

## LION AND BEAR ANGRY.

England and Russia's Dispute.

Afghanistan now divides the honors with the Egyptian Soudan. The general impression in Europe seems to be that Russia does not want to go to war over the affair, but merely to take advantage of England's white elephant in Africa to take every advantage that she safely can in Asia without establishing a *casus belli*. Nor does England want to fight, but she is placed herself in an awkward position by declaring that certain things would prove a *casus belli*, and these things Russia has quietly done. Although England seems to believe that all depends on Bismarck, the matter is really in the hands of Gen. Komaroff, the Russian commander in Afghanistan, and his frame of mind is well illustrated by a mot attributed to him recently. When asked what was, in his opinion, the Russian boundary line in Afghanistan, he replied: "Nos frontieres marchent avec nous."—"Our boundary line moves with us." He is evidently of opinion that wherever Russian cossacks are, there, too, is Russia. In view of the recent collapse in Egypt, there is little of the *jinglo spirit* left in England, but in its stead a general determination that if Russia must be fought it is to be done thoroughly. England could concentrate 80,000 men at Kandahar in a few weeks, and here one feels confident that Russia would be beaten in the event of a war, unless there should be unsuspected treason in India. The latest news is that orders have been sent to Sir Peter Lumsden, the British special commissioner on the Afghan frontier question, to direct the Afghans to evacuate Penjdeh on the withdrawal of the Russian forces from Akrobut. Baron Staal, the Russian ambassador, promises that the Russian troops shall retire. In both countries the sinews of war are badly needed. The *Times* suggests the raising of the duty on tea to 9d, and the teetotlers vigorously fight this with a demand for an increased beer taxation. Spirits cannot well be touched without altering the customs rates, and tobacco carries the fullest possible tax now; yet in some way five or six extra millions must be raised at all events, and much more than that if real war comes. But altogether the idea of a war is ridiculous. If the question of war does seriously come up, Sir Frederick Roberts, of Kandahar fame, and Wolseley's rival in social and in military circles, will again come to the front.

## KILLING CATAMOUNTS.

A Courageous Farmer's Wife uses One up, and Another Caught in a Trap.

Field Cox, living at Dansville, Susquehanna Co., Pa., a few mornings ago heard a great noise in his barnyard. While he was putting on his coat to go out and see what the trouble was his wife ran to the window and looking out shouted to Mr. Cox to hurry up, as a strange dog was fighting with their dog. Cox hurried out of the house and discovered that instead of a strange dog a catamount was fighting with his dog. Cox had no gun and started for a neighbor's to borrow one. While he was gone Mrs. Cox saw that the catamount was getting the best of the dog, and fearing that the latter would be killed before her husband's return she ran into the yard, and seizing a stake from a hay rigging went to the dog's aid. As she approached the combatants the catamount suddenly released its hold upon the dog and sprang at Mrs. Cox, who met it with a blow from the stake which knocked it back upon the snow. She followed up her advantage, and when her husband returned he found the catamount stretched dead in the yard and his wife caring for the wounds it had inflicted on the dog.

The severe weather has forced catamounts into extremely bold measures to procure food in this region, and many have fallen victim to their necessities. A very large one was captured near Stevenspoint on the Jefferson branch of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad on Monday. It is supposed to have been one that had aided in the recent killing of forty sheep in the vicinity. Its tracks were followed on Friday by a man named Snow, and they led to a den in the rocks on the Wright-farm. Snow set at the mouth of the den two strong fox traps, and on returning to the spot Monday discovered an enormous catamount caught by the foreleg in one trap and a hind leg in the other. It had evidently been in the traps a long time, but was still so active and fierce that it attempted to spring upon Snow as he approached. He fired six pistol balls into it and taking hold of the long chain attached to the traps dragged it a mile through the snow to his house. It was then still alive and fierce, and was thrown with the traps still hanging to it into the cellar. The next day when Snow went into the cellar the animal still showed fight, and he got a rifle and shot it through the heart. The six pistol balls were found in its head and neck.

