

## Tobacco for Lice on Animals and Plants.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the *Country Gentleman* on this subject as follows:—

MR. SRS. EDITORS.—In your paper of April 4th, a correspondent writes, "What is the best method of killing lice on calves and cattle, and will the same thing kill fleas on dogs?"

I have found by experience that a strong decoction of tobacco will destroy vermin on either animals or plants. I have used it extensively during many years, for destroying ticks on sheep and lambs, have dipped thousands of them in tobacco water, made by boiling coarse, damaged, cheap tobacco, or stems and waste, in water, and have found it an effectual cure for the scab, which disease is caused by the working of an insect or mite in the skin of the sheep. It is a new sovereign remedy for the blue lice on cattle and horses.

Tobacco water will destroy the aphids, or plant louse. Gardeners find their greenhouse plants need to be submitted to a deluging of this wash occasionally, to place them in a condition to become healthy and vigorous. When applied to fruit trees, if coarse waste tobacco is used, add one pound of copperas to five gallons of the wash. Plug tobacco contains copperas in quantities sufficient to kill any animal, who has not accustomed himself, by slow degrees, to its use.

Almost every tree or plant is infested with an injurious insect, peculiar to itself, which preys upon its substance, and will, if in sufficient numbers, destroy its vitality. The hop, in sections infested with the hop aphid, is frequently either wholly or partially destroyed, when, by one or two thorough applications of tobacco water, by means of a force pump or garden engine, as they commence their work, the whole aphid army might be swept away. When the vine is trained low, upon seven feet stakes and twine, a garden engine is unnecessary, as the wash can be applied as effectually, and with less waste, with a common large hand syringe.

Tobacco smoke will stupify any animal, and, used in a sufficient quantity, has a fatal effect upon all which plug tobacco will destroy. Indeed there seems to be but one animal—the chief of the class mammalia upon which tobacco, in either shape, does not have an immediate fatal effect. However, if that animal would otherwise be infested with insects, even trichinosis in their nature, in the month, tobacco will keep them away. Perhaps that is their case.

If a sheep or calf is covered with a rubber or leather spread, or thick blanket, and a smoke of tobacco is made under this covering, in half an hour or less every tick and nit will be destroyed. Current worms may be served in the same manner. This is not only an effective remedy against vermin, but a good use for a most obnoxious weed.

GRASS FOR LAWNS.—A correspondent in the *Gardeners' Monthly* recommends for lawns a mixture of about one-third rye grass (*Lolium perenne*) and two-thirds Kentucky blue grass (*Poa pratensis*). For lawns that are machine-mowed, he also recommends red top (*agrostis rubra*). In preparing land for a lawn, subsoiling is of much value, for a loose subsoil never gets so hard as one of hard-pan will. If sown in the fall, a mixture of oats or rye is recommended, especially the former; when sown in spring the grass should be the only crop. In order that the roots may penetrate deeply, which they will do in proportion to the growth above ground, and to secure vigorous plants, the grass should not during the first year or two be mown very early or often.

HORTICULTURAL NURSERY FOR THE CITY OF PARIS.—The extraordinary establishment at La Muette, near Paris, destined for the supply of plants to the public gardens, &c., of that capital, has been frequently mentioned in our columns in terms of commendation. When our first notices appeared they were received in certain quarters with some amount of incredulity. The letters of our correspondents since the opening of the Exhibition have, however, more than confirmed the original statements, and shown the extraordinary activity that is manifested in horticultural matters by the municipality of Paris. From a report before us we find that in the year 1865 there were at La Muette 101 gardeners and pupils; that the number of plants sent out for the decoration of the squares and parks of Paris for the same year amounted to 1,577,500, while from a branch establishment devoted to the growth of Conifers, 3187 plants were sent out and from the nursery of Longchamp, 23,379 hardy trees and shrubs (not Conifers) were distributed. The actual cost per plant, taking one with another, amounted to only 13 centimes, or little more than a penny.—*The Gardeners' Chronicle*.

## The Apiary.

### A Swarm of Bees on a Man's Face.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Field* gives the following interesting narrative.

In June, 1854, Mr. Simmonds, a farmer residing at Brookland Farm, Weybridge, was dressing in order to attend the rent audit at Woburn House. Before putting on his coat, he perceived from his window an unusually large swarm of bees filling the air with their cloud and noise. It was, in fact, as he ascertained afterwards, two swarms that had come out of two distinct hives, and united in the air. He ran out in his shirt sleeves, and without his hat, to see where they would alight. The bees, after making some circles in the air, led him off to the bank of the river Wey. Thinking that the bees might cross the river, and perhaps escape, he adopted a plan not uncommon with bee-masters, namely, that of throwing dust into the air among the bees. This often makes them settle quickly. They did settle quickly, and this more so than he expected, for in a short time the whole of one of the largest swarms he had ever seen, settled upon his head, face and breast. They hung down like a great beard to the bottom of his waistcoat. Had he not been well accustomed to bees, and perfectly collected, his situation would have been a very dangerous one, for, had he at all irritated this mass of armed insects, he would, no doubt, have received a sufficient number of stings to have placed his life in peril. He was obliged to close his eyes slowly and to keep his mouth shut. Then, in order to prevent their entering his nostrils, which they endeavored to do, he slowly thrust one hand through the mass, and with his two fore-fingers managed to keep drawing and pushing them away from his nostrils as they tried to enter, he breathing all the while as softly as possible. This was necessary, as bees are generally irritated by being breathed upon.

