

AGRICULTURAL.

Take Comfort.

The period of necessary privation in the life of the farmer is ended, except, perhaps, in isolated cases. In every neighborhood there are some who force themselves and their families to live on the least food possible to sustain life, to do without the comforts of easy chairs, and carpets, who dress shabbily, use a rickety old vehicle as a family wagon, and thus bring themselves into a premature grave, merely to add a few hundred dollars more to the bank account. If the prime mover in this accumulation could witness the final use of this money he would, if possible, turn over in his coffin at the senseless squandering of hard earned dollars, and if in his power, would cry aloud in thunder tones, to those who are yet toiling and wearing life away, to halt and take more ease, comfort, recreation and pleasure in this world. The desire and aim to secure a competency is commendable, but when it entails heavy sacrifices of needed comfort and rest, driving one to bed each night, tired and weary in body and mind, it is time to consider if the results are worth a sufficient amount of consideration to compensate for all these weary hours and years of toil, of suffering, and of privations which materially shorten life, obscure thought, and antagonize all higher aim.

Big Jaw or Actinomycosis.

This disease has become so prevalent among beef cattle as to call for legal interference with the sale of the meat of diseased animals. It is known to be caused by a vegetable germ that increases rapidly and feeds upon the degraded tissue of the bone, which is entirely decomposed and changed into an acrid pus that destroys the skin around the purulent tumor. In this condition it is hopelessly incurable. The animal in time loses the jaw, and perishes miserably. But in new cases and before suppuration is produced, a cure is possible. The treatment recommended is to give iodide of potassium in two dram doses three times a day for a few days. A cure has been effected by the daily use of an ounce of hypophosphite of soda, which is a safer remedy in the hands of inexperienced persons.

Point for the Dairy.

Before you start the creamery be sure that enough cows are pledged to make its operations profitable. A frequent cause of failure is the attempt to run with a scant supply of milk, so that the expenses are unduly large for the products turned out.

Winter dairy products sell at from fifty to one hundred per cent. advance in price over summer products. With proper preparation the cost of feeding is but little greater. This indicates where the best profit is.

With a creamery in successful operation, less grain will be grown for shipment, and farmers will feed out their crops to a greater extent, besides buying much concentrated food. As a result the land becomes richer and pays a constantly better return.

The dairy farmer has two problems always before him; one is to lessen the cost of production, the other to increase the value of the product. The solution of the first lies very largely in the feeding; of the second, in more careful handling and in more exhaustive creaming and churning than have been commonly practised.

In recent dairy meetings reports were received from one dairyman whose herd averaged 304 pounds of butter per cow; from another whose herd of thirty-four cows averaged 326 pounds; and from twenty-three other dairies which averaged from 225 to 332 pounds per cow. This is dairying that pays, and any man can do it who will work intelligently and systematically towards that end.

It may well be questioned whether the average dairy cow is a profitable institution. She produces little if any more than 150 pounds of butter, and at the average selling price of that article not a very large margin is left after paying for her feed. Very often the owner of the average cow would be a richer man if he should send her to the butcher. If the patrons of the co-operative creamery would arrange to supply milk so that it could be run through the winter, they would be surprised to find how much more profitable the business was, than when only operated in summer. Try it and see.

Milk Sickness.

It has been proved that milk sickness is neither more or less than poisoning by unwholesome germs which are produced in amazing numbers in the decaying vegetation of rich moist land. As this disease is easily communicated to persons, and at this time of the year is exceedingly dangerous, the poison being communicated both by the milk and butter, the utmost care should be exercised not only to keep the cows from such spots, but to boil the milk before it is used, and to refuse the butter wherever the danger exists. It is a peculiarity of this disease that those who do not die of it never recover completely, but are always ailing, and fall victims to any other disease by reason of their weakened condition. Especially in the South every precaution should be taken until the winter sets in.

Warbles of Cattle.

This disease, which is caused by the presence of the larva of the cattle bot fly, has only recently been fully understood. It is now known that the fly lays its eggs on the legs and flanks of the cattle, much in the same way as it does on horses. Its habits are thus much the same as those of horse bot fly, except that instead of going directly into the stomach, as this does, and remaining there, it is licked off by the cow's tongue, and swallowed, and the young larva bores its way through the tissue until it reaches the loins, where it encysts itself and forms the well known swellings that appear on the cattle. When the history of the pest is known the remedy is more clear. And this is to look out for the eggs (on the horses as well) and wash them off with a sponge dipped in kerosene oil, not permitting the oil to reach the skin under the hair. If all would take these precautions the pests would soon become scarce.

