

On the Farm.

MOWING PASTURE AND STUBBLE FIELDS.

Mowing pastures is work that in many cases ought to be done, but more times it is decided not to do it. To get out of a job of work is what many are looking for, so to let the mowing of the pasture go gives a little relief in some ways, and then we console ourselves by thinking if we mow the weeds in the pasture we might cut off some bunches of grass that will be wasted, and as the supply is scant there is none to waste. Then there will be the weed stubs to prod the noses of the stock, says a writer, and perhaps the stock will eat some of the weeds if we let them alone, and then, too, the few weeds that remain, by winter will act as a protection to the grass by holding some snow that may come. So the details are carefully gone over and the conclusion is arrived at that we will not mow the pasture. But reader, did you ever notice that when one does not wish to work he can find many reasons to support his theory? Not all pastures need mowing. Land that has been in pasture for some time should be well sodded over and there is very little chance for weeds to gain a foothold. But the newer pastures will have some weeds and these should be cut at such times of year as will prevent them ripening their seed and soon wear rid of them and have a good looking pasture. And the same will apply to stubble fields. Where there is weed growth they should be mowed. Last spring was very favorable for weed growth during the early growing period of the oats, and what got started then got up enough so they were cut off by the harrower, and this, with the absence of rain since harvest, has caused but a scant fall growth of the weeds in the stubble fields. For some years I have mowed the worst parts of the stubble fields, and when I put them in corn again it was plain to be seen where the mowing had been done by the absence of weeds. I always seed all land sown in small grain as it is required to keep up the rotation. Other years I looked hard to mow off the clover in the stubble that was ten inches high and blossoming, but still I do not think it hurts it any; it just stimulates it to better growth. If a bunch of clover is allowed to go to seed it seems to have filled its mission, lays aside activity and does not grow much more, while if the top is cut off it realizes something more is wanted of it and it awakens to newness of life, sends out roots in new directions, new foliage appears and it goes on gallantly. The protection the standing stubble and weeds afford the young grass may be something, but if left standing they will be gathered in with the next hay crop, while when mowed the rubbish and clippings as a mulch are a great benefit to the young grass, and then they are out of the way of the next hay crop. And the neat appearance of the field after it is mowed will well repay the tidy farmer for the trouble of doing it.

A WORD FOR THE PRIVATE DAIRY.

As a rule, not enough encouragement is given farmers to induce them to improve their butter product, but on the other hand, they are frequently told that good butter can be made only in public creameries, and they are advised to send their milk to them. There are good, indifferent and decidedly poor dairymen, and the same can be said of the butter-makers employed in public creameries. Good butter, is good butter, and poor butter is poor butter, whether made on the farm or in a public creamery. When honestly judged by an expert, butter must stand on its merits, wherever it may have been made. But the public is not the expert judge, and therefore creamery butter many times passes on its reputation where farm butter of really good quality would not be allowed to pass. But when it comes to the question of opportunity, farm dairy butter is ahead, because all the conditions from the herd and the pasture or stable, to the packing of the butter, are directly and almost completely under the control of the proprietor, and if he is the right kind of a dairymen all of these conditions will, as a rule and in the main, be such as are required for the production of butter. If he is not the right kind of a dairymen, or striving to become one, he is neither fit to produce milk for a public creamery or make butter at home. It seems to the writer that there is and has been for some time, organized and combined efforts to boom the public creamery, if not to disparage the farm dairy. The government, through the agricultural department, does a good deal for the one and but little for the other. All state and national dairy organizations favor the first and give the latter but little attention. In fact, one national butter makers' association in this country does not admit to its membership, private dairy butters, yet a producer of creamery butter, or a manufacturer of public creamery apparatus can become a member by a payment of the required fee, while a good, enterprising farmer, or his wife, eager to gain information in the art of butter making would be debarred from joining the association or attending the meetings. Before dairying attains the high plane of improvement it ought to attain in this country, all this must be changed.

COVERS FOR MILK PAILS.

On the Isle of Jersey, it is said,

they cover the milk-pail with muslin and milk into it. To hold the cloth in place they cut a piece of spring-steel a little smaller than the top of the pail. A piece of the cloth is cut to be larger than the pail top, and the edge is hemmed over the steel, and this is placed over the top of the pail, the steel holding it in its place. To get the cloth the right size, pass the cloth over the pail and fasten it in place with the spring, then mark where the spring comes and fold up the hem just there and run the spring through it.

