

FARM.

AN EFFECT OF FILTH.

Hogs should always have a dry and warm place to lie in. When food is plenty they will remain in bed a good share of the time, and if it be wet and cold it retards growth and brings on rheumatism or perhaps inflammation of the bowels or lungs. They do not want a great mass of straw, in which they will crawl to get hot and steam, and then when they come out get chilled, but an awful of straw to remain for a day or two and then to be thrown out and mixed with the manure. If they are bedded only once in a while, say for two weeks or more, the bedding is sure to become a heated mass of nastiness and the animals will become filthy in spite of themselves. In this way the udders of breeding sows become inflamed and sore and when the little pigs come the nipples are so tender that the mother will not let them suck. She is then called an ugly brute and knocked about, because in truth the owner was too shiftless to his own interests. In most of such cases the real cause is not suspected, and it may be confined to one teat or one nipple. I have known instances where a crack at the base of the nipple was so sore that if a pig touched it the sow would jump up, turn around and growl as if she would eat the pigs up. The remedy in all such cases is to cut the nipple off close to the udder and smear tar over the spot. This will keep the pigs away and in a few days the sore will have healed so that there will be no more trouble. Where any udder is sore, tar should be put on, and if it be a bad case, cut off the nipple and then the pigs will not disturb it after a few times sucking.

CELERY.

Never handle celery when it is frozen. My method of preserving this vegetable for winter use is simply this. During some mild, clear day in early November I have a trench ten inches wide dug just about as deep as the celery is tall. This trench is dug on a warm dry slope, so that by no possibility can water gather in it. Then the plants are taken up carefully and stored in the trench, the roots on the bottom, the plants upright as they grew, and pressed closely together so as to occupy all the space in the excavation. The foliage rises a little above the surface, and it is earthed up about four inches, so that water will be shed on either side. Still enough of the leaves are left in the light to permit all the breathing necessary—for plants breathe as truly as we do. As long as the weather keeps mild, this is all that is necessary; but there is no certainty now. A hard black frost may come any night. I advise that an abundance of leaves or straw be gathered near. When a bleak November day promises a black frost at night, scatter the leaves, etc., thickly over the trench, and do not take them off until the mercury rises above freezing point. If a warm spell sets in, expose the foliage to the air again, but watch your treasure vigilantly. Winter is near and soon you must have enough covering to keep out the frost—a foot or two of leaves, straw or some clean litter. There is nothing better than leaves, which cost only the gathering. From now till April, when you want a head or more of celery, open the trench at the lower end and take out the crisp white and golden heads, and thank the kindly Providence that planted a garden as the best place in which to put man and woman also.—E. P. Roe.

BRAN FOR FEEDING.

Very many farmers consider bran as of little value as a feeding material. In fact, for all farm animals except hogs, its cheapness renders it one of the best, especially when mixed with corn meal weight for weight. While its chemical composition from the analysis of Professor Brown, of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, would seem to show it better adapted as a fat former and heat producer, than for muscle and milk, nevertheless in connection with corn meal it is practically found most valuable and economical in these latter directions. Prof. Brown summarizes the value of bran as follows: Bran is a concentrated food, which, though variable in composition, possesses high nutritive value. Roller process bran is, on the average, richer than old process bran. Its excess of ash or mineral matters eminently fits it for bone building, in growing animals, and supplementing the lack of mineral matters in roots. Its chemical composition points to the conclusion that it is somewhat better adapted to the formation of fat and production of heat, than to the formation of muscle or of milk. Both its chemical composition and its physical form adapt it admirably as a supplementary food to be used in connection with poor and bulky fodder, such as straw and roots. Its manurial or fertilizing value alone repays its cost. By retaining and feeding the bran upon the farm the objection to selling the grain is partly overcome, viz.: the exhaustion of the soil, since the bran retains most of the mineral matters which cannot be derived from the air.

NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS.

Kerosene excels for softening and clearing out the hardened gum in the boxes of mowers, reapers and other farm machinery.