Poultry Topics.

A "key-note" to success in poultry keeping is to make hens lay when eggs are dearest. You can do it by proper feeding. The pullets will be worth more for winter layers than you can get for them in the Christmas market. Keep every one for which you have sufficient room.

Make the young cockerels and the old hens fat, and let them go as early as possible. They will earn you no more money, and it costs something to feed them.

If you make a business of growing poultry for market, use the breeds that are the best fliers. There is a difference, as you will discover if you investigate.

Do you think you can handle a hundred fowls successfully if you have not first learned to handle ten? It is a business in which one must start small. There is no other way to succeed.

Don't fool yourself about the profits. Keep account of the expenses and the receipts. If you fail to do this the fowls will take advantage of you and "eat their heads off."

Musings.

The duller a borer the worse he bores. A war horse is not to be compared to a peace donkey.

A sluggard is a fellow who takes the hardest way to have an easy time.

Some people impart information very much as a hedge-hog sheds his quills.

One of the devil's best means of keeping a woman from earnest living is tittle-tattle.

A boomer is a man who has lots more enthusiasm than he has anything to keep it on.

The water that makes the foam under the mill dam, is not the water that turns the wheel of the mill.

The mosquito might have been highly prized as a singing bird, if it had only stuck to that business alone.

A mouse has a right to judge the cat, but the minute it opens its mouth it invites the cat's judgment on it.

A brass band can put more life into an old nag, in a minute, than a ten acre oatfield in a week of Sundays.

There isn't anything that sweetens sleep like waking up and seeing the hands of the clock within ten minutes of the getting up time.

If you have to believe all that other people say in their own favor, you would soon be obliged to do some lying on your own account, or else fall behind in the procession.

You needn't take a man's word for it that he has dropped from the clouds, because there is no dust on his shoes. May be his wife blacked them before he was up in the morning.

CHEAT RIVERS HERMIT.

A Scientist Who Lives in Mountain Solitudes Devising Flying Machines.

For years Bernard Cressler has lived alone away up towards the source of the beautiful Cheat. He is known as a scientist and astronomer of no mean note in that locality, and of late uncanny reports have crept down the mountains of the strange doings in the vicinity of his little cabin.

In the midst of the wildest scenes the scientist, astronomer and hermit was found. Of all the hobbies this man rides, one is paramount, and has been the cause of his leaving civilization that he might study and experiment alone with nature. That hobby is a flying machine. Cressler has spent years in this study, and believes the only perfect machine is that devised and controlled by the Divine builder, and this he has taken as his model.

Cressler's model is the enormous hawk of these mountains, which is capable with its movable wings to soar for hours, not combating the winds, but utilizing such air currents as power to lift it higher. This hawk he compares to a skilful skater, who has acquired his momentum artificially, and then by merely throwing his body this way and that by force of gravity continues as he pleases, his cleverly poised body on the keen skates being an assistance instead of a hindrance to grace and speed.

Cressler's contrivance is not a machine, nor is it built to antagonize, but rather to utilize, the forces of nature. He says the school-boy's kite comes nearer to the ideal flying machine than any intricate and laborious effort of a million fond experiments. Being a taxidermist, with a wonderful eye for nature, he has scores of hawks in his cabin poised in all positions assumed for flying. Some of these attitudes to a layman's eye appear extremely awkward, but the scientist's explanations are plausible and his proofs convincing.

For instance, he has gone so far into the science of the hawk flying that he has dissected the muscles of a score, made draughts of each particular set, and noted on the drawing their peculiar uses when the bird is flying. He has also closely estimated the strength exerted by each muscle or set of muscles, and applying them to the whole declares positively that man possesses each muscle necessary, and besides that has tenfold the requisite strength.

