

AGRICULTURAL.

AMERICAN EVICTIONS.

As long ago as 1850—four years after its admission as a State into the Union—the General Government granted to Iowa a large tract of land, in alternate sections, on the Des Moines river, and shortly afterwards Iowa granted these lands to the Des Moines Navigation and Railroad Company in payment for improving the river for the purpose of navigation. In latter years these lands, which were nearly unoccupied, were taken up by settlers, many of whom obtained patents from the United States Government, as there was a good deal of doubt as to the ownership of the title to them. Later settlers either bought the "rights" of older ones or exercised the immemorial frontier right of squatter sovereignty, hoping that they would ultimately obtain titles from the Government. Some of the settlers were foreigners—chiefly Norwegians or Swedes—others came from the neighboring sections and from Michigan, Indiana, Virginia, North Carolina, and other States. They were as a rule, men of ordinary intelligence and industry. They have now been settled there from one to 25 years. The river-land company has always contested their right to the lands, and years ago the settlers combined to defend their claims, and have spent thousands of dollars before the various courts. A short time ago, the United States Supreme Court decided that the company alone has title to the lands, and United States marshals have lately been busy driving out the settlers.

During the contest the latter showed their faith in the final outcome by building good houses and barns, fencing their fields, planting hedges, groves and windbreaks, setting out orchards and making other sorts of farm improvements. From all of these they are now being ruthlessly expelled just as the severity of winter has set in. Some of them, it is true, have bought their holdings, paying heavily for the improvements they themselves have made upon them; but the great majority are not able to pay the prices demanded, and must, for the present at any rate, lose all their investments in non-movable property. They are driven out of their houses, their furniture is piled up on the public roads, and the doors and windows are barred against them. The sick, the old, and the children are bundled out alike. Official carelessness in the Land Office in Washington is primarily responsible for this suffering, and in so far as it is, the settlers should be fully recompensed, and Iowa should see to it that none should suffer privations. Governor Larrabee shows a very favorable disposition towards the evicted settlers, and Senator Allison expresses hearty sympathy with them, and it is to be hoped that these sentiments will soon develop into material advantages for the sufferers.

FARM LIFE.

In many parts of the country farm life is beginning to lose many of the old features, not altogether unavoidable at one time, which made the life of the women on the farm very much that of drudgery. But there is not yet a township where there are not many farms where the same drudgery yet exists; and, with rare exceptions, the condition of things is inexcusable. There is many a farmer who takes care to have his stables and everything that pertains to his own work arranged so as to minimize labor and indirectly to save money, who neglects to have the same economy of time and strength studied in the arrangements of the house, the arrangements which affect the labor of his wife and daughters, and of the female help. Often this neglect is due to downright selfishness, and will not be cured by merely calling attention to it. More often it is due to a culpable thoughtlessness with a dash of selfishness in it, as thoughtlessness generally has. But all the same the effects are bad and wasteful. Many an extra step might be saved to a tired woman, many a strain of muscle might be avoided by a little thoughtfulness, that would not only make life pleasanter to the housewife or her helpers, but would sometimes save time when time very plainly means money. A shelf here and there, a convenient box or drawer would save wearied limbs fatigue. High steps around the kitchen doors might be removed, or made easier, with advantage to the workers of the household and sometimes to the prevention of doctors' bills. Facilities for getting water might be made greater, and there are a hundred and one other things that come into the category of little conveniences that affect comfort and health, but which could be provided at little expense by a little thought on the part of the farmer and his sons and a little time devoted to them in hours that otherwise would be spent idly.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

"Wheat chaff with corn meal and bran makes a good mess for the horses."

The sides of a pig made into bacon will sell for as much as the whole body."

A little sulphur once or twice a week in the feed of moulting hens will be beneficial.

If you wish to produce milk, no bull should be used whose dam is not a good milker.

Scientific farming is simply farming according to the best light that is thrown on the subject by what is now known about it.

Prof. Morrow still believes that this is a good time in which to buy foundations for herds of well bred cattle, as it will be contrary to all precedent if they long remain at present remarkably low prices.