## The Hawk "Out" on a Lark.

While Alexander Shaw, at Kinetra, was in the fields the other day he heard cries of a bird apparently in distress. Looking up he saw a lark hotly pursued by a hawk, which by a series of fierce dashes tried to secure his prey, but the lark was successful in evading the attacks. The hawk, however, was gaining the mastery, and the lark, terror struck, seeing the man below, came down like an arrow and fluttered actually into his hand, where it cowered trembling. The pursuer followed until within six yards, but seeing what had occurred he flew off in disgust. After a time the lark was liberated, when it soared upward, singing doubtless a song of gratitude to its deliverer. The circumstance is remarkable as showing how the great terror conquered the less—the instinct of preservation in the bird triumphing over its natural timidity.

## FOR THE FARMER.

### A General Purpose Horse.

At the Lambton Farmers' Institute, Wyoming, Mr. D. M. Robertson read a paper on this subject in which he stated there was a growing conviction among the farmers that it was just as cheap to keep good horses as bad ones; the only difference was in the original cost. By the proper crossing of certain breeds a good general purpose horse could be produced. A good general purpose horse should possess the following characteristics:—Size, about sixteen hands; weight, about 1,300 pounds; a symmetrical shape, face nearly straight; broad, intelligent forehead, mild eyes, ears medium size; well curved neck, resembling the curve in the neck of a game cock; chest wide and deep; the shoulders should be slightly slanting; the arms should be long and as muscular as possible; the knee should be broad; he should stand plump on his forelegs; the fetlocks should be clean; the withers should be of medium height and even with the neck. The ribs should be well sprung, so as to give the body a cylindrical shape. The space between the back ribs and the hip bones should not be more than a hand-breadth. A horse could not have too much muscle in the loins. The hips should be long and broad. The quarters should be slightly drooped, strong, and muscular. One of the most important points about a horse is the hock. It should be of a good size and clean.

### Prize Essay on Butter-Making.

The following took the first prize in the competition for prizes offered by the Wisconsin Dairyman's Association for the best essays on butter-making, not to exceed 250 words each. It is certainly brief and to the point:

Select cows rich in butter-making qualities. Pastures should be dry, free from slough-holes, well seeded with different kinds of tame grasses, so that good feed is assured. If timothy or clover, cut early and cure properly. Feed corn-stalks, pumpkins, ensilage, and plenty of vegetables in winter. Corn and oats, corn and bran oil meal in small quantities. Let cows drink only such water as you would drink yourself. Gentleness and cleanliness should be shown in managing cows. Brush the udder to free it from impurities. Milk in a clean barn, well ventilated, quickly, cheerfully, with clean hands and pail. Seldom change milkers. Strain milk while warm; submerge in water forty-eight degrees. Open setting sixty degrees. Skim at twelve hours; at twenty-four hours. Care must be exercised to ripen cream by frequent stirrings, keeping at sixty degrees until slightly sour. Better have one cow less than be without a thermometer. Churns without inside fixtures. Lever butter-worker. Keep sweet and clean. In churning, stir the cream thoroughly; temper to sixty degrees; warm or cool with water. Churn immediately when properly soured, slowly at first, with regular motion, in forty to sixty minutes. When butter is formed in granules the size of wheat kernels, draw off the butter milk; wash with cold water and brine until no trace of buttermilk is left. In working and salting, let the water drain out; weigh the butter; salt, one ounce to the pound; sift salt on the butter and work with lever-worker. Set away two to four hours; lightly rework and pack.

### Farm Talk.

Prof. Tracy regards sweet corn as our most valuable vegetable. He says that nowhere else in the world, unless it be Italy, can sweet corn be grown in such perfection as in our country.

