

AGRICULTURAL.

A Flock of Sheep. By THOS. D. BAIRD.

One of the advantages derived from keeping a flock of sheep is that, if they are properly managed, they can be made to aid in maintaining or even restoring the fertility of the soil. This is too great a benefit to be overlooked by the farmer, especially when so many have poor briary and bushy farms. Where sheep have the range of a field very few weeds will ever go to seed, and bushes and briars will be so thoroughly cropped that they will either die or be kept from making much of a growth.

I had two neighbors; each lived within one mile of me. One of them after shearing his sheep, very often after turning out, set his dogs on them and ran them off so that they would not bother him any more that summer. The consequence was his fields grew up in bushes and briars until his farm in many places was almost a wilderness, the fences rotted down and the land worn out. His sheep, what few could be found, were brought in in the fall so full of burs that their fleeces were of little value. When the other neighbor bought his farm many of the fields were nearly worn out and grown up in bushes and briars. He built good fences around his farm and also cross fences. One field lay on my road to town. This field, though very poor, he sowed in grass. He made this his main sheep pasture for three years. After two years the field was freed from bushes and briars. The fourth year he planted it in corn; although it was not above an average season it yielded on an average forty bushels per acre. His sheep were always clean and free from burs or anything to injure the wool, and he never lost any by straying off or being killed by dogs.

When a farmer can thus easily turn the weeds and briars of his fields into excellent manure he should do so. Of course sheep should be fed something besides what they can get in the fields, yet this additional food works to the profit of the farmer in two ways; it not only insures a good and profitable growth of flesh and wool but it makes the wool richer and more valuable. A portable shed could be arranged to be moved about the fields, under which the sheep will readily congregate. The poorest spots may be made fertile, and the whole field by frequent and regular changes of the flock may be thoroughly enriched.

The demand of the manufacturer will likely never decrease, and a ready market will be found at all times, so that wool growing will be one of our most valuable farming industries.

Sheep of the Southdown breed, perhaps, are the best for wool and mutton, still the farmer should remember that wool is a product as well as fat, and the flock should be fed and managed with a view to wool growth and that of fine quality. By so doing you have more wool and you get better prices.

It is said that a properly raised sheep between the age of three and five years makes the best mutton, and that there is a great deal in slaughtering and dressing mutton to make fine flavored meat. The sheep should be well bled and dressed as fast as possible.

Grasses.

If I had been asked what kind of feed the cattle found in my pasture, I might have said without much hesitation,—daisies, sorrel, and huckleberry brush, with a little clover and Rhode Island red top. It seems to me the last two are the most desirable of any that I know.

As to the best kind for hay, I think that depends very much on the use to which it is to be put. For those who do not sell hay I think the best kinds to seed are timothy, red top and clover. If any one wishes to seed often, and sell the hay the red top had better be left out; and if one has a farm from which he can sell most of his upland hay, it would be better to use mostly timothy and reseed often.

If one can get ready it seems more natural to seed in August; doing this he is about sure of a good crop the next year, while if he waits much later, the grass hasn't time to root firmly, and, in case of hillside land, is liable to wash badly. On one piece I had a good crop where I seeded in the spring.

When is the best time to cut grass for hay? If one wants it for his own use, it would pay to begin when the earliest half is nearly grown. It is more work to dry it at this time, but it is much better for milk than it is when fully grown. If one prefers to sell, and only wishes to cut one crop, it may pay better to let it get nearly ripe.

It seems to me it is more profitable, if your farm is in good condition and you can keep it so, to sell off all the nice upland hay except enough for the horses. If one is short of pasture and wishes to make a lot of milk in summer he can do so if he has a good pile of fertilizer, by sowing a piece of winter rye in the autumn, then, after this is harvested, sowing with millet, and afterwards reseeding with barley.

The kind of grass which seems to me better than any is Indian corn. If harvested in the right time, you can get a nice quantity of feed beside the grain; but, of course, the condition and quantity of one's land has a good deal to do with kind of grasses it is best to raise.

Clover Experiments.