His machine is made to be worn like an ordinary suit, but when donned it unfolds marvellous possibilities. It fits like a glove and is manipulated instinctively as a part of the body, each muscle of arm leg and body exerting itself at the proper time. The wearer rises perpendicularly in the air and then throwing out the bat-shaped wings floats or rather soars at ease, not descending, as one would naturally suppose; but if a wind is blowing he rather rises with it, making no effort to combat the air current, but adapting his flight to its strength and tilting his wings, which are enormous but light as possible, to guide his flight. In fact Cressler does not fly, he rather soars. To this one end he has bent all his energies of mind and body for years, and it only remains for practice to bring more intelligent flight coupled with absolute certainty of direction.

Australian Clippers Icebound.

The Aberdeen ship Orontes, a well-known trading clipper between London and Australia, has just arrived out at Sydney, New South Wales, after having been surrounded by icebergs. The report of this vessel and those of other clippers show that immense quantities of ice and icebergs are now met with on the voyage to Australia—one vessel, the barque Alice, passing no less than over 300. The Orontes, on the 7th August, became almost icebound with bergs and floating ice. She was surrounded on all sides, and it took the vessel thirteen hours to get clear of them. The vessel had to be navigated with the greatest care.

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.

Do not let either discourse or action pass unobserved; attend to the sense and a dignification of the one, and to the tendency of the other.

THE ENGINEER'S MURDEROUS THOUGHT.

Did It Make a Criminal of His Newly Born Child?

A group of locomotive engineers sat around a table in a pleasant and secluded St. Paul resort a few evenings since, quietly sipping beer from the large stone mugs that have become so popular in recent years, and related some of their peculiar experiences when in charge of the throbbles of the great iron monsters traversing the region between here and the coast. Some of the tales were exciting, some of them weird and ghostly, and occasionally a bright little episode crept into the conversation. Finally a tall, fine-looking engineer, whose countenance betrayed the battle of perhaps fifty years or more, removed his unlighted cigar stump from his mouth and related a story that produced a profound impression on all who were seated about that primitive German banquet board.

"I was running No. 4 on a Western railroad twenty years ago," he said, when something happened that has kept me guessing ever since. You fellows may not believe it, but it is the solemn truth as sure as I am a foot high. I had been laying off for a week on account of the illness of my wife, and did not take my run until satisfied that she was doing well and had the assurance of the doctor to that effect. The night I left I was feeling rather depressed in spirits, and somehow was not a bit surprised when fifty miles out the conductor handed me a telegram from my little girl which read 'Come back. Mamma is worse. She needs you.' Hastily I replied, 'Send me word of her actual condition at C—Don't delay. If absolutely necessary for me to return, I will do so.' Well, all the way to C— I was in an agony of suspense. I found no telegram, and somehow felt relieved on the idea that no news was good news. But I could not shake off that feeling of depression, and it seemed to intensify. I looked in my pocket for that telegram in order to see if I had read it correctly. I couldn't find it. I looked on the floor of the cab. I could find it nowhere. It was gone, and the fact worried and nettled me a good deal. I soon forgot it, however, in attending to my work. The night was clear and we were running at a good rate of speed. I sat in the cab looking ahead and half in a dream. Suddenly something shot across the track like a flash of lightning. What it was I never did know, but instantly my thoughts went back to the telegram and my sick wife at home. Whether that object that crossed the track was responsible or not, I don't know, but I all at once grew nervous and shaky. The fireman noticed it and asked me what the matter was, but I put him aside with some evasive answer. All the while he kept looking at me, however, and it finally worked me up to such a pitch that I turned on him and cried, above the roar of the train, 'keep your d—d eyes off me or I'll kill you.' He shrunk back half frightened and told me afterwards that I was temporarily insane at that time.