That the pumpkin seeds are injurious to stock is known to many who do not suspect the reason. They are strongly diuretic, and cause such flow of urine that the animal is weakened. They make fowls grow light and stop the production of eggs whenever hens eat them freely. Fed to cows the pumpkin with its seeds does not do half the good it will if the seeds are removed.

There is great advantage to the farmer in having something to sell all the year round. Most farmers keep a retail account at the country store, and many of them, doubtless, are often surprised how rapidly a bill will run up, especially if it is all buy and no sell on their part. The way to keep the store bill down is to have something to sell about every time you go to the shop.

A gentleman named Allen not long since called a convention for the purpose of establishing a farmers' trust, which should protect farmers from the extortions of other trusts. In other words, he thinks trusts are a wrong to the people at large, a wickedness; and he proposes, not to abolish them, but to add another to the number.

The harness should be kept well oiled and clean. It should never be hung in close

proximity to the stalls. The ammoniacal gases use up leather more rapidly than hard work with decent care. The short over-check is a barbarism which no humane person will inflict on his horse. It keeps the head and neck in a tiresome and constrained position, until it becomes absolute torture for the long-suffering horse.

Dr. William Horns, in a recent issue of *Hoard's Dairyman*, says: "In travelling over large portions of the country I have noticed an exceedingly large quantity of smut upon the corn stalks. In fact, I do not remember ever seeing so much. Smut is a deadly poison. Many of our best cattle die every autumn and winter from the smut taken into the stomach by eating corn stalks. Before feeding corn stalks to cattle they should be carefully examined always. But especially this season of its prevalence."

The *Mirror and Farmer* says: "No farmer need sit down and expect some one to furnish him a ready-made system or plan or conducting his farm; he must make it himself—is the opinion of an acute agriculturist." That is right to the point and good sound sense. There is no one that understands the requirements of a soil like him who has the care of it; and so of the general management, the one who has it in charge is presumed to know more about it than any one else, and yet it is always proper to counsel with others, get their views and reasons for special modes, but then one should make his own plans.

The "Farm, Field and Stockman" says: Now that the "long days" of work are about over for a season, the farmer besides reading for his own benefit, and planning for his next year's work in the field, should give his attention to the teaching of his boys. This is the most important work for all concerned, and should be entered upon without fail. When fully occupied with the active duties of the busy season on the farm, the family was more or less neglected, but from now until spring, around the cheerful fire, or comfortable stove, the family circle should nightly gather, and an hour or two be profitably spent in social conversation, study and reading. There is something very attractive about winter evenings thus spent, and every farmer should look forward to the coming of such occasions with pleasure, and a determination that they shall be made profitable to himself and each member of his family circle.

A simple and efficient device has been in use for several years in France which relieves a horse from the severe strain that accompanies the starting of a heavy load. In cities especially such contrivances are needed, and most of all by the usually over-driven street-car horse. The device consists in a spiral spring, of power in proportion to the average load carried, and which is attached to the end of the trace. The horses at the Eastern Railway depot in Paris, where the springs have been used for six years in shifting cars, show an improvement since that time in general soundness of condition, while the number of sore and strained necks has greatly diminished. There has also been a large saving in the way of broken harness. The same idea has been applied to plowing harness, and was, we believe, among the exhibits of farming implements at the State Fair of New Jersey this year.

Cost of Killing a Man.

It doesn't cost so very much to kill men in the west. Of course you cannot cut or shoot a man down with impunity, and murder is sometimes as severely punished there as it is anywhere else; but what I mean to say is that it doesn't cost much to kill a man by accident. You frequently hear of cave ins in mines or fractured skulls by falling down winzes or shafts, and the thought that comes to you naturally is that the mine owners have to pay \$5,000 or \$10,000 damages. That isn't so. A short while ago four men were killed in a mine near Leadville. They were Italians, and the widows or families of the men were more than delighted to receive \$1,000 and the funeral expenses. In the same mine more than ten men have been killed, and never more than \$1,000 has been paid. The plan in the west, when a man is killed in a mine and the company is somewhat to blame, is to go right to the heirs and make a settlement. Most of the laborers are Italians, and their people take \$1,000 as quickly as it is offered.