Observant farmers have noticed the habit of the sweet or Bokhara clover, *Melilotus alba*, of growing in the bottoms of brick-yards and in places along the roadsides, where the surface soil has been scraped away; these unpromising situations apparently being chosen in preference to more fertile soils. Acting on the hint thus given, the Ohio experiment station in 1888 plowed up, carefully prepared and seeded to melilotus a piece of stiff clay land, part of which had been stripped of its soil some years previous for brick-making, and which had since been very unsatisfactory for tillage. The melilotus was allowed to grow up and fall down, reseeding the ground until the fall of 1891, when a quarter acre of the original patch was plowed and sown to wheat, the same quantity of similar land adjoining, which had been kept under rotation of corn, oats and wheat, being prepared and sown at the same time and in the same manner.

The result was a yield of 18.6 bushels of wheat per acre from the land which had been cropped in rotation, while that which had grown melilotus yielded at the rate of 29.9 bushels per acre, and is again self-seeded with a dense growth of melilotus.

This experiment alone is not conclusive. Probably the wheat crop would have been increased as much at the end of one year as by four years' growth of melilotus; but it was desired to study the habit of the plant in other respects, especially that of self-seeding and continuous growth on the same land; therefore, it was undisturbed until it had demonstrated its ability to maintain itself.

The result is offered as a suggestion to farmers who have refractory and unproductive clays which they may wish to ameliorate cheaply. It must be remembered, however, that the melilotus has the habits of a weed and must be kept in check; but this is easily done.

As the melilotus belongs to the same family of plant as the clover, it will be understood that its growth probably adds actual fertility to the soil, in addition to the physical improvement produced by its deep-growing roots. It may be sown broadcast in the spring or in July, at the rate of eight or ten pounds of seed to the acre.

A Recipe for Keeping off the Horn Fly.

The U.S. government receipt for keeping off the horn fly (*Hoematobia serrata*) as found in the reports of the secretary of agriculture for 1889 is train oil, (known as Tanner's oil) sulphur and carbolic acid, proportions not given.

I mixed the above receipt in the proportion of one gallon, sulphur one pound and acid two ounces, using it only on cattle already grown sore, and in the week past have used the train oil clear on the rest of my cows once, and find that it is the very thing that all the humane farmers should resort to. One application has healed the sores, and the cattle have not been annoyed for the past week. Am sure one application a week of the clear oil is sufficient unless the cattle get sore, then the acid and sulphur should be used by all means.—[H. B. Iveson.]

Farming is a business, and the man who would make a real success of it nowadays must be a good business man. He must be an all-around good business manager. Besides buying and selling and the employment of labor, there are the planting, cultivating and harvesting of crops, the breeding, feeding and care of live stock, the use of machinery, and a hundred other things that require intelligence, skill and executive ability of a high order. There are a thousand little details of the business to be carefully looked after to make the farm do its best. Taking everything into consideration, the wonder is that there are not more failures on the farm than there are. No business in the city would long stand under the easy-going management of the average farmer.

Man-Eating Frogs.

People living on the line of the Chickamauga River are somewhat excited over a number of strange and enormous frogs that infest the neighborhood. These frogs—for they greatly resemble frogs—were brought to the country from the Mississippi swamp in A. D. 1886, and put in the Chickamauga River. They are said to be of enormous size when grown. These were very small when brought, and are just beginning to show what they can do. They are doing some mischief now. One has been catching chickens, and is thought to have been driven to the mountains for refuge during the high waters, and while on his way back to the river, being very hungry, he caught a chicken to appease his hunger until he reached the river, where he could get fish, as they live principally upon fish. When driven away by high tide and starved for a few days they will attack a person. The Savannah News says they are reported to be good food for man, but have never been tried yet, as they are very hard to capture. The one that passed through would have been captured, but the man had to go to the house for his gun, and the frog made one leap and was out of reach of a fair shot, after devouring quite a number of chickens. The Lafayette Messenger reports that Mr. Burrows, Mr. Manley, and his son William were out in the bottoms a few days later, and discovered something living near the river bank, which they thought to be a large barn-sack filled with something—thought it had probably floated from the mill above, and on going up for inspection found it to be one of these frogs. They, seeing the danger they were in immediately made an attempt to get away. Mr. Manley, being an old man, directed his course to an old empty cotton house which was near for refuge. Just as he was entering the house the frog seized his coat tail, leaving him almost breathless and nothing but the shoulders and sleeves of his coat. A few minutes later Mr. Burrows came near the house where Mr. Manley had taken refuge, and, seeing the frog tussling with the fragments of the coat, said to himself, "Has the frog torn Mr. Manley to pieces and now in its mad career is tearing to pieces his clothes?" The next thought that entered his mind was, Where was Will? Had he been murdered by the mad monster? Mr. Manley has been suffering from the shock ever since. While some of the reports about these monster frogs may be exaggerated, there is no doubt but that they are dangerous. Their enormous growth is a mystery.