"I looked out. We were going at a frightful rate of speed. Unconsciously I had pulled the lever out further and increased the speed of the train to about sixty miles an hour ahead of schedule. An instant later the bell rang and I reversed the lever. The train came to a standstill. The conductor came forward with a white face and inquired, 'For God's sake, Joe, what's the matter with you?' A little while longer and we would have plunged into the west-bound train. We ran a little ahead to a side track, and within a minute No. 2 thundered past. It was a narrow escape, and I closed my eyes when thinking of what might have been. I got down with the oil-can and walked to the side of the engine. When about to fill the cups I noticed a piece of paper fluttering on one of the wheels. I reached out, took hold of it and was about to crumple and throw it away, but something arrested my attention and I opened it up. It turned perfectly white when I saw it was addressed to me and read: 'Come back. Mamma is worse. She needs you.' It was the last straw. My feelings made me weak as a child, and when I clambered into the cab again it was with difficulty that I was able to start the engine. Well, to make a long story short, I called the conductor and told him I would go as far as the next station. I related the circumstances, and instead of laughing he only looked grave and said nothing. At the stop to my surprise he came forward and said: 'Joe, you had better stop here and take No. 6 back. I telegraphed for a man to finish the run.' Dazed, and hardly knowing what I did, I waited one hour for No. 6, and almost before I knew it I had reached home. Almost running, I hurried to the house. It was nearly morning, but lights flashed before my eyes as I came up. Everything seemed astir. I staggered against the gatepost, for I was weak with nervous dread. Finally, mustering all my courage I opened the door and went in."

The silence was oppressive, when Joe stopped and gulped down his beer. Everybody around the table waited eagerly for the continuation of the story. Deliberately wiping his mouth, Joe continued: "What did I find when I went in? you are all asking yourselves? Well, not what you expected. My wife was not dead, but had just given birth to as handsome a little fellow as you ever laid eyes on. My, but I was proud, and I stooped down and kissed them both with more emotion than I had shown in years. Well, I am not as happy now as I was then. When the boy grew up he exhibited tendencies of wildness. When nineteen years of age he ran away. I have never seen him since. I never can see him again."

"Oh, you don't know; he will come back again some day," said one.

"Never," said Old Joe, almost fiercely; "he can't."

"Why not?" asked one, a little more nervy than the rest.

"Because," replied the old man sadly, "he was hanged in Montana three months ago for horse stealing. I knew something would mar his life. The murderous feelings I experienced that night on the engine made a criminal of him."

The Coming Man.

At a little village church in the West of England, the service is never commenced on Sunday mornings until the squire has taken his seat.

One Sunday morning this gentleman happened to be late, and a neighbouring clergyman, not acquainted with the ways of the place, was doing duty. So he commenced, as usual, with "When the wicked man—"

MISERLY PEOPLE.

Painfully "Close" All Their Lives and Leaving Fortunes to Spendthrifts.

Misers are not confined to one class of the community, but have been, at least, as common to the higher ranks as to the lower. John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, was the greatest soldier in Europe. Yet, when he was an old man, in order to save sixpence from carriage hire, he would walk from the public rooms in Bath to his hotel in all kinds of weather. He died worth £1,000,000, which reverted to his bitterest enemy, his grandson, Lord Trevors.

Sir Harvey Elwes of Stoke, in Suffolk, next to hoarding money, found his principal pleasure in netting partridges. He and his household, consisting of one man and two maids, lived upon these. In cold or wet weather Sir Harvey would walk up and down his hall to save fire. His clothes cost him nothing, for he ransacked old chests and wardrobes and wore those of his ancestors. When he died the only tear shed was by his servant, to whom he left a farm, value £50 per annum. The whole of his property was left to his nephew, John Maggott, who thus inherited real and personal estate worth £250,000, on condition that he should assume the name and arms of Elwes. Of this man, who is better known as John Elwes, the miser, the following story is told: His nephew, Col. Timms, visited him at Marcham, and after retiring to rest found himself wet through. Finding that the rain was dripping through the ceiling he moved the bed. He had not lain long before the same inconvenience again occurred. Again he rose, and again the rain came down. After pushing the bed quite round the room he found a corner where the ceiling was better secured and slept until morning. When he met his uncle at breakfast he told him what had happened. "Aye, aye," said Mr. Elwes, "I don't mind it myself, but to those who do that's a nice corner in the rain." Mr. and Miss Dancer are reputed the most notorious misers of the eighteenth century. The manner in which this couple were found, after death, to have disposed of their wealth was even more strange than could have been their method of acquiring it. The total value was £20,000, which was thus disposed of—£2,500 were found under a dunghill; £500 in an old coat attached to the manger in the stable; £600 in notes were hidden away in an old teapot; the chimney yielded £2,000, stowed in nineteen separate crevices. Several jugs filled with coin were secreted in the stable loft.