Shelter is cheaper than fodder, and for cattle exposed to cutting winds it requires at least one-third more food to keep up the same condition in flesh as under comfortable protection.

During the summer a great deal of rubbish collects in the garden and perhaps in the orchard. All this ought to be raked up and burned and otherwise disposed of. If left on the ground it furnishes feeding for insects.

As a rule, all summer pruning checks growth, and by producing maturity of wood and buds, induces fruitfulness. All winter and early spring pruning favors growth, i. e., causes a more exuberant growth in the parts remaining.

Always turn eggs twice a week if they are to be kept for future use. Eggs for hatching will keep two or three weeks if turned half over daily. They should be in a place of moderate temperature, where they will not freeze or be too warm.

It is as necessary that a calf should be halter-broken as that a colt should be. The time to do both is when the animals are young. A cow that will lead easily is much less troublesome to manage under any circumstances.

AMAZING ADVENTURE.

With a Tiger in the Wilds of India.

I was in charge of a party making a survey for a railroad line between Nagpoor and Hyderabad, India (said Major White), and as there was no hurry about the work our party was as much a hunting as a surveying party. We numbered about thirty eight people, ten of whom were white men. Owing to the difficulties of the country we had no saddle horses, but took along six or eight pack animals, and each native also had a pack to bear. The very difficulties in the way of building a line made the country a sportsman's paradise. Twenty years ago there was more wild and savage game to the acre in that district than elsewhere south of Lucknow, but the march of civilization has doubtless driven the big wild game away by this time.

We were travelling along the north branch of the Gadavey river—sometimes upon its banks and again a couple of miles from the water, sometimes travelling five or six miles a day, and again halting for a couple of days to fish or shoot—when a most singular incident befel me individually. I had left camp at an early hour in the morning to fish. While I carried my rifle with me, I had no intention of going out of my way to find game. On the previous afternoon I had observed what seemed to be a capital fishing spot in the bend of the river, and it was to this place I hastened as I left camp. Some of the native servants were astir and saw me set out, but I did not want their services. It was a pretty thick jungle between the camp and the bend, but at the bend there was a clear spot of an acre in extent, with a heavy forest growth and a ledge of rocks for a background. As I took a look around before sitting down on the bank to my sport, I remarked that it was a good spot for wild beasts, but as there was nothing moving I went right to work with my fishing tackle. Catching a frog for bait, I flung in the hook, and it wasn't five minutes before I was meeting with such luck that all thoughts of tigers, snakes and hyenas were driven out of my mind.

I had landed half a dozen good-sized fish, and was just then playing a larger one, when a slight noise startled me, and I looked around to see such a sight as has seldom come to the eyes of a sportsman. A full-grown tiger was within five feet of me, playing with one of the fish. It was the last fish pulled out, and in its dying agonies it was jumping about on the grass. Every time it moved the tiger would reach out a paw in a playful manner, and once or twice he struck hard enough to move the fish three or four feet. I tell you I was a badly frightened man, and all I could do was to sit there with mouth and eyes open. The tiger had crept down from the bluffs, and why he hadn't attacked me was a mystery. He went from fish to fish, turning them over with his paw, and time and again brushing me with his tail as he moved about. My rifle was ten feet away, leaning against a bush, and I might have been idiot enough to try to reach it but for a warning. My servant had followed me to see what luck I had. He came into the neighborhood while the tiger was playing with the fish, and softly climbing a tree he uttered the call of a bird to attract my attention and then sang out:

"Do nothing to provoke the tiger, master. He is a hiloweele, and if you do not cross him he will go away."

He meant that the spirit of a good native had been transformed, and it was clearly the common-sense way to follow his advice. As the beast gave me no attention, I turned to the fish tugging at my line and landed him. He was of good size and full of vitality, and the tiger waited in a playful way until I removed the hook and threw the fish on the grass. Then he sprang for it as a kitten would a ball of yarn, and he played with it in the same way. It was laughable, in spite of the circumstances, to witness his actions. He would run around in circles, as you have seen a young dog do, sometimes almost leaping over me, and then again he would become the cat and creep softly forward to pounce upon one of the fish. Each one as caught was flung to him, and it was a full half hour before he grew tired of the sport. I expected he would turn to me sooner or later, but the native saw the change of demeanor first and called:

"Master, the hiloweele is going to play with you! Be as clay in his power."

