

## PRACICAL FARMING.

### SMALL FRUITS ON THE FARM.

Hundreds of articles have been written on the advisability of farmers raising small fruits for their own use, but there is room for hundreds more of articles if they will in any way tend to bring about this desirable end, says a writer. As a rule farmers live well, but their tables show little variety, and they rarely have any of those deliciously wholesome sub-acid fruits, even during the hot summer months, when such fruits are most craved. In the fall and winter they have apples, and occasionally there is a farm that has a few pear trees, but where one farmer has strawberries and currants and gooseberries there are ten that do not. If the children are too small to be of much use on the farm they are sent after huckleberries and blackberries, and the older members of the family eat them with a relish that ought to be an inducement for them to have fruit of their own. But as soon as the berries are gone they go back apathetically to their diet of bread and meat and milk in its various combinations. I am convinced that it is not from a distaste of the work or expense involved that they neglect the small fruits so systematically. But the farmer, perhaps more than any other person, is a creature of habit. He seldom complains of his own work but finds it almost impossible to step beyond certain accustomed limits. He will work from early morning till late night, day after day and year after year, and not feel it any special grievance, but if he is brought face to face with a half-hour's work "out of his line," in the house or the flower garden, in the house or the flower garden or anywhere, he will pay ten prices to have it done rather than do it himself. "It is easy to raise strawberries and other small fruit," you tell him and he agrees with you, but says that "he don't know much about 'em" and is "too old to learn." And that is all there is to it. You may talk to him until the end of time and he will agree with you in everything, but he does not set any fruit just the same.

I have known a farmer leave his work and tramp all day over the fields, and return at night with a quart or two of wild strawberries that a fruit dealer would have rejected with scorn. He exhibits them triumphantly, and it is scarcely worth while to tell him that one-half his labor would have set out a strawberry bed that would have furnished him with fine berries every day for weeks. Now and then a farmer is induced to give them a trial, but the chances are that his interest will not go beyond the setting, and that the vines will become choked with grass and weeds and be plowed up at the end of a year or two, with the remark that they turned out just as he expected. And here lies one of the great difficulties. To a certain extent the apple trees and pear trees and peach trees take care of themselves, but the small fruit is not quite so accommodating. It is ready to yield an abundant return, but must be understood and have some care. Perhaps the best method is to let the strawberries bear once and then plow them up. I have tried some of the methods advocated and like this best. Set the vines in the spring and keep them hooded the first year, going over them three or four times if necessary. It will not take more than half an hour to hoe a bed large enough to raise fifteen or twenty bushels. The next spring take some of the fresh runners and set a new bed, and after the old one is through bearing plow it up. It is easier than keeping the grass and weeds out and I am convinced gives better results. A half-day's work in preparing ground and setting plants, and another half day in hoeing, and the compensation is all the delicious strawberries your family can possibly eat and a generous quantity for your neighbors, or to sell if you so wish.

### COLT TRAINING.

The training of a colt cannot be begun too early, and amateur trainers should not be misled by the advice of well-meaning but mistaken people who tell him that early handling, petting and encouragement results in a badly spoiled horse at maturity. Of course the colt cannot always be allowed to follow his "own sweet will," but there is not the slightest necessity for any severity during the whole process. Professor Rarey, undoubtedly the most skilled horseman of his day, once said that "fear and anger were two emotions that no good horseman should feel."

As soon as the "little stranger" is old enough to notice surrounding objects, which will be in two or three days, begin to make advances to him by holding out your hand and speaking to him in a reassuring tone of voice. At first he will be shy and turn away, but by degrees he will grow bolder and timidly smell at your hand. Do not move it, or attempt to touch him, but speak encouragingly to him, and let him satisfy himself that it is harmless. Spend much time with him, both in the stable and in the field, and teach him to regard you as a friend, not as a tyrannical master. When he begins to eat, carry a lump of sugar, a handful of oats, or anything he shows a preference for.

Next commence handling him by gently stroking his face, neck and body, and smoothing down his legs. He will resist at first, but if you speak soothingly to him he will soon begin to like it. Now quietly raise his feet; if he is frightened speak kindly to him and desist for the day; but try it again to-morrow. When you are handling his feet, do not force him too much for the first week; but afterwards selecting some place where he is not likely to hurt himself, take up one of his forefeet and hold it gently but firmly, until he ceases to resist. Do not become irritated, but speak reassuringly to him, and when he submits caress him. Soon

he will yield, and in a few weeks you can handle his feet at will. Remember, it is not by long, severe lessons that a colt learns, but by short, easy, gradual lessons continued day after day. During his tender years never prolong a lesson or a drive to a point of weariness or disgust.

