

# THE FARM.

## TURNING CATTLE ON CLOVER.

The time of turning cattle out to pasture is at hand, and soon, in the districts where they have clover pasture, we will hear complaints of cattle dying with "clover bloat." Some men will tell you that it is the water on the clover that causes it and if they are kept off the clover when it is wet with dew or rain there will be no trouble of the kind. This may help in a measure, but the man who pins his faith on that means of prevention alone may wake up some day from his noonday nap and feeling of security to find his cattle suffering or dying of bloat, writes Mr. C. P. Goodrich. One of my neighbors, a young farmer was careful to observe this rule, kept his cattle in the yard without anything to eat till the dew was off (about the middle of the forenoon) then turned them on the rank clover. At night six of them died. The cattle were so hungry they ate too much. My way of doing is this: I keep my cattle always on full feed. In the morning, before they are turned out the first time in the spring, they have had all the good hay and ensilage they will eat, and have also had their regular feed of grain. When they get onto the clover they eat a few mouthfuls at first, but they are not hungry. They take up the time during the day exploring the field eating now and then a little. At night they are put in the stable again and given hay and have another feed of grain. If the weather is warm they are turned out again for the night without any fear that the dew on the clover will cause bloat. This is the way it goes every day with the exception that the young calves and dry cows have no grain after a few days. If one will practice this way there is positively no danger of "clover bloat." A stack of clover hay, or for that matter, any other hay in the pasture, fixed so the cattle can eat of it without trampling on and wasting it, is a good thing. It is almost a sure preventive of bloat. The cattle will be leaving the green clover several times a day to eat of the hay. A stack of straw, even, will be a great help in the pasture. I will remember the astonishment depicted on a man's face when he saw his cattle leave the fresh rank clover, as he said, "up to their eyes and eat out of that straw stack like it was something awful good. 'Pears like clover ain't it, but it's better than they eat straw instead.' The truth is, nature prompts cattle, in such a case at least, to take what is good for them. Years ago I used to pasture my cattle a good deal and never had any bloat. When I followed the plan I have described, but for some years past I have not pastured it much for the reason that by cutting it and feeding in the stable I could keep more than twice as much stock as I could by pasturing it off.

## HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

The quality and size of fruit on old bushes is much improved by severe pruning, or thinning of fruit, and this applies equally well to all tree fruits. The demand of the times is for quality in everything, rather than quantity, and this certainly applies to fruit growing. When currants and gooseberries have been injured by the borer, as soon as the leaves start the defective canes are easily discovered and should be cut out as far down as the pith is eaten out, and burned at once. The egg is laid about June 1 and soon as hatched the young borer eats its way into the cane and remains until the following season.

Keep the new strawberry bed perfectly clean from weeds; keep the runners turned so that they will occupy each alternate space, leaving the intervening ones for a path in which to walk while cultivating or picking, and in this way they are in better shape for covering should a sudden frost overtake them in May.

To manage a strawberry field well divide it into thirds. One bed will be new, upon which to rely for the main crop; one old, from which to get what one can; the other set to new berries. As soon as the old bed is through bearing, plow it up and set it to cabbage or some other crop which must be closely cultivated.

Berries require well-drained soil. Both soil and location have a marked influence on variety and quality, and one should know what kinds grow best in his community. Leave high-priced varieties to the professionals; they are usually disappointing. Do not fool with poor plants. The best are always cheapest.

Grapes should be set out eight or ten feet each way. From each plant may spring many generations; therefore, set the parent plants carefully and guard them well. Fine, moist earth should be firmly packed about each root. Do not value the plant by the nickel it costs, but by the dollars it may produce.

There is no excuse for a farmer not having an orchard large enough to supply his own family uses. If the old orchard is dying out, set a new one of varieties which will ripen in summer, fall and winter. Buy small trees of not more than an inch in diameter, with a straight trunk and a good bunch of roots.

Whitewash is not so effective in getting rid of the borers upon the apple trees as is soft soap. Boil one gallon of soap in two of water, and then add freely of crude carbolic acid. The best time is to apply it in the spring, soon after the blossoms have fallen, and you will then kill the bark lice as well as the borers.