The tiger suddenly left the last fish landed, and came stalking up to me, purring like a cat and acting very playful. His first move was to worm his head under my left arm, and I'm telling you the solemn truth when I say that I smoothed down his fur as if he had been a favorite dog. I had on a big straw hat and this he got hold of in his teeth and played with for ten minutes, or until he had torn it all to pieces. I had no more bait to fish with, and sat there waiting for the tiger's next move. When he had finished the hat he came over and rubbed against me and purred in a pleased way, and I rubbed him with my hand from nose to tail. I gradually got over my scare, but was yet very anxious to know how the affair would end. The sun was getting well up and very hot, and the beast would soon be seeking his lair. In about thirty minutes from the time he appeared the tiger began to show a change of demeanor. He acted nervous and uneasy, and the hair on his back stood up at intervals. I judged that he had got the scent of my servant, and such proved to be the case.

I dared not rise to my feet, but I made up my mind that if the tiger attacked me I should make a spring off the bank into the river. It was infested with crocodiles, but there was not much choice between being eaten by beast or saurian. Once the tiger glared at me and growled, but next moment whined as if afraid, and edged up toward me as if for protection. The servant had been keeping a watchful eye on my strange playmate, and he now believed the time had come for decisive action. He therefore fired the pistol and shouted at the top of his voice. The effect was immediate. The beast dropped his tail, uttered a long-drawn whine, and with a sort of farewell glance at me he bolted for the forest and disappeared. I had looked him over pretty well, and had noticed, among other things, that he had a broken claw on his right paw.

We did not break camp that day. Just before sunset, as we sat in groups smoking our pipes, a tiger charged in boldly among the servants and seized one and attempted to make off. We rallied to prevent, and the beast knocked two other men over before he was dispatched. When we came to examine the body I had not the slightest difficulty in identifying it as that of my playmate of the morning.

HEALTH.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

The desire for a long life seems to be a part of the instinct of humanity. Sometimes it does not seem to be at all modified by the prospect of continuous and severe suffering. But in the desire for a long life, we surely should include the desire for a healthy life.

The great inclination of youth is to exercise. The free use of the body up to the extent of its powers is not only the means of acquiring more power, but to retain what we have. So we are to insist upon it that all through the growing period of life the law of activity prevails. There is no substitute for it. This tends to prolong the period of growth. Some have contended that the longer this period can be made the more likely is long life to be secured. Animals that live long are generally slowest in reaching their fullest perfection. Food at the early periods needs to have special reference to construction. Hence it is that milk and eggs and all the various foods are relished in quantities. In childhood the healthy appetite accepts all of the various forms of food. There is growth, energy and much constructive force, and so all of the food elements are needed. Later on, the person, if wise, comes to study food and exercise with reference to the kind of exertion that is to be put forth.

The in-door life, even if it be one of toil, must not be dealt with as is the out-door life. Sedentary callings must have some relief by exercise in the open air if the same food supply is used. Now is the time, too, to study the tendency of the system. If it is to lean on the one hand, or plethora on the other, the fact should govern the diet.

Most of those who die between 25 and 60, unless they die by accident, die by some indiscretion. It is the over-indulgence of appetite, or the neglect of food when needed, or the overstrain of business, or exposure to changes of temperature without corresponding changes of clothing. It is intelligent caution that saves sickness, and this caution ought to be in possession and exercise before middle life. It is so much easier to prevent serious sickness than it is to secure recovery from it. Hence it is that so many who are deficient in vigor in early life outlive the vigorous and the careful.

