AGRICULTURAL.

The Apple Crop of the U. S.

The Philadelphia Ledger says in 1888 New York State furnished the bulk of the apple crop of the United States; last year the crop was a failure in that State, and what few it produced are of inferior quality. Michigan looms up as the banner apple bearing State last year, its crop, Mr. Hellings estimates, being 1,000,000 barrels, the heaviest crop it has produced for ten years. This apple product of Michigan is, it is thought, over half the product of the United States. Southern Illinois has raised a fair crop, but the fruit is "clouded" and otherwise inferior, while, on the contrary, the Michigan product is the finest ever grown anywhere, and of a greater number of varieties. Mr. Hellings' advices from the West are to the effect that the crop is being rapidly marketed very rapidly, not only to the East but to the farther West. The growers are disposing of their fruit at once, only keeping enough for their own use.

Mr. Hellings also stated that his firm was shipping apples to Boston and New York, at an advance over Philadelphia prices.

In 1888 Europe received 1,300,000 barrels, and so greatly are American apples preferred there that its people are already clamoring for them even at the advanced price. The indications are that so much of the reduced crop of last year will be exported as to make a severely felt scarcity in this country later in the season. New York State alone produced 1,500,000 barrels in 1888, and had not Michigan come to the rescue, apples this season would have been a luxury instead of a necessity.

Agricultural Notes.

Dairy salt stored in the vicinity of codfish or kerosene, or turpentine, is apt to contract flavors that injure the butter in which it is used.

The Department of Agriculture Statistician says the total acreage in potatoes last year was 2 500,000, and the average yield seventy-six bushels. Did your field help to pull down the average?

The Michigan crop report for December, states that wheat goes into the winter in much better shape than at the beginning of November. At present, wheat in the southern tier of counties is sixty-seven per cent. of average condition, in central counties seventy-one per cent., and in northern eighty nine per cent.

An exchange speaks thus highly of the Brazilian Flour Corn: Each grain produces three to six stalks, and each stalk from one to three ears, often making fifteen good ears to a hill, besides an immense quantity of excellent fodder. The stalks are so soft and sweet that the hogs and other stock can them up clean. The grain is very sweet and as white as snow. Makes the best of roasting ears, and as good flour as wheat when ground and bolted.

The good cow is a wonderful machine—almost a creator; for, feed her $40 worth of appropriate foods per annum, and she will furnish a family with more food than they can buy in other as palatable forms for $100.

Put white butter and yellow butter side by side and tell the consumer that one is artificially colored, and he will take the colored article 999 999 times in 1,000,000. Let nobody worry about the consumer being deceived. He is after the "taller."—[Western Rural.

Not for a minute should smoking be allowed in the creamery. A man who will use tobacco in the butter room is not a fit man to employ and the sooner you learn this the better it will be for you. No creamery will be successful unless it is kept clean and those that are interested in the success of the creamery should bear this in mind.

The butter for which the Deerfoot farm was awarded first premium at the Bay State Fair, after a very exhaustive competition, was made from the milk of cows fed on cut clover at night, pasture by day, and a grain ration composed of

Indian meal	40	per cent
Crushed oats	20	"
Cleveland linseed meal	20	"
Wheat middlings	20	"
	100	

Speaking of butter making on the farm, Thos. Convey says that "the breed is not so important as the flavor, and the flavor comes from the feed; it pays to feed grain in the summer, especially when it is low; feed mixed grains; set your milk for cream by a system; over-ripe cream is not good; in summer cream ripens in twelve hours, in winter it may take twenty-four hours; in summer use cold water, in winter in warm. I think that freezing the cream will injure the butter; corn meal gives too much flesh, mixed feed is better; milk should be strained immediately."

If you have an abundance of straw, do not be afraid to use it liberally as bedding for your stock. Used so, its decomposition is hastened, and what of liquid manure it absorbs adds so much to its value as a fertilizer. Besides, your stock will be more comfortable.

