

WHAT IS THE USE.

What is the use of this impetuous haste?
The end is certain. Let us take our time.
And hoard the vital forces that we waste
Before our day has reached its golden
prime.

What is the use of rushing with spent
breath
After old age, its furrows, its white hair?
Why need we hurry so to welcome
death,
Or go half way with hands stretched out,
to Care?

There is no use, Dear heart, if we but wait
All things will find us. Let us pause, I
say,
We cannot go beyond the silent gate
That lies a short day's journey down the
way.

So let us take our time in youth's fair bow-
ers.
The summer season is so brief at best;
Let us look on the stars and pluck the
flowers.
And when our feet grow weary, let us rest.

Let us take time for love and its delight;
It is the sweetest thing that pays for all
The bitterness of life, for sorrow's blight,
For Pain's despair and Death's funeral
pall.

In that lost era when the world was new,
Love was men's first pursuit and life's
excuse.
Now has that time come back to me and
you—
Why should we seek for more? What is
the use?

ELLA WHEELER.

Agricultural.

The Feeding Value of Foods.

The feeding of animals with foods containing the proper proportions of substances necessary to promote growth or fat is a very important branch of knowledge, and those who fully understand how to procure the largest supply of available matter from the several kinds of feed allowed to stock will derive more satisfactory results than those who feed as a routine, without having any special purpose to accomplish by so doing. Although animals are not confined to any particular diet exclusively where they can be allowed a variety, yet all that can be obtained from the feed, whether it be concentrated or bulky, is classed under the heads of protein, gross-hydrates, fat and ash. Protein is that substance which is principally found in lean meat, the white of eggs and in the blood, being nitrogenous, while the carbohydrates, noline starch, woody fibre, sugar, etc., and derive the name from the fact that they are composed (no matter in what form we possess them) of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. Fat exists in plants, also, but in small quantities. Ash relates to the mineral substances, which supplies the bones and tissues.

As the matter which is appropriated by the animal is composed of these four substances—protein, carbo-hydrates, fat and ash—it is at once apparent that, in order to feed to the best advantage, some consideration must be given the character of the food allowed, and instead of feeding indiscriminately, certain quantities and proportions must be used. Many valuable experiments have been made for the purpose of testing grains and fodders, in order to estimate their value for feeding, and we are gradually arriving to that point at which the aid of investigations will be used in order to feed animals according to age, period of growth and weight of carcass. For instance, by the use of 100 pounds of ordinary hay the supply of digestible nutriment will be a fraction over five pounds of protein, forty-three pounds of carbo-hydrates and about a pound of fat. While only a pound of protein can be extracted from the same quantity of digestible material in mangolds, with ten pounds of carbo-hydrates and no fat. The difference between the nutritious matter of hay and mangolds at once enables the stock-breeder to discard the mangolds altogether or use a less quantity of hay and supply the deficiency with mangolds. Any number of substances can be used, provided they are fed proportionately to value, the object being to neither have an excess nor deficit of any substance that enters into composition of the body.

What is given in shape of bulky material, such as hay and straw, can also be found in grains, which possess nutriment in a more concentrated form. Using wheat straw as compared with corn, the straw contains about three pounds of protein to the 100 pounds, while corn contains over ten. It is necessary, therefore, to lessen the supply of straw and add corn to complete the proportion of protein; and as the straw contains about 40 per cent. of crude fibre, which is almost useless, while corn contains less than 2 per cent. the waste in the system is much less from the corn. The straw, though containing less fat, contains a larger amount of ash, and there is no kind of material used that is deficient in one direction but what is overabundant in other respects.

