

Agricultural.

Field, Farm and Garden.

In the New York *Tribune* a resident of Oil Creek warns fruit-growers against using petroleum on fruit trees and shrubs. It kills all trees around where it is pumped, and a neighboring orchard that had been painted with it began to decline. This applies to crude oil, but others claim that refined oil, as used for lamps, is less harmful. It kills flies and destroys the eggs of insects if brushed on lightly in winter, but in summer must not be applied to the foliage except when largely diluted with water, which should be kept constantly stirred.

Sorghum seed is said by Dr. Wilhelm, of Minnesota, to be equal to corn as feed for all kinds of stock, and twenty-five bushels may be obtained from an acre. It also makes a flour equal to that from buckwheat. The skimmings from the pans, when hoiling for sugar, are found to be very valuable as food for hogs, they taking on flesh rapidly when fed on this alone. Good vinegar is made from the clear liquor. The seed and vinegar are estimated at \$30, and a material used for making wrapping paper yields \$12, or \$42 per acre, without estimating sugar.

It is a common remark that most anything is good enough for a hog, and to this senseless proposition is traced the disease among swine owned by breeders who indorse it. Since time immemorial the hog has been called the farm scavenger, but, nevertheless, the successful breeder is he who relies the least upon this over-estimated characteristics of the animal. Bad water, worse treatment in handling, and a superabundance of filth are the foundation of all diseases to which hogs are subject, and it is consequently easy to believe that the health of the animal and the quality of the meat must increase in proportion to the cleanliness of the food and surroundings.

M. Pasteur, of France, says that the grass grown over the graves of cattle that died of splenic fever is a source of infection to the cattle feeding on it. He points to the agency of earthworms in carrying the germs of deadly bacteria from buried carcasses to living animals. Having introduced worms into a pit which had contained the carcasses of cattle that died from splenic fever, he filled it with earth. In a short time he procured from the intestines of these worms the means of reproducing the disease in its worst forms by inoculation. He also showed that the worms, by casting out over the surface earth containing the bacteria germs, gave the disease to all cattle that grazed over it.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* claims that he gets the greatest number of eggs when he feeds his hens on wheat screenings. He feeds in this way: "I have fed sorghum seed, corn meal, oats, corn middlings, and have concluded that feeding wheat in the morning and shelled corn at night, with a feed of ship-stuffs wet up, having a good dose of ground pepper put in, and then baked and fed twice a week, and once in a while substituting powdered sulphur in place of pepper, is the best plan. I have good shelter and good, clean nests; feed regularly and allow them a good range, with plenty of gravel to scratch in. I sell the fowls when they are two years old, and always keep the hens for hatching."

Concerning his experience with ensilage W. C. Strong, of Brighton, Mass., writes: Having a cemented tank which had been used as a reservoir for water, I tried the experiment of using it as a silo in 1880. Ten acres of Hungarian grass (about 130 tons), very foul with pig of rag weed, so that it would have been unmerchable in a dry state, was cut fine and packed in the usual way, and sold during the winter to milkmen at \$7 per ton, they doing the carting. They reported that the cows sought the ensilage with avidity, ate it clean and seemed to thrive and give an improved quality of milk over that produced from hay and brewers' grains. Last season the silo was filled with corn of excellent quality, and the bulk of it sold to milkmen at \$7 per ton, they coming for it, in loads of 1500 to 2000 pounds, about once a week. The reports have been emphatic from purchasers that it was an economical and excellent fodder, the quality of the milk exciting the notice of consumers as more like June milk than they had ever had before. A smaller allowance of hay and brewers' grains was used with the ensilage. I feed my own cows from a silo at my home farm, and made June butter in January—a new era in my experience. That ensilage of corn is the cheapest and most wholesome food for milk cows, if supplemented with a small allowance of shorts and hay, I entertain no doubt.