The usual cause of trouble in trying to grow quinces is that not enough trouble is taken in growing the trees. To plant them is not enough; they must have good soil, rich cultivation and careful pruning. The fruit can always be grown with a good profit, for there is ever a demand for them.

Where room is scarce one may often combine the useful and the ornamental. A handsome grape arbor is not out of place upon a lawn, and a row of currants may be used to edge a pathway. A dwarf pear tree is as much of an "ornamental" as many of the shrubs which are used especially for this purpose.

The foreign market for apples seems to be steadily growing, and when choice fruit is shipped in prime condition the returns are usually satisfactory. There is no present danger of our overdoing orchard planting, as foreign shipments grow greater and greater. Apples are a real luxury in many parts of the world.

There is such a thing as cluttering up a dooryard with things of beauty. We want flowers about the home, and

plenty of them, but they should be in their proper place. Avoid planting them in quantities at the expense of the lawn. A wide expanse of green grass is the first essential for handsome grounds.

## REMARKABLE FEATS.

Wherein a Few Favored Mortals Show Superiority Over Their Fellows.

We can all remember with what envy we looked on that schoolmate of ours who could throw every other boy in the school, or with what deference and respect we treated the urchin who could stand back five paces and hit the "coma" in the "bull ring" five times out of six. The race for prestige and prowess commences at school, but it is safe to say, that in most cases at least, it does not end this side of the grave. Some of us were born to excel others in some particular field—favored either by nature or training to come out winners in the race. The following instances, showing how partial nature is toward some of her children are found in an English periodical.

A friend of mine, a mechanic, possesses the remarkable and unusual faculty of being able to produce a continual current of air from an ordinary blow-pipe such as used by watchmakers for brazing and soldering. Although it seems incredible, it is nevertheless a fact that he can inflate and at the same time expel air from his lungs. The writer has known him to blow for a space of several minutes, apparently without exertion, without once stopping to take breath. This is really remarkable when we consider the exertion necessary to blow for half a minute.

I have a friend who can DRINK BOILING WATER and eat fresh-made mustard by the teaspoonful without experiencing any discomfort; yet, strange to say, when he eats an ice the perspiration rolls from his forehead in large drops.

I know a man who never learned to read or write, and yet if you give him a directed envelope and tell him to write another like it he is able to do so, and imitate the style of writing to a nicety, although he would not be able to read it when finished.

Although I never heard a man "whistle a duet," I knew one at Cambridge who could do something like it. He could whistle an air and hum the accompaniment in perfect unison. The only especially remember was "Adeste Fideles," where the accompaniment in the fifth line (in contrary motion) and the imitative phrases at the end were faultlessly rendered.

A navy in a town in Worcestershire—known locally as "Fire-Eater Jack"—would take live coals out of the grate with his fingers and thumb, one at a time, until he had filled his mouth; then would commence to grind them up between his teeth, and often swallow the "toothsome morsels." You could hear the clatter and seeding in his mouth. He died between the ages of 50 and 60. The writer has seen him do this repeatedly.

I have made the acquaintance of a very gentleman who is possessed of a very peculiar power. He seems to have in his head a duplicate set of thinking machinery, which in some cases enables him to accomplish the work of two ordinary persons at the same time. Not only are the difficult things I have seen him do, such as adding up two columns of figures, or writing two letters on entirely different subjects at the same time, using both left and right hands; but perhaps

THE MOST ASTONISHING of all was a feat I saw him perform recently, when two gentlemen were sitting on each side of him, read two different paragraphs from a paper at the same time, and he correctly took them both down, in shorthand, with his right and left hands. When examined afterward the transcripts were found to be without a mistake.

I have a strange faculty which I think is most uncommon. My hands—though soft, and of a very ordinary color—are quite impervious to the stings of wasps, though not of bees, and many can testify to the accuracy of the following: I can sit over a strong beehive, with my legs tailor fashion, encircling the hole, and catch and kill either goes out or comes in, even directly over my hands, without anything whatever rubbed over them.