The Rev. Mr. Jones, of Blewbury, with a nest egg of £200 and a stipend amounting to £50 per annum, left at death the sum of £10,000. He had been rector of his parish for forty years and during all that time only one person had been known to sit at his festal table. No fire was ever lighted in his house, nor was a servant kept. In winter he would visit his parishioners to keep himself from starving of cold, rather than light a fire at the rectory. As like affects like, so it is with misers; and gold will go where gold is. This is strikingly illustrated by the act of a celebrated Greek, one Dicheus Dicheus, a descendant of the Byzantine emperors. This man, by the exercise of extreme niggardliness, managed to amass the sum of £10,000—an immense fortune in those days. He then came the question, to whom should he leave it? One day a distant relative sent him a letter written upon a square inch of paper; this was sufficient. In the fitness of things the parsimonious correspondent became the miser's heir.

It has sometimes happened that persons little deserving, and even rulers have reaped the harvests which misers have painfully sown. The life of Vandille is a proof of this. This man lived upon bread and milk with the addition of a small glass of sour wine on Saturdays. At his death he left £800,000 to the king of France. Audley, the commonwealth miser, saved £400,000, all of which reverted to the Government. A merchant died at Ispahan, in the earlier part of this century, who had for many years denied himself and his son every support except a crust of coarse bread. On a certain occasion he was overtempted to buy a piece of cheese; but reproaching himself with extravagance, he put the cheese into a bottle, and contented himself, and obliged the boy to do the same with rubbing the crust against the bottle, enjoying the cheese in imagination. One day, returning home later than usual, the merchant found his son eating his crust, which he constantly rubbed against the door. "What are you about, you fool?" was his exclamation. "It is dinner time, father; you have the key, so, as I could not open the door, I was rubbing my bread against it, as I could not get to the bottle." "Cannot you go without cheese one day, you luxurious little rascal? You'll never be rich." And the angry miser kicked the poor boy for not having been able to deny himself the ideal gratification.

CUNARD LINER IN A GALE.

The passengers by the Cunard Liner Pannonia report the weather as being most terrific. On the 3rd and 4th inst. a fearful gale from the north-west and north-north-west, with a mountainous sea running, burst over them. Huge waves leapt over the ship's bulwarks and flooded the decks. All the passengers were kept below for safety, whilst the various apertures were closed up to prevent the water rushing down to the cabin and state-rooms. Two lifeboats were smashed, one of them being a collapsible boat, and a portion of the starboard rail aft was carried away. The gale raged for two days with unabated fury, but on the 4th it was worse than on the previous day. All the travellers, most luckily, escaped without injury, with the exception of one elderly gentleman, a saloon passenger, who was knocked down and received some injuries. On the 5th the gale abated somewhat, on which day they sighted in the angry sea, in lat. 50.27, long. 26.26, the wreck of a Norwegian barque, of about 600 tons burthen. She appeared to be water-logged and abandoned, as there was no sign of life on her or in the vicinity. The ill-fated vessel did not appear to have been long abandoned, but what has become of her crew remains to be told. Her sails were hanging from the yards in shreds except the jib, which appeared to be intact. The hull was painted black outside, and the vessel's name was painted in white letters on her quarter on blue ground, but unfortunately the letters were almost obliterated and so indistinct that the name could not be made out. The wreck was tossing about in the sea right in the track of Transatlantic steamships, and in consequence most dangerous to navigation, particularly in foggy weather and at night-time.

BEDS OF ALL EPOCHS.

Roman, Eskimo, Russian, Greek, German Chinese and Lastly American.

As the Eskimo sleeps on moss and skins, even wealthy ancient Romans were content to repose on leaves and straw. Ere long they improved on hints taken from savage nations, filled beds with delicate down, or stuffed them with the finest wool, till they obtained the highest pitch of luxury in the appointment of their couches. Richly carved wooden frames inlaid with ivory or silver, and finally with gold, sustained cushions, pillows and counterpanes of gold and purple—a striking contrast to the flock-filled trusses of their plebeian brethren. The old Greeks used beds supported on iron frames; while the Egyptians had couches shaped more like easy chairs with hollow backs and seats.

Climatic considerations must be taken into account by different nations in their bed making arrangements. The Russian day and night hugs sheepskins around him; and the Pacific Islander finds in palm leaves a sufficient coverlet. In the tropics, mats of grass answer the same purpose. The East Indian unrolls his portable mattress, and in the morning literally takes up his bed and walks off with it. The Chinese use low bedsteads, often well carved; while the Jap, with an uncomfortable wooden rest for his neck, stretches himself on a matting, and has a lighted paper lantern for company.