Dr. Hexamer says that in 1872 strawberries shipped from Charleston to Northern markets brought an average price of 57 cents per quart; in 1874, 38 cents; in 1876, 21 cents; in 1879, 14 cents; and in 1880, 12½ cents. Many years ago, Jucundas from Knox, at Pittsburg, brought in New York from

50 to 75 cents a quart, and for some years after the war selected berries of *Triumphant de Gand* sold readily at from 40 to 50 cents a quart by the crate. There are, however, one or two good points in this decline. These fine sorts then had no competitors in the many excellent varieties which have since sprung into existence and supplied the market; and the scant supply then, confined to a few purchasers, is replaced by the enormous quantities which enable any one who has a few cents to fast on strawberries, and the whole people can have them.

Perfectly double flowers cannot produce seed, since all the reproductive organs are converted into petals. Semi-double or partially double flowers may produce seed, and these flowers possibly may be self-fertilized or may be fertilized by others partially double or by single ones, and in either case may form seed, considerable portion of which produce flowers more or less double. Or single flowers fertilized by semi-double ones may produce seeds capable of similar results. Unusually large and vigorous plants are not particularly favorable for the production of seeds, but rather particularly unfavorable; plants of medium vigor, neither stunted nor forced into rank growth, are best. The raising of seeds that will produce double flowers is an art that requires much experience to enable one to practice it successfully, and nearly every kind of flower requires a peculiar and special treatment.

Sacred Monkeys.

Victor Jacquemont estimates that the Bengal Presidency alone contains 1600 monkey asylums, supported chiefly by the very poorest class of the population. In the rural districts of Nepal the hanumans have their sacred groves, and keep together in troops of fifty or sixty adults, and, in spite of hard times, these associations multiply like the monastic order of medieval Europe; but they must all be provided for, though the natives have to eke out the crops with the wild rice of the Jumna swamp jungles.

The strangest part of the superstition is that this charity results by no means from a feeling of benevolence toward animals in general, but from the exclusive veneration of a special subdivision of the monkey tribe. An orthodox Hindoo must not willingly take the life of the humblest fellow-creature, but he would not move a finger to save a starving dog, and has no hesitation in stimulating a beast of burden with a dagger-like goad and other contrivances that would evoke the avenging powers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nor would he shrink from extreme measures in defending his fields from the ravages of low-caste monkeys. Dr. Allen Mackenzie once saw a swarm of excited natives running toward an orchard where the shaking of branches betrayed the presence of arboreal marauders. Some of them carried slings, others clubs and cane-spears. But soon they came back crestfallen. "What's the matter?" inquired the Doctor; "did they get away from you?" "Kappa-Muni," was the laconic reply, "sacred monkeys." Holy baboons that must not be interrupted in their little pastimes. They had expected to find a troop of common makaques, wanderos or other profane four-handers, and returned on tiptoe, like Marryat's sergeant who went to arrest an opstreprous drunkard and recognized his commanding officer. Unarmed Europeans cannot afford to brave these prejudices. Captain Elphinstone's gardener nearly lost his life for shooting a thievish hanuman. A mob of raging bigots chased him from street to street till he gave them the slip in a Mohammedan suburb, where a sympathizing Unitarian helped him to escape through the back alleys. The interference of his countrymen would hardly have saved him, for the crowd increased from minute to minute, and even women joined in the chase, and threatened to cure his impiety with a turnip-masher.

Speaking of love scenes between actors, I once knew two actors of the opposite sex who positively disliked each other, but were forced by their parts into the most devotional tenderness of conduct. One evening as he was playing at love she was to rush into his arms. Being a true artist, she did her work with energy, and between speeches he muttered: "You need not swallow me." She replied, "You are too bitter a dose." While holding her in fond embrace wrapped in delicious transport, he growled in a whisper: "Don't lean so hard against a man." With her head in tender repose upon his breast she retorted: "You are paid for holding me, and I intend you shall earn your salary." She married another actor, and clings still to the dialike for the man with whom she plays.

