

FARM.

FARMSTEAD NOTE-BOOK.

Flax raising has become one of the leading industries in Minnesota, 126,846 acres having been devoted to this purpose last year.

Butter tubs should be thoroughly cleaned and then soaked in brine before packing down butter in them, which will materially assist in preventing the butter from being tainted.

An unnamed disease has decimated the apiaries in the West the past season. The bees have a shiny, black appearance, and, though unhealthy, in other respects do not differ from those that are well.

A few years ago grain growing was the main reliance of the Ohio farmers, but they are gradually drifting into dairying, experience having convinced them that it is much more profitable than grain growing.

In testing goats for milking purposes a London society found the best to be a kind known as the Maltese. They gave from three to four quarts of milk per day, and were able to subsist on the scantiest of herbage.

Sheep husbandry is steadily declining in France, the present number of sheep and lambs being less by 11,000,000. Mutton is imported from Germany, Algeria and Eastern Europe, and sells 20 per cent. higher than beef.

Sod is an excellent protection to an orchard in winter, and should not be plowed under in the fall unless through necessity. When plowed in the fall a coating of manure, which has been well decomposed, should be applied as a mulch.

Hogs differ as much as other animals do in their ability to take on fat. Thrifty young hogs of the improved breeds will gain much faster on the same amount of food than old and unthrifty animals that belong to no recognized breed.

Farmers should go carefully over their pastures every little while and scatter the droppings of their stock, and not have the fields dotted with great blotches of rank grass, so rank by the over richness of the manuring that no kind of stock will eat it.

A strange and fatal disease has broken out among the milk cows in Evansville, Ind., and vicinity. The animals are first affected in the eyes and become entirely blind. The disease continues until the eyes are entirely eaten out. It then eats on until it results fatally by going to the brain.

It is said that in a good crop of wheat the grain gives nearly or quite as much weight as the straw. With oats and barley the grain is usually in excess of the straw so far as weight is concerned. In the rye crop straw usually weighs more than grain, and near a good market is often worth more.

We generally expect better results from clover than from timothy, but this year some farmers have reason to congratulate themselves on planting potatoes on timothy sod without manure. The potatoes have not rotted so badly, and though the aggregate yield is smaller, a larger portion are sound.

DOES FARMING PAY?

As far as making a fortune is concerned farming is a slow way to accumulate money. But there are other paying qualities in the farm that are taken into account for too little. The greed for money making is fast unsettling the human mind, and erroneously solving the problem of life. Instead of being satisfied, contented and happy with a good comfortable home we are thinking of nothing else but riches, and sacrifice what might be a comfortable and happy life by scrambling one over another in an eager and everlasting struggle for the "almighty dollar," or the dollar which, I am sorry to say, is the Almighty. We do not even measure the paying qualities of a home except by the dollar standard. Does any farmer, or any one else, ever realize what a fearful condition of things this money making mania is producing? Judging by the past what the future will bring, we can see how fast the distance between wealth and poverty is increasing, and imagine what twenty-five years will bring in the form of a few men of wealth with their thousand millions controlling nations. Now a very large majority of the people are working for these very men, for nothing but food and raiment, for the imperfect laws of nature will admit of no equality in the faculties of men, and there will always be those whose "dish" will be right side up to catch the porridge that the other men will spill, and do what you will the profit on the labor of the many will always go into the hands of the few, as long as money making is the prime object of life. Now this can be remedied only in one way, and that is to substitute the art of obtaining the most happiness out of life for the art of making money. This would in time kill out the great curse of selfishness, which is the natural result of money making, and leave man a social and happy being, prepared to enjoy life in making others happy as well as himself. The best fortune in existence is a good productive farm, arranged and managed to produce a full amount of comfort, happiness and pleasure, without excessive labor. And the family that owns it, with everything on it needed, and paid for, and that can abandon the idea of getting rich, can get more pay out of it in this life in the form of happiness than can be obtained in this or in any other way.

DURABLE FENCE POSTS.

