

## FOR THE FARMER.

### Fertilizer Limitations.

and destitute of vegetable matter will neither absorb or retain moisture. There is always a poor growth without sufficient dampness, and this is an important reason why commercial fertilizers work better, as their advocates admit, "when used with barnyard manure." I have been called old foggy for insisting that farmers should not put much faith in the so-called phosphates. It seems to me foolish to follow any system so expensive and risky, and which tends to make increased dryness in the soil, when experience teaches that moisture is so essential. I am satisfied that much drainage is an evil, and coupled with this comes the phosphate craze. It should be the aim of farmers to increase the vegetable matter in the soil. Thousands of acres of land in the older States have been made unproductive, if not barren, by the exhaustion of vegetable matter.

Commercial fertilizers will never restore these lands nor keep up the fertility of the larger portion of the areas now under cultivation. They should be used only as aids in promoting the growth of plants. In some soils, where there is a supply of organic matter, superphosphates undoubtedly increase crops. Farmers, however, do not discriminate, but with a deal of guesswork and lavish outlay, they overlook nature's laws for replenishing the soil. It is one of the standard arguments of fertilizer agents, that it is good economy to sell straw and other fodder and buy from the weighty compounds with the small per cent. of ammonia, phosphoric acid, potash and nitrogen. My system is to purchase these substances in the form of fodder, and keep more animals, and make them my commercial agents and chemists.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

### Hints for Breeders.

Where large flocks of sheep are kept they should be assorted now, and the weaker ones, or those who do not seem to be thriving well, should be separated from the rest and given a little better hay, a few roots, or an extra allowance of grain. If this is not done they will be crowded to the wall and get poorer fare than the rest. Thus they will rapidly grow poorer and probably die before spring. By a little care, however, they can be made to gain so that in the spring they will be able to take their chance with the rest. It is not a good plan to allow the last spring lambs to run with the older sheep, as at about a year old they shed their two front teeth, and at that time they need extra care, being unable to chew the coarse fodder as well as the older ones whose teeth have been renewed. They also begin, in the South-downs and other rapid growing breeds, to lose their teeth at 6 or 7 years old, and unless extra good and apparently in thrifty condition, should be fitted for the butcher at that age, though they often may live if taken good care of, until 10 or 12 years old. After 6, however, they should be looked after closely, and favored in food if they seem not to thrive well.

The same care in separating a drove of swine and favoring the weaker ones will enable them to be kept at a profit, while without it a part of the drove will be found no larger in the spring than they were in the fall; in fact, it is not well to keep more than three or four pigs in one pen, as their habit of crowding together when they lie down makes them too warm if their sleeping place is as warm as it should be, and if it is not they crowd and fight for the inside places, and the weaker pig will suffer in the quarrel for the bed as much as at the trough for food.

### Timothy or Corn Fodder.

A pretty warm discussion was carried on at the agricultural meeting at Great Barrington, concerning the relative value of cured timothy grass and corn fodder for feeding milch cows in winter. Mr. Cushman, of Lakeville, claimed that he can make milk from cows fed on corn fodder in winter, as cheaply as his neighbors can, who feed English hay and grass. Others contended that a ton of well-grown, and well-cured corn fodder will make as much milk as a ton of ordinary timothy hay. Several thought corn fodder worth less than half the price of good hay.

These discussions remind one of the old story of the knights and the shield, that was gold on one side and silver on the other. With coarse, over-ripe timothy, and corn fodder cut at the right time, and well-cured, compared with the two fodders in exactly opposite conditions, it is plain to see that different conclusions would be drawn. Both corn and timothy make good cow food if properly grown and cured, and our great mistake in the matter is, in not growing more of both for our cattle. Corn will be the cheapest to raise on warm, easy land to plough, and grass on strong, heavy land that will produce two crops a year, by a moderate annual top-dressing. Either corn or hay may vary in value one half, according as they are grown and cured.—[New England Farmer.]

### Pure Breeds and Natives.

A stockman in the *Rural New Yorker* says: "The idea has occurred to me many times during a few years past, and has come to my mind with greater force the present year, seeing the course taken at the various agricultural fairs, that our native cattle are too severely 'sat down upon,' so to speak, by the managers of the fairs, and all the show is given to the pure bred cattle. This is a great injury to the native stock, of which by far the larger part of our cattle is made up. We have about 48,000,000 head of horned stock (including the polled breeds of course,) and of this vast number we have

probably not more than 250,000 pure bred cattle, all told. That is about half of one per cent. or one pure to 200 native. What would be thought if we were to close all our common schools, and encourage only colleges and universities? It would be about the same thing in principle, as ignoring the claims of the owners of breeding stock not pure bred."

