

## Scraps.

### What Saved Him.

A young wife had just settled in her new home. All seemed fair and promising, for she did not know her husband was a drunkard. But one night he came home at a very late hour, and much the worse for liquor. When he staggered into the house his wife, who was very much shocked, told him he was sick and must lie down at once; and in a moment or two he was comfortable on the sofa in a drunken sleep. His face was a reddish purple, and altogether he was pitiable-looking object.

The doctor was sent for in haste, and mustard applied to the patient's feet and hands. When the doctor came and felt his pulse and examined him, and found that he was only drunk, he said:

"He will be all right in the morning."

But the wife insisted that he was very sick, and that severe remedies must be used.

"You must shave his head and apply blisters," she urged, "or I will send for some one who will."

The husband's head was accordingly shaved close, and blisters were applied.

The patient lay all night in a drunken sleep, and notwithstanding the blisters eating into his flesh, it was not until near morning that he began to be about disturbed by pain.

About daylight he woke up to the most uncomfortable consciousness of blistered agonies.

"What does this mean?" he said, putting his hands to his bandaged head.

"Lie still; you mustn't stir," said his wife; "you have been sick."

"I am not sick."

"O, yes you are; you have the brain fever. We have worked with you all night."

"I should think you had," groaned the poor victim. "What's the matter with my feet?"

"They are blistered."

"Well, I am better now; take off the blisters—do," he pleaded piteously.

He was in a most uncomfortable state—his head covered with sores, and his hands and feet still worse.

"Dear," he said, groaning, "if I should ever get sick in this way again, don't be alarmed and send for a doctor, and above all, don't blister me again."

"O, indeed I will! All that saved you were the blisters. And if you have another such spell I shall be more frightened than ever; for the tendency, I am sure, is to apoplexy, and from the next attack you are likely to die, unless there are the severest measures used."

He made no further defense. Suffice it is to say that he never had another attack.

The editor wrote that "he was a member of an old family of musicians," and when it appeared in the paper it read "a member of an old family of nuisances." One assertion was just as true as the other; but the editor nearly swore.

The Washington *Capital* remarks: "Some of our slow subscribers, who may not find our paper in their mail, can understand that its absence is due to their unremitting kindness."

Josh Billings has found one thing that money cannot buy, and that is the wag of a dog's tail. It is an honest expression of opinion on the part of the dog.

A drunken man at Fort Worth, Texas, entered the circus and patted the big lion on the head. The arm he has left will do to turn a hand-organ.

"What is so rare as a day in June?" Well, now and then a day in April is decidedly under-done, and some of the March days are raw.

Next we shall have a coat tail flirtation code. Having the tails covered with mud will mean, "I don't like her father."

The girl with the empty pocketbook is the one that looks into jewelry windows most.

### A Gama Estate.

The private estate of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, which will pass to the Duke of Edinburgh, affords some of the best shooting in Europe, for the sport in the Duke's Thuringian forests is nowhere surpassed in Germany. Every species of game bred is to be found there; but the wild boar are the great feature, and the Thiergarten in which these animals are preserved is as large as an ordinary deer-park, and is enclosed by a strong and high stockade, the whole being left entirely wild. There are numerous dens among the brush-wood, which the boars have themselves constructed, and there are feeding-places, to which the keepers go twice a day to scatter food. The animals are summoned by the blowing of a horn, but they are so regular in their habits that they are usually to be found in the neighborhood of the pens at the appointed time. There are about a dozen wild-boar preserves in various parts of the Duchy.

## Horticultural.

### Cultivating Tuberoses.

Tuberose bulbs, in order to preserve their germs, which will perish in a low temperature if accompanied with moisture, need to be kept dry and warm. The temperature should not fall below 65, and near 70 is better. A drawer in a warm room is a good place to keep them in the best condition. Take the old bulb and remove each small one separately. Sometimes the young bulbs need another season's growth to be strong enough to bloom. A bulb never blooms but once. A good plan in this climate would be to start the bulbs about the first of February, in four-inch pots, or tin cans will do, as they are not to be set in the window. Set them on a high shelf back or near the kitchen stove, or other warm place, and water just enough to keep them from drying out. When the leaf bulbs begin to start, give a little more water; turn at the side of the pot, never on the bulb. When the season becomes warm, transplant to the open ground—being careful to disturb them as little as possible in transplanting. I have treated bulbs in this way that gave me blossoms on the Fourth of July, and during the season thirty-three blossoms on the stem.