The oldest fence the writer has seen, is a chestnut post and rail fence on a farm in Pennsylvania, which was built more than fifty years ago. It was set in the following manner: The holes were dug larger than is now usual, and with the old-fashioned spade or shovel; the posts were of good size, and the holes were filled with stones, tightly rammed down. No earth was put in, and the bottom of the post was consequently dry and exposed to a circulation of air. Large stones were laid on the top, which served to turn the rain from the hole. The posts and rails have been whitewashed with lime at intervals, and this has prevented the growth of moss and helped to preserve the timber. The fence has never been disturbed by frost, but remains upright.

The domestic felicity of Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks was a proverb in Indian. At a wedding ceremony in Shelbyville three years ago the officiating clergyman, after shaking hands with the newly married couple, gave them his benediction in these words: "May you be as happy as Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks are."

A HOLIDAY DIVERSION.

It was at a Christmas dinner. Just as in spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love, so on the 25th of December all fancies give way to thoughts of charity. "Speaking of charity," said one of the fair partakers of this dinner, "Mr. Middlemas met three tramps this morning; to the first he gave 5 cents, to the second 10 cents, and to the third 10 cents—what time was it? All give it up? Want me to tell you? Why, it is easy to see what time it was—a quarter to three."

The day following the propounding of this conundrum the propounder received a note from one of her fellow diners-out of the day before in which the opinion was respectfully but firmly expressed that there are as good horological conundrums in the sea as ever had come out of it—at a quarter to three. The note had appended to it this casual postscript:

Paul, after courting her for seventeen consecutive years, succeeded in gaining the hand of Virginia. When she became his, what time was it? Just now.

Alexander Little, Esq., discovering that his only and fondly doted-upon daughter had eloped in her best gown with an abandoned circus man, hurried in pursuit. What time was it? A Little after two.

Apollo was sitting upon a bank where the wild thyme grew, having two of the Graces on one side of him and the remaining one on his other side. Apollo, what time was it? Near three.

Two of an honest old farmer's hired hands were sent out at the merry Christmas time to gather ivy for the decoration of the boudoir of the honest old farmer's second wife. What time was it? Both hands at IV.

Once when Captain Kidd was sailing o'er the Spanish Main, taking out a cargo of Bibles to the heathen, a row broke out among the passengers which was speedily quelled by the larboard watch felling five of the ringleaders of the disturbance to the deck. What time was it? The watch struck five.

Half a dozen reckless men, maddened with lemonade which had been served to them at a church fair, went out to fight a duel. But such was their ferocious thirst—not for more of the lemonade but for each other's blood—that only half of them took the precaution to provide themselves with seconds. What time was it? Three seconds to six.

The poet Wordsworth "met a little cottage girl," and taking the child by the hand he went before the leading notary public of the lake country and took an affidavit that it was high noon. What time was it? As the poet emphatically exhibited the affidavit to the tiny maiden she shook her head and exclaimed after consulting her own jeweled chronometer, "Nay, master, we are seven."

The Rev. Dr. Scudder Judson, of the Canibal Island mission, was devoured by one of his converts in a moment of temporary degeneration of the moral tissues. What time was it? Ate.

A poor but dishonest importer of pork descended from a prominent French family asked Bismarck for the hand of his daughter. What time was it? Certainly nein.

Dan Rice at the zenith of his fame as an equestrian made a successful attempt to ride half a score of careering horses at once. When he was in the act of mounting them what time was it? Going on ten.

If yeast ever was transformed into one of the hours of the day what time would it be? Why, heaven, of course.

Richard Cœur de Lion on his return from the Holy Land was taken with a severe pain at the pit of his stomach. What time was it? It was twelve p. m.—that is to say, in the middle of the knight.

Æneas, while fleeing from Troy bearing the aged form of Anchises upon his shoulders, tripped on a bit of banana peel and was hurled violently to the ground. What time was it? Son-down.

Trained cats and dogs on a holiday. What time did the children say it was? Mean time.

Adam having been offered an apple by his wife, in whom he had entire confidence, took it and fell to eating it. What time was it? September 1—the first day of the fall season.

Methuselah having died and been gathered to his fathers, what time did the old Dutch clock that stood in the hall of the Methuselah family mansion keep? It didn't keep any time, the pathetic fact being that "it stopped when the old man died."