German beds are furnished with a huge pillow or upper mattress, which answers the purpose of ordinary bed clothing. Travelers agree that there is not enough to the Continental bed—that, in fact, it ends too quickly.

Europeans living in the East soon become acquainted with the slender iron bedsteads with tall iron rods, designed to support the mosquito netting which seldom really answers its purpose.

On view in one of the early London Exhibitions was a Chinese bed ornamented with all sorts of curious and elaborate cabinet work, the greater part of which consisted of inlaid mother-of-pearl. How useless and extravagant ornaments may be heaped upon a single domestic article was proved by the grand bedstead exhibited in the Austrian department. The enormity of its bedposts, of which there appeared to be at least a dozen, rising in spires of different heights with the high relief of the carving, and the massive magnificence of the whole design, and the finish of the carving in all its parts, made this bed appear not unlike a great model of a Gothic cathedral.

Some of our very wealthy American cousins appear to be puzzled in what new form to lavish their money. A brass bedstead inlaid with real pearls was recently made for a lady in New York. On the brass rail which runs across the top the owner's name is wrought in pearls. Still more of a curiosity is the "Silent Alarm Bedstead, to turn anyone out of bed at a given hour," the production of an inventive genius in London some years ago.—(Chambers's Journal.)

BALDNESS AND BRAINS.

An Expert in Hair Declares that the Popular Impression is Fallacious.

"Hair and brains never grow on the same head," they used to tell me when I was young, and by this and other wise old saws I was early taught to reverence the outward shine as a symbol of mental polish. But in the light of science, hairs and intellectuality capacity do not seem so antagonistic to each other. In fact, a well known hair specialist, whose acquaintance I made recently, told me, and with some show of reason, that the hair is a sure index of one's mental staying power.

"I always look on a bald-headed man," she said, "as deficient, not only in hair, but in actual brain power. Your hair each hair is connected with the brain by a tiny nerve and the loss of all these nerves means loss of powers. Indeed, though the effects may not be at first so apparent, a man may as well lose his hand or his foot as his hair. 'You don't think so?' The next time you hear of a man who has all his life been clear-headed and practical suddenly doing some foolish and inexplicable thing or breaking down in a crisis which demands all his energies—just look at his head. Half the men who drop dead suddenly are bald. Really, I don't think that baldheaded men are fit to hold positions of trust or responsibility, for no one knows just when the overtaxed brain is going to break down."

But she does not leave the poor wretch absolutely without one ray of hope. Indeed, she says that most cases of baldness are curable, though it may be slow work; and the cure she proposes is so pleasant and luxurious that one could almost wish to be bald in order to try it. It has the advantage, too, of being easily tried if one has a companion wife, sister or sweetheart—that is, if bald-headed men ever do have sweethearts. The cure consists simply in having one's head gently and soothingly "scratched" for about an hour every evening.

This gentle and continuous friction aided occasionally by some preparation or soap containing tar, stimulates the roots, and will, in course of time, cause a new growth of hair to appear, and it is about the only thing that ever will. Doesn't it sound nice? But just fancy a man with a head as smooth and destitute of covering as Bill Nye's is said to be presenting that head as a subject for feminine fingers.

People Who Fall Safely.

A fall, as a rule, injures a drunken man much less than a sober one because, the controlling power of the mind being rendered nil through intoxication, the body falls as an inert mass, and thus the chances of injury are lessened, for, strange though it may appear, it is no less a fact, that the most numerous cases of injury arising from a fall are caused by the effort, voluntary or otherwise, to avert the consequences, thus straining the muscles and tendons. Very rarely are injurious effects from a fall known in a lunatic asylum for the same simple reason—the mind has no influence over the action of the body. And it is a remarkable and well-known fact to those who have to deal with such cases that whatever injuries are so caused heal much more rapidly than in the case of sane people, the mind having more to do with retarding or assisting nature's efforts than is generally known or realized.

If you are so unhappy as to have a foolish friend, be yourself wise.

It is easy to tell when a man is flattering your neighbor, but isn't so easy to decide when he is flattering you.