At a Farmers' Institute Thos. Convey advised the liberal feeding of bran and shorts for the fertilizing value; also the feeding of much of the crops grown on the farm, thereby retaining the elements drawn from the soil by the crops grown. He also advised summer feeding of grain; also a rotation of crops. Save the manure; it loses one-fourth of its value by lying in the yard during summer. Haul it to the land in the winter. Clover is one of the best fertilizers. If you wish to raise good crops you must handle your manure to the best advantage.

Beds of Coal.

It takes a prodigious amount of vegetable matter to form a layer of coal, it being estimated that the present growth of the world would make a layer less than one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and that it would take a million years of vegetable growths to form a coal-bed 10 feet in thickness. The United States has at least as much that 440,000 square miles of coal fields, and more than 100,000,000 tons of coal were mined in this country last year, enough to run a ring around the earth at the centre 5 feet wide and 5 feet thick. Competent scientists say that there is enough coal in the United States to supply the world for the next 2,000 years.

Honor Your Own Profession.

We are very tired of hearing the farmer speak of himself as a "hod-hopper," or, worse still, "only a farmer." While vanity is weakness and egotism offensive, neither of them do as much harm to the agricultural interest as the general habit of self-depreciation common to farmers. The habit of self-depreciation has grown out of a comfortable vanity that by self-depreciation fishes for compliments, in which case it is contemptible, or else from a lack of proper self-respect. If any man is engaged in any business or calling that is worthy of his energies, the respect due to himself requires him to respect and magnify the office. No profession is worthy of higher honors than that of the farmer. First, the farmer is free from many of the temptations that beset other trades and professions. He is a producer. His raw material is not purchased from others, but is for the most part the direct gift of God. The sunshine, the rain and the dew, the winds and the electric currents are his raw material; the soil is his workshop and factory. The first crude products, the grasses and grains, are the raw material from which he fashions animal forms, in which work he is not merely an architect but a sculptor, chiselling not in marble but in living forms. A life like this, followed intelligently, gives opportunity for the development of a character of great beauty, of keen perceptions, and of the soundest judgment. Anyone familiar with the reform movements of the past twenty years in the West, is aware of the fact that the strength of these movements has been among farmers. Every effective railroad reform has had its origin on the farm. Every check to the encroachments of corporations has been find has been given by the farmer. Men in other professions have been active, often have been leaders, but the rank and file that have given them the strongest support has found its home on the farm.

We know the statement is regarded as absurd, but it is nevertheless true, in our belief, that, as a class, the Western farmer is the best read man in the community. His reading does not cover the widest range; he knows little about the latest novel, in fact, he knows nothing of the class of novels that make up two-thirds of the reading matter drawn from a city library; he does not take at his breakfast the trash that comes in the morning newspaper—trash to the farmer because, however important it may be to others, it is of no value to him. His habit of reading is altogether different from that of the business man. The latter reads the headlines, skips, three fourths of the editorials, reads quite carefully the market reports and throws aside the paper. The farmer seldom reads the daily. On Saturday he gets his weekly, his general newspaper, his agricultural paper and his religious paper. He takes them home, and on Saturday night, after the chores are all done and supper over, he begins to read them deliberately. He skips nothing, and Monday morning he is a better informed man on the important events and great public questions than is his city brother.

It is quite true that a large percentage of farmers are not readers, and it is equally true that a large per cent. of city folks are readers only of that which is newest and most to read. All this explains the remark made by ministers, that they find country congregations better informed on religious doctrines than those of the city. Political stump speakers unconsciously pitch their addresses in a higher key and strike a loftier range of thought when they address an audience of well to-do farmers. The demagoguery that will do a rabble will only recoil on themselves in the country.