The champion contortionist turned a retrogressive somersault. What time was it? A backward spring.

Peter the Great was crowned one fine morning. What time was it? The beginning of a reigny season.

A clear-headed, energetic tallow chandler made his fortune one season. What time was it? When grease was in its prime.

Three awful bores came to pay a long visit. What time was it? A time to weep.

What was the motto of the thief that lately stole Henry Ward Beecher's timepiece? Watch and prey.

How much could Father Time borrow on his note of hand? Not a cent—"we take no note of Time."

Among the Flathead Indians.

In the geography which I studied when I was a boy at school, there was a picture of a group of Flathead Indians. The foreheads of the men and women were quite flat, and to show how this deformity was produced, a baby was represented strapped to a plank with a chunk of wood tied down just above the eyes.

I remember how we school-children pitied that baby, and looked with horror upon the pictures of the barbarous parents. In the autumn of 1882, and again in the Summer of '83, I visited the Flatheads on their reservation which lies near the northwestern corner of the great Territory of Montana.

I then learned that the whole story of the flattening of babies' skulls was untrue, so far as these Indians were considered. There used to be a tribeliving on the Pacific coast, in the time of Captain Cook's voyages, who practised the custom described in the geographies; but the Flathead tribe are not kin to them. How they got their English name, I could not learn.

The Flathead Reservation is of irregular shape, sixty miles long at its greatest length and about the same distance in width from east to west. Its area is about two thirds as great as that of the State of Connecticut.

The main divide of the Rocky Mountains runs across it, and nowhere in the whole of

that great mountain-chain are there found peaks and lofty, serrated ridges of more striking appearance.

The abundance and variety of the flowers are simply wonderful. Even in the depths of the densest forest wild roses grow in profusion. I have picked bouquets of a dozen different blossoms, while riding through the woods, without dismounting from my pony.

And as to the open valleys, they are like immense fields and parterres of bloom,—natural gardens which for richness of color-effects no art can surpass.

The Indians are kind and hospitable to travellers,—ready to lend and row a boat for a small fee, or to hire themselves and their ponies for long trips in the mountains. They boast that their tribe never killed a white man.

FOREIGN ECHOES.

The latest popular song in Australia is said to be "Straighten the Toes of My Buried Leg."

A recent batch of Austrian life peers, 14, included a cotton spinner, the Director of the State Printing Office, and three professors.

November was a month of unusually favorable weather in the fox hunting districts of Great Britain, and the sport was extraordinary.

Other hunting with trained dogs is still a favorite British sport, notwithstanding that this shy animal is one of the most difficult to "preserve" in a populous country.

Efforts are making toward restocking with trout the Lea, near London, now an exhausted stream, but reversed by anglers because it was there Izaak Walton plied the rod.

The exact expense of the funeral of Victor Hugo has only just been added up and given to the world. It amounts to 101,532 francs, \$20,306.40. The Chamber voted 20,000 francs toward it.

Dr. Pringle lately demonstrated before the British Society of Arts that in the Himalayan portion of India inoculation against small-pox "had been practised from what might be termed time immemorial."

The Earl of Dysart, who married Miss Florence Newton a few days ago, does not come of age until he is forty, but he has an allowance from his trustees of £20,000 a year, which will be multiplied by four when he has his income in his own hands.

Mme. Modjeska's son, Mr. Ralph Modjeska, according to the London *Court Journal*, has received a special Papal dispensation permitting him to marry his cousin, and the wedding will take place in New York in December. The lady is only 17 years old, and her name is Felicia Benda.

The Emperor of Germany, who makes unctuous speeches declaring that religion is all in all to him, deems it consistent with to tear from their homes in winter women on the eve of childbirth and paralytic old men, and pack them over the frontier for no other cause than that they were born Poles. He is thus responsible for the death of dozens.

The Panama and Medical Mission School of India is reported to have been very successful, sixty-one women having already been graduated and aided in the prosecution of their work of healing the sick and teaching Christianity to the neglected women and children in the East.

As an illustration of the fact that school attendance during epidemics largely contributes to the spread of infectious diseases, it is stated that during the late serious outbreaks of diphtheria in the ironstone villages of England the closing of a school proved in every instance an effective means of bringing each local epidemic to an end.