Counterfeiters' Fate in China.

Two coppersmiths out of employment in Hankow privately formed a little company to make copper cash, and began their operations for some reason by melting down about eight pounds of imperial copper coins. The band had made but little progress in their secret trade, having only manufactured altogether some 10,000 coins, equivalent to little more than £3, when they were captured, tried and condemned. According to report, the ringleader was sentenced to immediate decapitation for melting down coin of the realm; the next, who has assisted in the work of coinage, was sentenced to decapitation after imprisonment; while two others, who had polished the spurious coins, and the last, who acted as bookkeeper, were treated not as principals, but as accessories, liable to transportation to Turkestan and employment as slaves to the troops there—a fate believed to be worse than immediate decapitation. Some other men, who seem to have had nothing to do with the coinage itself, but acted as domestic servants to the principals, received sentences of three years' banishment and a hundred blows each.—[Pekin Gazette.]

"Groveling Before the Yankess"

Whenever a Canadian paper discusses an international question with a little more breadth of view than usual, its esteemed contemporaries jump on it with the cry that it is "groveling before the Yankess." There is nothing that the average Canadian hates more in his paper than broad and comprehensive views on any subject.

Probably the most fortunate of all popular song-writers from a financial point of view is Frank Howard, whose income from his first song hit, "Only a Pansy Blossom," is said to have been more than \$3,000 in a single year.

Before his death recently a Chicago German confessed that he and another man fired a Prussian village over forty years ago. His partner in crime is a prosperous Prussian merchant, and the dying confession has been forwarded to the German consul in Cincinnati.

A JAPANESE HOUSE.

Its Oddities Have No Counterpart in Western Architecture.

How to describe a Japanese house, where nothing is like anything corresponding to it at home? From the outside it is an uninviting black barn; inside it is a spotless doll's house magnified a thousand diameters, all wood and wicker and white paper. The entrance hall is a platform raised a couple of feet above the ground, where you take off your boots if you are a foreigner, or leave your sandals if you are a Japanese. A screen door slides back and you are in—but that depends on circumstances. Sometimes you are in one room and sometimes in another. It may be a general sitting-room, fifty feet square; it may be a bedroom (if you call early in the morning); or you may find yourself in an impoverished sanctum and intruding upon somebody writing laborious descriptions for a far-away press. For here walls have not only ears, but they have legs, and when you wish to make a new room you simply "form square" by sliding enough panel in their grooves to enclose the space, or at your pleasure all the rooms can be thrown into one, enclosed, in our case, by forty-six panels. Those forming the sides of the house consist each of sixty little paper panes. To wet one's finger, stick it silently into the window, and peep through,—this is the natural Japanese counterpart of accidental surreptitious inspection by the keyhole. The floor is of mats; not mats strewn about as at home, but solid structures of delicate stuffed wicker an inch thick, of conventional and regular size, let into the floor—elastic, spotless, immovable, never profaned by even the daintiest of slippers. Chairs and tables are, of course, unknown, and the posture of repose is to seat oneself on one's heels. This squatting, by the way, is very painful at first, and, like the "blameless dances" in "Raddigore," "takes a deal of training." At meal times squat anywhere and your food is placed before you. When you are tired you throw yourself anywhere on the floor, with no fear of soiling your white linen suit. When evening comes you do not seek your bed chamber; you simply make it, by sliding the walls around the spot you have chosen for your slumbers. The rough and ready way according to my American friend, is to tread around on the floor till you find a specially soft mat, and then lay a few walls upon it for a couch. A more luxurious one is to have a futon or thick quilt spread out, and roll yourself in a rug or blanket upon it. The chief drawback for a foreigner is that his hip bone, which is more prominent than that of a Japanese, is terribly in the way, and my journalism not having yet advanced to graduation upon the plank bed, I have not learned the trick of obliterating the natural projections of the body. But you sleep comfortably in spite of the marauding rat, whose immunity from attack has rendered him equally inquisitive and harmless, and in the morning when you return from the bath, bed and bedroom have alike disappeared. It is the story of Aladdin domesticated.

In the Streets of St. Petersburg.

