

AGRICULTURAL.

Abandoned Farms.
An official pamphlet issued by the State Government of Massachusetts shows the entire number of abandoned or partially abandoned farms in that Commonwealth, as reported to the Secretary of the Board, to be 906. The largest number, 256, are in Worcester County. The only other counties with more than a hundred are Berkshire, Franklin, 103. Eighty-six acres is the average area of abandoned farms, upon which there are buildings, and 87 acres the average area of those without buildings. The average value of the farms with buildings is stated to be \$894, and those without \$561. Official reports about the abandoned farms of Vermont and New Hampshire have also already been made by the Boards of Agriculture of these States. There were only 406 of them in Vermont last spring, and a good many of these have been taken up since that time. There were 1,442 of them in New Hampshire two years ago, but hundreds of buyers have gone to the State and made selections from them within these years. There are said to be far fewer abandoned farms in Connecticut, Maine and Rhode Island than there are in Vermont, Massachusetts and New Hampshire in the early part of this year. In some of the Southern States the amount of land that has been abandoned or that has lain untilled for years is very great. A report issued by the Virginia Board of Agriculture says that in that State there are 15,000,000 acres of land suitable for crop growing which are not tilled and which are a burden to the owners. "Most of this land," we are assured "is for sale at low prices, and all of it would produce splendid crops, profitable to industrial farmers."

DISEASES OF SHEEP.

If sheep are well cared for, very little trouble from disease occurs. The American Cultivator's veterinarian says that no animal is so difficult to handle when attacked by some disease as the sheep. As it has little appetite and discharges a large amount of the animal is taken down so rapidly that immediate action is necessary to save the life. Our very changeable climate makes sheep diseases very disastrous in the fall and winter seasons, and one must take good preventive measures to keep the health of the flock up. The different breeds have different susceptibilities, and become very easily attacked and killed by disease, there are other breeds that appear to be comparatively hardy under the most adverse circumstances. As a general rule, however, the fine-wooled breeds are much more hardy in the United States than the coarser-wooled breeds, owing to the closer texture of their coats, which renders them more resistant to the attacks of the gadfly, and the many troubles which it inflicts.

The preventive measures for sheep troubles are good sanitary surroundings and good diet. None of the breeds will thrive very well on low, wet, marshy grounds, nor can they endure wet weather in the open air long without contracting some disease. Sudden changes of any kind will affect them seriously, and hence our climate in the food, temperature of the body, or a chill of any kind will very often prove fatal. Understanding these points one is prepared to prevent many of the diseases which are killing off the flocks in every section. The animals should be kept in the best pastures, and the best quality of feed should be given. A sudden change in the diet also is very important, and the roots and grasses which are so essential to the good health of the animals. Salt and water need to be taken into the system in small quantities very often, and both should be kept near the flocks at all times. In all things the flock-master must study the natural needs and desires of his breeds to make the most of them, and his common-sense will then suggest preventive measures.

Water Feed for Poultry.

About this time while you are providing comfortable quarters for your fowls it is time to provide proper feed for winter. You should keep a barrel or barrels in the barn and granary wherein you can throw the cleanings from the floor, manger and other places. When we thresh we have more or less waste and dirty wheat, this we save. When we are husking corn we gather up from around the crib shelled corn, of course slightly mixed with dirt but we save it for winter use.

Nearly every season some of our neighbors raise sorghum. We procure a few bushels of seed from them, generally for the picking up; this is excellent feed. We can usually buy a few bushels of rye cheaply. A little patch sown near the barn makes good green pick throughout the winter when no snow is on the ground. We feed rye in the grain too, but fowl will not eat it as readily as they will wheat.

We have also found that oats makes a cheap and extra good feed, so fanciers recommend it to be fed exclusively, as it possesses many qualities for fattening and egg production.

We save all the small potatoes. They can be boiled, mashed and mixed with other feed, and are cheap and help the variety. Turnips and cabbage can also be chopped fine and fed either cooked or raw.

We can from the above, along with the scraps from the table, make a variety of dishes that will amply repay us for our trouble in saving and preparing them. We also find that it pays to visit the restaurants in town once in a while and get a bucket of scraps, and where one has enough fowls to justify the time in going after, it is well to have an understanding with one or more hotels to take away the scraps every other day or oftener.