Stockman's view is a correct one, but the farmers who have been "sat upon," will keep right on breeding native cattle, whether their claims are recognized or not, and the wiser ones will constantly strive to improve them by liberal feeding and judicious crossing. No pure bred cattle can ever drive the natives out of the country.

### A Moonshiner's Crimes.

Riley Pile, a desperado and moonshiner of Picket county, Tenn., murdered Deputy United States Marshal James McDonald a few weeks ago, and two or three days ago murdered Luke Davidson, a highly esteemed farmer. Deputy Marshals Philips and McDonald raided Pile's still a few weeks ago, destroyed the outfit, and arrested Pile. At first Pile pretended to submit, but, waiting his opportunity, he suddenly drew a pistol, and instantly killed McDonald, making his escape under a running fire. Pile hid in the mountains, defying capture. When the excitement died out he appeared among the people, who, knowing him to be a very desperate man, made no attempt to arrest him. He conceived the notion that a farmer, Luke Davidson, had betrayed him to the raiders. He went to Davidson, and made the latter give him a note for \$75, the value of the still destroyed by the revenue men. The note fell due the other day, and Davidson refused to pay. Pile said he would have blood or money, and would give him two days to settle.

At the end of that time, finding Davidson working in a field, Pile at the muzzle of a rifle marched him up the mountain side to where a huge ledge projects over a high cliff. He told Davidson that he was going to place the note on his forehead and collect it by pushing him over the precipice. A woman living near by had seen the two men, and, knowing Pile's desperate character, despatched a boy in search of Davidson's brother Junk. The latter was found, and, accompanied by a friend named Oliver, was soon on Pile's trail, and arrived in sight just as Pile was about to shove his victim over the precipice. Oliver accidentally slipped, attracting Pile's attention. The latter instantly fired with his rifle, mortally wounding Junk Davidson, who died in a few hours. Luke Davidson took to his heels and escaped, leaving Pile and Oliver alone. Oliver fired with his pistol, severely wounding Pile in the arm. A running fire ensued for three quarters of a mile, Oliver reloading his pistol three times. Pile jumped behind a rock and Oliver, afraid to approach, gave up the chase. Pile was joined next day by his brother, who is equally well known as a desperado. The citizens organized parties, and are searching the mountains, declaring they will lynch them.—[New York Sun.]

### A Much-Tattooed Man.

William Facer, a tramp, was apprehended by the Leicester (English) police recently on a charge of drunkenness, he having been found by a policeman climbing a lamp post to get a drink.

He was, when searched, found to be tattooed from his shoulders to his feet, as follows: Letter D and ship on breast, together with a house, pigeons, anchor and chain, haystack, fishes and trees, a man driving a sheep, a pig, the Union Jack, the Prince of Wales's feathers, an anchor, two inscriptions, "Love me and leave me not" (Shakespeare), and a gravestone to "The memory of all I love," a Highland girl dancing, a Highland soldier and another soldier wearing a red coat, cross flags and bayonet, drum and sticks, a pile of shot, W. F., a gun, another gun and crossed flags, crossed pipes and a jug and glass; on the right arm, an ensign, sailors, a ship, a cross and a large fish, a sailor with crossed flags, and "Charlotte" in capital letters; on the left arm a policeman taking a man into custody, and Faith, Hope, and Charity; on the left leg a man; on the right leg a woman and a flag. He was fined 10s. and costs, or seven days' hard labor.

### Turkish Exclusiveness.

One of the causes which is contributing largely to the rapid internal decay of the empire is to be found in the revival of Turkish exclusiveness. It would hardly be fair to use the word fanaticism, though undoubtedly the latter prevails. There are scarcely any striking manifestations of fanaticism as the word is usually understood. That which exists takes principally the form of a desire to exclude all the non-Moslems from the offices of state. A large number of such offices which were formerly held by Christian subjects of the sultan are now occupied by Mohammedans. Wherever the change can be made the latter are put in. The principal advisers and favorites are all men who are Asiatics rather than Europeans. When astrologers and eunuchs are continually consulted it is not difficult to form an estimate of the intellectual weight of the government. Probably during no period within the last half-century has this class of advisers occupied so influential a position in the imperial councils as it does now. The exclusiveness of course is directed principally against the non-Moslem subjects of his majesty, but it affects the treatment of foreigners also. As nearly all the wealth, the commerce, and the enterprise in the country is found among these two classes of inhabitants, these exclusions of them and jealousy of their works tells severely on the country.—[Cor. London News.]

