon the very day of entering upon their new life. As a general rule not to be applied too closely, larger types of animals live very much longer than smaller, although there may be some marked exceptions to the rule.

Never Used Ear or Eye.

In a pretty cottage half-way between Abington Four Corners and Pomfret live Mr and Mrs. Willis Pike and their son Warren, 42 years old, who was born deaf and blind. He is of powerful frame and moves with the quick graceful motions of a panther. The only food he ever swallows is milk, which he drinks from ten to fifteen times a day. He springs out of a sound sleep in the night and darts out of doors. Before quitting the house he never fails to go to the window and touch his tongue to a certain spot in a pane, by which means he is able to tell what the weather is. During the day he lies on the floor, always in one place, which has been worn into a hollow of the shape of his body. He can tell instantly whenever his parents quit the house and which one it is. He is able to tell exactly when it is noon and sunrise and sunset. His only amusement is to walk to the old-fashioned kitchen door and rattle the thumb-piece.—[Hartford Times.

Science destroys some of the most cherished popular delusions. Catgut is derived from sheep; German silver was not invented in Germany, and it contains no silver; Cleopatra's needle was not erected by her, nor in her honor; Pompey's pillar had no historical connection with that personage; sealing wax does not contain a particle of wax; the tuberose is not a rose, but a polyanth; the strawberry is not a berry; Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, and are not baths at all; whalebone is not bone, and contains not any of its properties.

LADIES' PERSONALS.

Modjeska is playing Shakespeare to the Poles in Polish.

Mrs. Mary L. Leonard, is the first woman admitted to practice in the courts of Washington Territory.

The Princess Louise is modelling a statue in bronze of her royal mother, to be placed in Lincoln Cathedral.

A Leeds paper says that a young widow of that city who writes well is training herself for an editor, but the paper doesn't say who the editor is.

A marriage is now arranged between the little Czarowitz a lad of sixteen, and one of the daughters of the Crown Prince of Prussia, to take place in a few years.

Lady Hillyar, who has just died, was the mother of two admirals and the widow of another, and entertained Nelson's captains at dinner after the battle of Trafalgar.

"The first woman in Italy to become the brother of Hippocrates" is Dr. Giuseppina Catani, who lately passed a brilliant examination in medicine at the University of Bologna.

The daughter of Binns, the ex-hangman of London, recently testified in court that she had frequently been frightened out of the house by her father's experiments in hanging dogs and cats.

A singular case is that of May Wilkinson, of Newark, New Jersey, who, born a mute, never uttered a sound in her life till the day before she died, when she began to laugh, and laughed uninterruptedly till she died.

An English lady recently refused to have her baby vaccinated with virus from the arm of a grandchild of Mr. Gladstone, as all her family were Conservatives, and she did not wish the taint of Mr. Gladstone's Liberalism introduced into it.

Mrs. Horace Belyar, the young wife of the new secretary of the British Legation in Washington, is said to be the coming beauty. She has a perfect pink and white complexion, dazzling teeth, blue eyes, and a mass of hair like spun gold. She is tall, slender, and graceful.

A young school-teacher, twenty-years old, Miss Mattie Worley, of Greenwood County, Kansas, earned money enough to buy one hundred and sixty acres of land, hired men to break up eighty acres and sow ten acres of wheat, and purchased stock for the rest of the land. She is now out of debt, and still continues to teach while her cattle increase and multiply.

Madame Kuki, the wife of the new Japanese Minister to Washington, is taller than most of her country-women, and has more regular features. She is animated and the voice in which she addresses her interpreter, when making her social calls, is very musical. She dresses in the French fashion; her calling dress is of rich black velvet trimmed with fur, and a bonnet of black velvet and jet with crimson pompons.

A Japanese Native Village.

At the invitation of Mr. Tannaker Buhrosan a number of ladies and gentlemen were present yesterday at a private view of a Japanese native village which has been constructed under his direction at Albert gate, Hyde park. It covers a considerable area of ground, and is entirely roofed in. No expense has, we believe, been spared to make the village complete in all the necessary details and surroundings, and the result has been to produce a very picturesque interior. Suspended from its various shops and houses are Japanese lanterns, which, when lit at night-time, must greatly enhance the effect. To people the "village" no less than one hundred native men and women have been brought from Japan. These represent various trades and industries, and after the exhibition has been opened to the public will be seen in their national costume daily, engaged in their different vocations in their native-built shops and houses, as in Japan. The women will also give musical entertainments, while the men will engage in fencing and wrestling. For this purpose a theatre has been fitted up. The visitors were yesterday afforded an opportunity of seeing some of the men at their athletic exercises, in which they showed remarkable skill and dexterity. There is a tea-house, where a 5 o'clock tea will be served, and a Buddhist temple; and, in fact, to quote the words of the official hand-book, "Visitors during a short sojourn in the village can imagine themselves transplanted to the 'Land of the Rising Sun.'" Sir Rutherford Alcock formally opens the exhibition to-day, and it can not fail to possess a great attraction for the public for many months to come. A hand-book and guide is published at sixpence, which gives a description of the various exhibits, and also some information concerning the manners and customs of this interesting people.—[London News.