A Prolonged Sleep.

A very curious case of lethargic sleep is (writes a Vienna correspondent) engrossing the attention and calling forth all the ingenuity of the four physicians actually on duty in the public hospital of the city of Oedenburg, in Hungary. A week ago a stranger arrived there, drove to one of the hotels, and, being somewhat fatigued, retired to rest. After he had slept for thirty-six hours, the proprietor of the hotel thought it was time to have him called. But in spite of the efforts of the servants to awake him, he continued to sleep with the same indifference to all about him. Medical assistance was thereupon invoked, and the stranger was removed to the public hospital, where he has continued sleeping ever since. After eight days of his Pantagruelian rest he seems as far from awakening now as he was a week ago. The doctors have been unable to detect the symptoms of any disease whatever. Once and once only they contrived to awaken the sleeper for three minutes, during which he replied to the question as to his name and native place, describing himself as M. Kasinovic, a wealthy silk manufacturer from Bohemia. His object in coming to Oedenburg was to open a branch house for Hungary. The authorities have telegraphed to his relatives.

SHOOTING PRAIRIE CHICKENS IN MANITOBA.

An Incident.

To sportsmen, perhaps the most enjoyable time is that of spring and fall, when ducks, prairie chickens, grouse, plover and other game are in season. In the fall, early in the morning, several buckboards with their occupants may be seen winding their way in and out over the numerous trails, that lead to and from the city, accompanied by their dogs, and with their guns resting securely between their legs or lying lightly in the hollow of the left arm, ready for any birds that might rise across their track.

It is on just such a day as we have in September or October, that you can sally forth and have a real good shoot, not returning at night with a couple of crows and red squirrels, like they do in Ontario, but with several brace of plump prairie chicken and grouse, which make your arm ache to carry them. All one wants is a good dog, a good double-barrelled gun and a quick sight; as the birds are nearly all killed on the wing as they rise from cover, you need to be quick or you will miss them.

Many are the stories told and experiences related by local nimrods, after their day's outing, but the one which was related the other day, in confidence, beats them all, and as it will bear repeating, we venture to tell it again:

Two or three well-known Winnipeg sportsmen, wishing to bag a few of the coveted chickens early one morning, drove out in the country, until they reached the cultivated farms, where they made a start after their game through the wheat fields. They passed over several farms, the owners of which objected in very strong language to the Winnipeggers trespassing on their premises, either for shooting or anything else. To this the city gentlemen paid no attention, but continued bringing down their birds which were very plentiful; at last they reached a farm, occupied by an English man, who strongly insisted that they should at once take their departure, but as plenty of game was in sight, the gallant sportsmen refused to go, which brought forth a torrent of abuse from the proprietor, and words interposed with several choice epithets were hurled back and forth, "at any rate," said the farmer, speaking to the leader, whom we shall designate as Mr. C, "you are no gentleman or you would not wantonly disobey my orders." "But," said C, "I am I assure you as much a gentleman as you are" with a look of disgust at the farmer's clothes, "Well," said he of the overalls, "if you are, where's your ca'd, gentlemen usually carry their ca'd you know." "Why, said C, I don't usually carry my card when I go out shooting or camping. I leave them home," "but," said he, in a tone of derision, "as you are such a gentleman perhaps you can produce yours." In reply, the armer, to the amazement of the others, slowly put his hand in his pocket and brought forth his card, which he handed to C, at the same time saying, "there it is Mr. C." To say that they were startled would be putting it mildly, for the whole thing seemed so ridiculous that a good fit of laughter was indulged in. When they had ceased their merriment, with which they had nearly exploded, the farmer said "There is no use hanging around here any longer, there is only one man in Winnipeg, welcome to a shot here, and that is Dr. C. If he should come he would be welcome to shoot all he wished." "Why, confound you man," said C, "I am Dr. C." At this announcement they all laughed, until their sides ached, and the crest-fallen farmer turned on his heel and said no more. After this the party met with no more resistance, and returned home the next day with full bags, joking about their adventure.