After middle life it is always to be recognized that a process of degeneration has begun. The tissues are less flexible and less easily nourished. Organs haven't the activity of youth. Some of them have become more or less impaired. The safety is in recognizing the fact and treating them accordingly. It is wonderful how the system often bears up under the partial disability of an organ or a part if there is adaptation to its weakness, and some compensation therefor. The enlarged heart freed from excitement and fatigue lasts a score of years. The weak stomach accepts the substituted digestion of the rest of the digestive tract or the outside digestion which chemistry offers. Even old age tends to last. The natural degeneration of tissues or vessels is too often hurried forward by spells of undue exertion or by too constant repose; while good food is needed and more frequently than in middle life, there is often error in the over-use of concentrated foods. There must be adaptation to our more retired and quiet life. The equable life makes the old person a comfort to himself and an example of healthful prudence to his friends.—[Ex.]

American Glaciers.

From the sides of Mount St. Elias in Alaska—the highest mountain in America—vast glaciers run into the ocean, exceeding in grandeur and extent any found in Switzerland. Mount Baker and Tacoma in Washington Territory, and Mount Hood in Oregon, radiant with eternal snow, are more beautiful than Mont Blanc or the Matterhorn; the glaciers on Mount Tacoma equal those of these mountains, while, to add to the sublimity of the scene, smoke is frequently seen arising from the craters of Mount St. Elias and Mount Adams. There is probably no other country where, on the same parallel of latitude, and at the same elevation, there are such differences in climate, soil and vegetation as on the east and west sides of the Cascade mountains. On the east are barren hills and plains, devoid of all vegetation save the sage-brush and bunch grass; the climate is hot in summer, cold in winter, and dry as that of the Desert of Sahara. On the west side of the range, and not fifty miles away, the country is thickly studded with the finest of forest-trees, abounding vegetable life, with a continuous rainfall, the climate mild in winter and temperate in summer. On the foothills in the western valleys the deep green of the Douglas fir, extending for hundreds of miles, contrasts with the pure white of the snow.

Homespun Hints.

In a recent address of Rev. Dr. Collyer to some college students his aphorisms may be grouped as follows:

Work is a good medicine. A man's best friend are his ten fingers. Society says one thing, and nature says another.

Any kind of an honest job is better than no job at all. Have a reserve force that will come out when you need it.

Only those who make clean money and do clean things win success. A good day's work at what you can best do is the hard-pan to which all must come.

Keep your grip on the hard-pan of principle of good conduct, and you will be men of good name and good fortune. A good farmer is better than a poor doctor, and a good horseshoer is better than a poor bishop.

"John," said his wife, "don't you spend more money than you ought for lunches down town? I can't understand how it is that the money slips away as it does!"

"No, dear, I eat (hic) free lunch nearly every day."

"Well, I wish you would give up free lunches, John. They cost you more than we can afford."

"Do you expect to go to Heaven?" asked an old lady of Puritanical principles of Bronson Howard the other day. "Certainly," was the dramatist's prompt response. "What, you really believe that a man who writes pieces for the stage can be saved?" "To be sure. One of the first things I learned at Sunday school was, 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.'"

STORIES FOR BUSINESS MEN.

FIRST RUN ON A BANK.

The extravagant luxury of the court of Charles the Second, combined with its utter want of principle and incapacity to carry on the memorable contest with Holland, produced the first run upon bankers that ever was made. The government had suffered a succession of humiliating disasters. The extravagance of the court had dissipated all the means which Parliament had supplied for the purpose of carrying on offensive hostilities. It was generally determined to wage only defensive war; but even for that the vast resources at England were found insufficient. The Dutch insulted the British court, sailed up the Thames, took Sheerness and carried their ravages to Chatham. The blaze of the burning ship was seen in London; it was rumored that a foreign army had landed at Gravesend, and military men seriously proposed to abandon the Tower.

The people, accustomed to the secure reign of Cromwell, were in consternation. The moneyed portion of the community were seized with a panic. The country was in danger, London itself might be invaded. What security was there then for the money advanced to the Crown? The people flocked to their debtors and demanded their deposits. London now witnessed the first run upon the bankers!