The Guinea fowl is a great destroyer of noxious insects and their larvae. They are of a very rambling disposition, hence their eggs should be placed under hens for hatching. The young ones feather very rapidly, and consequently should be fed often.

When we pulverize the ground to a great depth the warm air comes in contact with a body warmer than itself, the water in the soil condensing into drops, which partially answers in place of rain. The deeper we pulverize, therefore, the greater the amount of moisture collected.

Underdraining is one of the sorts of farm work which should be greatly extended. Millions of acres need it which their owners now think "dry enough." Every piece of what is regarded as cold, heavy land should be tested on a small scale, to see if underdraining does not do it good. If it does, it will soon pay all cost in better crops.

One of the most difficult things to cure for fodder is the green corn-stalk. Great quantities of good winter fodder are often lost by early frost, and the *American Cultivator* suggests as a remedy drying the stalks on a platform of rails or loose boards, laid so as to allow a current of air under the stack, with a column of barrels built up through the middle to give additional ventilation.

Prof. Morrow says that the prickly comfrey has been grown on the Illinois Industrial University farm for several years. It grows luxuriantly, but he counts it valueless where good grass, clover, or corn-fodder can be readily grown. He has never known horse, cow, sheep, or pig to voluntarily eat it as it grows or when offered them. It would be classed as a coarse weed. Knowing nothing of either one would almost as soon select the Canada thistle or the burdock for a valuable forage plant.

The *New England Farmer* remarks that "very few realize what a heavy toll we are paying when we haul half a load over a poor road. On a good, level, hard road a two-horse team will easily haul a load that would require four or six horses to haul over many of our soft, hilly, country roads. We sympathize with people who

have to pay 6 to 10 cents to haul a load over a bridge or a few miles on a shell or turnpike road, but many of us often pay ten times as much in extra teams for doing the same pulling over our common free roads."

The question of specialties in farming as against mixed farming is not to be decided by loud talk. It is a matter to be tested. The so-called "conservative" people are generally for mixed farming because that is old, and what is old or habitual pleases most people. But when specialties succeed best in manufacturing, in medicine, in law, and in merchandise, why they should not in farming, is a little strange. When a man cultivates one or two crops exclusively, he learns something, and isn't apt to forget it by giving his mind to a score or two of other things. He may miss a crop now and then, but whether he may not show a better return at the end of a dozen years or less, is the question to solve.

### Ewes Disowning their Lambs.

Unnatural mothers of this class are sometimes found to the sorrow of every shepherd, and parties are oftentimes at a loss to know what to do with either the perverse dam or the unfortunate offspring. Many catch the ewe frequently, and suckle the lamb; but this, in addition to the labor involved, often allows the lamb to fare ill by the long intervals that often recur during which it must go without any supplies. Others tie the mother; but this does not answer well, as the dam, being able to thresh about, makes no scruple of treading down the much wronged lamb. A better way is to put the ewe in the reformatory, which, for the good of all concerned, we shall now describe. We built a reformatory last winter for a stubborn imported ewe, acting upon the advice and under the direction of our Southdown friend, Mr. John Jackson, of "Woodside," and it answered so well that the lamb at first disowned became the first prize-winner at Montreal and second at Ottawa. In building it, select a wall which the sheep is to stand facing. Place two scantlings, say two feet long, on end, about three feet apart, and some 18 inches or less out from the wall, nail a strip on the top of these two uprights and one also between them at the bottom. Board over the frame thus made, the boards standing upright with an opening for the neck of the sheep, but not sufficiently large to allow of her drawing back her head. The upright boards that partially enclose the neck should be hollowed out and smoothed with a knife, and one of them nailed to its place after the sheep has been placed in position, and the opening should admit of the sheep raising and lowering her head, in which case also she can lie down. This frame is placed firmly in position at the distance above mentioned from the wall, leaving the ends of the enclosure where the head is imprisoned open, which admits of providing meat and drink. The lamb can in this way take vengeance on the heartless mother by getting drink at will. A few days in the reformatory is generally sufficient. If any of our readers have tried it unsuccessfully or may yet do so and find it a failure, they will confer a favor by letting us hear from them.