An Old Actor's Reminiscence.

It is one of the most remarkable properties of that wonderful product, paper, that it can be split into two or three even parts however thin the sheet. We have seen a leaf of the *Illustrated News*, thus divided into three parts, or three thin leaves. One consisted of the surface on which the engravings are printed; another was the side containing the letter-press, and a perfectly blank piece on each side was the paper that lay between. Many people who have not seen this done might think it impossible; yet it is not only possible but extremely easy, as we shall show. Get a piece of plate glass and place on it a sheet of paper; then let the latter be thoroughly soaked. With care and a little dexterity the sheet can be split by the top surface being removed. But the best plan is to paste a piece of cloth or strong paper to each

Play Your Hand for all its Worth.

There is no greater barrier to a man's success in life than his willingness to fall into line with the stupid fellows who play second fiddle; the Jacques Straps to the Robert Macaires. They should learn that the world laughs at a clown and they despise the assumed gravity of the serious imitator. Then again this class should learn that the fools whom you would deceive can be of no service to you, and the wise men who would serve an honest intention, or a candid presentation, can see through your stupid efforts to wear gracefully the solemn dignity of the owl, or the gaudy trappings of the peafowl, and if you put on the shaggy mane of the king of beasts, but open your mouth and your bray soon dispels the delusion, and the idiot of false pretense stands out in all his comical deformities; a laughing stock to half the world, a subject of pity to the rest.

Too many of the *genus homo* are but claquers who howl from society's pit when the chief signals the supposed good points upon the stage. They are but illy paid, and rarely reach distinction; yowling like dervishes to impress society with your piety; compiling other men's ideas to assert your hoped-for position on the plane of journalism; baying like a "yaller" dog at the man in the moon, to show your sympathies when modestly would sit more becomingly on the strongest of us; all these are but the outcroppings of imbecility that writes brass upon its frontlets, and prints ape upon its phylacteries. To such grotesque characters we will say, the strongest card you can play is the one nature provided you with, that is your own natural force. If you fall with this hand, even if you play alone, you can retire with dignity, but nine times in ten you will succeed, whereas, the assumption of a character as mimic or harlequin, will result in a most miserable failure, making you a laughing stock for the world to jeer at.

If you are born to be a woodchopper, hew to the line, let the chips fall where they will, don't imagine you can play Blackstone on the one hand or Galen on the other. Don't imagine if nature cut you out for a heaver of wood and drawer of water, that had you the chance of other men you would have been an Astor or a Vanderbilt; not a bit of it. Nature has kindly put you exactly where you belong, and there is no use of kicking in the traces. If you take the "studs" you will find society ready to cudgel you into line. If you show your heels like the artless mule the world will let the your legs and mercilessly sit down upon you. "There is no use kicking against the pricks," is biblical, old and trite. Conform to the places where you may find yourself, in the workshop, at the bar, or behind the counter. Play your hand for all it is really worth. If you hold trumps so much the better, but remember, that no wise card player attempts to catch the right bo-er with the left. This is a good lesson for the moralist. Let mankind profit by it and we will be wiser if not richer. We cannot transform ourselves into the condition of others, and if we could we question if we could play the role of the stranger as well as the one nature has planned out for us; no logic or sophistry can change the decrees of fate. A man at thirty is either a fool or his own physician, and the same rule will apply all through the varied phases of life. Don't imagine you will gain knowledge with age. You are not wine, although many of our readers may be full of—just as you please, the juice of the grape or the idea. What a man doesn't know at thirty he will never learn. If at that age you are a shoemaker, stick to your last. If an attorney, even should your coat be out at the elbows, or if a kind providence had placed you in one of its highest niches, say mounted you booted and spurred on the editorial tripod, ride your nag, until his tail drops off rather than think you can dismount and scuffle in the gutter for place among the not so blessed.—*Thoroughbred Stock Journal*.