He then began to consider what course he should take. He was some distance from his house, and no one near him or within call. His first thought was to walk slowly into the river Wey, and gently sink his head under the water, and then throw off the swarm. But a moment's consideration dissuaded him from attempting that remedy. He could not have disengaged them all, for many were between his neckcloth and his skin, and still more were crawling down his back. He found that if he walked he could not help disturbing the hanging mass, and that every little agitation, however slight, caused a hum and a hiss from some thousands. He then remembered the account given in Thorley's work on bees of a swarm settling on the face and neck of a servant maid, who escaped unharmed by the care and advice of her master, he, without irritating the swarm, having hived it from off her with a hive well smeared with honey. To avoid agitating the swarm, Mr. Simmonds slowly knelt down on the grass and remained perfectly still. He then found a number of bees were gathering in a mass under the waistband of his trousers, in the hollow of his back, to which spot the others were drawing, indicating that the queen was there. Fearing, therefore, that the tightness of the waistband—rendered tighter whenever he breathed—might crush, or at any rate irritate this part of the swarm, he slowly unbuttoned the front of his trousers.

It is not easy to conceive a more helpless condition than that to which Mr. Simmonds was now reduced. He that was the master of forty hives, from which he could usually levy what spoils he pleased, killing his thousands at his pleasure with a brimstone match, was now completely in the power of one detachment of his own army, and was reduced to the most suppliant position. Even to call for help would have been dangerous, as the bees near his mouth would have been undoubtedly irritated, and would have probably entered his mouth. At this moment he heard a railway train on the Chertsey Branch Railway, from which he was about fifty yards distant. It fortunately happened that the engine driver was known to him, and had a little commission from him to sound his railway whistle if he saw anything wrong among his cows and sheep.

The engine driver seeing Mr. Simmonds on his knees, with one arm extended as if for help, and something odd hanging from his face, sounded his whistle. This was heard by Mr. Simmonds' wife, who, supposing that some cow was ill, sent her son and a farming hand out into the fields. They soon found Mr. Simmonds in the predicament above described. In addition to the hanging mass, there was a cloud of bees still flying around him, so that to approach him was not the most agreeable office. However, they came near enough to hear him speak, which he did very gently, merely saying, "bring a bushel hive well rubbed with honey, and some bricks."

While they were gone at the top of their speed for

this, he remained perfectly still. The tickling of the bees on his face was almost unbearable, and the danger of irritating those that were down his neck and back was imminent.

The most difficult part he had to perform, however, was that before mentioned, of dissuading the bees, with the aid of his two fore-fingers, from getting up his nostrils. These bees were not in a good humor, as they were breathed upon, and were also deterred from doing as they pleased, and one bee showed his displeasure by stinging Mr. Simmonds at the fork of his two fore fingers. This was not pleasant of itself, but was a serious occurrence, as it might be the prelude to a more extensive attack. He avoided making any start when he was stung, and continued to push away as gently as possible those that were near his nostrils. This was the only safe place to breathe from, as it was necessary to keep his mouth perfectly closed. Of course, the few minutes that elapsed before the return of his son and servant seemed a terribly long period to Mr. Simmonds, as during the whole of it he remained as motionless as possible upon his knees.

On their arrival, the hive was placed upon three bricks, with its mouth downward, and Mr. Simmonds slowly laid himself upon his breast on the grass, with his head close to the hive. The honey soon attracted the bees nearest to it, and a slow movement of the bees took place, till at length the whole swarm gradually gathered itself under and within the hive, except a few patches of bees, which, in walking away, Mr. Simmonds easily disengaged from his dress with his hand, and made them join their companions. Mr. Simmonds thus escaped from not only a very disagreeable but a perilous situation. It occupied two hours from the time that the bees alighted on their master to the time of his release.

## The Household.

### A Rare Husband.

To the question, 'Husbands, Guilty or not Guilty?' I plead not guilty. I have a wife and four little sprouts, equally divided between my wife and myself,—that is, the first and third are boys, the second and fourth are girls. We keep a girl most of the time, and when she cannot be found I put on my slippers and light coat, and although I weigh nearly 200 lbs., I can step as light as some girls, to say the least. I can set table, clear off table, strain or skim milk, wipe dishes and put them away, churn, work the butter when it is too hard for the wife, bring water, &c.

Washing days I am a tip-top girl, and can't be beat at mopping any time. In case the woman is sick, I am a good nurse, can make the bed, fix toast or tea, and have several times done the ironing and folding, but I confess a little awkward, and wife laughed at me heartily, but I persevered, and got the praise of doing very well. I can make good biscuits, and have made bread and pies, wife giving directions, of course. I never was an old bachelor, and wouldn't be if I were to live my life over a dozen times. I was married young, am young yet, and always expect to be. Can tend the baby like a woman, love children like a schoolmarm, love good society and try to help make it. By the way, I don't believe in husbands being such helpless mortals as some seem to be; I believe in education, music, work and religion and good clothes. W. in *Western Rural*

### On Disinfectants.

THE following are Dr. Voelcker's general observations on various disinfectants:

"1. Chlorine, nitric acid, and sulphur fumigations, in order to be efficacious, cannot be used in sheds where animals are kept.

"2. In applying disinfectants, such as chloride of lime, or carbolic acid, it should be remembered that the disinfectants must be used in quantities proportionate to the amount of matter or surface to be disinfected; a mere sprinkling of chloride of lime or carbolic acid solution does no good.

"3. When two or more disinfectants are used, care must be taken that the mode of action of one does not neutralise that of another. Oxidizing agents, that is, substances which, like chlorine or nitric acid, destroy organic matter, must not be employed simultaneously with antiseptics, i. e., substances which have the power of preventing decomposition.

"Thus, chlorine or chloride of lime must not be used in conjunction with carbolic acid, nor should chloride of lime be applied at the same time with sulphur fumigations. But cow-sheds may well be fumigated with sulphur vapours, and then washed over with carbolic acid, inasmuch as both agents are good antiseptics.