A similar arrangement, used by a Virginia dairymen, was made of a ring of telegraph wire, cut to be an inch smaller than the top of the pail and bent so the ends would almost meet. A circle of cloth an inch larger all around than the ring, so there should be a little sag, had a hem about the edge through which the wire was run. This was placed just within the rim of the pail and milked into. One of these was counted as part of each milk-pail. The fifth gathered upon it was proof of the need of it, but when a gain in the open milk-pail, is not as good as the other, which protects the entire top, even to the place of pouring out. All these improvements, can, of course, be taken out in the straining, but most of them are soluble, and the milk must gain in substance, even by a very short wait of them in it.

CLEANLINESS IN SWINE RAISING.

Whoever would raise hogs without disease, and this is necessary to obtain the highest profit, must get rid of the notion that the hog is naturally a filthy animal; that filth is less distasteful and unhealthful to him than to the steer or horse, and that it is impossible because of the nature of the animal to surround the hog with sanitary conditions. Filth is a prolific source of disease among all animals; and because the hog is brought into contact with the most filthy there is the most disease among swine. Filth opposes the health and thrift of swine just as it opposes the health of horses or man. The first step in growing hogs without disease is to keep filth away from them, to give them clean food, clean drink, clean quarters, clean shelters.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

An Experience That Made Him for a Time Rather Shy of Lightning.

"Perhaps you remember," said the retired burglar, "my telling you once about a visit that I made to a house during a thunderstorm, and how easy it made the work because everybody in the house, which was only women, had hid in closets and under feather beds till the storm was over to escape the lightning? But I don't think I ever told you about another experience I had once in a thunderstorm that didn't work exactly that way.

"I had struck a house, a very good house, indeed it was, too, that was empty, as far as people was concerned, but very full otherwise. The silverware was very slick, and I thought that altogether I had never struck anything that seemed simpler and easier and more comfortable; I'd got there and got in just in time to keep out of the thunderstorm that was coming up.

"Rain? And here I was just as snug as could be and just a-listenin' to it come down, as though I'd been in my own house. But I can't say I stayed comfortable very long, because the lightning was something ter-rific, and I thought the thunder'd push the house in.

"Just as I began gathering up the things there came a flash and a crash that made the house rock, and I could hear things rip and smash and tear somewhere, and then I could see light through the blinds on one of the front windows that was where I could see it. The lightning had struck the porch of the house, and ripped off a lot of the roofwork there and banged it against these blinds hard enough to smash 'em in and smash the window, too.

"You know I ought to have taken warning by that, but I didn't. My lightning never strikes twice in the same place and went ahead. A little later, just as I had picked up a big heavy coffee-pot, there came a little tumb, and I turned for a minute to look out through that opening in the blinds, before putting the coffee-pot into the bag. As I stood there looking there came a flash of lightning that covered the whole front of the house opposite, as far as I could see through the hole in the blind, with a sheet of crinkly silver and blue light, and the thunder that came with it was awful.

"Standing there looking and listening to the last mountains tumbling and thinking of that sheet of blue and silver, it struck me all of a sudden that the coffee-pot I was holding was very light—I'd held on to that just the same, all the time—and looking around I saw that I was now holding only the handle; the lopped-off body of the coffee-pot was lying on the floor; and then I realized that the dazzling blue and white light I had seen on the house across the way was the reflection of a bolt that had passed within an inch of me through the room in which I stood.

"Well, I ain't superstitious, and I don't know as I'm over scared; but I wished then there'd been somebody in the house; but there wasn't and I didn't want to stay there myself alone. So I gathered up the bag with what there was in it, but not picking up the coffee-pot nor putting in the handle; I laid that down on the sideboard. And then I went out and dodged the lightning all the way down the road, and I was more or less shy of lightning after that for years."

The barking of a dog on the earth can be distinctly heard by a balloonist at an elevation of four miles.

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

Agents from the Congo Free State are scouring Siam and the far East for 50,000 coolies to be shipped to the Congo by the end of the year.