IT WAS A SLAVE SHIP.

Gilbert Islanders Taken in Droves to Central America—The Cruise of the Steamer Montserrat.

A San Francisco, Cal., despatch says:—A local paper contains an account of the cruise of the steamer Montserrat, which arrived there Thursday from San Jose de Guatemala, after having landed in Guatemalan ports 388 natives of the Gilbert Islands, who were delivered to wealthy plantation owners of Central America under a contract to become laborers there for a term of five years. The account is written by a reporter who left here in April last in the guise of a sailor and accompanied the vessel on the entire voyage. The account declares that the Montserrat was a slave ship, that the natives were sold in Guatemala for \$100 a head, the amount being taken in the guise of "passage money." It states that the steamer visited a number of places in the Gilbert group and shows that most questionable methods were resorted to to get natives aboard. In a number of cases young lads were induced to go aboard the steamer and were frightened into signing a contract, and then their parents and other relatives, not being willing to part with them, would go aboard also. A number of old and decrepit men and women and young children were among those secured. Upon arriving at Guatemala the plantation owners would sometimes demur at paying for such helpless labor, and these victims would then be presented in consideration of their paying for the more able-bodied ones. The manager of the expedition was W. H. Ferguson, who was also connected with another alleged slave-ship, the ill-fated Tahiti, which sunk with 400 Gilbert Islanders aboard. The reporter says that during the visit of the Montserrat to the islands Ferguson deceived the islanders as to the fate of their countrymen on the Tahiti, and told them they were safely landed in Mexico and enjoying great prosperity. The account also states that of the 400 Gilbert Islanders who were taken to Guatemala two years ago under the same conditions, to work on plantations, there are only 180 alive now, the others having succumbed to fevers and other diseases.

Mr. Robert L. Galloway, in an article in The Contemporary Review on the coal trade, points out that when distillation of coal for the manufacture of gas was begun the tar and other liquors were considered as mere waste; but now the utilization of these products has created several new industries, and coal gives us not only heat, power and light, but pitch, ammonia, carbolic acid, paraffine oil and wax, sweets scents and brilliant colors, "a rich dowry from the ancient vegetation which flourished in Britain in such tropical luxuriance in the remote geological æons of the carboniferous era."

MASSACRE OF CONGO EXPEDITION.

Shocking Cases of Cannibalism.

One of the survivors of the expedition which, under Major Hodister, was endeavoring to establish a trading station at Rebi Rebi when the majority of its members were massacred by Arabs and blacks, arrived home in the British steamer Luulaba (Captain J. W. Murray), and gives a thrilling account of the terrible experiences of the expedition. Rebi Rebi is one of the Arab villages on the Upper Congo, about a week's travel from Stanley Falls. It seems that a young official from the Congo Free State visited Rebi Rebi, and told the Arab leader of the place that the State intended to take the village as a trading station. The district is really governed by a nephew of the great Tippoo Tib. He was absent from the town, but the great Arab leader told the officer that they would not allow him to take the place, but the officer replied that he would come back with 2000 men and take it. He did return, but only had 15 blacks with him, and on the Arab asking where the 2000 men were, the officer said they were coming. The Arab and his followers then fell upon the little band and killed them. After cutting off their heads the Arabs