### SOUGHT TO RIVAL GITEAU.

An Insane Clergyman Arrested on His Way to Remove President Cleveland.

The Rev. Elias Bray, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., was arrested in New York on March 4, on the public street as an insane person and taken to the Jefferson Market police court. He is 45 years old, handsomely dressed, and very intelligent. To the justice he said that he left Wilkesbarre on the preceding Tuesday for the express purpose of removing President Cleveland in obedience to a command from heaven. In answer to the judge's question as to how Cleveland was to be removed, Mr. Bray said: "Not by violence, judge; not by violence. The Lord never uses violence. I will go to the president and say: 'Stand aside while I make my proclamation. The year of jubilee has come. Return ye ransomed sinners home.' I will move on President Cleveland by way of Baltimore. This, mark ye, would be a piece of strategy outrivalling anything done by Gen. Grant." On the person of the insane preacher were found \$200 in cash and a ticket for Liverpool. Mr. Bray is a Methodist preacher within the jurisdiction of the Wyoming conference. He came from England in 1870, with his wife and seven children. Mrs. Bray and her children returned to her home in Tavistock, England, a few weeks since, and it is supposed the preacher was following her there when he suddenly became deranged. He will be sent to Bellevue for treatment.

### The Richest Helress in America.

Miss Nellie Gould, the very charming and accomplished 18-year-old daughter of Mr. Jay Gould, who is reported as soon to wed the partner of her father, Mr. Washington E. Connor, is one of the brightest and sweetest little ladies in New York City. She has been finely educated and is highly accomplished. She is an artist of no mean ability, and her collection of bric-a-brac, which has been adorned by her pencil and brush, has been greatly admired. She dresses plainly but richly, and when in town can be seen any afternoon driving through the park with her brother George and "Wash" by her side. She has attended one or two private gowns, but cannot be said to have entered the gay society whirl. She is quite reserved, and to a certain extent retiring, traits strongly characteristic of her father, the king of Wall Street. She is probably the richest helress in America, and on her father's death will come in for \$20,000,000 or \$30,000,000.

## OLD ENGLISH SCHOOLBOYS.

The Rough Training They Used to Receive Fifty Years Ago.

Since "the boy is father to the man," as says the proverb, to understand the natural history of the full-grown boy at college we may begin with a few words about the said boy's character at school some fifty years since. At that time society generally was in a ruder state. Two-bottle men at dinner parties; good-fellowship measured by the capacity of the stomach and the hardness of the head; prize fights so popular as to be detailed round by round in the *Morning Post*; Tom and Jerry frolics in London, and affairs of honor at Wimbledon common—such rough play will give some idea of the social atmosphere in the paternal home in which, fifty years since, boys drew the breath of life. When school days commenced, many a boy found himself suddenly launched into a sea of troubles; whether from the bigger boys or from the masters his bill of pains and penalties would be longer, it were hard to tell. Prof. Creasy bears witness that the life of an Eton collegier in the long chamber was about as hard as that of a cabin boy on board a ship. As the fate of the fag depended on the character of his senior, naturally it was as bad as might be expected from the rough training this petty tyrant had himself received. Cruelty begat cruelty, and few would believe the misery which in those days any poor, weak, and nervous boy has been known to endure. I say weak and nervous because parents did not then think so much about the constitution, and some boys I knew were as unfitted for so hard a life as a consumptive patient for the frozen regions. Pitched battles were common. Six was the smallest number with which I could myself escape. The common course was of this kind: "Thompson, would you take a licking from Jones?" "No." "Well, then, come to the corner after school."

## A KICKER IN THE RING.

Trying to Master a Wild Horse.