The fears of the people, however, proved groundless, for the goldsmiths, as the bankers were then called, met all demands that were made upon them. Confidence was restored by royal proclamation that the demands on the exchequer should be made as usual, and the run collapsed.

VALUE OF GOOD CREDIT.

A celebrated gambler, of great address but notoriously bad character, meeting with a merchant of the highest reputation for honor and veracity—one of that exalted class whose word is as good as their bond—observed to him:

"Sir, I would give \$50,000 for your good name?"

"Why so?" asked the wondering merchant.

"Because," replied the gambler, "I could make \$100,000 out of it."

"STICK TO YOUR LAST."

This phrase, though seeming referring to the disciples of St. Crispin, is accepted as of general application. The enormously rich Zadock Pratt was a tanner by trade—a man of quaint manners and speech and strong common sense. A speculator was once showing him a new method of tanning, by the use of which, he argued, great sums of money might be made. Pratt told him he had no reason to doubt his assertion but he was making money enough; and that he (the speculator) had better find someone who was not doing so well. He made it an invariable rule to resist all attempts to lure him from his legitimate business, and by this undeviating application rolled up a splendid fortune.

The well known story of Plautus, the Roman comic writer, is an apt though ancient illustration of the rule of sticking so your business. He acquired a handsome fortune by his comedies. He was afterward tempted to embark in trade, and met with such severe losses that he was reduced to the necessity of working in a mill as a day laborer.

HINGES UPON WHICH TRADE SWINGS.

A grave discussion was once overheard concerning shop-door steps, in which a young beginner was solemnly recommended not to adopt more than one step into his shop. People, it was said, would not take the trouble to mount two or three steps when, by going a little further, a more accessible establishment might invite them in.

The same idea is involved in the wide-open, easily-moving door of our modern shops. Be the winter's blast never so sharp or the cold wind never so keen, it is a standing rule with many tradesmen that the shop entrance be never hindered by a closed door, save on condition that some person stand always in readiness to bow in or bow out the customers.

There can be no doubt that upon a hinge as slight even as this, many a tradesman's fortune has swung.

Sports and How to Enjoy Them.

There is nothing new under the sun, said the wise man, and especially is there nothing new in youthful games. Archaeologists find well-beloved dolls in Egyptian pyramids and on prehistoric tombs; and the name of a popular ball club was found scrawled upon the walls of Pompeian houses, and one of the most exciting matches on record was the one stubbornly fought, between the rival nines of Montezuma, King of Mexico, and Nezahualpillitzin of Tezucoc. The boys of ancient Greece and Rome played at whiff-top and quoits, and base ball and pitch-penny, and blind-man's-buff and hide-and-seek, and jack-stones and follow my leader, just as do the boys of to-day; the girls were experts at see-saw and swinging, and dancing and grace hoops, and dice throwing and ball play, and in Sparta, even at running, wrestling and leaping. Tobogganing is as old as ice and snow, and when you play at cherry-pits, you are only doing what Nero and Commodus, and young Themistocles did ages ago in Rome and Athens.

So, whatever the age or wherever the clime, however stern or strict their fathers and mothers, the boys and girls of the world have always made the most of the time for play—and, more than any other season, the time for summer sports. These sports to-day are fast reducing themselves into as many sciences, overweighted with rules and restrictions that often take the real play element from them and make them as unyielding and sedate as a problem in algebra.

Now, while rules and restrictions are undoubtedly necessary, there is such a thing as going too far, and I am inclined to believe that the boys and girls prefer to follow the cast-iron "club rules" or "league rules" only to the verge of "cast-ironness," and make their sport, if less absolute, at least more jolly. There is no fun in making our sport a matter of life and death. I know grown people who, in these days of prize-giving in all manner of games, center their whole desires, not on the fun of the game, but on the prizes offered. They really seem as disappointed if they do not carry off a trophy as if they had met with some serious loss. Let us take our fun with jollity or not at all. Interest is one thing, and irritability is quite another.