How to Split a Sheet of Paper.

One of the stockholders of a new Western railroad was a farmer who had accumulated his money by hard toil, and when he had put in an appearance at the meeting to elect a Board of Directors he felt it his duty to remark: "Gentlemen, as I understand this thing we elect the Board and the Board elects the officers." Some one said that he was right, and he continued: "I don't go a cent on high salaries and I want that understood. I am in favor of paying our President a good living salary, and no more." "How much do you call a good living salary?" asked one of the crowd. "Well, \$3 a day is the going wages, but—"

side of the sheet without hesitation pull the two pieces asunder, when part of the sheet will be found to have adhered to one and part to the other. Soften the paste in water and the pieces can be easily removed from the cloth. The process is generally demonstrated as a matter of curiosity, yet it can be utilized in various ways. If we want to paste in a scrap-book a newspaper article printed on both sides of the paper, and possess only one copy, it is very convenient to know how to detach the one side from the other. The paper, when split, as may be imagined, is more transparent than it was before being subjected to the operation, and the printing ink somewhat duller; otherwise the two pieces present the appearance of the original if brought together. Some time ago the information of how to do this splitting was advertised to be sold for a considerable sum. We now impart it to all our readers.

The Robber and the Editor.

"Listen, my children," said a venerable man, "and I will tell you a story, beautiful and true. Once upon a time there was a bad, bold robber, who had his haunt in the wilds of a mountain. At the foot of the mountain, in the valley, was a village. It was not a very large village, yet in it a newspaper was printed. The robber looked upon the editor of the newspaper as being the chief man of the village, and thought he must be very rich. So one dark night he came down from his den in the mountain and stole into the dwelling of the editor and then into the room where he slept. The editor, being a good man, slept as soundly and sweetly as a child. The robber searched all the place, but could not find the caskets of gold and diamonds he had supposed to be stored up in the room. He then put his hands in all the pockets of the clothes of the editor, but found no money in any of them. The robber then stood for a time as in a stupor. He was like one awakened from a dream. He listened for some moments to the deep, regular breathing of the sleeping editor, and as he stood so he began to feel sad. The heart of the bold, bad man was touched. Quietly he took from his purse \$4.75, placed the money in the pantaloons pocket of the editor, and softly stole from the house. In the morning, when the editor got up and put on his pantaloons, there was a jingle as of money. A look of astonishment came into the face of the editor. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out the money. When he saw this great wealth the knees of the editor smote together; he turned pale, fainted and fell to the floor, and there lay as one who is dead."

"Oh! oh! grandfather, did they catch the bad robber man and hang him on a tree?"

"No, my dears, they did not catch the bold, bad robber. He is still living. From that day he reformed, and got a place as cashier in a big bank, where you will be glad to hear that he is doing well and is greatly respected by all in his church."

"And the poor editor man, grandfather! What became of him?"

"Ah, yes, my darlings! I had almost forgotten him. Well, when he came out of his faint, and his eyes saw all the money lying about the room where it had fallen, he was sorely perplexed. At last he felt sure it had been quietly placed in his pocket in the night by a great and rich neighbor who owned a tanyard and was running for the Legislature. So for days and days he printed in his paper whole columns of the rich neighbor, who was elected to the office, and ever after the two men were the greatest friends. Thus, my dears, do good actions always meet with their reward."

A Lettle More.

One of the stockholders of a new Western railroad was a farmer who had accumulated his money by hard toil, and when he had put in an appearance at the meeting to elect a Board of Directors he felt it his duty to remark:

"Gentlemen, as I understand this thing we elect the Board and the Board elects the officers."

Some one said that he was right, and he continued:

"I don't go a cent on high salaries and I want that understood. I am in favor of paying our President a good living salary, and no more."

"How much do you call a good living salary?" asked one of the crowd.