### SHUT IN A CHARNEL-HOUSE.

I was wandering through one of our little village churchyards in Sommershire, when, seeing the sexton coming up the path, I went over to him, and began to talk. He was a pleasant, garrulous old man, and many a tale did he tell me about the graves and their occupants; but none so noticeable as the one I am going to relate.

We were sitting on one of the tombstones, when he said: "D'ye see yon little mound? Well, there's a sad, weirish story to tell about it; and, if you like to hear it, there's none can tell it better than I." Finding me as willing to hear the tale as he was to tell it, he began as follows:

"'Tis a long time ago, and my memory ain't as good as it used to be, but I'll try to tell all I can, just as it happened. I was but a young man then, and what I'm going to tell happened just before I became sexton here, where I have been ever since. The sexton who was here before me was a cross, unpleasant fellow; not really bad at heart—at least I never thought so—but very sour and churlish in his manners. No one seemed to like him, and he seemed to like nobody. And as it turned out, people's dislike of him was not so ill-founded after all, though I don't think he was so wrong as it seemed. But I won't deny that what he did was a cruel, heartless thing, and the chief victim of it was the poor little child in yonder grave.

"She lived alone with her grandfather in a pretty little cottage near the end of the village. Folks said the old man was of gentle birth, and ought to have had more money than he did, but he always seemed happy and contented. Both the child's parents were dead, poor thing! but she was too young to mourn for them. They had died when she was a babe, and she had lived ever since with the old man. She grew up a sweet, winsome little body. You might have almost said that the old man adored her; but no! he loved his Bible too well for that. Yet, if he ever loved any mortal thing, he loved that child, as, indeed, did every one in the village. Many a time would I carry the little thing about in my arms and play with her and pick flowers for her or toss her in the hay in the hay-fields. We all liked the old man, too; and some one or other would often look in to see if he was comfortable, or put the house in order. But there was not much to set to rights in his little cottage; just two rooms, and very poorly furnished they were.

"At the time I am going to speak of the child was about 8 years old.

"It was a fine summer's day, and she had gone out alone in the afternoon, while the old man took his 'forty winks.' She was alone, but in a quiet little village one never gets anxious about one's children. This time, however, the day wore on, and she did not return. The old man awoke from his nap, and began to feel rather uneasy. Several neighbors, who looked in and chatted with him, found him getting very nervous and restless, as though he had a vague foreshadowing of some evil coming, without guessing what it was. Tea time passed and the little maid did not turn up. One old man brought word that he had seen her near the churchyard; another had seen her in the churchyard; but no one could tell anything more. At last, six and seven o'clock passed, and the village-folk began to feel more sympathy with the old man's fears. Some suggested that she had fallen into the river—some talked mysteriously about the gypsies—some pointed to the dark, lonely woods in the distance. But, though none could offer any solid consolation, all volunteered gladly to go and search for her; and many went. Perhaps there was one in the whole village who showed no interest in the matter, and that was the old sexton. But, as I said before, he was a cross, solitary creature, and as he lived alone some way from any house he never heard of the child's being lost till next morning.

"Now, myself, being a stout, stalwart young fellow, used sometimes to help the old sexton by doing little odd jobs about the church, digging graves and the like, for he was touched with the rheumatics, and on that very night it chanced that I had to go up to the church alone to fetch something I had left the day before. It was now quite late, for the evening had soon passed in useless searching. There was a bright moon shining, and the air was fresh and breezy. Any other man would have dreaded to go into the lonesome church, but I used to boast that I wouldn't mind going there at any hour, in spite of ghosts and ghouls. But the boldest heart feels creepy sometimes. And that night I felt peculiarly timorous. There was many a strange tale told about that church, as doubtless there is of every church in the country, and one can't help remembering these tales just when one doesn't want to. The souls of suicides, murdered persons, and unbaptized babes were all said to throng in numbers in this particular spot, setting aside a few lunatics and harmless naturals.