THREW THE CORPSES

to the blacks to eat. The blacks in this region are out-and-out cannibals, but of course the Arabs do not eat human beings. The Arabs had been friendly enough up to this time, but they have strenuously opposed any attempt on the part of the whites to deal direct with the natives in that quarter. They have regarded their position as middlemen as their absolute right, and to establish a trading station in the Katanga territory was looked upon as a step in the direction of doing away with their intermediary. Major Hodister, who was coming up with a numerous following, was a man well known to the natives, who regarded him with special favor. With his expedition were twelve whites and a great number of natives, including also women and children. When they approached, the Arabs, thinking they were the force of 2000 men that the young Belgian officer spoke about fired into them. Major Hodister, who was on foot, was leading his horse, and when the Arabs fired the Major's followers were about to reply; but Major Hodister threw himself in front of them, throwing up his arms, and ordering them not to fire. He then advanced towards the Arabs on foot, with his horse still following. The Major intended to reason with the Arabs, and thought his presence would prevent bloodshed. He had not advanced far, however, when the Arabs opened fire again, the unfortunate Major and several others being shot down. Those who did not escape were either shot down or otherwise killed, as the Arabs made

A TERRIBLE ONSLAUGHT

on the band. Of the 13 whites seven were killed, including Major Hodister, and as is customary with the Arabs they cut off the heads of the slain, and gave them and the bodies to the blacks as their part of the "spoils of victory." One of the most deplorable was poor Major Hodister himself, and although in life he was such a favorite with the Arabs, they paid no respect to his body in death, as it was given to the cannibals like the other corpses, and by them was eaten up. Indeed, it is reported that the body of the unfortunate Major was made a special meal or two of by the voracious natives. When the Arabs and their black allies made their terrible attack the expedition was quite unprepared for it, as it was felt certain that Major Hodister, when he advanced towards the Arabs, would have been able to make them cease hostilities, being so well known amongst them. At last, however, those who could make good their escape. The six whites who remained alone made for the river and got clear in a canoe going down the stream towards Stanley Pool. They had a long and trying journey before them. During the trip down the river one of the poor fellows was attacked with dysentery, to which he succumbed. A second became crazed and jumped overboard. The remainder, after a terrible time, reached Matadi. It was said that when the Arabs came to realize what they had done, the leader, fearing the wrath of Tippoo Tib's nephew, had expressed his sorrow for the massacre, and had offered to pay in ivory an indemnity for the lives that had been sacrificed by the expedition. This he offered to do at the rate of 30 francs per man, which, it is said, is the value placed by the Arabs on the lives of their own people.

A Blessing in Disguise.

It sounds paradoxical, but it is true that the threatened visitation is a blessing in disguise. The Asiatic cholera is the great sanitary inspector of Nature. He may be regarded as the author of modern sanitation, and whenever the zeal of the sanitarian burns low, the cholera goes his rounds and revives the faith of mankind in measures of public health. There can be little doubt that the cholera saves far more lives than the few whom it sacrifices. There is hardly a capital in Europe which is not being made cleaner, sweeter, and therefore more habitable and healthy because of the threatened visitation. We are all putting our houses in order, clearing away our middens, emptying our cesspools, purifying our water supply, and generally waging a holy war against dirt and uncleanness. It is a striking illustration of the immense utility of sensationalism in the economy of the universe. The cholera is really one of the least deadly of diseases if deadliness is to be computed by the numbers slain. Half a dozen other maladies slay, year in and year out, ten men for one taken by the cholera; but they do it in a quiet, stealthy, strictly non-sensational fashion. Hence they kill, and kill, and it does no good. But when the cholera comes along it produces the maximum of sensation by the minimum expenditure of life, and does more good in its sensational tour of three months than all the other diseases do in as many years. It is no doubt due to their appreciation of this fact that the journalists exhaust their resources in striking headlines as if to get up a cholera panic. Otherwise their method of dealing with the cholera news would be murderously cruel.

How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world.—[Shakespeare.]

Best is the man who dares to say,
"Lord of myself I've lived to-day."
—[Horace III. 29.]

You can not do wrong without suffering wrong.—[Emerson.]

ONE OF MANY.

It was Saturday night, the end of a week of toil. Mary Lawson was sitting in her little kitchen repairing the scanty clothes which her children—asleep in their beds—would put on in the morning. A candle burned at her elbow. She had bought it at the grocery store because it was cheaper than oil, and Jim in a drunken rage had broken her only lamp.

As the woman worked tears fell slowly down her thin face and dropped on her sewing. She was thinking of the time when she had been a happy, though hard-working girl, living out at service and saving her wages. Then she met Jim Lawson, the ne'er-do-well, and because he was lonely and miserable and knew how to make love to her she had married him.