"Well, \$3 a day is the going wages, but—"

Here the meeting began to roar, and it was two or three minutes before the orator had a chance to conclude:

"But of course we want a man who can run an engine, switch a train, handle freight, keep books and lick anybody who won't pay fare and so I shall not object to \$250 a day."

Lentel Regulations.

The following we believe are the general Lentel regulations.

1. All the faithful who have completed their twenty-first year, are, unless legitimately dispensed, bound to observe the Fast of Lent.

2. But one meal a day is allowed, Sundays excepted.

3. This meal is not to be taken until about noon.

4. When permission is granted to eat meat, flesh meat and fish are not to be used at the same meal, even by way of sauce or condiment.

5. A collation is allowed in the evening. The quantity of food used thereat, according to the practice of regular Christians, does not exceed the fourth part of an ordinary meal.

6. All kinds of fruit, bread, vegetables and fish are allowed at the collation. At that time, however, eggs, butter, milk and cheese are permitted by the Church only to those, who being bound to fast, live where the use of such articles at the collation has grown into a custom. But they are not allowed even there at the collation on Ash Wednesday or Good Friday.

7. General custom has made it lawful to drink in the morning some warm liquid, as tea, coffee, or thin chocolate made with water.

8. Necessity and custom have authorized the use of lard instead of butter in preparing fish, vegetables, etc.

9. The following persons are exempt from the obligations of fasting, viz: All under twenty-one years of age, the sick, women during pregnancy or while nursing children at the breast, persons obliged to hard labor, and all who through weakness cannot fast without injury to their health.

10. By dispensation the use of flesh meat is allowed at any time on Sundays, once a day on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, with the exception of Holy Thursday and the second and last Saturdays in Lent.

11. Persons exempt from the obligation of fasting on account of age or hard labor, are not restricted to the use of meat at one meal only on those days on which its use is granted by dispensation. Those dispensed from the fast for other causes, as well as persons who are obliged to fast, are permitted to use meat only at one meal.

12. The time within which the paschal precept can be complied with commences on the first Sunday of Lent and expires on Trinity Sunday, inclusive.

Culinary Economies.

SHRIMP SALAD.—Peel the boiled shrimps, and when thoroughly cold arrange them in a circle upon leaves of fresh lettuce. Pour a mayonnaise sauce in the centre and serve. Sometimes a tablespoonful of chopped parsley is added to the dressing for this salad.

PRUNE WHIP.—Sweeten to taste and stew three-quarters of a pound of prunes; when perfectly cold, add the whites of four eggs, beaten stiff; stir all of this together till light, put in a dish and bake twenty minutes; when cold, serve in a larger dish, and cover well with good cream.

MACARONI WITH TOMATO.—Boil as much macaroni as will make a small dish full, in boiling salted water, until tender—no longer; then drain it well. Put a sauce-pan and let it bubble; then stir in a teaspoonful of grated onion, and stir well until the onion colors a little, then add a tablespoonful of flour, and then stir until it becomes perfectly smooth. Now add a cupful of tomatoes (fresh or canned) rubbed through a sieve and free from seeds. Season well with cayenne pepper and salt. Stir until it becomes scalding hot, then pour it over the macaroni, well drained, and arranged in the dish it is to be served in. Brown it quickly in a hot oven. This dish is a favorite in Italian and French houses.

PRAIRIE CHICKEN.—If the "wild" flavor of prairie chicken is disliked they may be soaked over night in salt water, or two or three hours in soda water. Scald and skin, cut off the breast, and cut the rest up in joints, being careful to remove all shot; put in hot water all except the breast (which will be tender enough without parboiling) and boil until it can be pierced with a fork; take out, rub over salt, pepper and butter, and boil with breast over a brisk fire; place a lump of butter on each piece and set all in the oven for a few minutes. They are very nice garnished with sliced oranges.

