

LEARN TO SWIM.

Everybody should learn to swim. Steamboat disasters would be less terrible in loss of life, if all could swim. No girl even, should be called educated who cannot swim a mile and dive to at least a dozen feet. Recently in England, two girls, aged eight and fourteen, walking with their governess, and being a little behind her, the youngest fell into a deep pool. Her sister immediately jumped in to her rescue, and pushed her on to a rock, where she gained her footing, but in doing so, the latter herself was carried under water out of her depth. She came to the surface twice, when her screams were heard by the governess, a heroic young lady, of twenty-one years, who immediately ran to the spot, saw her again sink, and jumped in head foremost, caught hold of her and succeeded in holding her head above water for fifteen minutes, while the younger sister ran for assistance. Both were under water except their heads for quarter of an hour. The whole party were rescued and saved. —*The Revolution.*

—If a flock of geese sees one of their number drink, they will all drink too. Men are great geese.

MULCHING STRAWBERRIES.

Cultivators of strawberries are often puzzled to find a proper mulch for this delicious fruit. The best, in my estimation, is bright flax-straw, which, if one does not have on hand, can be bought almost anywhere for five or six dollars per ton. The great point in strawberry covering is to apply something which will protect and keep warm without smothering the plants. In flax-straw, we find just that quality, for from its coarse, wiry texture, it can be applied to any reasonable depth, and still leave a circulation of air; whereas, if wheat or oat-straw is used, a heavy fall of snow or even continued warm rains, are liable to pack it upon the plants and smother them.

Another reason for using flax-straw is that it contains in the lint of the straw, the very best fertilizer that can be applied to strawberries; therefore the reason for using bright unbleached straw—for if the straw is bleached its virtue is gone. To prove this to a skeptical person, would perhaps be a hard task, unless he will try the experiment. Still, persons who have long been in the business of rotting flax for the manufacturers, will tell you that the benefit the land receives from the washing of the straw, while going through the process of rotting, is sufficient to pay for the labor incurred. Every one who is acquainted with the cultivation of flax, is aware that it is generally regarded as a hard crop on land, and it does not seem probable that eight or fifteen bushels of flax-seed to the acre, together with the

shive or woody part of the flax plant, could cause this detriment to the soil. Therefore it seems to follow that in the gum of the lint there must be something.

The result of flax rotting on grass is to cause it to thicken up and make a heavy growth. It is the same with strawberries giving the plants a vigorous start in the spring, and increasing the yield amazingly.

THE ART OF HOSPITALITY.

Welcome the coming guest; welcome him with a few, simple, pleasant, easy words; without ostentatious cordiality; without gushing declarations of friendship; without paralyzing his arm by an interminable shaking of hands; without hurry or flourish, or due anxiety to have his trunk carried up to his room, or sandwiching between every sentence an anxious appeal to make himself entirely at home—an appeal which usually operates to make one feel as much away from home as possible. Constantly taking it for granted on the part of the host and his family that one is not comfortable, and that they must hurry about and take all responsibility (and all self-helpedness) from the guest, thus depriving him of the credit of common sense, is something worthy of indignation; all the more so, because politeness forbids the least sign of impatience. It is ill-bred—it is not decent. It is insulting to the guest, and he would serve the author of such treatment right if he cut him thereafter without ceremony. And yet how many of our well-meaning, and in most things, well-bred people, fall into the error, unless that are constantly on the alert, unless they establish a kind of espionage over their guest, and watch his every movement, lest he should brush his coat or take a seat for himself, they will be want in courtesy. The art of hospitality consists in putting the guest at his ease. It consists in making him forget that he is a guest, and not in constantly pushing the fact before his eyes. And it also consists in leaving to him the exercise of his senses and of responsibility, at least so far that, finding what he needs at his hand, he may help himself.—*Ex.*

SHADE IN PASTURES.

We have heard from experienced and successful graziers and dairymen, different opinions, of both the advantages and disadvantages of shade in pastures. One advocates the presence of trees, either singly or in groups, under which the cattle can lie, or stand when at rest, thus screening them from the heat of the sun, besides adding to their thrift and enjoyment, as where shade abounds there the cattle gather and enjoy it. The other would strip every tree from his pasture grounds, contending that in the heat of the day, when the grass is dryest, and most nutritious, they can feed heartily and more

to their benefit, and rest at night—the proper time for it. As to flies, they trouble the cattle less in sunshine than shade; the cattle, when shade is in the field, lie there all day, and feed only at night and morning when the grass is wet with dew; it is then “washy,” and less nutritious than when dry, and only moistened by its own sap.

Whether this last be a real or only a fanciful theory, we do not decide. The cattle themselves being judges, we should call it only a fancy, for it is certain they love the shade during the excessive heats, as they do the sun in excessive cold.

There is another question concerning the land, however, worthy of consideration, in stripping it altogether of shade trees. They add much to the pastoral beauty of the landscape, and in the estimation of most men, to its value. Who of any taste in the attractions of a fine landed estate, would permit a farm to be denuded of its majestic trees, or woody clumps of shade, for the mere fancy that his herds would gain a few more pounds of flesh in their summer pasturage? Scarce one in a hundred. No; let the trees, singly and apart, or gracefully grouped in their own free luxuriance, stand a shelter to herds, and a pleasant spectacle to their possessor—a “most living landscape” in its summer repose.—*ALLEN.*

HOW TO CURE A COLD.—The moment a man is satisfied he has taken cold, let him do three things: First, eat nothing; second, go to bed, cover up in a warm room; third, drink as much cold water as he can, or as he wants, or as much herb tea as he can; and in three cases out of four, he will be well in thirty-six hours. To neglect a cold for forty-eight hours after the cough commences, is to place himself beyond cure, until the cold has run its course, of about a fortnight. Warmth and abstinence are safe and certain cures, when applied early. Warmth keeps the pores of the skin open, and relieves it of the surplus which oppresses it, while abstinence cuts off the supply of material for phlegm which would otherwise be coughed up.—*JOURNAL OF HEALTH.*

THE DOWNING EVER-BEARING MULBERRY.

We have cultivated this fruit for some years, and have been quite pleased with it. We have sown the ground about the tree to grass, which we keep closely cut; and then let the fruit, when it is fully ripe, drop on the green carpet. If there is no fruit down when wanted, a gentle jar will bring down a shower of it. It very much resembles the blackberry. Children are very fond of it. The tree is a rapid grower; so much so, that the limbs are liable to split off. The ends of the very thrifty shoots sometimes winter kill, but not enough to be objectional. Plant one or two in your garden.—*Am. Jour. Hort.*