Dr. Johnson's pocket notebook of the trip he took to France with the Thrales has been discovered among some old papers belonging to the poet Samuel Rogers that were examined recently.

Britons having found out what the Akond of Swat is now engaged in investigating the Almalaisluku of Bunban, who has put himself at the head of the Sierra Leone insurgents, British museum, the authorities have established a cycle stable in the basement, for as many as a hundred cycles a day had been left unprotected against the railings.

A hair of the beard of the Prophet has been presented to the Constantinople purhouse by a lady of that city named Fatma Hanum. A great procession of state officials and military accompanied the relic when the transfer was made.

Letizia, Duchess Dowager of Aosta, having exhausted the excitement of bicycling, has now turned to ballooning, which she is trying to make the fashionable sport of Italian society. She makes a daily ascent accompanied by her maid.

Royal hair sold cheap in London recently. Locks of King Edward IV., of George III., of the Princess Charlotte of Wales and of Napoleon I., with a bit of William IV.'s cerecloth, and the testimonials of authenticity thrown in, brought \$14 at auction.

Frank T. Marzials, who is well known as a song writer and composer and has also written stories, has just been promoted to the position of Accountant-General at the War Office, in which he has been employed for more than forty years.

In a recent Chancery case involving the right of agricultural tenants in Derbyshire to mine for coal, the evidence put in for the right was given before a parliamentary committee soon after the death of King Charles I. The case was decided on evidence more than 200 years old.

Two lives for one cent is a recent Sicilian record. A saloon keeper in Palermo drove a knife into the heart of a 15-year-old boy who was unable to pay the cent he owed for his drinks. The boy's three brothers shot down the assassin before the police got on his track, and are now under arrest.

Lava streams that have flowed out of Vesuvius during the last three years have deposited 105,500,000 cubic metres of lava on the sides of the mountain. A cone of lava 350 feet high has been formed, out of which fresh streams are flowing. The valleys on either side of the observatory peak have been completely filled up.

Sea serpents having gone out of style in England, the octopus has taken their place. Constable Holmes, while bathing at Kildysart on the Irish coast, was seized by one which twined its tentacles around his arm. With the aid of another policeman he succeeded in freeing himself from the beast.

Signorina Esther Bonomi, doctor of medicine of the University of Genoa, is the first woman to obtain that degree in Italy in modern times, though there are several instances of woman doctors in earlier centuries. Another woman doctor, Katharina van Tusschenbroek, has been made professor of gynaecology at the University of Utrecht.

Russia's women criminals are for the most part peasants who have murdered their husbands. The prevalence of the crime is believed to be due to the custom of marrying girls long before the age of puberty. To this is also ascribed the excessive number of deaths among very young children, the mortality under 1 year of age in Russia being 27 per cent, whereas the European average is 18 per cent.

France's society for the reformation of spelling, the Association of Orthographe, has received a very large bequest from a Frenchman who died recently in Buenos Ayres. It consists of 270,000 acres of land in Argentina, the income from which is already \$20,000. Of this \$11,000 a year and one-half of the residue go to the society for its purposes; the rest is to be divided up into prizes to persons who have done good to mankind.

Beer is apparently the German's first thought whenever anything happens. No sooner was it known that Bismarck was dead than the students of the Berlin University sent out a summons to a beer feast of mourning in his honor. The "Trauer commers" was held in the hall of a large brewery, decorated with the banners and colors of the student corps. The rector and many of the professors of the university were present, while the galleries were filled with ladies. The proceedings began with the playing of a funeral march, and the singing of the choral, "What God hath done is well done," followed by "Gaudemus igitur," and an address on Bismarck. The presiding student then gave the word for the "Trauer salubander," after which there were more songs.

In a golf match at Raynes Park, England, recently a lark flying across the grounds was hit by a golf ball and decapitated.

Experiment with sugar rations for soldiers were tried during the last German manoeuvres. Ten men were subjected to the sugar diet, while another ten received exactly the same rations as the rest of the army. The men chosen for the special diet were weak corporeally. According to the of-

ficial report, the weight of the sugar-men increased during the manoeuvres more than that of the men on the ordinary ration. "It was proved that during long marches the feelings of hunger could be kept down for a longer time by the use of sugar, that the sugar-people suffered less from thirst than the others, and that a few pieces of sugar sufficed to still thirst for a considerable time. It was also observed that symptoms of exhaustion or of sunstroke were quickly overcome by a small ration of sugar." The authorities now recommend that sugar be considered a regular article of soldiers' food, and that, above all, soldiers on the march should have a supply of it.