I had a slight acquaintance some years ago with a man who possessed the extraordinary faculty of being able to turn up his eyelids with a backward motion of the head. It was only on rare occasions that he would show his power in this direction, and the effect was uncanny and startling. Strange to say, he had to use his fingers to turn them down again.

While on my way from Sydney in the fall of last year business compelled me to call at Singapore for a short time. There I met a Cingalese who could, by producing music to both his forefingers, produce music very much like violin, and indeed almost as distinct. "God Save the Queen" being his favorite tune. He could also change the tone so as to resemble a mandolin.

HIS PRIDE TOUCHED. Education sometimes is a source of trouble and danger to its possessor. Young Fatsy O'Rourke, who goes to the high school and has mastered, or thinks he has mastered, the first principles of bacteriology, was the centre of an admiring group at his Uncle Michael's house one evening lately. His big cousin Jim, who has not enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education was present.

Fatsy was discoursing of the presence of infusorial life in all natural substances. Why, said he, addressing his entirely general remarks apparently to big Jim, you have microbes all through you, about you; they're in your clothes, they're in your body, they're in your—

Stop right here, ye blagard! yelled Jim, rising in furious wrath and leaping upon the astonished Fatsy; ye think be ye have an iddication and go to school wid the nobe ye can insult a poor working-man af yer own kin like meself; but I'll show ther pride Jim in the book of the O'Rourke's.

It took the united endeavors of old Mr. O'Rourke and Mrs. O'Rourke to overcome the resolution of Jim to inflict summary vengeance on young Fatsy for the insult, in saying as he supposed that he was covered with vermin.

A SAD FATE. Anxious Father—"I saw our darling daughter in the street to-day, and she looked very unhappy—miserable, in fact; very married a month, too."

Sympathetic Mother—"Yes, I noticed the poor dear. I'm afraid her husband snored."

# THE PASSION OF A SAVAGE.

## THE HORRIBLE DEVILRY OF VICARIOUS BARBARIANS.

Cecil Rhodes' Remark on Kaffir Warfare—Memorable Massacres in Wars of Revenge—Furies Unleashed—How Savages Gratify Their Hatred of Civilization.

In the first campaign against the same tribe of Kaffir desperadoes who are besieging Bulawayo, Sir Cecil Rhodes, the President of the South African Company, appealed to the aid of the Transvaal Republic, some 200 miles from the seat of war.

"I am afraid they will disregard our request," said the commander of the Cape militia, because it is not any concern of their own.

"Yes, it is," replied the President. "It concerns all civilized mankind to prevent the triumph of savages, because one knows how they abuse their opportunities for revenge."

The history of international war has strikingly illustrated the significance of that remark. Bigotry deadens the feeling of pity, and it may be true that in momentary emotions, Earth has no rage like love to hatred turned, and hell no fury like a woman scorned. But the frenzy of jealousy and fanaticism is a mere trifle compared with the passion of savage when the gorilla in his nature awakens to revenge himself upon his more civilized brethren in Darwin. "Why did you not use your influence to prevent those atrocities?" the Wetherland Commissioners asked Pulo Niang, the leader of the Malay rebels who had massacred

ALL THE WHITE COLONISTS and abuse of confidence. He contrived to let one of his relatives fall into the hands of the island Prince, who had established a reputation for his clemency to prisoners of war, and then went into ecstasies at the success of his appeal for mercy. He sent a special envoy to thank his generous captor, and not only proposed a defensive and offensive treaty of alliance, but also invited the benefactor of his nephew to visit him at the capital of his province, and thus enable him to requite his kindness. Polykrates had learned his sad experience to be on his guard against treachery, but he went into that Government seat of his alleged enemy, and was at once seized and crucified, though he offered a ransom of a ton of gold, and protested with rare eloquence, perhaps in the pathetic words of the Moorish King, upon the Crucial had trapped in a similar manner, "O Pedro, Pedro, que hecha por un caballero!"—"Oh, Peter, Peter, what a deed for a cavalier!" Polykrates was the wealthiest Prince of his age, and could not ransom a man who had been guilty of making his contemporaries realize their intellectual poverty.