Why, then, should a man of this character, in close contact with nature, with better opportunities to read without distraction than his city brother, pursued by calling which of necessity makes him conservative and cautious, and in which so much depends on the exercise of sound judgment, why should he call himself a "hod-hopper" or "only a farmer" in the presence of men of other trades and professions? City life educates men to promptness, and to methods that sometimes lack a good deal of being strictly honest. The business man wears finer clothes, lives in better outward style, is more active in his movements, and has more outward polish and apparent refinement, but none of these go down to the real basis of character. It is the integrity, the manliness, the general intelligence, the well-matured judgment, the breadth and intensity of manhood that commands and compels respect, and the farmer, in these matters, needs take no back seat in the audience. Why, then, should he give to outward polish or what may be merely smoothness—often disguised rascality—the honor which is due only to manhood? We do not wish to be understood as claiming that all the virtue, all the worth or manhood is on the farm. Nor do we deny that the city offers broader fields of usefulness in many respects than the farm, nor do we deny that farm life has its disadvantages. We do mean to say that the farmer who deprecates his calling, or holds it worthy of slight respect, is not only doing a very foolish thing, but is actually damaging his chosen profession and doing disrespect to himself. There is nothing about farm life to be ashamed of, and there is much of which a man may well be proud. Some of the greatest characters in all history have been developed on the farm, and when the country ceases to pour its fresh blood into the city there will be a rapid decay and demoralization of character in city life.

Solicitude.

"Madam," said the conductor, "that dog will have to go into the baggage car, and that boy can't ride for half fare."

"But, sir."

"Sorry, madam, but the company's rules are strict."

"Perhaps we can arrange it. Can't I pay full fare for Fido, while Willie goes and sits in the baggage car? Fido's health is so delicate that I am afraid to have him out of my care."—[Merchant Traveller.

For the benefit of Canadians who have been cowed up down in the Sunny South the following item of New Brunswick news is given:—

"The Digby Courier was presented with a box of ripe strawberries as a Christmas present. They were grown by a farmer a few miles from town in the open air. One of them measured three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

FOLKS AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Horticulture For Woman.

A writer in the Am. Garden is writing a series of articles to encourage women to engage in horticulture. He relates this interesting case as having happened in western New York: A young lady just finishing her education at a celebrated college for women, lived when at home on a farm with her aged grandparents. At this time the farm was clear from debtand there had been some money laid by for a rainy day. The weakness of the old people, both mentally and physically, necessitated the engagement of help to carry on the farm work. This was expensive, for farming in that section was far from profitable unless carried on by the most approved methods, necessitating both capital and the energy of men in the prime of life.

An arrangement was made with a man to work the place on shares. He soon found how useless the old people were, and that except for an occasional visiting the granddaughter, there was no one to interfere with his operations. A line of deception was then begun which continued until the end of his second season on the farm, when he decamped with the proceeds of a year's work, leaving obligations incurred in such a manner that the owners of the farm were held responsible for them.

There was no way out of this difficulty but by placing a mortgage on the farm, which was done without the knowledge of the granddaughter, the old folks hoping to keep it from her until such a time as they could cancel it.

After coming home soon after graduation, our friend saw plainly that something was wrong. The farm was being half-worked and everything betokened decay. After considerable persuasion she was able to reach the bottom of the difficulty, and then her strong nature asserted itself. The writer was a near friend and will never forget the look when she told of her determination. A woman of unusual mental endowment, it seemed that in the world of train workers she might gain a bright position, and it cut her to the soul to relinquish these hopes of years; but her duty was to the aged couple, who had done so much for her, and she would not shrink.

She felt herself able to gain from the farm at least the interest on the loan, taxes and the living of the family. Her first step was to ascertain what foundation she had to work on. Eighty odd acres gave her abundant scope. Of orchards there were some six acres, an acre in currants, another in raspberries, a two acre vineyard and nearly five acres in strawberries; all these had been sadly neglected during the years when the swindling manager had the plus.

Our young friend engaged a strong and willing man, one who was content to work under her direction without question, and what fruit yet remained was taken in hand and marketed at a fair price. The man was set at work on the farm proper, and the girl and her younger brother worked among the fruits, doing all they could to prepare them for a crop the next season.

The poultry and cows were given such attention as they required to make them pay the most of their value and seed.