In Germany apothecaries are not allowed to sell miscellaneous articles, on the ground that such sales are likely to divert the clerk's attention from the delicate duty of compounding medicines. There are drug stores where miscellaneous articles are for sale, but no prescriptions can be prepared in them, under severe penalties. Poisonous articles are kept in a room reserved exclusively for them.

A French chemist has brought forward a new method of manufacturing gunpowder. The requisite quantity of sulphur is dissolved in sulphide of carbon and this solution is then mixed with the carbon, which, instead of charcoal—as in other modes of powder making—is cotton or some other cellulose fibre, which is reduced to an impalpable powder. To this mixture is finally added the proper quantity of a saturated solution of saltpetre. The compound is now evaporated and the crystallization broken up, or it is evaporated in a vacuum. A very perfect incorporation of the several substances is thus secured.

Thomas Stevens, who is attempting to make the tour of the world on a bicycle, had some rough experiences in Asia Minor. The people did not know what to make of his strange steed. In some places they would not let him enter their villages, and would have no dealings with him. In other places the inhabitants decided that he was the devil, and threw stones at him. As a rule, however, he was very well received. He is now at Teheran, where he will spend the winter, and will start next spring on his long journey across Khorasan, Afghanistan, and China.

In the Memoirs of Gustave Dore some interesting statistics are given with regard to his earnings. It is estimated that between 1850 and 1870 his illustrations brought him \$1,400,000. A morning's work has been known to realize \$2,000. But it was the number of his works, quite as much as the unprecedentedly high rate of remuneration which he commanded, that made his earnings so large. Everything brought glist to his mill, from Dante to an almanac. He was not actuated by a greed of gain, but by the desire to establish a monopoly of talent in his own person. About the age of 23 he conceived the plan of illustrating some forty of the great masterpieces of literature, from Homer downward, and in 1865 he had executed seven.

The ocean fisheries of France and Algeria, according to the last Government report, employ over 87,000 persons and 24,000 vessels, while the value of the fish taken is between sixteen and seventeen millions of dollars. The fresh water fisheries amount to about one-third as much more. The cholera epidemic interfered with this trade very appreciably, especially in the items of sardines and oysters. As a whole, the Mediterranean fisheries were deficient last year, and fishermen suffered greatly in some districts.

THE WAIF OF THE PLAINS

History of Two Survivors of a Cruel Indian Massacre.

An endless sea of sandy plain, almost a dead level, save the sand-dunes which here and there, like billows from some far off sea beating upon the endless shore, crossed the country in long lines lost in the distance, cactus, sage-brush, and a few wild flowers of vivid coloring, whose very existence on the dry desert waste was a marvel, composing the only vegetation visible. Occasionally in the distance, along the banks of the sluggish, turbid river which flows hundreds of miles across the desert, could be seen a few cottonwoods and willows which form the cover for numerous antelope. A way in the opposite direction, however, stretching into the far distance until lost in the horizon, was the same dreary, monotonous level waste. It was early morning, and the sun was shooting his horizontal rays across the glistening sands. Two horsemen were riding along the trail, when a small object, moving slowly along, sometimes seemingly walking upright, anon crawling on the ground excited their attention and curiosity. Nearer the object comes and, wonder of wonders, the men discover while yet at some distance that it is a human being, apparently a child. Turning their horses they rapidly approach the

WAIF ON THIS WATERLESS SEA, and discover a child of perhaps 5 years of age, now walking then falling to the ground in its apparently aimless journey. Upon reaching the lonely atom of humanity it is found to be a girl with face and hands scratched and bleeding, and clothing torn nearly to shreds from frequent contact with the thorns of the cruel cactus. Upon the approach of the men she ceased her crying and gazed at them with a frightened look. "Where did she come from and how did she get here? Did she drop from the clouds? Nothing else of life was visible; the whole expanse of plain was a blank. It was some time before the child could be reassured to talk, and then only incoherently between her sobs. The men gathered that some time about daybreak an emigrant train of two wagons with the child's parents and several other persons had been

ATTACKED BY INDIANS, the women carried off, and the men all killed. The child tried to indicate the place of the massacre, but was so bewildered by her wandering that it was impossible to learn anything from her confused talk. One of the men took the little thing on his horse in front of him, and after a fruitless search for an hour or two, the men pushed on, as the sun was getting high in the heavens and there was a long journey before them ere arriving at the ranch the cattle corral for which they were bound and wished to reach before night. After some hours of hard riding their destination was reached without incident. On the following day one of the men at the ranch, having business in Denver, brought the foundling to the then young city. The child's story excited considerable attention and sympathy from the citizens, and a childless married lady of West Denver named Clark, who had crossed the plains some years before, adopted the waif as her own. The only name the child could give was Rita, and there was nothing about her clothing or person to indicate who her parents were or where she came from. All she knew of her former home was that it was in a large city far away. Rita grew rapidly and in the course of several years bid fair to become

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

Her foster parents were in thriving circumstances, and lavished their means freely on the education of the child, whom they cherished and loved as if she were of their flesh and blood. One day Mr. Clark, having business at Pueblo, was induced by a friend to visit the insane asylum. The official, in accompanying them through the different wards, explained the various phases and peculiarities of the fancies of the patients. Finally they reached an apartment occupied by a woman, whose case, the official explained, was rather peculiar. She was rescued from the Cheyennes several years ago by the troops. How long she had been a captive was not known, but it is supposed that the indignities she had suffered and the horrors she had passed through

HAD TURNED HER BRAIN, as when found she was insane, and ever since the burden of her talk has been massacres, fights, and all the horrors of Indian brutalities. Then she seems to have a child for whom she is constantly calling. The party entered the room and found quite a lady-like looking person, who at first received them pleasantly and as any sane person would. Something about her features, which, although careworn and haggard, gave evidence of former beauty, struck Mr. Clark as of some one he had seen before. After a few moments' conversation with her, she startled him with the question: "Where is my Rita? You have taken her from me—my beautiful child." Mr. Clark was so astonished for a moment that he could not speak.

After recovering somewhat from his surprise, he endeavored to question her, but could get no intelligent answer, and after some little delay left the asylum. The interview, however, preyed on his mind, and on his return home he communicated to his wife the strange interview. She, with a woman's quick perception, at once jumped to a conclusion, which succeeding events proved to be correct. It was finally arranged between them that Rita should be taken with them to the asylum and Mrs. Clark's theory tested. Accordingly on pretense, on an excursion the three took the train one day and arriving at Pueblo proceeded at once to the asylum. After a slight delay they were shown into the crazy woman's room. At first she did not see the girl, then in looking at her visitors she suddenly discovered her and with a cry that was hardly human in its intensity she threw herself upon her screaming:

"RITA, MY RITA!" hugging and kissing her, and crying at the same time, the tears, probably the first shed for years, rolling down her cheeks. The frightened girl endeavored at first to disengage herself, but at a reassuring sign from Mrs. Clark submitted to the caresses of the insane woman. With considerable difficulty they tore themselves away from her, and, making a solemn promise to return next day, they departed. On the following morning, according to promise, they called at the institution and learned that a wonderful change had come over the patient, that instead of raving the whole night long, she had been very quiet and had wept a great deal. Being shown into her

presence, she seemed only to see Rita, who, having been instructed by her foster parents, submitted to the caresses lavished upon her, put in a more quiet manner, by the unfortunate woman. Feeling satisfied that her suspicions were correct, Mrs. Clark insisted upon remaining in Pueblo for a few days, during which frequent visits were made to the asylum, the woman seeming to become more sane with each visit, and walking more coherently about the place. Finally the whole cruel history was told by her, proving beyond a doubt that she was

THE LONG LOST MOTHER.

Her discharge was easily secured, the Clarks agreeing to care for her, and she was taken to the pleasant Denver home, where she entirely recovered after a time. Rita, blessed with the love of two mothers, was happier if anything than before, and some time afterward married an estimable gentleman of means, being comfortably dowered by her foster parents, is living in a cozy dwelling on Broadway with her mother and husband, an ornament to the circle in which she moves.

AN ACTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

His Description of the Charge of one Canadian Soldier upon a Hundred Indians, and His Heroic Death.

Mason Mitchell now a member of a travelling theatrical company, in a late interview, said:—"The papers had me dead in the Riel rebellion, obituaried me, and worried my people to death. I was pretty close to it several times during the seventy days of course. How did I get into it? I was with Kate Claxton at Winnipeg when the rebellion broke out. The Canadian troops needed scouts, and as I had seen a great deal of frontier life in the way of trapping and fur hunting, I volunteered and left the Kate Claxton company. In the succeeding seventy days I went through enough exciting life to last me for several years. It was a proud day for me when I brought Big Bear into headquarters. One man who died up there deserves a monument. He was a common soldier named Elliott. A supply train had been started for Battleford and I put after it the next day. There were but three guards with it, and, using my glass, I saw the terrified train drawing together as they were being rounded up by an encircling band of howling Indians. Being only one man against a hundred, I sat still with a rifle across the saddle and watched. A way off in the right I saw Elliott, who had been out for some distance, bearing back toward the train, riding with full knowledge of his death. Without lessening his gait as he came on he gave shots from his Winchester. At last it was emptied, but he rode on until they lassoed him and he fell. While on the ground he drew his revolver and gave them defiance while the charges lasted. He was badly wounded and I saw him shift his weapon to his other hand and with difficulty fire his last shot and then throw the empty pistol at the foremost man. They then went for him with knives and hatchets. The squaws now cut him across the abdomen and pulled his heart out. While this was going on others were digging a hole, and into this they put poor Elliott head first, and buried him with his heels sticking out. With leisure on their hands now for the first time they sighted me, and gave chase for six miles, when my grain fed horse, distanced their Indian ponies, and in the chase their shooting was not as accurate as mine, for they never gave a scratch."

Fatal Numbers.

The *St. James' Gazette*, in an article on numbers, gives this curious fact, which any one who will, may verify, that certain numbers have constantly proved fatal to dynasties. These mysterious figures are 220, 244, 224, and 480. It would be easy to collect a long string of proofs of the fatality which hovers around each of these members.

The 244th year of a dynasty has so often proved to be the last, that the coincidence is extremely odd. The Plantagenets reigned exactly 244 years; so did the Merovingian kings of France, and the Lombard kings of Italy. Taking the accepted dates as correct, 244 years was the length of the Saxon rule in Britain from Hengist to Ina. Going to ancient history, there were kings of Rome for just as long as there were Plantagenet kings of England; in the last year of the fatal term, ended the early Hebrew monarchy; there was a similar period between the death of Elisha and the capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, and between the beginning and the end of the line of the Seleucids. Also, although it is not strictly a case in point, there was an interval of 244 years between the death of the Emperor Julian and the establishment of the Papal supremacy.

The period of 424 years is not so significant; but it was the exact duration of Solomon's temple. Then as to 480, it was the measure of the dynasties of Pepin and Clovis, and likewise of the Roman rule in Britain. Even in modern days these coincidences have been gravely ascribed to the influence of the planets upon the lives of men. They appear not to have been noted by the astrologers of the seventeenth century, who were far more ingenious and resourceful than their predecessors, over whom they had the advantage of the real, if small acquaintance with science. These wonderful things have been mainly discovered by the astrologers and mystics of our generation, of whom the world holds not a few.

Put This in Your Pipe.

An English workingman, just past the middle age, found that his pipe, which for many years had been a great comfort to him, was beginning to seriously affect his nerves. Before giving it up, however, he determined to find out if there was no way by which he might continue to smoke without feeling its effects to an injurious extent. He accordingly wrote to a medical journal, and was recommended to fill the bowl of the pipe one-third full of table salt and press the tobacco hard down upon it, as in ordinary smoking. The result was very satisfactory. During the process of smoking the salt solidified, while remaining porous, and when the hardened lump is removed, at the end of the day's smoking, it is found to have absorbed so much of the oil of tobacco as to be deeply colored. The salt should be renewed daily.

At a recent grange fair in Lunenburg, the wife of Rev. Mr. Allen exhibited a curiosity in the shape of a lady's bonnet made entirely of fire-cured tobacco. It was a beautiful specimen of ladies' handiwork.