"Well, I managed to fetch what I wanted from the church without any adventure, when, all at once, I thought that perhaps the child had wandered in there and fallen asleep in one of the pews, or got shut in. So I looked about but couldn't see her. I saw something, however, that gave me a bit of a clue, and that was her little hat, torn and trampled on the ground. This was rather more than I expected, or indeed liked. I felt that I must stay and look for her. But to tell the truth, I felt in a great hurry to get away from the place. Every moan of the wind gave me quite a turn, and the white moonlight looked quite ghostly. So I was just thinking of a hasty departure, when suddenly a thought struck me! Could she have got into the vaults below? When I had thought of this I felt bound, somehow, to search for her. I felt I should not be doing my duty by the old man if I didn't do all I

could to find his little maid. But to go down into the cold, damp vaults at that hour of the night was more than many a man would have liked to do, and I kind of shivered at the very thought of it. And yet I didn't like to run away from nothing, so I tried to pluck up my courage, and, after listening awhile at the top of the steps, I began to descend to the crypt.

"Oh! it was dark and fearful! I seemed to see all sorts of strange figures flitting about in the shadows, and to hear weird voices ringing through the silence. My tread was not very firm, I can tell you. I felt as timorous as a hare. I could hear my heart go pit-a-pat, throbbing as though it would burst, and every breath I took seemed to wake echoes and noises around me. But I managed to get as far as the crypt. It was used as a charnel-house then, and a nasty place enough it was even in daylight, but at night! Ugh!—the very thought is horrible.

"Well, a kind of fate seemed to lead me on, and on I went. I felt that I must—come what may—look into that charnel-house.

"For a moment I waited outside the old iron-studded door; but I didn't hear anything but a little sigh of wind creeping through the grated window. So with a bold effort I turned the rusty key in the lock and pushed open the door. The place was as dark as pitch and as still as death. But in one corner a long, pale ray of moonlight was falling direct upon the bare damp walls and on the white mouldering bones and bodies that covered the ground. And in the furthest corner, full in the moonlight, with eyes glazed and staring and hands clasped frenziedly, crouched a figure. Good God! It was the child herself! She was stiff, motionless and dead!

"What I did then you may consider very cowardly; but I question if you would not have done the same yourself. I gave a cry, and rushed wildly up the steps, with the echoes of my shriek following me like the laugh of hell-fiends. When I had got into the open air my brain cooled a little, and I ran for help. I soon met a party who were searching for the lost one whom I had so suddenly found; and, with them, I went once more down into the charnel-vault. The poor child was stone dead, and the village doctor, who was with us said she must have died in raving agonies. Her pretty little lips were bitten through and through in the convulsions of her terror, and her eyes still stared with a wild, frenzied look that I can never forget.

"I suppose you wonder how she got there? Well, it was all through that old sexton I told you of. The child had wandered into the churchyard, and gathered the flowers on the graves. Now, the old man took a great pride in his flowers, and he often grumbled at the children for picking them; so he thought he would make an example. Seizing the wondering girl, he led her into the church and shut her in the crypt, meaning to let her out in an hour. But he was an old man, and forgetful, and you know the rest.

"And that's about all my tale. I got the place of sexton, and have kept it ever since. My hands dug yon little grave, and they dug the grandfather's soon after. It's not many more graves they'll dig now!"

### Religion in America.

The rise and fall of religious creeds in this country is very interesting as showing the tendency of things with us. Since 1860 the Methodists have kept pace with the growth of population. Twenty-four years ago they numbered 8,600,000. Today they have about 15,000,000 adherents. The Baptists have increased from 8,000,000 to about 12,000,000, which shows an increase of 50 per cent. as to numbers, but a decrease of 25 per cent. compared to the growth of population. The Presbyterians now number 5,500,000 against 3,600,000 in 1860, about 53 per cent. increase. The Lutherans have increased 60 per cent. The Congregationalists now number about 1,800,000, an increase of only 27 per cent. while the population has increased 75 per cent. The Episcopalians number 1,200,000, an increase of 33 1-3 per cent. in twenty-four years. The Hebrews number about 700,000, an increase of 100 per cent. in twenty-four years. The Friends or Quakers show a falling off of 60 per cent., and now number only 150,000 persons. But the most startling figures of all are those that relate to the Roman Catholics. In 1860 they numbered 3,100,000. That church to-day claims 9,500,000 adherents, a gain of 200 per cent. In fifteen years. should the same ratio of increase continue, there will be 25,000,000 Catholics in this country. No figures are given as to the skeptics or non-believers, but undoubtedly their numbers have been very much swollen in the last quarter of a century. It is a notable fact that Calvinists, Unitarians, and Quakers, as well as the sects with definite creeds, are rapidly losing ground, while the ritualistic churches, such as Catholics and Episcopalians, and what may be called the emotional sects, such as Methodists and Baptists, are either holding their own or gaining ground. These changes in what may be called the spiritual attitude of the nation will in time show itself in the very structure of our institutions.