All this was a gigantic task, but the worker never faltered; she was a strong, healthy woman, brought up on a farm, and knew something of her work. More than all else, she had a purpose to accomplish from which nothing could turn her. The result of the first season's work was not large in dollars and cents, but she felt encouraged, in so far the she had gotten affairs in such shape that she might hope for considerable cash income the next season.

To sum the whole matter up, the second year hoped for was hers, and five years later we see one of the finest fruit farms in that section—a paying property. Her aged grandparents had gone to their long home, but had wisely left their all to the woman who had so ably proved her ability to manage it.

Married? No, not yet. She once said to me: "Why do I look at it? I needed a husband to support or protect me." As I admiringly glanced at her handsome physique, glowing cheeks and sparling eyes, as I saw the acres of budding fruit, clean fields, and noticed the air of prosperity which seemed to mark every square inch of the domain, I honestly answered, 'No, you do not.' But there was a tell tale blush on her cheek which assured me, despite her covert disclaimer, that there was man in the case, and I inwardly breathed a hope that he might prove worthy of such a woman.

Burning the Mortgage.

An unusual pyrotechnic display was given in a church in Jersey City a week or two ago. For some time the society had struggled under a heavy load of debt, but by a strenuous effort they succeeded in relieving themselves and freeing the house of worship. They celebrated the occion by holding a special meeting, in which the mortgage was burned in the presence of the congregation. Those who have struggled with church debts will be able to appreciate the feelings of that society on this occasion. It is not likely that any one felt disposed to call in the fire brigade to extinguish the flames. It is just possible that some congregations will feel a twinge of envy as they read of the peculiar entertainment, and will think that some of the actors in all history have been developed on the farm, and when the country ceases to pour its fresh blood into the city there will be a rapid decay and demoralization of character in city life.

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Afraid of a Shadow.

[Margaret J. Preston in the Christian Intelligencer, gives the following incident, as told by a Scotch clergyman whom she heard recently in Torquay, in England:]

I was sitting in my study one Saturday evening, when a message came to me that one of the godliest among the shepherds living in the hollows and dales upon the slopes of our highland hills was dying, and wanted to see a minister. Without loss of time I crossed the wide heath to his comfortable little cottage. When I entered the low room, I found the old shepherd propped up with pillows, and breathing with such difficulty that it was apparent that he was near his end.

"Jean," he said to his wife, "gie the minister a stool and leave us for a bit, for I wad see the minister alone."

As soon as the door closed, he turned the most pathetic pair of grey eyes upon me, I had ever looked into, and said in a voice shaken with emotion, "Minister, I'm dying, and, and—I'm afraid."

I began at once to repeat the strongest promises with which God's word furnishes us; but in the midst of them he stopped me.

"I ken them a', he said, mournfully, "I ken them a'; but somehow they dinna give me comfort.

"Do you not believe them?"

"Wi' a' my heart," he replied earnestly.

"Where, then, is there any room for fear, with such a saving faith?"

"For a' that, minister, I'm afraid, I'm afraid."

I took up the well worn Bible which lay on his bed, and turned to the Psalm which I have read to you to-day. "Y—remember the twenty-third Psalm?" I began.

"Remember it!" he said vehemently. "I keened it long afore ye was born; ye need na' read it; I've conned it a thousand times on the hillside."

"But there is one verse which you have not taken in."

He turned upon me with a half reproachful and even stern look. "Did I na' tell ye I keened it every word long afore ye was born?"

I slowly repeated the verse, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil for thou art with me." You have been a shepherd all your life, and you have watched the heavy shadows pass over the valleys and over the hills, hiding for a little while the light of the sun. Did these shadows ever frighten you?"

"Frighten me," he said, quickly. "Na, na; David Donaldson has Covenanter's blood in his veins; neither shadows nor substance could ever frighten him."

"But did these shadows never make you believe that you would not see the sun again, that it was gone forever?"

"Na, na; I could na' be sic a simpleton as that."

"Nevertheless, that is just what you are doing now."

He looked at me with incredulous eyes

"Yes," I continued, "the shadow of death is over you, and it hides for a little the Sun of Righteousness, who shines all the same behind it; but its only a shadow, remember—that's what the Psalmist calls it; a shadow that will pass and when it has passed, before you will be the everlasting hills in their unclouded glory."

The old shepherd covered his face with his trembling hands, and for a few minutes maintained an unbroken silence; then letting them fall straight before him on the coverlet, he said, as if musing to himself, "Aweel, aweel; I hae conned that verse a thousand times among the heather, and I never understand it so afore—afraid of a shadow, afraid of a shadow!" Then turning upon me a face now bright with an almost supernatural radiance, he exclaimed, lifting his hand reverently to heaven, "Aye, aye; I see it a' now. Death is only a shadow—shadow—with Christ behind it—a shadow that will pass—na, na, I'm afraid nae mair."—[Illustrated Christian Weekly.

A Well Deserved Honor.

While honors are being conferred, and men are being knighted for the possession of distinguished abilities which they have used in the public service, but whose employment will hardly be freed from the suspicion of interested motives, it is eminently fitting that the heroic conduct of those who have dared death in the endeavor to save a number of their fellow-men, should be suitably and publicly recognized. It is therefore gratifying to learn that the Minister of Marine has decided to present to each of three fishermen of South Bristol, Maine, named respectively, Brewer, Marden and Thorp, a gold watch suitably inscribed, in token of their courageous conduct in saving the lives of five of the crew of the schooner Ocean Belle, of Digby, N. S., on the 28th of November last, under circumstances of unusual bravery. The rescuers had a dangerous task and it is to express the Dominion Government's appreciation of their heroism that Mr. Tupper is sending a gold watch to each of them through President Harrison. Had the rescuers been fellow-citizens of those they sought to save, their deed had been no less heroic, but belonging to another nation their philanthropy is all the more striking. Their action stands as another illustration of the old adage, "one touch of sorrow makes the world a kin."

An Advertising Trick.

"One of the most amusing incidents I have heard relative to slack advertising," said a West Side business man to-day, "was a trick on the Chicago newspapers by P. F. Ryan & Co. several years ago. One of the partners went into court and filed a bill for injunction to restrain the other partner from sacrificing the goods in their store at figures far below first cost. The plaintiff set forth in detail that his partner had, with some insane desire, marked all his goods in the store down below cost. Then he went into details and showed how different articles were being sacrificed, notwithstanding his protest, and asked the court to issue an injunction and restrain the fractious partner. It was a strange fight, and the newspapers took it up and devoted columns to the strange case. The result was the people on the lookout for bargains flocked to the store and purchased goods. Day after day the hearing for an injunction was delayed, and finally, when the 'free ad' had been worked to its end, the suit was dismissed without prosecution, the whole cost to the firm for thousands of dollars' worth of advertising being about $20."—[Chicago Mail.

SOUTH AMERICA'S BLIZZARD.

It is Called the "Pampero" and is Greatly Fully Welcomed.

A strange natural phenomenon is the pampero, a South American storm wind. It is thus described: A light breeze had been blowing from the Northeast, but had steadily increased in force and strength, with the heated air of the tropics, which, passing over a treeless pampa country exposed to the burning sun rays of a clear sky, so warms up the atmosphere on the shores of the Rio de la Plata that its effects upon human beings is exceedingly bad. This state of things generally lasts for a week or longer, until the stifling heat becomes unbearable, and the inhabitants are seen resting in gross hammocks or lying on bare floors, incapable of exertion. However, relief is close at hand. A little cloud "no bigger than a man's hand" is first seen to rise above the waters, then the heavens grow black with clouds, and the battle of opposing winds begins. The pampero advances with its artillery well in front; forked flashes of vivid lightning, followed by peals of thunder, bear down upon the foe, who, quite prepared for the moment of attack, is fiercely discharging its fiery breath on the surrounding regions. The inhabitants now climb on the exposed or flat roofs, to watch the struggle and to be the first to participate in the delicious relief brought by the pampero to their fevered bodies. Far out on the river a curious sight may be seen, the opposing waves, raised by the rival winds, meet like a rush of cavalry in wild career; their white horses with foaming crests dash themselves against each other and send clouds of dazzling spray high in the air; this being backed by an inky sky, renders the scene most imposing. Gradually the Northeastern gives way, followed closely by its enemy, the pampero, which throws out skirmishing currents of ice cold wind in advance of its final onslaught. Then comes the roar of the elements, and a deluge such as no one would willingly encounter, and cooler weather is established for the time being.

A Ghastly Record.

The startling statement was made not long ago that there had been 2000 suicides at Monte Carlo, the notorious European gambling centre. The statement being called in question, documentary evidence has been produced to prove it. The number of persons who took their own lives between the years 1877 and 1888 because they lost their money at Prince Charles' gaming tables was 1,820. The names, dates and ages are given, and the fact is fully established that the number of people who commit self-murder is equal to that of the Prince's subjects. There is something awful in the thought that an institution with such a ghastly record should be permitted to continue its deadly work without any active measures being taken to destroy it, or even a clear and decided protest against it. It would seem that so accustomed have the inhabitants of the place become to these tragical occurrences, that they cease to regard them with surprise, or as worthy of any special notice. And yet, why should Christian Britain, America, and Canada lift up hands of holy horror at the spectacle, while we can only countenance, by our license, shield and respectability a traffic besides whose terrible and destructive ravages the truly revolting work of the Monte Carlo gaming tables is the same as compared to the towering mountain? We must first pull the beam out of our own eyes before we can consistently ask Prince Charles to allow us to pull the mote out of his eye.

A Munificent Gift.

"Toronto the good" is not altogether a misnomer. At least there are those in the city who have earned the figurative title of language can be so styled. One of these is the Hon. Senator Macdonald, whose life in this city for a quarter of a century has been marked by business integrity and upright ness, exceptional benevolence, and consistent moral conduct. His latest generous act which has brought him once more before the attention of the public, is his munificent gift to the city of $40,000 to be applied towards the erection of a hospital which shall be in keeping with the position, character and requirements of this rapidly growing city. Such use of wealth is twice blessed; "it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." It is certainly worth something to the citizens of Toronto to be able to point to these monuments of the liberality and benevolence of their fellow citizens. It shows that not all men are mastered by their wealth, but that some rise superior to its power. It is to be hoped that others into whose lap Providence has been pouring his gifts with unstinted hand, may be induced to supplement this handsome sum, so that a hospital creditable to the city and adequate to its wants shall soon be a reality in our midst.

Flight of Birds.

It has been remarked that sailing vessels do not lay down their course upon the arc of a great circle, as they would if distance were the only element to be considered, the prevailing winds, the currents in the ocean, and many other aids or hindrances of navigation have to be taken into account.

It is of interest to find that migratory birds are equally cognizant of the advantages of different routes. This is particularly noticeable in their crossing of mountain ranges. A Russian traveller in Central Asia writes of this habit of the wild fowl:

"The observations on the spring flight at Lob-nor afforded new proofs that birds of passage do not take the shortest meridional course, but prefer a more favorable, though more circuitous route.

"All the flocks, without exception, which appeared at Lob-nor, came from west-south west, occasionally from southwest and west. Not a bird flew direct from the south, over the Altin-tagh Mountains, thus proving that migratory birds, or, at all events, water fowl, will not venture to cross the lofty and cold Thibetan highlands on their passage from the tropical Himalayan countries, but pass over this difficult country at its narrowest point."

Harry—And, dearest, do you think of me all the day long? Dearest—I did, Harry; but the days are getting longer now, and of course—well, you know what that must make some difference.

Six feet 11 3-4 inches is the highest jump ever made by a mounted horse, that feat being accomplished by the Tornado horse Rosebery at Chicago last October. The average jump of the ordinary hurdle horse is only four feet.