CHIGNECTO POST.

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VOL. 14.—NO. 41.　　SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1884.　　WHOLE NO. 716.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—During the past year 1,744 animals have been shipped from the Island of Jersey.

—Three farmers of Nictaux, Annapolis Co., N. S., recently opened their new silos and found the results even better than they had anticipated.

—Nearly all the commercial meetings held in France since the last harvest, have agreed in estimating the crop of grain of 1883 as below the average. It is estimated that France had a deficit of nearly 30,000,000 bushels.

—An orchard in western New York, of 500 trees on eleven acres, has yielded its owner over $20,000 in twelve years above all expenses. It stands on a deep, rich soil, and has to be top dressed every alternate year.

—France reports general agricultural distress. Hungarian breadstuffs rule the market and drive home products out of Paris, although hampered with a heavy import duty, and farmers have applied to the government for aid.

—The Autumn round-ups of cattle in the Indian Territory show that the reported loss of cattle from theft and disease was greatly exaggerated. One stockman recently sold his ranch and 8,000 cattle for $140,000, and another received $30,000 for 7,000 head of beeves.

—The Pillsbury flouring mill at Minneapolis, has a milling capacity of five thousand and one hundred barrels of flour, and one hundred and eighty tons of offal per day. This is made from 24,000 bushels of wheat. The transportation to and from, requires one hundred cars each day.

—To make corn bread without yeast, sift three quarts of meal, add a tablespoonful of salt, and mix with just enough water to make a thin batter; cover this with a cloth and let it stand until it begins to rise, and little bubbles make their appearance on the top; then pour it into a well-buttered tin and bake slowly in a moderate oven.

—One of the chief causes of the scarcity of eggs in winter, is the failure to supply the hens with pure water daily. The egg contains a large amount of water, and unless this is supplied, the egg basket will be empty. Clean drinking dishes and pure water, protected from freezing, will do much to ensure a good supply of eggs.

—A little less than a quart of sweet milk, thickened with a little more than a quart of graham poured into a hot muffin pan, baked in a hot oven, makes what we consider good gems. Am partial to food that may be well prepared without soda, as I fear it will cause the teeth to decay. Do you all know that eggs are nice baked in a buttered tin or spider?

—An order in the Canadian Council has been passed approving the regulations regarding the importation of swine from the Western States for breeding purposes. The regulations provide that the animals must be boars or sows, and must be accompanied by a certificate that there is no disease in the district from which they come. The animals must remain in quarantine for 21 days at the Point Edward, quarantine station.

—The famous brood mare "Midnight," dam of the still more famous trotter "Jay-Eye-See," died at Palo Alto, Cal., on January 19, just after dropping a handsome colt by "Electioneer." She was 19 years old, was bred at Woodburn, Ky., and had been sold by David Bonner to ex-Gov. Leland Stanford in August, 1882. Her colt, "Electricity," had been put with "Norma," and is doing well.—Rural New-Yorker.

—The outbreak of trichinosis at Emersleben, in Prussian Saxony, has been reported upon by a physician and appears to have risen from the practice of eating raw pork minced up and spread on bread, as is the habits of the peasants. Of the 257 attacked 50 died, and no remedy had any effect. All who ate over a quarter of a pound died. Those who ate the pork cooked were lame and had sore eyes. It was native pork.

—The books the farmer's boy studies should tell him of the soil he is to cultivate, of the plants he is to raise, of the stock he is to feed, and of the tools he is to use, says Dr. Case, in the Husbandman. All of these subjects and others connected with agricultural pursuits are of surprising interest and importance, and yet of these things the boy that is to make a farmer learns not one fact from the books he studies.

—The American Dairyman says: "The art of butter-making will never reach perfection until we stop putting salt in the butter. It is a depraved taste that requires a salt taste in butter. The most critical judges in the old country never think of allowing salt to come near the butter, and after getting accustomed to it there is all the difference between the two that there is between sweet and fresh fish flesh or other dried or prepared food. The true epicure could eat a pound of unsalted butter at a sitting. It will be money in dairymen's pocket when salt is abandoned in the dairy."

Natural Conditions the Conditions of Health.