All the main streets are alive with droshkies. Their horses are, as a rule, small; but they go fairly well, and they are surprisingly cheap. Fares are always settled by bargain. Absolute free trade prevails in this despotic land. There is no tariff. Fares are fixed by the higgling of the market, so beloved by the political economist, and a lively higgling it is, especially when you do not know a word of Russian, and the *isvostchik* is equally innocent of any language but his own. I never found any difficulty.

You make a signal, and down swoop upon you all the *isvostchiks* within sight, each eager for your custom. Holding up the coin of the realm which you are willing to give for the ride, you mention your destination. A chorus of protests bursts out, which presumably throw scorn upon your offer, but to you it is as the chattering of crows. You then walk off, followed by one or more *isvostchiks*, to whom you renew your offer. Seeing you are obdurate, one of them will cry "pojaloyte," you jump in, and the bargain is complete. The driver sits on a perch in front of you; you sit behind, on a seat which will hold two. As there is no rest for the back the lady is supported by the arm of her fellow traveller, a custom which has a very pretty effect, and is apparently very popular.

A Curious Broadway Lunch Room.

One of the most curious varieties of lunch room is down town in Broadway. No chairs are provided, both sides of the room being lined with shelves loaded with viands, all clearly marked with their different prices. In here rush bankers, lawyers, brokers and clerks. Each grabs a plate, knife, spoon, fork and cup, seizes what he likes from the shelves, bolts it standing, reckons up his own bill, draws a check from a pile near the door for an equal amount, presents it at the desk, pays and departs, unquestioned whether he has eaten a dime or a dollar's worth. This method of trusting to customers' honesty is found to pay better with the class of men who eat there than hiring waiters. Undoubtedly a certain quantity is eaten that is not paid for, but a dozen practiced detectives are on the floor during the rush hours at noon, watching people who are suspected, and the amazing rapidity with which a man can help himself, swallow and be gone, makes the place highly popular with men who only eat to live, and live only to hurry.—[New York Tribune.]

Silk Threads in Bank Notes.

The paper on which bank notes are printed is called "distinctive paper," being used exclusively by the government for the printing of bonds and current notes. The mills where it is manufactured are at Glen Falls, West Chester county, Penn. An agent of the treasury departments receives the paper direct from the hands of the manufacturer, and every precaution is observed in order to prevent any loss. Short scraps of red silk are mixed with the liquid pulp in an engine.

The finished material is conducted to a wire cloth without passing through any screens, which might retain the silken threads. An arrangement above the wire cloth scatters a shower of the fine scraps of blue silk thread, which falls upon the paper while it is being formed. The side on which the blue silk is deposited is used for the back of notes, and the threads are so deeply imbedded as to remain permanently fixed. Each sheet is registered as soon as it is made.—[Rshoboth Sunday Herald.]

An All-Rail Route Around the World.

A few weeks ago an editorial appeared in the "Oregonian" discussing the feasibility of constructing a railroad from the United States along the Alaskan shore to Behring's Straits to connect with a Russian railroad through Siberia to St. Petersburg, thus giving an all-rail route practically around the world. The despatches of last Sunday from San Francisco, tell of a traveller, trader, and minor, John W. Webber, at present in San Francisco, whose residence is Kodiak, Alaska, who confidently predicts the construction within the next ten years of just such a road, and declares it perfectly feasible. He says snow is never an obstacle along the Alaska coast, owing to the influence of the Japan current, and as for Behring's Straits, they are only thirty miles wide and so dotted with islands that bridging would be made practicable. He speaks of Minneapolis people who are projecting the enterprise under consideration, and says that he has been down the Himalaya mountains through which the lines proposed will extend to Peking, China, and Irkutsk, Siberia, and declares that the products of the country will abundantly justify the cost of building the road. He concludes by saying: "Of the resources to be developed the world is sceptical, but just as sure as the world moves that road will be built, and it will carry thousands of passengers and millions of tons of freight, and it will pay. Ten years will see it completed."—[Portland Oregonian.]

Yule-Tide Dont's.

Don't put R. S. V. P. on your present for your rich uncle.