By directing attention to the study of food composition there is another object to impress on the stock-breeder, which is that by feeding a variety of food the animal will grow faster, fatten more readily and keep in a healthier condition than by using a single article of diet. Although it is not every farmer who makes

it a duty to feed for nutritive value only, yet they know by experience that certain foods give certain results; but the field is still open for more knowledge in that direction, and every farmer should avail himself of the privilege of obtaining it.—*Philadelphia Record.*

HANDLING YOUNG STOCK.—I have read with much interest your remarks in the February number, page 63, upon "Winter Education in the Stable," a heading, by the by, which made me turn over to see whether I had not got into the horse department, as we, in England, call only the horse stalls the stable, and the dwellings of our cows, heifers and calves the byre, shilpen or cow house and the loose box. As a practical manager of stock I can testify that the handling you advocate is most important, and I would add to your suggestions about the heifer's udder just this: That the milkmaid or herdsman who attends to the heifer about the time of calving, and milks her constantly afterward, should devote special care to the fore quarters of the udder. These being a little more difficult to milk than the hind quarters, the milk not running so freely as from the latter, are often neglected; the milker does that which he finds easiest to do and encouraged the flow of milk to the hinder parts of the udder. From this cause we see so many unshapely udders, deep behind, shrunk in front, and the yield of milk absolutely less than when the fore-parts are trained to contribute their fair share. The fore-quarters should be milked first and "stripped" last, especially in a young heifer, although it is well not to neglect the matronly cow in this respect. I have known serious accidents happen to heifers in traveling, from neglect of handling and haltering at an early age, and bulls to become permanently and ungovernably vicious from want of attention and the herdsman's frequent companionship. But in all these very necessary "handlings," I would forbid the use of the stick. Both heifers and bulls are amenable to kindness judiciously exercised. I never knew it fail, even with animals neglected until they were half grown, and consequently very excitable and wild. Cautious approaches, with firmness and gentleness, will enable a man to get perfect control over the most shy, provided that the stick or, still worse, the boot, has not already caused a lifelong dread of all mankind.—*Live Stock Journal.*

CORN FODDER.—When the farmer has stored up the ears of corn in his bins he has laid by only two-thirds of the feeding value of his crop. The stalks that bore his corn hold another third. Yes, the stalks or corn fodder, as it is called, is worth nearly or quite one-half the grain for feeding stock. Governor Boutwell estimates the value of his fodder at one-half the value of his hay; that is, if hay sold at \$20 fodder was worth \$10, and for every ton of fodder used he sold one ton of hay. Dr. Sturtevant estimates his fodder at six-tenths the value of his hay; that is, when he sold his hay at \$22 his corn fodder brought him in cash \$13.20 a ton. Yet so many farmers ignorant of its true value regard it only as a necessary evil, and waste it or even burn it. It should be cared for when husking time comes with as much certainty as the grain. The few who have large barns and only moderate fields of corn can stow it a way loosely in their barns, but this method is not generally feasible. To handle it easily bind it near the middle into small, compact bundles, tying with rye straw or tarred twine. After a dozen or so are tied set them up carefully in shocks. As soon as possible after husking carry them under sheds or into barns, or have them ricked or stacked convenient to the barn or cattle-yard. The great essential is to keep them from being washed and bleached by the rains. By exposure, the carbo-hydrates, the nutritious parts are changed to fibre. Dr. Lawes is authority for the statement that dried fodder loses nothing but the water in the drying. Therefore, its value is equal to that of green fodder, and it can be restored to its original condition by soaking in water.

THIRTY PIGS.—Pure air helps to make pure blood, which, in the course of nature, builds up healthful bodies. Out-of-door pigs would not show so well at the fairs, and would probably be passed over by the judges and people who have been taught to admire only fat and helpless things, which get the prizes. Such pigs are well adapted to fill laid kegs, whereas the standard of perfection should be a pig which will make the most ham with the least waste of fat, the longest and deepest sides, with the most lean meat. It should have bone enough to stand up and help itself to food, and carry with it the evidences of health and natural development in all of its parts. Pigs which run on a range of pasture have good appetites—the fresh air and exercise gives them this—hence they will eat a great variety of food, and much coarser than when confined in pens. Nothing need go to waste on a farm for need of a market. They will consume

all the refuse fruit, roots, pumpkins and all kinds of vegetables, which will make them grow. By extending the root patch and planting the fodder corn thinner, so that stubbins will form on it, by putting in a sweet variety, the number of pigs may be increased in proportion. The pig pasture will be ready the next year for any crop, and ten times the advantages accrue to the farmer than if the pigs are confined to close pens, for, as pigs are usually managed on a farm, but little manure is ever made from them.—*Swine Breeders' Journal.*