### How to Keep Cut Flowers.

A reporter found his way into a florist's yesterday afternoon, and feasted his eyes and nose on the beautiful buds that lay in bouquets there.

"How long will this clove pink last?" he inquired.

"Oh, with care, a week or ten days. A solid rosebud will last about the same time. There's a good deal in knowing how to keep flowers fresh."

"Do you use any preparations? Any salt in the water, or ammonia, or the like?"

"Not at all. That's all nonsense. All that is necessary to keep flowers fresh is to keep them moist and cool. If people, instead of dipping flowers in water, would simply wrap them up in a wet newspaper, they would find that they would keep far fresher over night. A wet towel or napkin would be too heavy and crush the blooms too much, and, besides, it would allow the moisture to evaporate too easily. See that box of buds? They were packed in Boston on Monday in wet paper, and you might say they are fresher now than when they came off the bush."

"Why do you send clear to Boston for rose buds? Haven't you got the same kind of roses here?"

"Exactly the same kind, but they won't grow so nicely here. Take this Boston bud, for example, and put it beside a native bud. They are of exactly the same variety, both being Bon Silenes. But the stem of the Boston bud is far longer and stouter than that of the native bud. The colors are far more brilliant and the bud is more durable. When the stem is long and thick we don't have to use so much wire to strengthen it, and that makes it much more convenient."

"What advantage has Boston over Cleveland in the raising of roses?"

"It's the climate. It is true that it isn't so warm there as here, and it hasn't been extremely lush here this winter. But temperature in a green-house is easily enough regulated, as well as the quantity of moisture in the air, and the soil is made just so rich with all gardeners. It can't be because they are any more skillful in raising flowers there than we are here, for I know of gardeners who have come here from the East and expected to do the same things they did there, and failed completely. Even in New York the florist sell ten Boston buds to one of their own growth, and it's just so all over the country. You know the more culture there is bestowed upon a rose the more double it becomes—that is the more of these stems turn into petals. Well I suppose that as Boston is credited with possessing an atmosphere of 'culcha,' that has something to do with it."

### Scientific and Useful.

The largest aerolite in the world is in the British museum. It weighs nearly two tons. The largest one in the Smithsonian, at Washington, weighs less than a ton.

Hickory, dogwood and persimmon, which, a short time ago, were almost worthless in North Carolina, is now in demand at five dollars a cord, for sawing into blocks for the purpose of manufacturing them into power-loom shuttles.

The *Journal de Pharmacie* says that a mucilage composed as follows will unite wood, porcelain or glass: 8½ ounces of gum arabic in strong solution, 20 grains of solution of alumina dissolved in two-thirds of an ounce of water.

An English experimentalist finds that for every pound of mineral matter assimilated by a plant an average of 2000 pounds of water is absorbed. As the French observatory of Mont Sourit

was found that in rich soil 727 pounds of water passed through the roots of wheat plants for every pound of grain produced, while in a very poor soil 2693 pounds passed through the roots for each pound of grain.

**THE PULSE OF ANIMALS.**—In horses the pulse at rest beats forty times, in an ox from fifty to fifty-five, and in sheep and pigs about seventy to eighty beats per minute. It may be felt wherever a large artery crosses a bone, for instance. It is generally examined in the horse on the cord which crosses over the bone of the lower jaw in front of its curved position, or in the thoracic ridge above the eye, and in cattle over the middle of the first rib, and in sheep by placing the hand on the left side, where the beating of the heart may be felt. Any material variation of the pulse from the figures given above may be considered a sign of disease. If rapid, hard and full, it is an indication of high fever or inflammation; if rapid, small and weak, low fever, loss of blood or weakness. If slow, the probabilities point to brain disease, and if irregular to heart troubles. This is one of the principal and sure tests of an animal.

One of the most ingenious adaptations of electricity, recently introduced, is that by which machinery, when in motion, may be instantly stopped—as in the case of an engine. A wire rope, coiled around the stem of the throttle valve of the engine, carries a weight which is held in place by a rest, and the whole arrangement is such that the passing of an electric current along a wire releases this and causes the weight to fall. The tension thus thrown upon the wire ropes acts upon the throttle valve, cuts off the supply of steam and consequently stops the machinery. Buttons, with wire connections, are placed in different parts of the works, and on pressing any one of these the passage of an electric current acts as above mentioned. In every factory these electric buttons can be placed in every room, or several of them in a large room, as may be required. Should any one happen to be caught by the machinery, the simple pressing of a button in the most distant part of the factory will quickly stop the whole machinery.