The savage prosecution of a war, in such a case, says, after the manner of the millions who had surrendered their right of free inquiry. The dread of the unknown—"the invisible world of Satan"—may have had something to do with rousing the fury of the white hunters, but the jeering mobs that gathered about the flames of the stake often included hundreds whom the deed of many years must have taught to regard the victim as practically harmless persons, whose real offense, with or without the assistance of evil spirits, consisted in knowing a good deal more than their neighbors. In that sense of the word every civilized man is a wizard—literally a wizard or knower, who can not expect to be forgiven if he should fall into the hands of savages.

NOVEL HEADACHE CURE. London Physician Recommends Cutting the Hair as a Remedy.

The latest "cure" suggested for the relief of headache is a hair cut. A certain physician in London has met with great success lately in his treatment of persistent cases of nervous headaches, and he has finally disclosed the secret. In each case, he says, after the patient had laid bare a long tale of woe—of sleepless nights and miserable days—he prescribed, briefly, a simple hair cut. It was necessary that the hair should be cropped off short, after the fashion of convicts.

The curative property of the treatment is based on the fact that the tube which is coated in each single hair is severed in the process, and the brain "bleeds," as the barbers say, thereby opening a safety valve for the congested organism. A commentator in the London society press, in referring to this cure, says:

"Try the cure when next attacked by headache, and if the result be not satisfactory, rest assured that it is not the fault of the prescription, but that the head is so wooden that it wouldn't act."

In the matter of good health temporarily, while possibly successful for the moment, can never be lasting. Those in poor health soon know whether the remedy they are using is simply a passing incident in their experience, bracing them up for the day, or something that is getting at the seat of the disease and is surely and permanently restoring.

The eyes of the world are literally fixed on South American Nerve. They are not viewing it as a nine-days' wonder, but critical and experienced men have been studying this medicine for years, with the one result—they have found that its claim of perfect curative qualities cannot be gainsaid.

The great discoverer of this medicine was possessed of the knowledge that the seat of all disease is the nerve centres, situated at the base of the brain. In this belief he had the best scientific and medical men of the world occupying exactly the same premises. Indeed, the ordinary hygienic man recognized this principle long ago. Everyone knows that old disease or injury affect this part of the human system, and death is almost certain. Injure the spinal cord, which is the medium of these nerve centres, and paralysis is sure to follow.

Here is the first principle. The trouble with medical treatment usually, and with nearly all medicines, is that they aim simply to treat the organ that may be diseased. South American Nerve passes by the organs, and immediately applies its curative powers to the nerve centres, from which the organs of the body receive their supply of nerve fluid. The nerve centres healed, and of necessity the organs only of derangement is healed. Indigestion, nervousness, impoverished blood, liver complaint, all owe their origin to a derangement of the nerve centres. Thousands bear testimony that they have been cured of these so desperate as to baffle the skill of the most eminent physicians, because South American Nerve has gone to the headquarters and cured there.

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their sympathy by a removal of blasphemies and was treated to a dram of their whay-bottles, but the reserved bearing of the Adjutant proved his ruin. They tied him down, broad-gauge shape and filled him full of foul fluids till he choked to death, and then flung him up for a division of trophies.

But barbarians that kind are not the exclusive product of the far East. After the battle of Kunsersdorf the Cossacks caught the post-warrior Kleist, and by a sort of instinct singled him out among a multitude of other prisoners. He had already been robbed of his coat, sword and purse, but his captors were not content with plunder.

They took off his few remaining shreds of clothing, merely to destroy them, and then maltreated him in every conceivable way, kicked him about, struck him in the face, and left him for dead—as good as killed, in fact, for he died a few hours after his removal to a hospital. As a rule, the Moscovite loots are a rather kindhearted sort of half-barbarians, and in several wars with their Western neighbors refrained from the plunder of non-combatants, but in all the campaigns against the Great Frederick they behaved worse than Turks.