VINES ON HOUSES.—It is generally supposed that vines make houses damp, for which reason there are not nearly as many cottages and houses beautified with vines as there should be. It is only when the climbers are allowed to cover the eaves and obstruct the gutters, or find their way under the shingles, that they become objectionable, and these conditions should of course, be carefully guarded against. The *Gardener's Monthly's* remarks in this respect are well taken: "Vines should always be kept cut down below the roof. It is a little trouble to do this once a year, but we can not get even our shoes blackened without some trouble. Those who know how beautiful and how cozy looks a vine-covered cottage will not object to the few hours' labor it requires to keep vines from stopping up the gutter. Vines really make a wall dry. The millions of rootlets by which they adhere to the wall absorb water, and an examination will prove a vine-covered wall to be as 'dry as an old bone.' One great advantage of a vine-covered cottage, not often thought of, is that it is cooler in summer and warmer in winter than when there is but a mere naked wall."—*American Gardener.*

Concerning Razors.

"Razors," said the expert to a representative of the *New York Sun*, bringing one of the tools in his hand with a freedom that made the reporter shudder, "why, they're a field broader than the moral law. They are the touchstone to nature that makes all mankind kin, from President Arthur in his dressing-room to his constituents at a penny-ante poker game in Thompson street. No, few razors are made in this country—none worth speaking of—say one in a million. The best come from England. The next best are Swiss. The French razors deserve a proud distinction as climaxing the worst so far as I know. Some used to be made in Bridgeport, Conn., but I believe the enterprise was abandoned. Some are made yet in Massachusetts, at Worcester, but not many.

"In one respect we do better here than in England. We can give here a deeper concave grind than the English grinders can put upon a razor, consequently many thousand dozens of blanks are shipped here every year for finishing. The reason for this is that the skilled and careful German grinders are in the business here. The business started in Hamburg and has drifted into German hands almost entirely so far as this country is concerned. Years ago the most famous Sheffield firm of cutlers in the razor trade imported two German grinders to show how their class of work could be done. It precipitated a general strike, and the employers had to come to the strikers' demands—the bouncing out of the Deutchers.

"The Sheffield grinders are Englishmen and will not readily accept the competition of men of other nationalities or adopt the methods of others. They are not fond of change. Razors ground to perfection over here have been shown to them as models, but do you imagine they would follow them? No, indeed. Primarily a razor, to be good, must be made of good steel, but it must also be ground properly to be fit for shaving. Everything, in fitting and edge tool for use, depends upon a correct understanding of the service it is expected to perform, and nice adaptation of its edge to just that service. A carving knife, for instance, must be ground flat on one side and wedge-shaped on the other; a pocket knife must be ground convex and have a sufficient thickness behind its edge to keep it; and a razor must be ground thin and concave. See this one for instance. It is, as you will observe, thinner a little back of the edge than close to it, hardly thicker than a sheet of paper. Nip the end of its edge with your thumb-nail, and you will hear it ring like a little silver bell. More razors are spoiled by improper grinding than in any other way. The only way to know positively whether a razor is good or not is to shave with it. The eye will not determine its quality. But even if a razor is of the best steel and faultlessly ground it may be spoiled and rendered quite unfit for shaving by improper stropping. A little too much stropping or not quite enough and you will have a bad edge. Then the razor which is really not all to blame, is condemned as no good.