A thick ring of men and boys surrounded a circular bed of fine shavings, which looked like a circus ring, at Battery D armory in Chicago. Prof. O. R. Gleason, the horse-trainer, wearing a red shirt, waded out into the shavings, and delivered a short lecture on how to break horses of bad habits. In the rear of the hall a long row of reserve horses was waiting to be operated on. Prof. Gleason selected a handsome but skittish bay horse from among them, bridled him with a small cord, and, after throwing him with difficulty, taught him to have a fondness for umbrellas, rustling newspapers, and the discharge of firearms.

After two or three uninteresting cases had been disposed of a terror was brought into the ring in the shape of a tall, handsome sorrel mare, owned by the proprietor of the Gault house. At the slightest provocation she kicked so high into the air that she appeared to be turning hand-springs, and when she got fairly under way she delivered her kicks so rapidly that she looked like a big buzz-saw in the midst of the agitated spectators. Prof. Gleason harnessed this combination of steel springs and dynamite, and she immediately kicked the harness half way to the roof. He harnessed her again, and the harness again flew skyward. Prof. Gleason bridled her with a cord, which was tied so tightly that her eyes stood out from her head, hobbled her front feet, and strapped the harness on again. She reared and kicked, and finally broke away, dashing stiff knee into the circle of spectators, who thoughtfully separated in order to give her a fair chance. Prof. Gleason threw her, and then sat down on her neck to rest. When she got up she started across the shavings with enthusiasm. She was in the air most of the time. The crowd in that vicinity started for the door. Prof. Gleason's assistants surrounded her and stopped her. After tying her up a little more the horse-trainer led her to the middle of the ring and the tussle began all over again. Shouts of "Point her the other way" came from all around the circle, for the vicious beast seemed to be pointing her head all ways at once. She stood on her hind legs, and then began a fine display of ornamental kicking, scattering in all directions the men who were trying to hold her down. Prof. Gleason tried to hold her down and she stepped on his foot. A little later she almost crushed him, taking away a large strip of his pantaloons. But she was at last induced to allow herself to be driven about quietly with the harness on her back. After a little practice she got used to being corbed with a long pole and quit kicking when it touched her. Then she was hitched to the shafts of a forlorn old buggy. She instantly tossed her feet over the dashboard, then against it, and sent it far from her. She charged into the crowd and was caught again, still kicking over her own shoulders. Prof. Gleason threw her up and sat on her. When he let her up she began kicking. The front wheels and the shafts of the buggy were removed from the bed and were hauled out where the mare could see them. She kicked harder than ever. A little dog barked in the hall. The mare kicked at the sound. She seemed determined to die kicking.

Prof. Gleason had been wrestling with her for about two hours, and although the mare had fawned him with her heels almost constantly during that time his face was as red as his shirt from his exertions. He smiled good-naturedly at the mare. The mare fell to kicking. Then Prof. Gleason said to the audience: "This is a remarkable animal. There is probably not more than one horse in ten thousand which would have the spirit to struggle after going through what this horse has just undergone. But I will conquer this animal, though I will have to wait until my next appearance to do it."

## How the Soudanese Dress their Hair.

The Ababdeh Arabs, who hold the short cut across the Nubian Desert from Abu-Hamed northward to Korosko, twist their hair into long spiral curls no thicker than a quill, which, being intertwined with slender skewers of ivory, make the whole head look very much like a monstrous porcupine. The Bishareens, again, who lie a little to the southeast of the Ababdehs, in the desert between Abu Hamed and Suakin, comb the hair of the crown straight up into the air to a height of several inches, while letting the rest hang down on either side. The great Pabbash tribe (stretching westward through Kordofan into Darfour) vary this arrangement by gathering the crown hair into an enormous knot, while the side locks fall down upon the neck to right and left. Their southern neighbors, the Baggarra, actually shave the head altogether and walk bareheaded under the burning sun, confident in the impenetrable skulls given them by nature. A similar custom prevails among the Yemen Arabs of Southwestern Arabia, who shave the fore part of the head, while allowing the hind hair to stand out in one great bush nearly half a foot in height.—[The New York Times.