The study of biology is largely a study of hereditary influences. In the form and structure, in all the peculiar life-habits of each organic being, we can trace the outcome of ancestral transmission, and, as a general rule, the persistence of such peculiarities corresponds to the length of time during which the influence of their causes was impressed upon the character of the species. The period of artificial civilization, even if considered as coeval with even if considered as coeval with the era of recorded history, is but a moment compared with the ages during which man-like creatures, the ancestors of our domestic animals and the prototypes of our cultivated plants, existed in the warmer zones of our planet. After six thousand years of cultivation on parched hill-sides, the vine is still by preference a tree-shade plant. After many thousand generations of cats have been fed and petted in daytime and neglected after dark, puss is still a night-prowler. Barnyard fowl have still a predilection for thorny jungles, and in the plains of Russia the descendants of the mountain-goat climb wood-piles and cottage-roofs. In the constitution of all organic beings there is a tendency to revert to the original life-habits of the species. Biologists have long recognized the significance of that law, but its hygienic importance has hardly begun to be understood. For it implies not less than this: That the vital functions of every living being are performed more easily and more vigorously under the conditions to which the constitution of its organism was originally adapted. A swamp-boa may subsist for years in a dry board cage; eagles have been chained to a post for a quarter of a century, and lost the gloss of their feathers, their vigor, their courage, though not their lives. No drugs would restore their native habits, and see how fast they will regain their native vigor! Their infirmities could not have been traced to any single cause, but were due to the combined influence of numerous unnatural conditions.—From "The Remedies of Nature," by DR. FELIX L. OSWALD, in Popular Science Monthly for February.

Exercise as a Remedy for the Nervous.

"When I reflect on the immunity of hard-working people from the effects of wrong and over feeling," says Dr. Boerhaave, "I can not help thinking that most of our fashionable diseases might be cured mechanically instead of chemically, by climbing a bitterwood-tree, or chopping it down, if you like, rather than swallowing a decoction of its disgusting leaves." For male patients, gardening, in all its branches, is about as fashionable as the said diseases, and no liberal man should shrink from the expense of a board fence, if it would induce his drug-poisoned wife to try her hand at turf-spading, or, as a last resort, at hoeing, or even a bit of wheelbarrow-work.

For wayward children my first prescription would be—fine open woods and a merry playmate; for the chlorotic affections of their elder comrades—some diverting, but withal fatiguing, form of manual labor. In the minds of too many parents there is a vague notion that rough work brutalizes the character. The truth is, that it regulates its defects; it calms the temper, it affords an outlet to things that would otherwise vent themselves in fretfulness and ugly passions. Most school-teachers know that city children are more fidgety, more irritable and mischievous than their village comrades; and the most placid females of the genus homo are found among the well-fed but hard-working housewives of German Pennsylvania.—From "The Remedies of Nature," by DR. FELIX L. OSWALD, in Popular Science Monthly for February.

A Remarkable Steam-Engine.

An English firm have recently completed a small light compound engine, which, in point of weight, eclipses anything heretofore built. This engine is made of steel and phosphor-bronze; all parts are built as light as possible, the rods and shafting and all parts possible being bored out to reduce weight. At a speed of only 300 revolutions a minute they indicate over twenty horse-power, and weigh but 105 pounds all told. This engine would give fully thirty horse-power actual at a piston-speed of 500 feet a minute. The size is three and three-quarters high pressure, seven and a half low pressure, and five stroke. That thirty horse-power can be had from a proper utilization of steam and proper distribution of 105 pounds of metal is certainly most astonishing, especially so, considering that the engine is compound. A ship of 2,500 tons displacement was almost unknown fifty years ago; to-day the transatlantic steamer, the highest class of the mercantile marine, has from 8,000 to 13,500 tons displacement, and engines of 5,000 to 10,000 one horse-power. Several of the transatlantic liners have shown a mean ocean-speed of twenty miles an hour, and make the passage in less than seven days.—From "Fifty Years of Mechanical Engineering," by ANBUR C. HARDING, in Popular Science Monthly for February.

THE DEACON'S EXPERIENCE.

The communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hollow, and people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn, but he did not give it out; he laid his book down on the table, and looked about on his church.

He was a man of simplicity and sincerity, fully earnest to do his Lord's work, and do it with all his might, but he did sometimes feel discouraged. His congregation was a mixture of farmers and mechanics, for Sugar Hollow was cut in two by Sugar brook, a brawling, noisy stream that turned the wheel of many a noisy mill and manufactory, yet on the hills around it there was still a scattered population eating their bread in the full reception of the primeval curse. So he had to contend with the lean brain and skeptical comment of the men who piqued themselves on their intelligence at heretical problems as well as hot iron, with the jealousy and repulsion and bitter feeling that has bred the communistic hordes abroad and at home; while perhaps he had a still harder task to awaken the sluggish souls of those who used their days to struggle with barren hillside and rocky pasture for mere food and clothing, and their nights to sleep the dull sleep of physical fatigue and mental vacuity.