BOILED GLOBE ARTICHOKE.—Soak the artichokes for awhile in strong salt and water, cut the stalks even, trim away the lower leaves and cut a little piece off the ends of the others. Put the artichokes stalk uppermost into quickly boiling salted water. Leave the lid off the sauce-pan, and boil the artichokes until the leaves can be

drawn out easily. They will take from half an hour to an hour, according to their size and age. Send them to table on a hot dish with Dutch sauce. The thick, juicy part of the leaves and the bottom or part that lies under the choke are the only portions of this vegetable that are eaten, and they are delicious.

Father Pepper.

A curious origin is assigned, with very doubtful authority, by the French merchants to the name which pepper now bears in their country. According to their story, the trade in this useful condiment was first started on a large scale in France by a certain Father Poivre, who flourished in the middle of the last century and died at the age of seventy-seven in the year 1780. This man was born of a family of merchants in Lyons, and took orders as a missionary in the fraternity of St. Joseph. Being sent to Cochinchina on a mission, he was captured on his return by an English cruiser and imprisoned at Batavia, where he utilized his days of captivity in studying practical chemistry as applied to the trade in groceries. After being liberated he was again taken prisoner and imprisoned in the island of Guernsey, and it was not till 1745 that he again proceeded to French colonies, and seen afterward became director-general or that part of them included under the name of Colonies of the Indian Sea. The particular subject of his attention is said to have been the spice already mentioned, which he caused to be cultivated with an altogether new success in the French dependencies over which he had official control. The tale is pretty enough and there will be, perhaps, a satisfaction in the minds of some French gourmets as they reflect that they are seasoning their omelettes and *epinards* with a powder named after one of their countrymen. But a few minutes' reflection will probably convince all but the most ignorant of them that if there was such a person as Father Poivre at all, he took his *sobriquet* from the spice instead of imparting to it his name. For this similitude between *poivre* and the old Latin *piper*, familiar to all readers of Horace, is rather too intimate to be accidental, and it does not appear that the French vocabulary was without a term for so common an article of food until the appearance in the Indian seas of the twice captured and twice liberated missionary.

Discovery of Mont Blanc.

Mont Blanc, the highest of the Alps is, strange to say, a modern discovery. At least, no mention is made of this colossus of European peaks in any literary, or in any literary work whatever, till recent times. M. Charles Durier, in his work "Le Mont Blanc," says: "This mountain rises in the centre of the most populous and civilized states of Europe; it is, in fact, the axis around which European civilization has revolved and still does revolve. Its height is considerable; it dominates everything in its vicinity, and to make its appearance more striking on the background of the blue sky, its summit, though placed in a favored, temperate latitude, is ever covered with a mantle of snow. And yet, during twenty centuries, no historian, no traveler, no savant, no poet names it, or so much as alludes to it. As the sun describes his daily track, that peak throws its shadow upon at least three countries possessing different languages, but still it was profoundly ignored." The same author informs us of a map of the region round about Mont Blanc, published in the second half of the sixteenth century, but which gives no hint as to the existence of the mountain, which, nevertheless, is visible from all sides at distances of sixty leagues.

A Western Dog Story.

I was in Cheyenne after Jim got rich, and persuaded him to give me that dog of his'n, Bose. I was out huntin' a dog near Laramie, when one of them hurricanes came up, and I didn't know what to do. It was prairie all around. I could see the storm a-comin' but two miles off. If I run it would catch me. If I staid that it was death. So I jes took and shoved ole Bose's nose agin a bank and yelled "rats!" You orter have seed that dog scratchin'. He throwed dirt behind him like a breaking plow drawn by twenty yoke of oxen. I held on to his tail and he scratched. We hadn't got in the ground mor'n two hundred feet when the storm struck us. But Bose kept scratchin'. I let him go on for a mile or so, when I told him to let up, which he did, the surprisedest dog you ever seed, because he hadn't caught up with the rat. I got back to the top of the ground, went back to Laramie and started the story that I had found a cave. I made \$100,000 ly showin' tourists that cave, but lost it all in speculation in mines.