Jim was all right when he was sober and could get plenty of work to do, but he was weak and liquor made him wild. It was a year now and he had not earned a dollar, and Mary had cut loose from him for the children's sake. She could not have her boys contaminated by their father's example.

So she again became a bread-winner, and in the past year had helped Jim many times, but he could not enter her doors, for they were hers and not his.

Tap-tap at the window pane. How it frightened her.

"Who's there?" she called.

"It's Jim—poor Jim. Lemme in, Mary—my Mary," piped a weak voice.

"I'll not let you in, I'm not your Mary," answered the woman in a fixed and unrelenting voice.

"For pity's sake—for God's sake, let me in, Mary, or I'll die in the street," came a pleading wail.

The woman stepped to the door and opened it. Before doing so she took something out of a drawer, something that she held behind her.

A man shabby, drunken and ugly, confronted her.

"I'm comin' in," he said in a rough, threatening voice, staggering forward as he spoke, "an' I'll pay you, my dear, for keepin' me out—!"

He started back as before his eyes flashed the barrel of a pistol.

"You won't come in," said his wife, "until you come home a sober man. Go and find your friends, and get shelter from them, for its none you'll get from me."

She shut the door in his face and waited, standing there with the pistol in her hand, until he had gone and she could no longer hear his uncertain footsteps.

Then she put the weapon back in the drawer, and sat down again with her work.

But her hand trembled so that she could not sew. She looked at the candle and saw the grease guttering at the side.

"Heaven help me," she said, "it is a winding-sheet. If 'twarn't for the children, I'd be glad if 'twas mine."

A few moments later another mood possessed her.

She hurried to the door, opened it and looked out on the night.

"Jim, oh, Jim!" she called. The wind was rising and moaned in the trees of the park. A late dog running home was the only living thing in sight. A child's voice talking in its sleep came from the room back of her.

"Jim! Come back! It's Mary calling you."

A window across the street flew open. The neighbors were used to hearing midnight brawls from their house. She went in and closed the door.

If it had been possible for her to go back to the time they met, and know of the future what she knew of the past, she would have married him again at that moment. Such is the selfishness and devotion of a woman's love. God knows, and He is keeping tally.

Jim, out in the night, reeled hither and thither until he came to the park. Had he laid down on the benches a policeman would have found him, clubbed him into a sober state and taken him to the police station for safe keeping. But he rolled in among the leaves and shadows under a bench and went to sleep.

And in that sleep what dreams did come. Warmth, light and beauty, and Mary's own self calling "Jim! Jim!" as she used to in the first happy days when they went to housekeeping. And Jim smiled and slept and knew no more.

He did not even know when in the morning as the sun was chasing the stars out of the sky Mary found him, knowing something of his haunts. The smile was still on his face, and that was all Mary had to comfort her, for she said: "He must have seen the Angel of Forgiveness to look like that."

British Politics.

The defeat of the Gladstonians in the Cirencester division of Gloucestershire was not unexpected. In every by-election since the general election the Gladstonians have lost ground, and it was plain that if in Cirencester the loss was in proportion to the losses in other constituencies the Government candidate would be defeated. Nor was there anything about the Cirencester contest which promised a better result for the Liberals than in the other constituencies. The member elected in the general contest was an old representative and personally very popular, yet he only carried the constituency by something like two hundred votes if our memory serves us. The new candidate was not altogether *persona grata* to the constituency and besides he had been defeated at the general elections. That the Gladstonians all but tied their opponents in the contest is rather better really than they expected to do under all the circumstances. Nevertheless the defeat is discouraging to them for another reason. There was some hope that the Liberal-Unionists would now find it impossible to do anything else but support Liberal candidates. Their position was only tolerable before because they could force Liberal legislation upon a Conservative Government; with a Liberal Government in power how could they do otherwise than support Liberal legislation, even though by doing so they were compelled to vote against the Conservatives and for the Liberals. This dilemma was pointed out by a prominent Liberal-Unionist, and it was fondly hoped that the Liberal-Unionists in the country would solve it by choosing to support the Gladstonian candidate. The Cirencester election makes it clear that they still stand by their principles.

If you were to take the conceit out of some people the remains would defy identification.