It seemed sometimes to Mr. Parkes that nothing but the trump of Gabriel could arouse his people from their sin and make them believe in the Lord and follow His footsteps. To-day—no—a long time before to-day he had mused and prayed till an idea took shape in his thought, and now he was to put it in practice; yet he felt peculiarly responsible and solemnized as he looked about him and foreboded the success of his experiment. Then there flashed across him, as words of scripture will come back to the habitual Bible reader, the noble utterances of Gamaliel concerning Peter and his brethren when they stood before the council: "If this counsel or this work be of men it will come to naught; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it." With a sense of strength the minister spoke.

"My dear friends," he said, "you all know, though I didn't give any notice to that effect, that this week is the Week of Prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make it for this once a week of practice instead. I think we may discover some things, some of the things of God, in this manner, that a succession of prayer meetings would not, perhaps, so thoroughly reveal to us. Now, when I say this, I don't mean to have you go home and vaguely endeavor to walk straight in the old way; I want you to take 'topics,' as they are called, for the prayer meetings. For instance, Monday is prayer for the temperance work. Try all that day to be temperate in speech, in act, in indulgence of any kind that is hurtful to you. The next day is for Sunday schools; go and visit your scholars, and if you are teachers, and try to feel that you have living souls to save. Wednesday is a day for fellowship meeting; we are cordially invited to attend a union meeting of this sort at Bantam. Few of us can go 25 miles to be with our brethren there; let us spend that day in cultivating our brethren here; let us go and see those who have been cold to us for some reason, heal up our acerbities of friendship, confess our shortcomings one to another, and act as if, in our Master's words, 'all ye are brethren.'

"Thursday is the day to pray for the family relation; let us each try to be to our families on that day in our measure what the Lord is to his family, the church, remembering the words 'Fathers, provoke not your children to anger;' 'Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.' These are texts rarely commented upon, I have noticed, in our conference meetings; we are more apt to speak of the obedience due from children, and the submission and meekness of wives owe us, forgetting that duties are always reciprocal.

"Friday the church is to be prayed for. Let us each for himself try to act that day just as we think Christ, our great exemplar, would have acted in our places. Let us try to prove to ourselves and the world about us that we have not taken upon us His name lightly or in vain. Saturday is prayer day for the heathen and foreign missions. Brethren, you know and I know that there are heathen at our doors here; let every one of you who will, take that day to preach the gospel to some one who does not hear it anywhere else. Perhaps you will find work that ye know not of lying in your midst. And let us all on Saturday evening meet here again and choose some one brother to relate his experience of the week. You who are willing to try this method, please to rise.'

Everybody rose except old Amos Tucker, who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered him imploringly. He only shook his grizzled head and sat immovable.

"Now come fellowship-day, I thought that would be all plain sailin'; seemed as though I'd got warmed up till I felt pleasant towards everybody; so I went around seein' folks that was neighbors, and 'twas easy; but when I come home at noon spell, Philety says, says she, 'Square Tucker's black bull is into th' orchard a-tearin' round, and he's knocked two lengths o' fence down flat.' Well, th' old Adam riz up then, you'd better b'lieve. That black bull has been a-breakin' into my line of fence ever since we got in th' aftermath, and its 'Square Tucker's' fence, and he won't make it bull-strong as he'd oughter, and that orchard was a young one jest comin' to bear, and all the new wood crisp as cracklin's with frost. You'd better b'lieve I didn't have much feller-feelin' with Amos Tucker. I jest put over to his house and spoke up pretty free to him, when he looked up and says, says he, 'Fellowship meetin' day, a'n't it, deacon?' I'd ruther he'd ha' slapped my face. I felt as though I should like to slip behind the door. I see pretty distinct what sort of life I'd been livin' all the years I'd been a professor, when I couldn't hold on to my tongue and temper one day!"

"Breth-er-en," interrupted a slow, harsh voice, somewhat broken with emotion, "I'll tell the rest. Josiah Emmons come around like a man an' a Christian right there. He asked me to forgive him, and not to think 'twas the fault of his religion, because 'twas his'n and nothin' else. I think more of him to-day than I ever done before. I thought 'twas everlastin' nonsense. I'd rather go to forty-nine prayer meetin's than work at bein' good a week. I b'lieve my hope has been one of them that perish; it ha'nt worked, and I knew it behind to-day. I mean to begin honest, and it was seein' one honest Christian man fetched me round to't."

Amos Tucker sat down and bowed his grizzled head in his rough hands.

"Bless the Lord!" said the quavering tones of a still older man
(Continued on fourth page.)

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