Don't misspell the word "presence" in the invitations to your Christmas party.

Don't hang up more than three pairs of stockings if you are visiting friends in the country.

Don't eat two mince pies, a plum pudding, lobster salad, and ice-cream, and then complain that the climate does not agree with you.

Don't impersonate Santa Claus in a seal-skin sacque, rubber boots, and aburn side whiskers.

Don't give your guest who has overstaid his welcome a travelling bag.

Don't send the unrecipited bill for her present to your fiancée in mistake for a Christmas card.

Don't decline a present simply because the expressage or postage has not been prepaid.

Don't attribute your bonbon headache to the drum your enemy sent your son.

Don't borrow money from your friend to pay for his present.

Don't present your wife with a handsome mahogany cigar-box; and

Don't expect your husband to be pleased if you give him an ivory backed hand-mirror.—[Harper's Magazine.]

French Wines.

France has enjoyed the reputation of a much-drinking, but little-drunken country. Pure wines were plenty and cheap, and there was no swilling of strong spirits and drug-concocted liquors. Consequently the evils of intoxication were less prevalent than in many other lands. With the advent of the phylloxera and the wholesale failure of vineyards all this has changed until France has become a hopeful competitor for the palm of drunkenness. Recent Government reports show a startling increase in the number of crimes and cases of insanity due to alcoholism, and now a detailed statement by M. Laborde, of the Academy of Medicine, reveals the root of the evil. According to M. Laborde the manufacture of spurious liquors is conducted on an enormous scale, both in Paris and in provincial towns, and no attempt is made to conceal it. A very large proportion of the wines and spirits used are of this sort. And not only are these liquors great in quantity, but their quality is vile almost beyond description. Besides the familiar Indian hemp, nitro-benzol, and other products of the laboratory, poisonous in the extreme, such loathsome ingredients as hippuric acid, made from the drainings of stables, are freely used. The effect of such stuff upon the bodies and minds of the drinkers is of course ruinous. The Government is now about to order the classification of wines under the heads "natural," "manufactured," and "raisin," but shows no disposition to interfere with the manufacture and sale of these liquid poisons.

Bells of Christmas.

Speak to my heart, ye deathless, merry chimers!

Ever rejuvenate voices, outward sent Across the lanes and streets, whereby are rent

The walls, which hold within them virtues, crimes,

In medley vast. Speak, bells! in these bleak times,

And bind, as it were by tuneful sacrament, My heart and others' hearts, until are blest

All discords'neath your mirth-re-echoing rhymes!

Ring out, O jubilant, O silvery clear! Bell-children of the churches' soaring towers!

Fill sky, flood earth, and thrill the ocean's drear,

Dread deeps! Wake song more sweet than June rose showers

On violets, until no soul shall fear

That Love is not supreme—the Power of powers!

Star in the East.

The sage hath watched its course afar,

And pondered it apart,

Till lo! the story of that star

Beams in upon his heart,

And brightly rises on his soul

The legend of its burning scroll!

Snow-Flakes.

See how in a living swarm they come

From the chambers beyond that misty veil,

Some hover awhile in air, and some

Rush prone from the sky like the summer hail.

Here delicate snow stars, out of the cloud,

Come floating downward in airy play,

Like sprangles dropped from the glistening crowd,

That whiten by night the Milky Way.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We hear so constantly that the "relations" between this, that and the other powers are becoming so "strained" that as a rule we pay no great attention to any new announcement in that line. The latest "strain" is said to be between Russia and Persia, consequent upon Muscovite jealousy of British ascendancy of influence in the country of the Shah.

Canadian lawbreakers will now have to think twice before taking refuge in Mexico, as an extradition treaty, between that country and Great Britain, in which our Ottawa authorities have heartily concurred, is all but definitely concluded. It is very sweeping in its embraces, and includes no fewer than 73 offences, from threats to extort money up to dynamitardism and murder.

One must not yet give up all hope that Stanley is safe and not sound after all, according to some recent despatches which assert that the explorer is proceeding at the back of the great oil rivers under the protection of the British flag, and that the natives are friendly. Of course everyone will hope that this is true, and will be delighted to believe that the plucky little man is getting through.