### Gas for Nothing at a Profit.

Scientific prophets have foretold that a day will come when the "residual products" resulting from distilling coal will be so valuable as to reduce the price of gas to a mere nothing. That good time has not arrived, it must be confessed, but if we may believe the confident assertions of a gentleman at Chester there is already in existence an appliance which goes a long way toward fulfilling these predictions. He claims to know a peculiar description of oven for making coke, which, without the help of a high chimney, enables those who use it to drive steam engines without any expense for fuel. Every ton of coal consumed in the oven yields coke worth seven shillings and tar and ammonia worth 4 shillings, in addition to 14,000 feet of gas. If, therefore, the first two products are sold, the price—11 shillings—more than pays for the slack coal from which they were derived, as well as for labor, wear and interest on the capital sunk in the plant. The manufacturer consequently gets 14,000 feet of gas for nothing from every ton of coal subjected to the process, and this he can use instead of fuel to generate steam. It is certainly a bold claim to put forward, but it may, perhaps, be justified by the present prices of coke, ammonia and tar. If, however, these prices come into general use, the market value of such products will assuredly fall heavily in proportion to the immense enhancement of supply, and in that case the prices fetched would not cover the cost of materials and labor.

### It Took.

A Bowery dealer in clothing got hold of a chap the other day who had a knowing look in his eyes, and who strongly objected to paying \$7 for a coat which he had tried on. "Vhell, I doan say dot it is worth seven dollar," replied the dealer. "Then why do you ask it?" "Vhell, my eyes haf got so poor dot anybody can pass badt money on me now. If I sold dot goat for seven dollar I should expect to git one dollar in counterfeit money and two dollars in silver dot vias plugged oop." "I guess I'll take it," said the stranger, after a pause, and he scraped the bottom of his pockets and hnted his wallet over for bills. "Dot is right, young man, and I know you wouldn't cheat an ole man mit sore eyes." The coat was bundled up, and the stranger, disappeared in a lively manner. The dealer turned to the cash on the counter, carefully examined each piece, and there was a heavenly smile on his countenance as he chucked out: "Only 90 cents of badt money, and some of dot blenty good enough to put in der children's savings bank!"

## For The Young.

### The Two Ponies.

Mattie and Charles were brother and sister. Their father was a well-to-do farmer and they were his only children. They loved and were interested in every creature on the farm, but best of all they loved the horses. When little, nothing delighted them so much as to be mounted upon Dublin's back and ride up and down the lanes. As they grew older they ventured more, and by the time they were twelve years old no one was better trained in the use of horses than they. Mattie especially delighted in this amusement, and from a child up told all her sorrows and troubles to these trusted and faithful friends. She and her brother often asked their father to give them each a pony. Their father would laugh and say, "Tut, tut, children; wait until you know how to manage a horse before you want one. Besides all that I have is yours." Still they each wanted one for their "very own," as Mattie expressed it.

One morning when Charles was fifteen and Mattie fourteen, their father called them to come out to the barn. There in the stalls stood two of the most beautiful ponies you ever saw, one as white as milk and the other as black as a coal.

"O! father," they both exclaimed, "what beauties!"

"Yes, they are," said Mr. Dunn; "as this is Mattie's birthday, I thought she would like a pony, and as yours is coming so soon, I know it would add to her pleasure if I should give you yours at the same time. I think you are both able to take care of a horse now, and may Snowflake and Jet lead you always in pleasant paths. Here jump on now, and let me see you gallop off."

Two more happy mortals you never saw. Charles did not say much, but his father knew he felt as deeply as Mattie, who hugged first her father and then her pony. "There, there, that is enough; jump on now," said their father, while something glistened in his eyes, and in another instant they were down the lane and soon out of sight. Such a ride they had, and this was the beginning of many delightful journeys. Mattie would have lived upon horseback if it had been possible; hills, stone walls or ditches were no obstacles in her path now, for Snowflake carried her safely over them without fear. The neighbors used to say to Mr. Dunn: "Mattie will kill herself yet, if you don't get rid of Snowflake. Why, to-day, in crossing the field, she never even took down the bars but went over them. I expected to see her dashed to pieces, but before I could say a word she was out of sight."

Mattie told all her secrets to her pet, and, as when a little child, declared she understood her, and, indeed, Snowflake seemed to.