Of the political quarrels of the two countries they understood next to nothing, but they knew that the leader of their adversaries was a philosopher, skeptic, poet and could not resist the temptation to make him ascertain the occasional superiority of brute force over intellect.

The reputation of intellectual superiority also proved the ruin of an old-time philosopher, the island King Polykrates. He was a tyrant, in the ancient sense of absolutism, a keen professor of learning, and like King Frederick, an habitual scoffer at the religious superstitions of his contemporaries. He had been permitted to die of old age and enjoy the post mortem honors of demigods; but the neighbors of the ruler of Samos combined again and again for his ruin, and one of them, the Governor of his colony, at last accomplished his purpose by an act of the

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# SINFUL HABITS IN YOUTH

## LATER EXCESSES IN MANHOOD

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THE RESULT of ignorance and folly in youth, overexertion of mind and body induced by lust and exposure are constantly wrecking the lives and futures of thousands of promising young men. Some fade and waste in a weary, fruitless and unproductive manhood, while others are forced to drag out a weary, fruitless and unproductive manhood, while others are forced to drag out a weary, fruitless and unproductive manhood.

RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DR. K. & K.

Wm. A. WALKER, Wm. A. WALKER, MRS. CHAS. FERRY, CHAS. FERRY.



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NO NAMES OR TESTIMONIALS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

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Cures GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

Impotency, Varicocele, Emissions, CURED

Wm. A. Walker of 16th Street says—"I had all the symptoms of Seminal Weakness and Spermatorrhea. Emissions were draining and weakening my vitality. I married at 24 under advice of my family doctor, but it was no experience. In eighteen months we were divorced. I then consulted Dr. K. & K. who restored me to manhood by their New Method Treatment. I felt a new life thrill through my nerves. We were united again and are happy. This was six years ago. Dr. K. & K. are scientific specialists and I heartily recommend them."

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Are Fixed Upon South American Nerve.

Beyond Doubt the Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

WHEN EVERY OTHER HELPER HAS FAILED IT CURES

A Discovery, Based on Scientific Principles, that Renders Failure Impossible.



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# CONGO CANNIBAL

STRANGE FEASTS OF THESE CIVILIZED GENTLEMEN.

Amazonian Rites in Battle Area to be Fulfilled For Savage Tribes—A French Traveller's Story on the Congo.

The cannibal kings of Africa will adhere to their horrid food habits in it whenever they can. One of a king's numerous wives, whose body is smoked and kept in a pantry until required to be a feast board. The cannibal that the virtues of the meat referred to the person that eats it.

M. Xavier Pene, a member of the Geographical Society of France, has spent 15 years of his life as an explorer in South Africa. He is a trader in South Africa. He is a trader in South Africa. He is a trader in South Africa.

A TRAVELLER'S ADVENTURE

The chief wife of King Dongo, ruler of several flourishing states of the Congo, was a famous Amazon, for whom, according to King Dongo had paid to her a very large sum in native coin.

One day, returning from an expedition up the Congo River, Pene, with his negro retinue, at one of Dongo's royal palaces, additional bearers for the rub were conveying to the coast Dongo was not at the village, expected in the morning. The night the village was fiercely besieged by enemies and in the fight of Dongo's people were slain others, the Amazon princess, who had been captured.

"When I opened my eyes in the morning," said M. Pene, "The first thing which rested was King Dongo's wife, who had been a short time in the hands of the limbs, trunk and head of the King. I judged that they were those of the man who had been killed in the fight. I was very much surprised to see a sallow and would not tell me to do with them. I thought he pushed it under the left hand.

"I had no inclination to such company and followed. I searched about the village but in my absence from the house returned and asked the box for a few miles away. I was for his return all that day, but I would be dangerous to Dongo.

A HORRID FEAST

The following morning I did not wait long. The village was a scene of horror. Since the battle they had been on the slain and were beginning to eat. I saw a man who had been killed in the fight. I was very much surprised to see a sallow and would not tell me to do with them. I thought he pushed it under the left hand.

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"I had no inclination to such company and followed. I searched about the village but in my absence from the house returned and asked the box for a few miles away. I was for his return all that day, but I would be dangerous to Dongo.

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