Of the 128 young men who have graduated from the Canadian Royal Military College, and the 33 who obtained their discharge before graduation, about 45 per cent. are in the British army, or serving as civil engineers elsewhere than in Canada, while some 31 per cent. are engaged in various occupations, more or less of a military or civil engineering nature, in this country. Twenty-four of them are civil engineers, 12 are in the civil service, 4 in the Regiment of Canadian Artillery, 2 in the Infantry School Corps, 6 in the Mounted Police, 2 are instructors in the Military College, and the rest are engaged in miscellaneous employments.

General Harrison is to be inaugurated as President of the United States with a splendor that is expected to outshine the radiance of any similar event in the history of the Republic. His party are so gleeful at getting back to power that they intend to spare neither time, pains nor money to impress both friends and foes with the fact that it is a Republican President who is being enthroned. Already every hotel and boarding house in Washington is over-run with applications from those who wish to see the pageant, but, strange to say, with self-restraint that does them credit, the hotel keepers it is said have agreed to stick to the ordinary transient rates, instead of making the hay which so much sunshine might naturally be expected to ripen very rapidly. The military display will be the most imposing thing of its kind since that immortal parade after the close of the civil war, and what with illuminations and other grandeur, the expense is not likely to be less than \$75,000, and it may be a great deal more.

For reasons which appeared to him to justify such a course King Milan of Serbia has secured a divorce from his wife Natalie. He is not done with her yet, however, and is likely to learn by bitter personal experience the truth of the saying that "hell has no fury like a woman scorned." The way in which this particular woman who has been scorned is likely to show herself a fury, is by publishing a number of letters in which she says the real reasons are revealed why the king was so anxious for the divorce. Milan professes to be under no alarm at this threat because he says he knows Natalie well enough to rest assured that she would never condescend to such a way of taking revenge. His confidence is likely to prove ill-founded, however, for the ex-Queen has entrusted her original documents to her banker, and given copies of them to an intimate lady friend with instructions to publish them at once upon certain eventualities. Just what these eventualities are is not certain, but the likelihood seems to be that a certain class of high-spiced, popular literature will be enriched by additions from the hands of their Serbian majesties.

The wholesale evictions of Ireland have found a parallel in those which occurred a few days ago in Iowa. It appears that a number of farmers bought their lands from a corporation, the title of which proved to be invalid. Some of the farmers had occupied their lands for thirty years. It is said that when the decision of the court of last resort confirmed the title of the claimant he acted in a curiously harsh and oppressive way by turning out some of the occupants without notice at the beginning of winter, and by refusing to others the opportunity to buy their farms at any price. In one case a family was turned out and left to sleep on the road by the side of their furniture, a half-mile distant from their old home; in another case a man and his wife, with four children, one of them a six months' old baby, and another a little boy with the croup, were unceremoniously ejected from their house. The evicted persons obeyed the law without murmur, but it is reported that there is a strong public sentiment against the action of the United States marshals.

The New York "Times" thinks that "if the winter should pass without the destruction of all the buildings put up by the men who have been thus driven from them it would be very wonderful. Opinions will probably differ upon the question whether or not it would be creditable to the evicted farmers and their neighbours."

They Got There at Last.

The French papers have been narrating the adventures of a body of French soldiers, 250 in number, invalids without exception, who left Saigon on the 25th of last April on their return to France. The troop-ship in which they sailed ran aground at Colombo, and, as she was unable to continue the voyage, the men were put on board a Russian steamer, which, however, was on her way, not to France, but to Saigon, where they were duly landed. After some days of misery—for the men had nothing to wear, having lost all their baggage, and next to nothing to eat—they started on their return journey once more. They got as far as Suez this time; but their ship broke down and they were sent ashore. After a weary wait of twelve days a French transport came in sight and took them on board. But she, too, as it turned out, was bound, not for Toulon, but for Tonquin, and thither the poor fellows were transported a second time. Finally, they sailed for home again on the 9th of July, and reached Toulon on the 12th of August, having taken four months to accomplish a journey which usually occupies four weeks.—[Ez.]