In the course of a few years the dear father died, and things did not go on as prosperously as before. They were in want of many things, and the winter was coming on. One thing after another, even Jet, had to be sold. Mattie would jog along through the woods and tell her sorrows to Snowflake, feeling comforted in the belief that she sympathized with her. But there came a day: a very sad day, when Charles said to her: "Mattie, Snowflake must be sold." "Sell Snowflake! She had never thought of such a thing as that. Must it be?" Yes, there was no help for it. It was selfish in her to refuse it, so with aching heart she took her last ride. Charles led her away, and the purchase money bought many a comfort for them and their dear mother, who was now growing feeble. Mattie was comforted in the thought that her sorrow brought blessings to others, although she could never see a white horse or think of Snowflake even without experiencing a choking sensation and having her eyes dimmed with tears.

### Reading Sound.

Reading sounds by sight has been highly successful, and has long ago been introduced with the best results into this country. The idea has occurred to a foreign teacher of the dumb to photograph the movements of the lips when articulating the different sounds which go to make up ordinary speech. It will easily be imagined that the model chosen for the pictures must be some one whose lips will give expressive action. But once photographed, the pictures can be multiplied by the thousand, and can be used as alphabets for our afflicted fellows all the world over. It is said that the pictures are so well adapted to their purpose, that anyone can see at a glance what sound is indicated by each lip-movement portrayed.

Some men can appreciate nothing but according to its money value. Money with them is everything. Poisoned food, if it has money in it, is preferred to wholesome food. Money is good and necessary in its proper place, but there is that which money cannot buy, and compared with it is worse than dross. Truth and uprightness are above price. Money cannot buy them. It matters not how much money a man may have, if he is not true and upright, he is not worthy of respect.

## Agricultural.

### Market Chicks.

There is always a ready sale for early chicks, the prices this season for those intended as broilers (weighing about one pound) ranging from forty to eighty cents; but such sizes are only in demand in the early part of the season, those weighing about two pounds each being more desirable during the summer. About the 1st of May is the period for broilers, or during "asparagus time," as the farmers express it; but at all times fowls bring good prices.

There are several points to be observed in raising fowls, the profit being more or less according to the method of breeding. Much depends upon the kind of fowl used. The Brahma is one of the best we have for general purposes, as that breed grows to a large size, lays well, and is hardy, but while it possesses many good qualities, it is unfitted for producing broilers, as it is "leggy" when very young, and does not readily fatten until it is nearly matured. A cross of the Leghorn on the Brahma is one of the best that can be made if early pullets are to be kept for laying in the fall, as such a cross combines the quick growth of the Leghorn with the size, vigor and hardiness of the Brahma, and the broilers so produced, though a little slower in reaching the proper weight, are fine-boned, plump and attractive in appearance, possessing rich, yellow skin and legs. In crossing Leghorn with the large breeds uniformity of color can be secured by mating brown Leghorn cocks with partridge, Cochon or dark Brahma hens, or white Leghorn cocks with light Brahma or white Cochon hens.

Of the pure breeds there is nothing that can compare with the Plymouth Rocks for producing the most saleable chicks up to the age of three months, and younger ones as broilers are excellent. Being very hardy, good foragers and active, they grow fast and make a plump carcass. The American Sebright (Wyandotte) rivals the Plymouth in all qualities except hardiness, and have yellow legs at every stage of growth, while the legs of Plymouth Rock pullets are dark, turning yellow afterward. The only objection to them is that being a new breed they are at the present time too closely bred.

The Langshan, a new breed, is as fine in plumage, size, laying qualities and flesh as one would wish; but, having dark legs, many buyers object to them. The objection, however, is owing to a time honored prejudice, for the Langshan and Houdan (a dark-legged fowl) are superior for the table to nearly all the yellow-legged breeds. A cross of the game with the large breeds gives a fowl with fuller breast and finer bone, which should be encouraged, as the smaller the amount of offal the better the quality. For market chicks, therefore, the broilers should come from the Leghorn-Brahma cross, the larger sizes from the Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Houdans and Langshans, while the adults should be produced from Brahma or Cochons crossed with the Plymouth Rock or Houdan. The best capons are a cross of the colored Dorking and dark Brahma, and the largest fowls are usually a cross of the Houdan and Brahma the first season, and the produce mated with Plymouth Rocks the second season. Black Spanish, Hamburgs and Polish, though excellent layers, are inferior as market chicks. If success is desired breeders should be careful in selecting the breeds most suitable, as it is more important than any other feature in the management.