## The Jews of Ethiopia.

One of the strangest peoples with whom missionary enterprise has to do are the Falashas, of Ethiopia. They are black Jews, about two hundred thousand in number, living west of the Jordan, who have as their holy writings the Old Testament in an Ethiopic version, and who still rigidly adhere to the Mosaic ceremonies and laws. Undoubtedly they are not of pure Jewish descent, although to some extent they are the children of Jewish immigrants, who, in the time of the great dispersion, settled in Abyssinia and married wives of that nation—something not strange, as the Ethiopians are Semitic in nationality and language. A prominent German writer thinks that they are mostly the descendants of early Abyssinian proselytes—i. e., people who early, and before the introduction of Christianity, accepted the Mosaic system of religion, and who did not, like the majority of the Abyssinian people in the third century, adopt Christianity, but clung to their old faith. Their religious literature does not seem to be very extensive. Haley, the French Orientalist, published, a few years ago, a collection of their liturgical formulas in Hebrew translation, entitled "Les Prieres des Falashas." Missionary attempts were made among these peculiar people by the Jesuits as early as the seventeenth century, but with little success, and the recent endeavors of the Basile Evangelical society to have also been without tangible results.

## His Irrecoverable Loss.

"'C me mighty nigh killin' a fine buck dis mawnin'," said an old negro.  
"Comin' long through de woods an' er ole buck he jump up an' bockerty, bookerty he run off a few yards an' stop still. Come in one er shootin' him, sah."  
"Why didn't you shoot?"  
"Didn' hab my gun wid me me, sah."  
"Then how did you come within one of shootin' him?"  
"Case, sah, I come in one o' takin' my gun wid me."  
"Why didn't you take your gun?"  
"Didn' hab none, sah."  
"You are an old fool."  
"Look heah, doan 'buse er man dat way when yer ain't got no cause. I ain't got no gun, fur a feller dat I wuzerbout to buy one from axed me jest \$1 mo'n I could pay, so I come in one o' gettin' de gun: Ef I had er got it I would er tuck it 'long wid me, an' ef I'd er had it I could er shot de buck easy, sah. So doan come 'roun' 'busin' er man when de facks is all ergin yer. I hab knowed folks ter fetch trouble on dar selves dat way. Er puseon oughter be keferful in dis heah worl' o' science an' spekerlation. Good mawnin', sah, Since yer's acted dis way, I would enter gin yer none o' de meat ef I had er killed it. For yer talked dat way I woulder made yer present o' some o' de buck. See what yer got by it, sah."

## PERSONALS.

Albert Pulitzer, the young proprietor of the *N. Y. Morning Journal*, lives almost entirely in Europe at present, and has an income of nearly \$20,000 a year. His health is delicate.

It is now stated that Mrs. Langtry, instead of acting next autumn in New York, will make her appearance in Paris. Her London experiments have turned out badly.

Perhaps the most novel bouquet of the season was the one carried by Mrs. Coleman Drayton at the Patriarch's Ball. It had the form of a clover leaf, with two bugs on the stem, and with a small mignonette in the centre.

A thousand dollars are needed to maintain during next summer the homes for factory girls established by Mr. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Church, New York, and by a score of wealthy ladies in his parish.

Mark Twain and George W. Cable, who are to visit England in May, will be received, it is thought, with enthusiasm there. Mr. Cable continues to receive for his part of the readings a generous salary. Mr. Clemens, on the other hand, took all the risks at first, and has paid all the expenses.

Miss Florence Marryat, who is now in New York, writes twenty pages of manuscript every day. She writes fluently, without making corrections. When she is done with her work—which takes up only two or three hours of her time—she places it in a safe. A day or two afterward she looks over it. Miss Marryat is a vigorous, somewhat masculine woman, and a pleasant talker.