REMOVING A CITY.

An Unhealthy City to be Destroyed and Its Inhabitants Removed to a New Location.

It is probable that the action of the Japanese Government in ordering the destruction of the City of Teckham Formosa, and the removal of all of its inhabitants to a new location, is probably without its precedent in history. The city is situated on the north-west coast of the island, and has been frequently subject to pestilence, with the sacrifice of thousands of lives. As long as Formosa was under the control of the Chinese, no attention was paid to the matter, and there are several cities in China where such calamities occur with regular frequency without any effort on the part of the government or the people to prevent or remedy them.

The cities along the shores of the Yellow river are illustrations. This stream is known as "China's Sorrow," because it always overflows its banks after a heavy rainfall. The bed is not sufficient to contain the drainage of the valley through which it flows. As many as 100,000 people have been drowned in one of these periodical inundations. But, with the curious persistence that is characteristic of the Chinese race, the survivors return to their former homes as soon as the water subsides, burn a few sticks of incense to appease the dragon of the water, but take no further steps for their protection.

The Japanese are different, and are as fond of inundations as the Chinese are opposed to them. Japan has been control of Formosa nearly three years, and in 1896 and 1897 plagues visited Teckham with enormous fatality. The phenomenon being called to the attention of the Government, an investigation was ordered by sanitary experts, who reported that the city was built upon a swamp, and that at certain seasons of the year poisonous gases issued from the ground, whereupon an order was issued to Mr. Sakuma, the governor, to select a new location as convenient to the old one as possible, where the natural conditions were healthy, and a new city was laid out by experts, and each property holder in the old one, was assigned a site that corresponded in area with that he occupied in Teckham, and he was given twelve months to remove his buildings and belongings.

Sewers, roadways, and sidewalks, public buildings, water works, and all other public improvements were laid out by the Government in the new city without expense to the people, but they were required to pay the cost of the removal of their own property. This is not so expensive a matter as it might be supposed, because most of the houses and other buildings in Teckham, as well as in other cities, are made of the very lightest wooden material, and each property holder has the advantage of being taken apart without difficulty or injury.

The undertaking is a notable illustration of the enterprise and the wisdom of the Japanese Government.

THE OLD FIREWOOD QUESTION.

The Sources of Supply and the Improbability of Their Exhaustion.

At certain intervals the declaration is made either that the world's coal supply is rapidly giving out or that the world's wood supply, through the reckless and indiscriminate destruction of remaining forests, is nearly at an end. Fortunately, however, for all those who require or think they require warmth in winter, the two alarms do not occur simultaneously.

If they did, the inquiry which they evoke would probably call for examination of the matter, which neither one seems to justify. A few years ago the discovery of natural gas in the West worked great havoc with the fears of the alarmists concerning the world's coal supply, but recently the discovery of the assertion that the present ratio of destruction there would not be a tree left in a certain number of years, which has aroused the fears of the pessimists.

An official statement well calculated to re-assure them, however, comes from the British Consul-General at St. Petersburg, who has sent to the London Foreign Office some account of the unused Russian forests which shows in the province of Archangel, where the Crown forests cover 88,079,040 acres, the falling of the trees has not much more than begun. He says that hitherto virgin forests of the Petchora Basin are opened up for trade and new mills have been built, and one at Archangel, one at Pishlaka, and one, too, at Kola, on the Lapland coast.

The whole world's consumption of wood amounts in a year to about 30,000,000 cubic feet, of which almost exactly one-half is used for firewood and the other half for building operations of all kinds—houses, bridges, ships, vehicles, furniture and ornamentation. Russia uses three times as much wood for fuel as it does for building. The United States uses twice as much for building as it does for fuel. There are three countries from which in large amounts wood is exported to other lands, the United States, Canada and Norway and Sweden. There are three countries from which by reason of their dearth of wood, they export it in considerable amount. These are England, France and Spain.

Young Folks.