Throughout the winter when so much of the time is cold and disagreeable and the ground frozen or covered with snow when the fowls cannot get around to pick up their food, a variety should be provided for them and they will amply repay us in increased egg production and vitality for spring.

Fowls like a change of food and must have it to make them healthy and able to avert disease. They need not be fed anything costly, but what can be found upon nearly every farm and what would go to waste otherwise. —(The Prairie Farmer.)

Reducing Farm Expenses.

Most farmers are coming to see that in order to make their business profitable they must reduce expenses or raise better crops. The *Mirror and Farmer* says that this is probably one thing, if not the one thing, which every farmer is thinking about. It is natural, and in one sense desirable. But studying how to practice a reasonable economy is probably the best thing to do. To save feed by starving animals is the poorest kind of economy. Like saving seed and rearing only a fraction of a crop. Shall less help be hired? That depends upon the ability of the farmer to properly care for his stock and cultivate his soil with less help, not forgetting the necessary help for the life-partner who has charge of the household. The necessary work must be done without overworking anyone—for the health and comfort of the family are the main things for which the farm should be run. When running it fails to accomplish this, it is time to stop. The necessary fertilizers should be applied. It is throwing away labor and money not to apply them. Expenses cannot be reduced in this way without incurring greater loss. This would be farming in the wrong direction—to lose instead of gain. There can be no legitimate reduction of expenses when loss is to follow—especially if it be greater than the reduction. But where there is lack of means, what cannot be cured must be endured. Still it may be possible to increase the amount of product at the same time. Often a little more labor may change the point of view and make a gain. This is a balance from the loss to a gain. A few dollars put into the right kind of fertilizer often may bring in many dollars at the harvest. A labor-saving machine or tool may make that possible which would be impossible without it. Study to do things at the right time as well as in the right way. Failure in one of these points may substitute loss for gain. A few rods of ditching done at odd spells may turn a worthless patch into a productive one. Really, the end to aim at is judicious expenditure, and not parsimonious economy.

HOW TO TREAT LA GRIPPE.

Some Advice by Eminent New York Doctors.

The physicians of New York are urging their patients and their friends to take the greatest care of themselves during this trying weather owing to a third annual visit of that deadly influenza, which has been given the name "grip." They urge everyone to do on the watch for the intruder, in order to throttle him at first sight. A Press reporter visited several eminent physicians and asked their advice as to the best method of dealing with the malady when it first appears.

"Take the influenza by the throat and shake the life out of it at once," said Dr. Lewis Deland. "Don't stop to argue with it a moment. How would I advise a patient to do this? Well, that is a question somewhat hard to answer. The conditions of the patient are rarely the same. I would say, generally speaking, go to bed and send for a doctor. Suppose we can't afford that? No one can afford to tell to what a seemingly slight attack will lead. Keep your feet dry. Keep your circulation good. Be careful of your habits and your digestion. Do not submit yourself to exposure, and, as I said before, go and ask some one who knows what you need in the way of medicines. Do not do that most foolish of all things, wait for the attack to wear away and cure itself."

Dr. Alfred Loomis said:—"This talk about grip makes me angry. I do not believe in the so-called disease. I have been in practice quite a number of years, and ever since I began we have had the same kind of influenza to deal with. Colds may be a little more prevalent because of the warmth and dampness of the weather, but we have no new disease to deal with. If you have what is commonly called the grip now I should advise you in the same way I would have done ten years ago had you come to me and told me you had a cold. Go to your room and cure it. Don't expose yourself. Keep your skin pores open, your conditions good and the temperature of the body in a good condition."

Dr. E. Bradley said:—"The greatest care should be exercised as soon as you feel the first symptoms. It would be impossible to prescribe any specific medicines in a general way. The condition of the health of patients is never alike in any two cases. In some the influenza attacks the head, in others the throat and then, again, the kidneys, the liver or the stomach may be attacked, but the greatest care of yourself in all cases. Do not submit yourself to draughts; keep your body warm, but do not overheat it. If you feel the slightest attack be careful, above all things of your digestion. Hot foot baths, hot lemonade and good, hard rubbing of the body before retiring will do a great deal of good. By no means wait for a cold to cure itself."