### Farm Hints.

Texas will net \$13,500,000 from the increase to her sheep farms this spring.

A young man in Otsego county, gained \$125,000 on the rise in hops within the last year.

The wild duchess, of Geneva, a royal shorthorn, was recently sold at Chicago for \$21,000.

Prof. Arnold admits that brewers' grain will stimulate a large flow of milk, but says there is no butter in them.

A sheep pasture in Dimmitt and Webb counties, Tex., contains 300,000 acres and feeds 300,000 sheep. It is believed to be the largest in the world.

A successful orchardist says that if he were to live over again he would trim his trees higher, and pasture his orchards with sheep, in place of ploughing or mulching.

A Florida man has grown a radish that was over 2 feet long, 18 inches in diameter, and weighed fifteen pounds; also a collard that measured 4 feet 8 inches across the top.

The Kentucky Importing company sold thirty-six shorthorns of recent importation at an aggregate of \$14,005. The highest price for a single animal was \$1000.

Hoing, and the frequent stirring of the surface of the soil, are important in dry weather. Those parts of the garden that are most frequently cultivated show the best results.

Squashes and all kinds of vines grow and yield the best by surface culture; manure as you would for corn; drop the seed in rows; cover lightly; stir the soil

often, and eternal vigilance is death to bugs, with a good sprinkling of insect powder.

Early potatoes imply early planting. No matter what variety is used, early planting must precede early crops. And cultivation must be timely to secure best results. As between level culture and hillings the advantages can be determined by trial. On land too moist for potatoes ridge planting will supply partial correction of the fault, but thorough drainage will be a better way. In any case, early planting is essential if an early crop is desired.

**GERANIUMS.**—No class of plants are better adapted for bedding purposes in our hot, dry summers, than the geranium. It flowers profusely during the heat and drouth of summer, when most bedding plants suffer or are dried up. They are admirably adapted for blooming, and for baskets or vases; when a show is wanted they are without a rival. The newer double varieties are equally as fine for bedding as the single, with the additional value of the flower lasting two or three times as long when cut; this makes them very desirable for bouquets or cut flowers.

**CONSTITUTION OF ALLUVIAL SOILS.**—Alluvial soils are made up of decomposed vegetable substances, the river sediment and materials washed down from neighboring hills. The valleys of rivers and streams are alluvial soils and make a rank growth, but the trees grown on such soils are not so hardy or so fruitful as are the trees grown in soils with more sand, clay or gravel and less vegetable mould. A loamy soil may be considered in various ways. It may be a mixture of equal parts of sandy and clayey soil. It is neither so light as sandy nor so tenacious as the clay soil. As a rule its composition and texture are such as to render it eligible for the usual purposes of cultivation, and especially so for fruit trees. Loamy soils in which sand forms a large ingredient in their composition are called sandy loams; when well mixed with gravel, gravelly loams, and when lime abounds they are known as calcareous loams.

### How Animals Play.

Small birds chase each other about in play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops around in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersaults. The Americans call it the mad bird, on account of these singularities. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing abundant spray around. Deer often engage in sham battle, or trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals pretending violence in their play stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the orang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out in their prey. Young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves strewn by the autumn wind. They crouch and steal forward ready for a spring, the body quivering and tail vibrating with emotion; they bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Benger saw young cougars and jaguars playing with round substances, like kittens. Birds of the magpie kind are the analogues of monkeys, full of mischief, play and mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie that was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles with much solemnity and a studied air, burying them in a hole made to receive a post. After dropping each stone it cried "Cur-ack!" triumphantly, and sat off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.

### Long Finger-Nails.

According to the writer of an article on "Extraordinary Finger-nails," in the *World of Wonders*, it is the custom of the Chinese, Siamese and Annamese to allow the nails on all their fingers, except the forefinger, to grow to a great length, and among the former they sometimes attain the incredible length of from sixteen to eighteen inches. Among the Siamese so distinctive a mark of nobility are long nails esteemed that the bells and beaux wear silver cases, either to protect their nails or else to make people believe they are there, whereas in reality they are not. As regards the little finger, the writer tells us that "ambassadors and visitors of distinction from Asiatic States to European, are often observed to permit the excessive growth of the nail of the little finger, and this is also a common occurrence with many of the people of India and other parts of Asia."

A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour.