

FARM.

KILLING WEEDS.

The autumn is a good time to kill all biennial herbaceous plants. A broad chisel fixed on a long handle is excellent to cut the plants just below the surface—one to three inches, according to the nature of the plant. Dr. George Vasey, botanist, gives the following hints on weed killing:

Plants cannot live indefinitely deprived of their leaves. Hence preventing their appearance above the surface will kill them sooner or later.

Plants have greater need for their leaves, and can be more easily killed in the growing season than when partially dormant.

Cultivation in a dry time is most injurious to weeds and beneficial to crops.

Avoid the introduction of weeds in manure or litter or from weedy surroundings.

After a summer crop has ripened, instead of allowing the land to grow up to weeds it is often well to sow rye or some other crop to cover the ground and keep them down.

Give every part of the farm clean cultivation every few years, either with a hoed crop or with a fallow.

It is often stated that cutting weeds while in flower will kill them. This is only reliable with biennials, and with them only when done so late that much of the seed will grow.

If the ground is kept well occupied with other crops weeds will give much less trouble. Keep meadows and roadsides well seeded and plow-land cultivated, except when shaded by crops.

NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

It is poor economy to use old and dirty sections for comb honey.

A remarkable variety of asparagus, discovered in Russia, is described as having stalks as thick as a man's wrist, with a height of six feet.

Save the wood ashes to act as a fertilizer. It is more profitable than to sell them to the soap-makers. Wood ashes never come amiss on the farm or in the garden.

There is a great shortage in the timothy seed crop on account of the general drouth in the Northwest early in the season. They will use and appreciate a sheep in the pasture.

Grapes, it is said by one speaking with authority, may be cured by the use of a teaspoonful of turpentine to one and a half pints of cornmeal, mixed with warm water and fed to the fowls.

Old leather contains a considerable percentage of ammonia compounds, which are very slowly soluble. A good way to dispose of old boots, therefore, is to bury them at the foot of an old apple tree.

The necessity of keeping the sheep on dry footing should not be forgotten. A yard in which sheep are kept should be one where there is plenty of drainage. Wet footing is one thing that sheep will not stand.

Some farmers attribute the disease known as weak loins in hogs to lying in hot horse manure. It is a rheumatic trouble which may be cured by active and continued rubbing. It may also be cured by exercise and fresh air.

Henry Stewart thinks there is no reason why a farmer should not combine dairying and beef raising—keeping good native cows, crossing them with a good Shorthorn bull, raising the heifer calves for cows and the male calves for beef.

Many farmers who think it a great waste to stack hay or fodder of any kind out doors for the winter, will let costly machines and carriages stand exposed to the weather from the time they are bought till they are thrown into the rubbish.

The fruit-grower who sorts and barrels with care can afford to print or stamp his name on every barrel, and even to adopt a trade mark, and if his sorting be honestly made, and his barrelling skillfully done, his name will go far to sell the fruit at top prices.

Prof. Robertson, of Canada, claims that cream raised by the deep cold process produces a butter that is less highly flavored when first made, and is, in fact, often inferior at that time, but its flavor increases with age, and is at its best when several weeks old.

It is well to repeat that a box kept well supplied with ashes in which charcoal is found should be within reach of hogs all the time at this season of the year. Like all grass feeders they are apt to be troubled with acidity of the stomach, and the coal and ashes correct this.

The carrot has more fattening qualities than other roots, and for this reason is particularly adapted to sheep, young cattle and all animals intended for meat. Carrots will help to fatten animals quickly and with less cost than other roots, and quick fattening produces juicy and tender meat.—*Exchange.*

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: "I hold that the intelligent farmer, who has lived for years on his farm and knows its soil and capabilities, and who has settled on a plan of farming which is successful, is more likely to know what is best for him to do than some one who has lived on a different soil and surrounded by different circumstances."

A successful poultry-raiser feeds wheat in the morning, barley at noon, and wheat in the evening. In addition to the barley he gives the slops from the kitchen, after boiling it. The wheat gives a rich yellow color to the yolks, which is so much desired in the city, where eggs are sold in retail markets. He says one great mistake many chicken-raisers make is in feeding chickens too much, and this accounts for their becoming diseased.

No man should milk a cow until the stable has been cleaned, the cows well cared and brushed, and, if necessary wiped off with a wet cloth and dried and everything that could possibly foul the milk is removed. Nor should he go to milking without previously washing his hands. A cow is naturally a clean animal, but when tied up in a badly arranged stable, where she cannot help but lie in filth, the owner is to blame and not the cow.

The hog is the only animal kept on the farm without some provision for a regular supply of pure water. And when this is considered it seems strange that there is not more disease among hogs than there is. A drink of clear water has the effect to cleanse the system of many impurities and pass them off in the secretions, and if the hog is deprived of water entirely, or limited to what he can extract from the slops,

which are already saturated with filth, and obliged to wallow in filth and sleep in dust, how can his system be healthy or his flesh fit for food? The comfort of an animal should not be overlooked, and no animal is comfortable that is suffering with thirst; and sour milk, and greasy dishwater, and salt slops are not drink.

What Women Are Doing.

Queen Victoria has a dress, presented by the Empress of Brazil, and woven from the webs of the large South American spider.

The aldermen of Brooklyn, N. Y., have appointed fifteen women as police matrons, with salaries of \$600 each.

Mrs. Gladstone never fails to accompany her husband to the House of Commons. He is so absent-minded and careless that he does not know how to take care of himself.

Mrs. A. M. Holloway has been awarded the contract to clean the streets of Buffalo, New York, for five years, for \$447,000.

Dr. Elizabeth Beatty, of Indore, sent out by the Presbyterian Church in Canada, as a medical missionary, has treated over 6,000 patients in the past twelve months, and thinks a hospital and training-school for Hindoo women, would make thousands of converts to Christianity.

Victor Hugo said, "The Nineteenth Century belongs to woman. In the twentieth century, war, the scaffold, hatred, royalty and dogma will have died out; but man will live."

Twenty thousand women Knights of Labor are organized, in the city of New York alone, for mutual protection.

Ida Lewis, the heroine of Lime Rock, lives alone in the light-house, her parents being dead and her brother gone to follow the sea. Miss Lewis saved thirteen lives between 1869 and 1881. She does her own housework, keeps the light trimmed and burning, and finds time to raise a few flowers in the crevices of the rocks.

Queen Christina.

A well-known poet of Spain, deservedly famous for his work, was at the same time a man of most advanced radical opinions, and wedged such bitter and open war against the regency that he was at last arrested, tried and exiled. He was but scantily endowed with this world's goods, and the wife and children he left behind soon fell into absolute poverty. The poet petitioned Queen Christina for pardon on their behalf, and was at once permitted by her to return to Spain and to his family. He obtained an audience and went in person to tender his thanks to the sovereign and offer the expressions of his gratitude and homage. He was graciously treated, less as the enemy than as the future friend.

Suddenly the Queen said:—"You are not rich, senior; literary men of merit seldom are, and you have a large family, have you not?"

"I have six children, your majesty."

"Six," continued the queen; "then there are three for you and three for me."

From that day the poet's three daughters were cared for and educated at the queen's expense, who considers them her special and personal charge.

Two Kinds of Girls.

Most men like modest girls best, says a writer in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Modesty is discretion; that's all. The modest girl won't let you hold her hand when there's anybody likely to see, but she's whole-souled when there's nobody looking, and gives you both her hands. I have known young ladies who would squeeze your hand tenderly, look into your eyes, and do everything that was agreeable in the most shameless manner before other people, but when they were alone with you they'd sit half a mile off and talk primly about the weather. I don't think these girls would make good sweethearts.

A Railroad Over Mountains.

The completion of the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad by the switchback over the Cascades is said to be the most marvelous piece of railroad engineering in the country. Its extent is but thirteen miles, and the cost \$350,000. The cost of the Cascade division will reach \$8,000,000. The maximum grade on the "switchback" is two hundred and ninety-six feet to the mile. Two immense deep-dug engines, weighing one hundred and twenty-five tons each, are used on each train, one on each end of six cars. One of these is ample to draw the train, but two are used for fear of an accident by the uncoupling of the train or otherwise. It is estimated that from thirty-five to fifty freight cars can be handled each way over the "switchback" in twenty-four hours. At this rate, each car holding ten tons, from three hundred and fifty thousand to five hundred thousand bushels of wheat can be sent over the Cascades.

A Mostly Ink Stand.

Perhaps the most elaborate and costly inkstand in the country is the one now in the possession of Robert T. Lincoln, of Chicago, and which stood for a time on the private desk of his father when the latter was the occupant of the White House. It seems that one of the delegates from Arizona, in Congress in 1865, had become so fond of President Lincoln that he wished to give him some memento of his friendship. He sent to Arizona for 400 ounces of silver, which were molded by Tiffany & Co. into a handsome and uniquely decorated inkstand. The material itself cost \$570, and the bill for the work upon it was \$862. It had not been on the President's desk a month before the assassination occurred, and for the twenty-two years since then it has lain in a vault.

Good Advice to Women.

The women of the country should give more time to rest and relaxation and less to routine housework. They should make fewer pies and less cake and do more sitting down in the rocking-chair on the porch. They would be far more useful in their families as the years go by. The woman who stays at home every day but when she "goes to meeting" on Sunday, who is always "doing for the family," will soon have no idea beyond the family circle, but none there to its advantage. She will be worn out physically and mentally early in life, and her children will begin to ignore her before they are gone.

HOUSEHOLD.

DECORATIVE TRIFLES.

Nothing is more painful to a girl with artistic tastes than to live in square, bare rooms without the aesthetic, and to possess, alas, a shallow purse, unable to stand the strain of "art furnishing." But one may do a good deal without calling upon that consumptive pocketbook. If one is doing anything in the line of re-furnishing, there is not the slightest reason for buying ugly things, merely because they must be inexpensive. Furniture, draperies and nick nacks, in comparatively cheap materials, may be purchased designed after the best models; they only require taste on the part of the purchaser. When all the wood-work is light, some decoration on the door adds much to the furnished look of a room. An æsthetic fan; and some of the ubiquitous cat-tails will come in for this use. The leaves and stems of the cat-tails should be gilded; this contrasts beautifully with the rich brown of the seed, and three or four of these reeds may be very gracefully grouped on the door by the slanted fan. Gilded cat-tails and peacock feathers are always our standbys for wall decorations. One may do a good deal with a large mirror even if it is old-fashioned. Put it on one side of the room, about three feet from the floor. Drape the top and one side with some oriental-looking stuff, such as one buys for curtains; arrange a group of dried palm leaves and cat-tails on the other, just straying on to the glass here and there. Below the mirror put a shelf covered with bronze green velvet, and on this place a palm in a gilded pot, or any trifles of bric-a-brac. Push your sofa up in front of the mirror, throw some pretty drapery over it, and the effect will be extremely good.

LAYING CARPETS.

When about to purchase a carpet a diagram should be made of the floor to be covered, locating all the jogs, doors and windows and giving the length and depth of the room. The measure should be given in feet and inches, and any preferences as to the running of the breadths and the figures should be added. Such a diagram will be a very great aid in making a satisfactory purchase and prevent loss by the waste of a yard or so not actually needed.

When laying a carpet it should be spread entire upon the floor. Then two persons taking each an opposite corner should turn back a portion to allow for spreading the lining upon one-half the room. When the lining is in place lay the carpet back upon it and proceed the same with the other half. This is a better way than to cover the floor with lining first and then carry in the carpet which it is about impossible to spread smoothly upon the floor without disarranging the lining.

Commence to tack down a carpet upon the straight side of a room and fit it about jogs and recesses last. If laid smooth and tight a carpet will wear much longer than if allowed to wrinkle and rub upon the floor.

HOUSE SLOPS.

If all the soap-suds and waste water from the house was applied to the soil it would receive a considerable amount of fertility that in many instances is thrown to waste.

Some farmers' wives understand the matter judging from the care with which they save the soap-suds for their flowers. Such an application has a wonderful influence in promoting a healthy and vigorous growth. If such substances can be so applied as to beautify the home, all is accomplished that could be desired; but where such is not the case, they should be saved for the vegetable garden. There is no danger of exercising too great care in saving all the fertilizing substances which the farm affords.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

GRAPE JELLY should be made from fruit before it is quite ripe, if wanted firm.

A COAL FIRE near the milk-room is much better than wood in the fall, as it gives an even heat day and night.

WHITE SPECKS or floats in butter are caused by the milk standing in a draft of air either from a window or hot stove.

COLD WATER should be added to soft-soap while hot, and as soon as it will thicken. If stirred well then it will separate.

TO CLEAN LOOKING-GLASSES.—Sponge down the glass with gum and water, equal parts; then dust down with whiting and finish with an old, soft silk handkerchief.

THE FLOUR BARREL should rest upon two cleats or a rack so as to raise it two or three inches off from the floor. This prevents the barrel from being wet when the floor is cleaned and also allows a circulation of air under it.

TO WASH ALL MOURNING CALICOES and gingham, throw them dry into hot suds and boil hard for five or ten minutes; then take out and rub the soiled parts, rinse, and you will find that the goods will look fresh, and colors will not run.

TO KEEP BLACK ANTS OUT OF THE SUGAR BARREL.—Draw a big mark with common chalk, around the barrel, and the work is done. The small red ants (a real pest) are easily banished by a free use of cayenne pepper placed and blown into their reports.

KEEP THE TRAPS FILLED.—A medical correspondent, writing to the daily press, calls attention to the risks to householders resulting from the evaporation of water from traps, occurring during a period when the house is unoccupied, and states that it has fallen to his lot to see more than one outbreak of sore throat, which he believes is caused by this circumstance.

HOW TO FIT KEYS INTO LOCKS.—When it is not convenient to take locks apart in the event of keys being lost, stolen or missing, when you wish to fit a new key, take a lighted match or candle and smoke the new key in the flame, introduce it carefully into the keyhole, press it firmly against the opposing wards of the lock, withdraw it, and the indentations in the smoked part of the key will show you exactly where to file.

ADULTERATION OF FLOUR by means of potato flour may be detected by means of acids. Take a spoonful and pour upon it a little nitric acid; if the flour be of wheat, it will be changed to an orange yellow; if wholly of potato flour, the colour would not be changed, but the flour formed in a tenacious jelly; if therefore the flour be adulterated with potato flour, it will not be difficult to decide. Again, take a spoonful of the flour, and pour upon it a little muriatic acid; if the flour be of pure wheat, it will be changed to a deep violet color, without odor; but if potato flour be mixed in it, it will then have an odor like that of rushes.

MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

When my son Gregory married Miss Morrison, I gave him a piece of my mind, and told him I didn't care if I never saw him again. Why? Oh, well, I didn't like her; she wasn't the sort of a girl I'd have chosen. I had never seen her, but I knew she wasn't. A flighty young thing, just from boarding-school, who couldn't make a shift, or bake a loaf of bread; but there was Miss Fish, a plain girl, to be sure, but so good, a splendid housekeeper, and all that. I always liked Almira Fish; and Gregory to go and marry Fanny Morrison! Well, as I said, I told him what I thought of him and her, and the boy showed his temper, and for six months I never saw him.

I bore it as long as I could, but a mother must be a fool about her only boy; so one day, as he wouldn't come to me, I went to him, as the rascal knew I would. I went up to the office and walked up to the desk, and I was going to scold him, but something came over me that made me choke to keep the tears back, and before I knew it we had kissed and made friends.

"And now you'll go and see Fanny," said he; "and I'll find you there when I come home at night;" and after a little coaxing I said I would go—and more than that, I went.

The house was a cunning little place a mile or two out of town, and I must say, it was very neat outside.

I rang the bell, it shone as it ought to, and before it stopped tinkling some one opened the door. It was a pretty young woman in a blue chintz wrapper, and when I asked her if Mrs. Gregory Bray was at home, she answered:

"Yes, that is my name. I've been expecting you an age, but better late than never."

"How did you know I was coming?" I asked, puzzled to know how she knew me, for we had never met before.

"Oh, I didn't know," said she. "Indeed, I had made up my mind you wouldn't; but it is a long way out here, I know. Come right up stairs. Miss Jones was here yesterday to cut and baste, but we will find as much as we can do to do the trimming between us."

"Cool," I thought. Then I said, "I suppose you are having a dress made?"

"A suit," said she; "skirt, overskirt, basque and dolman. I do hope you make nice button holes."

"I should hope I do," said I. "I would be ashamed of myself if I couldn't."

"So many can't," said she; "but I told Miss Jones to send me an experienced hand, and she said there was no better than Mrs. Switzer."

Now, I began to understand. My daughter-in-law took me for a seamstress she expected, and if ever a woman had a chance, I had one now. Not a word did I say, only I wondered if seamstresses generally came to work in gros grain silk and a cashmere shawl; and I sat down in the rocking chair she gave me and went to work with a will. I can sew with anyone, and as for the button-holes—but this is not my story.

"She was a pretty girl, that daughter-in-law of mine, and very chatty and sociable. I talked of this and I talked of that, but not a word did she say of her mother-in-law. I spoke of people I had known who had quarrelled with their relations, but she did not tell me that her husband's mother had quarrelled with him."

At last I spoke right out about mothers-in-law. I said:

"As a rule, mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law don't agree."

"She said, 'That's a very wrong state of things.'"

"Well," said I, "I suppose it is; but how do you account for it?"

"I suppose young people are selfish when they are first in love," said she, "and forget old people's feelings."

It was an answer I did not expect.

"It is plain you are friendly with your mother-in-law," said I.

"I am sure I should be if I had ever seen her."

"Oh, then, I have been misinformed," said I. "I was told that Mr. Gregory Bray was the son of Mrs. Bray who lives on—street."

"That is perfectly true, but still we have never met."

"How singular!" said I, "I've heard she was a very queer old lady."

"You haven't heard the truth then," said my daughter-in-law. "My husband's mother is a very fine woman in every respect. But when my husband told her suddenly that he was going to marry a girl she never saw, she was naturally startled, and said some things about me, knowing I was fresh from boarding-school and no housekeeper, that offended Gregory, and so there has been an estrangement. I think my dear husband a little to blame, and I have urged him a dozen times to go and see her. He is very fond of her and thinks no one like her in many things; but his temper is up, and it will take time to cool it; meanwhile, I feel quite sure if she knew me she would like me better. Perhaps that is a piece of vanity, but I should try to make her, you know, and I won't fall into absurd superstitions that a woman must hate her mother-in-law. I can't remember my own mother, and Gregory's certainly would seem to come next to her. Now you have the story, Mrs. Switzer."

"I am sure it does you credit, and the old lady ought to be ashamed of herself."

I wanted to get up and kiss my daughter-in-law then and there, but that would have spoiled my fun, so after that I sewed hard and didn't say much, and together we finished the pretty silk dress, and had just finished it when a key in the door caught both our ears.

"That is my husband," said my daughter-in-law; and I knew it was Gregory. Up stairs he came, two steps at a time, opened the door and looked at us with a bright smile on his face.

"This is as it should be," said he. "Fanny, I shall kiss mother first, this time."

And he put his arms around us both, but Fanny gave a little scream.

"Oh! Gregory, what are you about? This is Mrs. Switzer, who is making my dress. At least, I have thought so all day." For you see I had burst out laughing, and had kissed Gregory back, and then kissed her.

"My dear, said I, 'I've played a little trick on you, or rather, let you play one on yourself, but you've turned out as good as gold. I could not get you to say a word against the old lady. I am Gregory's mother, my dear, and your's too, if you'll call me so.'"

"Indeed I will," said the dear girl;

"but I have kept you sewing hard all day. You see, I expected a Mrs. Switzer, and I—"

"We've been all the more sociable for that, my dear," I said; "and I'm glad it happened; I've been very foolish all the while, and Gregory has chosen a better wife for himself than I could have done."

And so I think to-day, for I believe there never was a better woman than Gregory's wife, Fanny.

A City in the Air.

The pueblo of Acoma, situated 90 miles west of Albuquerque, is one of the most remarkable communities in New Mexico or the United States. In the middle of a valley, six miles in width, stands a butte, and on the top of this is Acoma. Eight hundred people are living there, and they and their ancestors have gathered there the sum of their possessions for nearly three centuries. This butte is one of many that are the remnants of a mesa that has been worn away by the erosion of the ages and survives only in flat topped mountains here and there. The valleys between are fertile, and untold generations of men have seen them covered with grain and flocks of sheep. Sometime in the seventeenth century the Laguno, or valley Indians, made war upon the Acomas for the possession of the country and the latter being the weaker occupied this butte as a defensive position believed to be impregnable. Their judgment has been abundantly indicated. It has proved a Gibraltar of strength and safety.

The height above the valley is nearly 400 feet and the walls in several places nearly perpendicular. There are two means of ascending, one by a flight of steps cut in the face of the wall and rising at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the other by a fissure in the rocks leading up into the heart of the mountain. Both ways have been trodden by human feet until the steps are hollowed out like shallow troughs. Either one is exceedingly difficult and neither is tolerably safe. This stairway is a precarious footing along the sides of a gash in a rugged mountain. With all the danger and fatigue, it is a laughable sight to see a person make the ascent. One has to stride over the fissure, one foot on the right-hand side and the other on the left, and at the same time press the hand alternately against the rocks for support. An Indian will throw a live sheep around his neck and go up quite rapidly without touching either hand to the rocks. An accident occurred on the stairway a few generations ago. Several men started up, each with a sheep on his back. When nearly to the top the sheep carried by the foremost man became restless, and the shepherd in trying to hold it fast lost his footing, and in falling swept his companions over the precipice, and they all fell on the rocks at the foot in a lifeless heap. The Indians have carved a representation of the accident on a rock near where it occurred, which scarcely serves to steady the nerves of those who go by that route.

Etiquette in Spain.

The etiquette or rules to be observed in royal palaces is necessary for keeping order at court. In Spain it was carried to such lengths as to make martyrs of their kings. Here is an instance at which, in spite of the fatal consequences it produced, one cannot refrain from smiling:

Philip the III. was gravely seated by the fireside; the firemaker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, and his grandeur would not suffer him to rise from the chair; the domestics could not presume to enter the apartment because it was against the etiquette. At length the Marquis de Potat appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fire; but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by the etiquette to perform such a function, for which the Duke d'Usseda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke was upon, as the fire burned fiercer; and the king endured it rather than derogate from his dignity. But his blood was heated to such a degree that erysipelas of the head appeared the next day, which succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, in the twenty-fourth year of his reign.

The palace was once on fire; a soldier who knew the king's sister was in her apartment, and must have been consumed in a few moments by the flames, at a risk of his life rushed in and brought her highness safe out in his arms! but the Spanish etiquette was here wofully broken into! The loyal soldier was brought to trial; and as it was impossible to deny that he had entered her apartment, the judges condemned him to die; The Spanish princess, however condescended, in consideration of the circumstances, to pardon the soldier, and very benevolently saved his life.

A Watch With One Wheel.

A watch having but one wheel is still in existence in France, though manufactured in Paris more than a hundred years ago. This watch was presented to the National Institute in 1790, being then in a deplorable state; but under the skillful treatment of an expert, harmony between the various organs was successfully re-established, so that it is even now in going order. The great wheel, which gives the watch its name, occupies the bottom of the case and the centre of the plate; it has sixty teeth and is thirty-three mm. in diameter; its axis carries two pinions, one of which receives the motive force from a barrel, and the other carries the minute work. The function of this great wheel is quadruple. First, it acts on a lift, then on a lever operating on another, destined to lower the axis of the watch, and lastly on a third lever, the latter serving to return power to the great wheel at the moment when the action relents by the rise of the axis.

October.

October is the month that seems
All woven with midsummer dreams;
She brings for us the golden days,
That fill the air with smoky haze,
Sue brings for us the lipping breeze,
And wakes the gossips in the trees,
Who whisper near the vacant nest
Forsaken by its feathered guest.
Now half the birds forget to sing,
And half of them have taken wing,
Before their pathway shall be lost
Beneath the gossamer of frost;
Now one by one the gay leaves fly
Zigzag across the yellow sky;
They rustle here and flutter there,
Until the bough hangs chill and bare.
What joy for us—what happiness
Shall cheer the day, the night shall bless?
'Tis Hallow'e'en, the very last
Shall keep for us remembrance fast,
When every child shall duck the head
To find the precious pippin red!