Nihilist Crime in St. Petersburg.

Excitement is rife among Government officials at St. Petersburg over the attempted assassination of Police Superintendent Kollert. He was attacked by two strangers in one of the main thoroughfares in broad daylight this morning. His assailants each fired shots from revolvers at him and then fled. They were pursued and captured. One gave his name as Pchelung and the other gave his as Leonow. Both have been identified as well known Nihilists. Superintendent Kollert's escape is considered extraordinary, as none of the shots struck his person.

California's first attempts at raisin producing were made about nineteen years ago. The following year about 1,500 boxes were made. Ten years ago the crop amounted to about 40,000 boxes, while this year it is estimated at 200,000 boxes.

"Railroad Dick."

In one of the large towns on the Pennsylvania Railway there lived, until a year or two ago, an old negro named "Railroad Dick."

Dick's self-appointed task in life was to "see de trains in safe." In front of the station at this place run eight or ten tracks, which cross a busy thoroughfare. Dick made it his business to meet each incoming train, and run before it to clear the track of any chance impediment. Passengers would hold their breath in terror to see the stooping, ragged figure, with white hair flying and arms outstretched, running in a kind of dog trot before the engine, in the possible danger of being crushed to death.

No remonstrance or reproach could compel old Dick to give up his perilous task. It had not been a useless one. Twice he had removed obstructions from the track which would have wrecked the trains. Once he had dragged a man, who had fallen upon the rails, to a place of safety, and three times he had saved the lives of children.

"Ole Dick's got his work, sah!" he would say, when told of his danger.

He never left the station. The railway officials made a *protège* of the old man, and gave him a comfortable room in which to sleep back of the engine house, and a standing order for meals at the restaurateur's. But Dick preferred to take his bread and bone in his fingers, to be eaten as he squatted on the floor of the station.

"Dem paid fellahs takes turns, but I'se always on guard," he said.

Dick probably grew feeble and stiff by old age, and the time came which everybody had looked for. He was caught by the cow-catcher of an engine, thrown against the rocks, and carried to his room dying. He lingered for a few hours. With each roar and shriek that announced an incoming train, he would struggle to rise.

"De's lots of chillen on dem tracks! Lemme go! Ole Dick's got his work to do!"

When told that he must die, he lay silent for a long time, and said finally, "Pears like de's nobody to take up jes' my work. But de Lord'll see to it," and so, closing his eyes, his work was over.

The roughest employees on the road were better men for having known this poor, unselfish negro, who, simply and according to his light, faithfully did the work which he thought had been given him to do.

Searching for Pirates' Treasures.

An expedition is about to start from the Tyne in search of supposed hidden treasure. The primary mover is an inhabitant of South Shields, who, as book-keeper and cashier, has for many years been in a large steamship owner's office on the quayside. A ship's captain who has traded to the Tyne for some years was the first person to obtain the plans and papers relating to a hidden treasure from an "old sal," who was ill and living in poor circumstances, and consented to hand over the documents on receipt of pecuniary relief. He had seen the wealth carefully hidden, and; in fact, was in his younger days one of the pirates who plundered the vessel from which it was taken. The papers remained in possession of the captain for some time, during which he endeavored to get a vessel bound in the direction of the island to call and inspect the place.

He succeeded at last in persuading the owner of a ship bound for Rio Janeiro to allow the captain to call at the island of Trinidad, which is situated 250 miles south of Rio Janeiro on the Brazilian coast, where the wealth is hidden. If, on reaching the island, an inspection of the spot be satisfactory, means will be used to get at the treasure without delay; but, should the enterprise on the island be a failure, then the ship will proceed to Cape Town, where the coals will be sold and discharged, and where it is expected a homeward charter will be secured, so that the loss on the venture will not be great.—[Lodnon Telegraph.

An Ape's Curiosity.

The object of popular interest in the London Zoological Gardens is the monkey house. A few years ago, its most attractive occupant was "Joe," a chimpanzee, who was lodged and boarded in a separate compartment. To his keeper and to the scientific gentlemen connected with the "Zoo," Joe was especially attractive, because he never learned from experience, and could be controlled only by his curiosity and fear.

Every morning when Joe was let out for an airing, he abused his liberty by leaping around the outside of the cage and pulling the tails of his mates. When it was time to shut him up again in his cage, Joe would just as regularly rebel, and refuse to come to his keeper.

As he was too nimble to be caught, and too crafty to be allured by deities, his keeper had to use strategy.

Near an end of the monkey-house was a large dark hole out of which came a gas-pipe. Having opened the door of Joe's compartment, the keeper would peep into the dark hole, and then appear as if he saw something intensely interesting.