LOYAL TO MOTHER.

"Nine o'clock. Oh, dear, how quick it does come!" and Clara White looked at the long hands of the clock, with just a little shadow coming over her bright face.

"That is not very late," her Cousin Effie said, who turned the leaves of the book that she held in her hands, as if to begin another chapter.

"But it is my bed-time, and I must retire at once," and Clara rose to go. "Do you have to go precisely at 9 o'clock?" Effie asked, while she still remained in her chair.

"It is mamma's wish that I retire at 9 o'clock," was the quick answer. "But your mamma is away, and you have company. My mamma always allows me to remain up as long as I please when my friends are spending the evening with me, and—"

"But you must not insist on my retiring at exactly 9 o'clock. I know that she does not wish me to remain up later than this time," and the honest little girl looked straight into her cousin's face.

"Well, I will go if you say so, but this story is so nice. I think that the clock is too fast, anyway," and Effie closed the book somewhat reluctantly.

"The clock is always right," was the quick reply of the little girl that would not be tempted to disregard her mamma's wishes.

In a few moments both little girls were fast asleep in their nice warm bed. Mrs. White came home from her visit to a neighbor's house at 9:30 o'clock. She stepped into Clara's room before retiring to kiss the sweet-faced little sleeper.

"Fast asleep. I knew that I should find her thus. She is so loyal to my wishes in everything that I think she is the dearest little girl in the whole world," and as the fond mother said this softly to herself, she kissed the happy little dreamer again.

THE COMING-OUT PARTY.

The very latest thing—maybe I ought to say things—out "Miss Mildred Parsons and her brothers, Master Lawrence and the Baby," the invitations read, "invite you to a Coming-out Party this afternoon. Come at 2 o'clock and don't dress up!"

Such a funny idea—a party and not to dress up! But mamma persisted gently in putting on the twin B's—Betty's and Beth's, you know—plain brown dresses.

"For it wouldn't be polite now to dress up," she said, "after they've asked you not to."

Honey Bunch was invited, too, and mamma put on her bright little everyday plaid.

"Who's coming out, you s'pose, mamma?" asked Betty. "Mildred?"

"Why, no; I think that can't be," said mamma, with a smile. "She's only seven; and young ladies do not usually 'come out' before they are eighteen, at least."

And so the coming-out party began. Can you guess who came out? Forty-one little, wet, yellow chickens! They didn't all come out at once—dear me, no! It took some of them a good while. They had to saw open their shells with their tiny hard points on their beaks; and then they had to rest and then they had to wiggle and squirm out. When they were "out" how dragged and homely they were! But it didn't take long to dry and scramble over to the little windows—the cunningest, yellowest little comers-outers, as Lawrence called them.

You see, Uncle Lem's big incubator was out in the woodshed; and the yellow chickens were in there. The children watched them through its windows.

"It's a beautiful party!" exclaimed Betty, with a long sigh of contentment. "Oh, isn't it?" cried Beth.

And Honey Bunch said so, too. After a while it was over; and then there was a lunch in the kitchen of egg-salad and chicken sandwiches. But the best of it all was that each little guest carried home a wee, wee, fluffy yellow chicken in a box of cotton, to keep.

LEAKING BOATS.

First haul the boat out of water, scrub her well inside and out, and let her dry thoroughly, if possible under shelter. Turn her bottom up, and let her rest on pieces of scantling so placed as to keep her rigid and prevent her "wabbling" about. If there are any rough places on the hull rub them smooth with heavy sandpaper. Have ready a quantity of the coarsest unbleached muslin you can buy, the width of which depends upon the dimension of your boat, and should be calculated beforehand. Mix a pot of white lead with sufficient boiled linseed oil to make very thick paint, stiff enough for a brush to stand up in it alone. You will also require a good supply of small size brush with an ingenious, and then success will be certain. You will experience the greatest difficulty about the bow, but in the end you will get it to fit "like the paper on the wall," and will be able to mark out on the cloth the contour of the stem, and get it hemmed and tacked to fit, follow-

ESCAPED FROM SAVAGES.

Thrilling Experience of an English Missionary in Sierra Leone.

Among the passengers who arrived at Liverpool in the steamship Bonny was the Rev. C. H. Goodman, an English missionary from Sierra Leone.