Dr. Beekman said:—"The slightest evidence of trouble should be at once attended to. Stay at home and let business go for a day or so. If you go out there is danger of overheating, getting your feet or body wet and living in an uneven temperature. Stay at home and keep the atmosphere about you at the same temperature. Be careful of your digestion and if you need it, take a cathartic like castor oil or rhubarb root. Either will serve your purpose well. Do not allow any bile to accumulate on your stomach, and if you find any bile get rid of it at once. It requires only mild treatment to eject the visitor when he first comes, but if you let him get much hold there will be trouble ahead."

Grip's Greeting.

I am La Grippe!
Grip for short,
But I got there just the same!
And the way I got there
Is-looks like nothing!
Out of the annals of pathology
I am no respecter of persons.
And if you're out, or broadcloth!
Has no more influence with me
Than a width of
Brown muslin has!
I say for the woman
Who runs around bare-headed
Or thin shod!
And the way I wipe a man
Without an overcoat
Is perfectly astonishing!
I say for the man
Who is full of me,
And as a microbe incubator
I may say, without fear
Of successful contradiction,
That I am beyond competition!
I've got a working out
Of the human system present,
And I'm working it
For all it's worth!
I and the doctors
Are having a picnic,
With the doctors
Getting all the gate money!
How is it in not in it
For booby,
And I don't care a cuss
Who is in here for
And don't you tell me they take
And there's no telling
How many have fainted
In the past few weeks.
It's a cold day,
When I get well,
And we are not having
Many cold days this winter.
How is it in not in it
For booby,
But why multiply words?
You know me.
If you don't you can learn
All you want to know
By reference to the families
Which, and which,
I have worked!
Mighty few of them
Don't recognize me socially,
And all the crimes in the calendar!
But I ain't saying a word.
I ain't saying a word.
Let her go Gallaher.

A Rogue in the Breast of Your Coat.

I courted sweet Shelah for seven years an over,
And the sweet Shelah was ever a rover;
I courted all night, an' I courted all day,
An' yet sweet Shelah had never a way;
I courted her, I courted her, I courted her,
I courted her in the week, an' wished they were eight.

ARE YOU AS WELL AS YOU FEEL?

Whichever she went I was sure to be there,
At each wedding an' wake I'd love an' 'tc
I courted her waking, I courted her dreaming,
I courted her arnest, I courted her seeming,
I courted her riding, I courted her walking,
I courted her smiling an' frowning an' wroathing,
An' by the hole o' me coat I courted her breath
In.
But 'twas always,
"Go away, Barney,
Get along wid your blarney,
There's a rogue in the breast o' your coat."

I COURTED SWEET SHELAH FOR SEVEN YEARS AN OVER.

The rogue in me coat I'd never found out,
The rogue in me coat I'd never found out,
The darlint vournee is the rogue in me breast,
An' by the silver parishes there she shall rest.
Never mind your blarney,
This Shelah is the rogue in your coat."
—John E. T. Dow, in Century for January, 1902.

THEY LIVED ALONG IN THAT WAY.

So they lived along in that way, the same from
With plenty of time for drivin' work and a
little time for play.
An' grown up into the sweetest girls and
An' grown up into the sweetest boys.
Till the old gray heads of the two old folks were
crowned with the homeliest hair.
Eh! Come to my story! Well, that's all.
They're livin' just like I said.
Only two of the girls is married, an' one of the
boys is dead.
An' they're honest an' decent an' happy, an'
I hope the best christians I know.
Though I reckon in bright comp'ny they'd be
trouble ahead!

OH, YOU'RE PRESSED FOR TIME!

Sure, I'm sorry I kept you so long,
Goody, I know, he looked kind o' bored like, an'
I reckon that I was wrong.
To tell such a commonplace story of two such
commonplace lives.
But we can't get drunk an' gamble an' fight,
an' run off with other men's wives.
—R. J. BURDETTE.

ALL NEXT YEAR THE SUCCESSFUL MAN.

Will have to bother, and toil, and plan
To please his hungry constituents,
While he had bid dull care go hence,
So here's to his health!
He will be happy, careless, free,
All the more because he can see
All the anxieties turned away,
Because he got left election day—
And here's to his health!