Joe would descend from his perch, follow the keeper, and, like him, earnestly gaze into the hole. Then, with a gesture of fear the keeper would run into Joe's cage, followed by the chimpanzee, chattering with fright, and the door would be shut.

Singular as it may seem, though this trick was repeated daily for months, Joe never learned it. Every morning he was captured by the same ruse, and yet experience never taught him wisdom.

Dr. Klezko, of Vienna, thinks that the emanations from petroleum producing soils kill cholera germs.

HEALTH ITEMS.

Dr. Schweniger, of Munich, is the author of the new system of receding flesh by not eating and drinking at the same time, but by letting two hours intervene.

In relation to the ventilation of bedrooms, Horace Mann used to say that since the atmosphere was forty miles deep all round the globe, it was a useless economy to breathe it more than once.

Patti seldom goes out-of-doors in winter without filling her ears with cotton, and protecting her mouth with a handkerchief if she speaks, just as the owner of a precious violin would protect his instrument.

One of the easiest and best disinfectants known is that invented by Dr. Villand, consisting of forty drops each of turpentine and carbolic acid, simmering in a small kettle of water over a slow fire in the room where the diphtheritic or other patient is.

The learned Dr. Max von Pettenkofer, of Munich, says that whatever tends to lower the general health and cause depression predisposes to cholera, and that places provided with a good drainage and abundant pure water lose all susceptibility to the disease.

It is interesting to learn, in view of the general belief in the lengthening of the average of human life, that Mrs. Sarah Howlett, of Amelia, Virginia, has just out a third set of teeth, and that Sir Moses Montefiore, at the age of one hundred, has recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia.

Mr. E. D. Smith, of Newport, Rhode Island, an octogenarian, whose son-in-law Mr. Clarke, has lately been appointed Pension Commissioner, was nearly stone deaf when, slipping and falling in the street very recently, he hit his head, and on recovering from the stunning effect of the blow had entirely regained his hearing.

Dr. Hamilton Cartwright, Professor of Dental Surgery in King's College, London, says that with the twenty per cent. solution of hydrochlorate of cocaine, the new anesthetic, he has removed children's permanent teeth without pain, cured ear ache in a few minutes, and instantaneously and painlessly destroyed the exposed pulp or nerve of a tooth, ordinarily an excruciating agony.

A Singular Story.

Nineteen years ago a female infant was left with an old Irishwoman in Boston. The name of the child was not given, and the only clew was a handkerchief bearing a name, which was with the child's effects. All traces of the babe's family connection was lost, and the little one grew up in ignorance of its father or mother, cared for by the old woman and her family. After a lapse of years a peculiar growth appeared on the lid of the child's eyes. She was taken to an oculist, who remarked upon the singularity of the case, and said that he had operated only upon one other similar case in the course of his practice, and that was upon the eye of a wealthy lady in a city near Boston. Here was the long hidden clew to the child's identity. The person who took the little girl to the oculist, reported what the doctor had said. An attorney was called in, and it was developed in the process of a long investigation that the name upon the handkerchief was that of a manufacturer's wife and the girl's mother. The girl was confronted with her father and mother. A settlement by the payment of several thousand dollars for back board and damages, so the story goes, and an annuity of fifteen hundred dollars for the daughter, now a young lady, was affected, it is said. When the child was abandoned, the husband of the lady was a poor book-keeper. It was feared, it is said, that the birth of the baby would anger a relative of the mother's, and so the child was given up. To-day the book-keeper is a wealthy manufacturer. He has a family who have grown up in ignorance of the existence of their eldest sister.

A Wonderful Faith Cure.

There is nothing like a miracle to whip up recruits or to convince unbelievers; and a miracle has at last been worked in the neighborhood of Hawarden castle, through the instrumentality of the Salvation army. A tram-car conductor in Chester had for fifteen years been lame in one leg. "Affliction sore long time he bore," and also tried various highly recommended patent medicines. At last he heard of the Salvation army, and he resolved to try the cure by faith. Yesterday morning the man, whose lameness had been hitherto undoubted, jumped off his car, and, to the alarm of everybody, began to indulge in extraordinary convulsions. A fear lest he should be demoniacally possessed, or perhaps intoxicated, was at once dispelled when he fell on his knees and began to pray in what is described as "a loud and fervent manner." He then, we are told, "jumped joyfully about," and exclaimed: "Praised be! I am quite cured." Then rest of his ejaculations would be ordinarily considered profane. He then jumped on his car again and continued his official avocations. Some people in Chester believe in the miracle; others do not. There are always skeptics in this wicked world.—[St. James' Gazette.

Yan Phou Lee, of Fragrant Hills, China, took one of the first prizes at Yale, for Sophomore compositions last month.

Sir Charles Frenke was made a baronet a few years ago upon his subscription of a hundred thousand dollars to the Royal College of Music. He began life humbly, but left a fortune that gives his heir an income of eighty thousand a year independently of certain tied-up properties.