The reverend gentleman has had some thrilling personal experiences in the Mendi country. He was stripped to be killed, but a dispute arose and his execution was postponed. For seven weeks he was kept in captivity, and suffered greatly from dysentery and black-water fever. Eventually he was rescued.

A London "Daily Mail" representative has had a chat with Mr. Goodman, who still bears marks of the terrible mental strain he was called upon to go through. In Sierra Leone he was the missionary of the United Methodist Free Church, and he said that when the terrible wave of murderous fanaticism swept over the Mendi country, and some 500 defenceless missionaries, harmless traders, and helpless women and children were savagely done to death he was laboring among the Tikonkoko section of the Mendi tribe. The Tikonkoko sought to protect him from the Bompeh Mendis, the most powerful section of the Mendi tribe and the chief instigators of the revolt.

The Tikonkoko kept him in hiding for several days after the outbreak, but were ultimately forced to give him up owing to the pressure which was brought to bear upon them by the Bompehs, who had got wind of the presence of a white man among the Tikonkoko. So he was handed over to be murdered in cold blood as he thought. But, as Mr. Goodman expressed it, even in the savage breast of a Mendi "Porrohman" some vestige of softer feelings would seem to dwell, for Grubruin, King of the Bompehs, personally exerted himself

TO SAVE HIM.

from the cruel fate which had overtaken his co-workers. A grand palaver was held in the gloom of the forest, and Grubruin stuck to his guns. Mr. Goodman, as he said, was "no live for the government or trade, but missionary who no savey war but come for to do good," and Grubruin carried the day.

Mr. Goodman said he was seven weeks a captive with the Bompeh Mendis, during the whole of which time he suffered no ill-treatment beyond the hardships which his captivity entailed. He explained that the Mendis fight in the bush, and will not go into open. They dig pits a few yards from the bush tracks over which the troops have to pass, and at whom they take potshots with old flint-locks and a few capguns, remaining concealed themselves at the bottom of their hiding places. Their other weapons are spears and old military cutlasses, and a peculiarity of their armament consists in two species of a short thin barbed spear, which they shoot from their guns.

The King of the Bompehs as already stated, is Grubruin, but Berewe, his war chief enjoys great influence, and, according to Mr. Goodman, he is responsible for the murder of several of the American missionaries. During his captivity Mr. Goodman's diet consisted almost exclusively of rice and salt—"more often," he said, "of salt and rice."

Mr. Goodman added that when he left Sierra Leone a number of refugees were still coming in to Bonthe, mostly women—widows of massacred Sierra Leoneans. A great many of these poor creatures had been wandering in the bush for weeks. They had endured terrible sufferings, and Mr. Goodman said that the testimony of these women would have to be relied upon for most of the evidence in connection with the coming trials in Freetown.

The general belief in Sierra Leone is that the whole of the hinterland will be changed from a Broctecratia into a Crown colony before the year is out.

FRUIT DRESSING FOR SHOES.

The best dressing for black leather is orange juice. Take a slice of quarter of an orange and rub it thoroughly all over the shoe or boot and allow it to dry. Then brush briskly with a soft brush until it shines like a looking glass.

A most convenient dressing for tan shoes is the inside of a banana skin. This is rubbed well and evenly all over the shoe and removes all spots and dirt as well as gives a fine polish, which last is brought out by using a flannel for wiping dry and another clean flannel for polishing.

A slice of lemon is also used as a tan leather dressing.

Patent leather must never be blacked or polished with anything but an oil. A fine sweet oil or vaseline is the best. They are the hardest kind of shoes to keep in good order. It is necessary to take a clean sponge and clean them from all dirt before applying the oil. It may then be rubbed dry at once with a flannel or other soft cloth which will not scratch the patent finish.

PHOSPHORUSLESS MATCHES.

The government of Belgium has offered a reward of 50,000 francs, nearly \$10,000, for the invention of a match paste containing no phosphorus. The competition is open to citizens and subjects of all nations. It is required that the matches shall ignite when scratched on any surface, including readily by friction, so as to be dangerous when carried in the pocket.

SO HE WAS.

Prim—Hello, old man. You are the last man I expected to meet.

Prom—Indeed? Well, I'm the last person you've met.