COIN FROM THE EARTH.

A Frugal Man's Treasure Found by His Son After Death.

Just one week ago two men drove up to the Northwest Savings Bank in St. Louis and, lifting an old soap box out of the wagon entered the bank. Opening the box, they revealed the astonished eyes of the employees heaps of silver dollars, and gold pieces. When the money was counted it was found to amount to about \$3,030. The event brought out a story which has the air of a romance.

For many years there lived in that city a man named John F. Holman. He won there before the war and bought some ground in an unsettled portion of the city, and there he built a small frame house. He married soon after, and the couple being very economical managed to save enough money to build a double two-story brick house. They lived in one part of the house with their son, John P. Holman, Jr., and the other part they rented out. A few years later they built another building in the rear. Holman's wife died about twenty years ago, and several years later his son married and left him. Holman moved to the rear dwelling, occupying only one room. Between the two buildings was an old shed which they had formerly used for a smoke house. This shed Holman was observed to watch closely, but no one paid any attention to this. Holman was known to be wealthy and it was supposed that he had his money in a bank, but he had a friend, Charles Kern, who knew different, as the old man had often spoken to him of his distrust of banks.

THE HEART OF SEAMLOCKS.

Mr. Kern of his father had told him, and Mr. Kern advised him to look for the money. Holman refused to do this at first, but was finally persuaded, and last Tuesday the two men began digging in the shed. They had dug over almost all of the ground, and the son was about to give up, when Kern spied a corner in which was heaped a pile of ragged old rags. They commenced to remove the rags, and suddenly Kern uttered an exclamation and drew forth an iron box filled with silver dollars. Beneath it he found another one containing silver dollars. A third pot was found underneath this containing \$5, \$2.50, and \$1 gold pieces. The money was mildewed with age, and after it had been taken to the bank considerable trouble was had in counting it.

PARNEILL'S GRAVE KEPT COVERED WITH FLOWERS.

A recent visitor to Mr. Parnell's grave writes: "All around for a radius of fifty or a hundred yards the grass is sodden down. On the west side of the grave are the most primitive of hedge stakes and protected by ropes, more suggestive of what one would fancy a prize-ring to be, is an enclosed space of ten yards or so either way. Within this is the grave itself—large and raised. All around are wreaths and crosses, and most of them fresh, and bright. A large number of them are with many, but which, I confess, find no favor in my eyes. The ground within the ropes has been neatly sodden, and these mementos— I counted seventy-eight of them—are all arranged neatly and in order, the artificial affairs under glass.

PAUSEY'S NOTABLE FRIEND.

When Pius IX. sat down to dine, says a writer in Chamber's Journal, his car came in with the soup, mounted a chair opposite him, and dumbly and decorously looked on until the pontiff had finished his meal. Then it received its own at his master's hands, and took leave till the same hour the next day. The demise of pope alarmed the Pope's household, lest he should be painfully affected by the loss of his old table companion, but his holiness "did not seem to care a bit more about it than he cared for the death of his secretary, the Cardinal Antonelli."

BURIED ALIVE.

A Polish Physician Interred While in a Trial—Evidence of a Terrible Struggle in the Coffin.
ST. PETERSBURG, Jan.—Intelligence has reached here to-day of a fearful accident that occurred at Proschovitska, a village in Russian Poland. It appears that a physician had been practising at that place, and became ill, and that all appearance died. The body was prepared for burial, and conveyed to the village cemetery, where it was interred. A few hours after the mourners had departed from the cemetery some men who were engaged about the grounds were startled by hearing a succession of the most unearthly shrieks, which went to their hearts. One of the men came forward, and in a short time the men fled in confusion, and they decided to investigate the matter. The earth was hastily removed from the grave, and the coffin lifted out. Upon opening the coffin it was found that the doctor had been alive when he was buried, but that he had apparently died from suffocation. The body was entirely dead from agony endured by the physician when he regained consciousness and found himself in his coffin. He had made almost superhuman efforts to burst out of the coffin lid, but the weight of the earth prevented this, and then, frantic with the horror of his situation, the imprisoned man had bitten his fingers to the bone. He had fallen on his side, and in the agonies of suffocation he had beaten his forehead against the coffin until his head was terribly bruised. The affair has caused great horror.