### Slavonic Domestic Economy.

George Keenan, the architect, describes a meal partaken of among the Slavs on his journey from St. Petersburg to Constantinople.

The plates from which supper—fat mutton boiled in vinegar and water—was partaken, were pancakes, which, being eaten, as a relish or dessert, cleared the table, and the partakers immediately after, utilizing the rug tablecloth spread on the divan as a bedquilt, went to sleep, thus avoiding all necessity of washing dishes, sweeping or cleaning up of any kind.

### FACTS AND FIGURES.

There are 2,750 languages.  
America was discovered in 1492.  
A square mile contains 640 acres.  
Envelopes were first used in 1839.  
Telescopes were invented in 1590.  
A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.  
A barrel of flour weighs 186 pounds.  
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.  
A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.  
The first steel pen was made 1830.  
A span is ten and seven-eighths inches.  
A hand (horse measure) is four inches.  
Watches were first constructed in 1476.  
A storm moves thirty-six miles per hour.

A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.  
The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.  
Gold was discovered in California in 1848.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.

The average human life is thirty-one years.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

Modern needles first came into use in 1545.

Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning wheel.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1527.

Measure 209 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, jr., in 1846.

The value of a ton of pure gold is \$602,799.21.

\$1,000,000 gold coin weigh 3,685.08 pounds avoirdupois.

The value of a ton of silver is \$37,704.84.

\$1,000.00 silver coin weigh 58,920.0 pounds avoirdupois.

The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 773,746 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books. The word and occurs 46,277 times. The word Lord occurs 1,885 times. The word reverend occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 111th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter j. The 19th chapter of II. Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John. There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

### The Curse Upon a Royal House in India.

The early death of the Maharana of Udaipur has attracted considerable attention. At one time his reign seemed full of promise, but of late his continued illness, and the effect of the remedies to which he had resort in order to deaden his pain, prevented him from taking an active part in the government of his large territories. The Mewar dynasty is, without any comparison, the most ancient in India, and the chief representative of the ancient Sesobad race is regarded with extraordinary respect by all true Rajputs.

The premature death of the late Maharana without issue has furnished another example of the continuity of the curse said to have been invoked upon the chiefs of Mewar some five generations ago, owing to some informality or irregularity on the occasion of the suttee of the widows of a then recently deceased chief. The curse was to the effect that no future Maharana should ever leave a son to succeed him, and since then the ruling chiefs have one and all died without issue.

The choice of the widowed Ranees nobles has fallen upon Futeeh Sing, cousin of the late Maharana. The new Maharana (whose election requires the confirmation of the Government of India) is a fine intelligent youth aged about twenty-four.

### O'Connell and the Hat.

O'Connell was defending a prisoner who was being tried for a murder committed in the vicinity of Cork. The principal evidence was strongly against the prisoner, and one corroborative circumstance mentioned was that the prisoner's hat had been found near the place where the murder was committed. A certain witness swore positively that the hat produced was the one which was found, and that it belonged to the prisoner, whose name was James. "By virtue of your oath," said O'Connell, "are you positive that this is the same hat?" "Yes," was the reply. "Did you examine it carefully before you swore in your information that it was the prisoner's?" "Yes." "Now, let me see," said O'Connell, as he took up the hat and began to examine the inside of it with the greatest care and deliberation, and spelt aloud the name of "James" slowly—thus, "J-a-m-e-s." "Now, do you mean these letters were in the hat when you found it?" demanded O'Connell. "I do," was the answer. "Did you see them there?" "I did." "This the same hat?" "It is." "Now, my lord," said O'Connell, holding up the hat to the bench, "there is an end of this case; there is no name whatever inscribed in the hat." The result was the instant acquittal of the man.