### HOW TO GRAFT.

Prepare yourself with a sharp knife, a small wedge, a saw, a ladder, cions and wax. Cions will keep best on trees. Cut as wanted until the buds begin to start, the cut, store in cellar covered with damp moss. You are now prepared to graft until apples set.

Graft cherries very early, splitting limb. All limbs must be split before sap starts. After the bark peels, all thick-barked limbs should be set under the bark.

Cut tree shape of umbrella, not too far in or out; give room for grafts to grow. Cut cion to a thin one-sided wedge; be careful and take the outer bark off from point, then insert by peeling bark from wood with point of knife; cut side to heart, two or more in each limb; nick bark back of cion if very thick; spread wax on all cuts and a little down the limb back of cion. When limb is split make a true wedge by cutting both sides, leaving side next to heart thinnest. Have three buds to every cion. Trim the sides of the split smoothly, insert, keep inside bark even. Put on wax and it is done.

Loss should not amount to more than one in five. Leave on two or three small limbs and all twigs to keep the tree alive.

To make grafting wax: First get your rosin, beeswax, kettles, lard oil and a pail nearly full of cold water. Pound rosin into small pieces. Shave beeswax (the size of a large hen's egg to a pound of rosin), put in kettle with enough oil to wet, melt, being careful not to get it afire.

Drop a few drops into the water with the stick you have stirred it with. Now oil your hands, press the wax between thumb and finger, thin as a wafer, snap when cold; if it breaks add oil, stir; try again until it will bend. Turn the wax into the water. Oil your hands, when cool enough pull. Add beeswax to toughen, rosin to harden and oil to soften. Try it. You will not bother to weigh much.

### WHEN MILK COUNTS FOR PIGS.

While milk is always valuable as pig food and at any time, its greatest value is assured at the shoat stage, as during the time of rapid growth it has almost a double value. The food of milk that would make a pound of live weight if mixed with corn meal sufficient of itself to make another pound, will, if unincubated, make a gain of about three pounds of live weight, but if fed to a full-grown fattening hog, will give no such results. Here is a matter of economy that is of importance. With the milk and meal diet, with a run on clover and peas, the spring pig is ready early in the fall for market. A more important demand made for the milk, and as compared with a milk-fed, large hog, the milk-fed pig shows that the milk has a nearly double feeding value, and when the large hog sold at market prices would show a loss, the pig fed on the milk would be doubled in value.

### POLICEMEN IN JAPAN.

#### They Club Only Every Other Day and Are Generally Efficient.

Japanese policemen are for the most part recruited from old samuria class, and, as might be expected from the sons of men who carried loyalty and devotion to or beyond the point of absurdity, most of them are courageous and incorruptible. They are intelligent and well-disciplined as well, and do an enormous amount of work for salaries, that, according to Western ideas, are extremely small. A Tokyo policeman is on duty every other day, but his working day is 24 hours long. For eight of these he stands in front of one of the little sentry boxes, of which there are 338 scattered through the city. The next eight hours he spends in patrolling an assigned district, in search of material for reports to his superiors on all sort of political and social topics. The remaining eight hours he passes sitting or lying on a bench in his little box, ready to respond to any call for his services that he may be made.

On his "day off" the police officer has nothing to do except to fill out census blanks, serve summonses and attend such of his 42 regular duties as he may not have been able to perform the day before. These duties include inspection of streets, sewers and cemeteries, censorship of newspapers, preventing the sale of unwholesome meat, vegetables and milk, and careful oversight of saloons, pawnshops, markets, festivals, funerals and foreigners. The policeman's authority is highly respected. He rarely has any difficulty in making arrests, and he often decides minor cases and settles petty disputes by holding a little Court of his own in the open streets. On such occasions the surrounding crowd shows no disposition to banter him, and witnesses are examined and a decision rendered with perfect gravity.

### THE NEWEST PARIS SWINDLE.

Four young men entered a fashionable restaurant in Paris the other night, secured a private room and ordered an excellent meal. After it had been served and eaten each young man refused to pay for it, declaring that he was the guest of the others. The proprietor was called, and he insisted that the bill should be paid. Finally one of the men proposed a game of blind man's bluff with the restaurant man for the blind-folded individual, the agreement being that the diner whom he caught should pay the bill. The game began, but the caterer was unable to catch either of the four clever swindlers. Neither have the police.

## THE HOME.

### SCIENTIFIC HOUSEKEEPING.

An authority upon home science states that housekeeping may be made easy by reducing it to a science. We are all alert to know what are the first steps to be taken in this most momentous matter. We look around our kitchen, where we are of the constituency of the masses, who have incomes of between six and eighteen hundred dollars a year. We do well if we live where we can have a range with water back and good sewerage. Most of us cannot boast of anything better than an ordinary cooking stove, maybe with a tank at the back. Perhaps we have to carry every drop of water some distance, and then pour it out of doors or pour it down a very badly constructed drain. We pause in the midst of this eternal and never-ceasing pilgrimage, and wonder how we can apply science to our immediate situation.

To be sure we can use all of the approved disinfectants and cleansers that science has so ably pointed out to us; but thus using means more work, and we know of no easy way to do it. It takes time and pains to keep scientifically constructed sinks and drains in order, much less those that are literally thrown together, and are at best only sorry makeshifts.

Whether every drop of water must be drawn from a well, carried to the house and put in the kettle to heat, or whether you can simply turn a faucet to get all of the hot water you want, makes a great deal of difference in the steps one is called upon to take during a single day. To be so situated that science is applicable, is the first thing to be thought of when scientific methods are suggested.

Will somebody please tell us how and where science comes in when on wash-day the tubs must be brought from the cellar, the water drawn from the well or cistern and carried in buckets to be heated, then after using, all of it must be carried out again and thrown away? Muscle and nerve are the first requisites, and these must be of tolerably good quality in order to stand the strain. It is idle to say that we should have conveniences. Of course we know all that, and the want is a crying one, but all the same we go on year after year without them and know that we are likely to keep on doing so for an indefinite period.

And very many of us feel the need of care as to the use of fuel. We have to count the cost of coal and wood, and must so arrange that we can bake our bread, pies, cakes and other things by a half-day's fire and at the same time have a boiled dinner on the stove or anything that tends to utilize the fire.

Preaching science to a woman without conveniences is like preaching the gospel to the starving. It is much better to feed first and preach afterward.

The woman who dons a white apron and in a dainty costume steps into her kitchen and turns on a gas jet, tries the hot water, and finds everything all right, is in an excellent position to tackle scientific problems. The waste water vanishes; the garbage-can is at hand; the patent cabinet opens wide its doors with every labor-saving device at hand, and with thermometer, scales and measures of all sorts within reach, the labor is lightened, and the results are infinitely more accurate and satisfactory.

But we must know how to apply our science, and that is a task that must cover a long period of time; and some women can never learn it. They can make pie paste that will melt in your mouth, biscuits that would delight the heart of a cooking-school teacher, and cake that is a comfort to the soul. Their bread is faultless, and their regular meals are reliable to a degree that cannot fail to please. In fact they are pattern cooks and housekeepers. But these good women couldn't explain the simplest problem in science, and the sight of a chemical sign would upset them for an entire day. Science is a fine thing in its place, but one must have the wherewithal to answer its demands.

### SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

A correspondent of an exchange says she had tomatoes for dinner on Christmas that were as nice as those fresh from the vines, and which were prepared in this manner: "Peel large, ripe, smooth tomatoes. Place in jars with plenty of salt and weight them under the brine which will form. When wanted take out and rinse well, then soak several hours in cold water. They are then ready to slice and eat with sugar, pepper, salt and vinegar." Tomatoes thus prepared may be relished in midwinter, but we take the statement that they are as good as those fresh from the vines with a medium of the salt with which these were pickled.

The sweet bay leaf imparts a most pleasant and agreeable flavor to rice and other puddings. The leaves of the common syringa taste like cucumbers and may be used for that vegetable in salads. The young leaves of gooseberries put up with the bottled fruit give a fresher flavor to it; while orange, citron and lemon leaves, boiled in the milk to be used for rice or custard puddings, impart what connoisseurs call "a bouquet."

Quince seeds, boiled with grape jelly, tend to make it "set" more surely. The finest jelly of any class is made by boiling only a small quantity at a time. The flavor seems to be more delicate.

The best way to singe chickens is to put a couple of table-spoonsful of alcohol into a shallow tin, touch a match to it, and hold the fowls over the blaze. There is then no danger of blackening them in the smoke of burning paper or shavings.

"A Grandmother," writing to an exchange gives the following as a specific for chilblains: Get five cents' worth of alum, put in a bowl, pour on enough boiling water to cover let stand till cool, and bathe the feet night and morn-

ing. It will effect a cure when other means have failed.

### DOMESTIC RECIPES.

**Baked Ham.**—Soak a good-sized ham—about ten pounds—twelve hours in plenty of water. Wipe it, trim all uneatable parts away, cover the ham with a flour and water paste, put in a large baking-dish and bake about four hours in a well-heated oven. Then remove the flour and water crust, and grate a little bread crumb over it. A ham thus cooked is stewed in its own juices and is very full of flavor.

**Mock Duck.**—Procure a large slice of the round of beefsteak; season one side with salt, pepper and sage. Prepare a stuffing as for turkey, spread on the meat, roll it up and fasten it with skewers. Dredge the outside with flour. Put into a dripping pan with a cup of boiling water and add a piece of ham thus cooked is stewed in its own juices and is very full of flavor. Remove the cover and brown, basting frequently that it may not harden. Make gravy of the drippings.

**Pot Roast of Beef.**—Take a good compact piece of beef, trim it neatly. Put a couple of spoonfuls of fat in a kettle, let it get hot, put in the meat and let it sear, turning it over and over till the outside is partly cooked. The object of this is to close the pores of the meat so that the juices will not escape. Then fill up the kettle with boiling water, barely covering the meat, and let it simmer slowly till tender. Salt and pepper when half done. When the meat is done pour off the water, put a piece of butter in the kettle and let the meat roast or brown in this, turning it often. Pour in a bowlful of the hot liquid in which the meat was boiled into the kettle, and thicken with a little flour stirred smooth in cold water. A table-spoonful of tomato catsup imparts a very agreeable flavor.

**Stewed Beefsteak.**—Have a slice an inch and a half thick cut from the upper round of beef. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, heat two table-spoonsful of butter very hot and brown the steak on both sides. Put in sufficient beef stock to cover, add a table-spoonful of chopped herbs or onions if you like it (two table-spoonsful), and simmer an hour and a half. When tomatoes are in season add four large ones cut in two. Take up on a hot platter, thicken the gravy with browned flour and pour over the meat. Nice way to cook a steak you suspect is pretty tough.

## TEN YEARS OF DARKNESS.

### THE PATHETIC STORY OF MRS. NANCY McDONALD.

Bore the Pain of Repeated Operations in Every Civilized Country, at Last Yielded to Surgical Skill in a Cincinnati Hospital—A Remarkable Case.

For 10 long and weary years Mrs. Nancy McDonald, a wealthy widow, of New Albany, Ind., has been totally blind. During these years she has traveled over the civilized globe, using her wealth with a lavish hand in the vain effort to have restored to her heaven's greatest blessing. In the capitals of the old world famous for its scientific men she has consulted the most noted ophthalmists, bore the martyrdom of countless operations, but all to no avail.

Last Friday she regained her sight. For the first time in all those weary years she gazed upon the features of her children, and the scene that was enacted about that bedside when the flood of joy came with the flood of heavenly light can be better imagined than described.

The story of Mrs. McDonald's trials and heroic courage in the face of an affliction that would have appalled the stoutest heart is a series of chapters full of hope and despair. Mrs. McDonald is now 82 years old, and the first premonition of her ailment was when, about 11 years ago, she felt that a film was slowly but surely growing over her right eye. She consulted a well-known physician in her native city, who pronounced the trouble a cataract, which could only be eradicated with a knife. Mrs. McDonald did not shrink from the ordeal, but was afraid to intrust so delicate an operation to home talent, and therefore went to St. Louis to have the operation performed.

### IN TOTAL DARKNESS.

Her means permitted her the greatest comfort in private hospitals before and after the operation, and she patiently awaited the outcome. With both eyes bandaged she lay for weeks waiting for the day when she could once more see the sunlight. Weeks and months rolled around, and then one day the physician in charge informed her as gently as he could that for some unknown cause the operation had been a failure, and that if she would save the sight of the left eye the right one would have to be taken out. The shock of this awful news was terrible, but with the fortitude of a Christian she bore it, and submitted to the second operation. After the incision she left her bed with the consolation that at least one eye had been left to her, and she was resigned to her fate.

But the end was not yet. Scarcely three months had passed when the same sinister shadow came creeping over the left eye, and ere many days the curtain of endless night fell upon the unfortunate woman. Age had added its outer afflictions, the trembling gait, the feeble strength, but could not weaken the indomitable courage. As before stated, she traveled

extensively, and consulted the wise men of the four corners of the globe. She bore with the stoicism of a Spartan the endless tortures which science has devised to bring relief to the afflicted. Until last October her wanderings were in vain, and then she went to Cincinnati to consult a famous oculist. With minute and critical care he examined the eye, and found a fearful condition present, and, added to this the advanced years of the patient. The complications existing were such as to render the case almost hopeless, and would have deterred a bolder hand. In addition to a classical senile cataract there was a pucharged lachrymose or tear sac. To remove the cataract meant that the pus contained in the sac would discharge itself into the eye, inflame it, and create such disturbances as might only be guessed at.

With the diagnosis and the course of action fully outlined the physician finally told Mrs. McDonald that, while her case was a desperate one, she had one chance in a thousand if she would agree to submit to two, if not three, operations.

With everything to gain and nothing to lose—with the same courage that had sustained her in so many trials—she consented. Placed in the specialist's own private hospital, with every attention given that such an establishment can command, Mrs. McDonald on October 14 submitted to the first operation, the enucleation of the tear sac. This operation, performed while the patient was under the influence of ether, consisted of an incision being made at the extreme end of the eye alongside of the nose, opening of the tear sac, removing the pus and completely exterminating or dissecting the sac. The operation, aside from its delicacy, was accompanied by the loss of much blood, whereas lay and long suffering. It lasted 40 minutes, and when the patient regained consciousness it was surprising that she had borne the shock so well.

### THE CAPITAL OPERATION.

Then came weeks of suffering, in which the patient was obliged to keep her bed with bandaged eyes until the wound made by the removal of the tear sac should be entirely healed. During this time the patient required the greatest attention, and at last on December 2 it was decided that the second operation could be attempted and the effort made to remove the cataract. As before stated, this was one of the character called the classical senile, which means that the crystalline lens had become gray and perfectly opaque. This time the more powerful anesthetic cocaine was employed. A small, keen cataract knife in the hands of the skilled operator was inserted at the edge of the cataract, pushed in a straight line through the anterior chamber, and in 15 minutes from the time of the application of the anesthetic the cataract was removed.

Again the patient was put to bed with bandaged eyes, and the hour anxiously awaited when the subsiding inflammation would permit the removal of the bandages and the best or worst might be known. The inflammation disappeared, but as the days came and went not one grateful ray of light broke through the unfortunate woman's night of despair. Other ills threatening, heart failure and grip supervened, and had to be combated, and when these had spent their force, when returning strength gave encouragement for the third operation Mrs. McDonald as readily gave her consent.

Already the never-failing ophthalmologist told that the capsule of the crystalline lens had become opaque. Behind the cornea was a thick film which as effectually as a curtain prevented the light from piercing the obstruction. Nor was the obstacle entirely unexpected, as it is a condition frequently found in persons of advanced years.

Once more Mrs. McDonald was placed on the operating table with the operator and his skilled assistants about her. Again she readily submitted to the anesthetic, and in a few minutes needles attached to long handles were plunged into the sightless eyeball. With steady hand the physician stuck the needles through the cornea until the punctures took the shape of a diamond, cutting the curtain. The result, watched through a microscope, was that the punctured sides of the curtain retracted, leaving a diamond-shaped open space. Over an hour was occupied in this operation, and Mrs. McDonald survived the shock with unusual fortitude. Bandages were again applied, and days of awful anxiety and sleepless vigils again followed.

### LIGHT AT LAST.

On Friday the bandages were removed once more while the patient sat in an invalid chair. With bated breath and nervous trembling her relatives stood beside her, other relatives stood grouped about the room with beating hearts. The bandage fell, and with a cry in which a world of joy and thanksgiving was concentrated Mrs. McDonald exclaimed: "I can see!"

When the expressions of happiness that these few words created had somewhat subsided Mrs. McDonald described objects about the room, and finally, when her eye became more used to the light could even describe the vehicles that passed in the street. The delight of Mrs. McDonald was absolutely pathetic, and moved even the nurses to tears.

In a few days the patient will be supplied with a pair of peculiarly constructed glasses to substitute the extracted lens, and will then leave for her home the happiest of mortals.

### THE JUDGE APPRECIATES A JOKE.

A man was up before a judge the other day for stealing coal. The railroad detective said that he caught the fellow in a coal car, but the man said that he was only sleeping there because his wife had locked him out and he had no money to go to a hotel. Pretty hard bed, wasn't it, asked the judge.

Oh, no, sir, he answered; it was soft coal.

And the judge was so struck by the joke that he let him go.

### THE REAL ARTICLE.

Louise, do you consider Isabel a true friend? Yes, indeed, she has promised me that if I die suddenly she will come right over and straighten up the house before my husband's folks get there.