CONQUERORS OF THE FRENCH CONGO

An African Tribe that Numbers Millions and Fought its Way to the Sea.

The French Congo country is five times the size of France. It is believed that it contains 8,000,000 people, and more than half of them are Fuhouins, as De Brazza calls them, or Fans, as Du Chaillu made them known. Those who know them best say their name is properly Fanga. They are by far the most remarkable people in West Africa.

The Fanga lord it over every people they meet. Years ago they swooped down upon the coast natives from the interior just as the hordes of barbarians invaded western Europe. They are among the greatest cannibals in existence. One of the most careful studies made of the Fanga is that of the Rev. P. Lejeune, a missionary, who has lived among them for some years. In most books and records they are referred to as the Pahouins. This, however, is the name applied to them by their enemies. The word Pahouin is synonymous with savage or thief and it perhaps a fitting designation of the race of cannibals who invaded all the valleys of the Gaboon territory.

EMIN PASHA.

Emin Pasha must be admitted to be one of the most interesting figures on the panorama of this final decade of the century. There is something in our imagination which always makes eager and inquiring repeats to the chord which he and his kind touch, and few historical instances in which men of the Orient and sub-Saharan have passed over to the Orient and submitted to a more tedious and less colorful life than his. The historical page. There is as much of the dramatic in Emin's life as there is in his most recent indirect advice to the Berliner Tagblatt. It is hard to guess whether his remarkable journey back to his Egyptian Province was more due to the temptings of Wissman or to the desire for the further light was led away from what our modern world considers the present serpent of old Nile, semi-barbaric independence. Probably both causes were at work. The easy, diplomatic view to take of Emin is that he is a spectacular German and raising considerable geographical discoveries and making a "open road" from the Cape Colony to the Soudan, all in the interests of Teutonic superiority and Teutonic hinterland. But this is far too superficial a summing up of the man whom the impious advertising, contractor-like way to bring safe from his disquieting and illegitimate situation in the Equatorial Province and ship home to Europe from Zanzibar, and who, loving his head in patient, deep disdain let Mr Stanley "thunder by" and then retraced his steps through Uganda. Very likely he urged those steps the faster for Wissman's suggestions of what might be done for the Fatherland, but the oriental, fatalistic disdain of Mr. Stanley was there all the same. How far Emin is discommoding the British East Africa Company and his acts vital at need be adopted or disavowed by the German Government it is of course hard to say. The story that he has been fighting with an English force that has marveled northward from Uganda to "intercept" him requires much confirmation. But what is impossible to believe is that whatever he has been doing he is in a precarious situation. He has at least shown the centers of civilization that it is not worth while to be alarmed about him.

AN ALPINE HOST.

The Great St. Bernard, Founded Nearly a Thousand Years Ago.

This asylum for the Alpine wayfarer (7,000 feet above the sea level) is said to have been founded A. D. 962 by St. Bernard of Menthon, white, according to some authorities, it rose a century earlier under Charlemagne. Neither saint nor emperor is likely to make good his claim, as the archives of the hospice have been completely destroyed in two successive conflagrations. But like other Christian institutions, it had undoubtedly a pagan predecessor. The Romans, on the self-same spot, built a temple to the Penine Jove, and that in turn occupied the site of a still earlier shrine of prehistoric antiquity.

The truth is, the Alpine passes were in common use from the remotest ages—the Christian world treading the same route which has been trodden by the Romans, who also availed themselves of the track made by the aborigines. At the highest point the tutelary deity had his place of worship, and this was served by the local priest, who rendered assistance to the distressed or ailing traveler and received tribute in return for his good offices. The existence of a temple of Jupiter on the spot, with its staff of priests, is well known, and the relics that have turned up near it attest its uses to have been similar to those of the present hospice.

A discovery of importance has just been made in its vicinity—a bronze statue of excellent preservation of Jupiter himself, says the London Lancet. Its artistic value is very great; its height forty centimeters. At the same time other treasure trove was brought to the surface, including a number of medals and a statuette of a lion measuring sixteen centimeters, also of fine workmanship. These are now the property of the monks, and will attract to the hospice a public and capable to keep them in mind than the proper recipients of their kindness.

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