"Often, too, people who are not adepts in the handling of razors complain that their razors do not shave well, when the fact is they scrape with them, holding the blade almost at right angles to the skin, or use them with a straight push of the edge against the hair. The proper way is to draw the razor with an easy gliding motion against the hair—so. Use it right and, even if it is not quite a first-class razor or in perfect condition, you can still get a pretty satisfactory shave with it. But, for lack of doing that, people get the queerest notions about their razors—actually attribute to them whims and obstinacies—as if they were sentient beings. I know one gentleman who affirms that his best razor, his pet when in town, will not shave him at all in the country. He actually believes that. The fact is, that he is away from his ordinary conditions of being and surroundings when in the country, and, unconsciously of course, neither treats his razor nor uses it as he would at home. Many then affirm that their razors refuse to work well on the seacoast, as if the razor cared where it is used. Three-quarters of the people who shave themselves do not know how to use a razor, and consequently are liable to condemn a good one.

"A razor is supposed to be better for a post after it has been used for a good while. And it is. My idea about it is that an inappreciable rust gathers on it in disuse, and when that is honed and stripped off its edge is thinner and sharper than before. But you will not frequently hear a barber speak of a razor as 'being tired' and 'needing rest.' Many men avoid wearing a razor by constant use by the expedient of having several and using them in turn. Here, for example, is what we term a 'calendar case,' got to meet the requirements of gentlemen who take that sensible view of their razors. It contains as you will observe, seven fine razors, lettered on the backs for the days of the week. Such cases are sold at various prices, all the way up from \$7 to \$20. Why do I call it a 'sensible view'? Because, naturally, seven razors, by such changing round, will each do but one-seventh of what would be required of one razor in constant use, and consequently the evil day of regrinding is put seven times further away. Some men have a great number of razors, and keep adding to their collection all the time. Joe Jefferson, the actor, buys at least a dozen per annum from a big cutlery house on Nassau street alone, and I know he also buys elsewhere. I should imagine that he must have a trunk full of razors, if he does not lose them or give them away all the time.

"A good razor is worth from \$1.50 to \$2.50, but there are cheap kinds sold as low as \$2 a dozen. Those are the kinds generally employed in Thompson street to stiffen up weak poker hands or persuade people who don't carry a razor." There are an infinite number of styles and sizes of razors. Some like a big, heavy blade; others a small light, very narrow and deeply concave blade. I rather think the latter are best liable to cut the skin. In all cases the blade and handle of the razor should balance perfectly when it is held in position for use.

"It is a wonder to me where all the razors go to—what becomes of them," said the genial proprietor of the big cutlery house in Nassau street. "Now, I deal only in strictly first-class goods, in razors as in all other lines of cutlery, so my business is more restricted than some others, but last year I imported 2467 dozen of razors, worth more than \$20,000 to me. And that is about what the demand is every year. Some houses here—and there are eight or ten prominent importers—do considerably more than I do, and it is not at all uncommon for me to sell 100 dozen a day. Every boy should be taught to shave. It should be made a part of his education just as much as swimming, dancing, or carving—all necessary accomplishments."

"A pound of bread or biscuit contains more solid nutritive matter than a pound of beef-steak, but does not, when eaten by ordinary mortals, do so much nutritive work, says W. Mattieu Williams in "The Chemistry of Cookery." Why is this? It is a matter of preparation—not exactly what is called cooking, but equivalent to what cooking should be. It is the preparation which has converted the grass food of the ox into another kind of food which we can assimilate very easily. The fact that we use the digestive and nutrient apparatus of sheep, oxen, etc., for the preparation of our food is merely a transitory barbarism, to be ultimately superseded when the chemistry of cooking is sufficiently understood and applied to enable us to prepare the constituents of the vegetable kingdom in such a manner that they shall be as easily assimilated as the prepared grass which we call beef and mutton, and which we now use only on account of our ignorance of this "chemistry of cookery."

Within an Inch of My Life.

During the earlier part of my medicomilitary career I was selected as the assistant surgeon of the Army Lunatic Asylum then established in one of the eastern counties of England. At the time of the appointment I was given to understand that it was one which paid a high compliment to my professional abilities, and was bestowed as a reward for good services done; but as I did not see it quite in the same light, I went and interviewed the chief who had thought so much more of me than I did of myself.

"Sir," said I, "some men are born to honors, others have honors thrust upon them; the latter is my case. I don't understand one bit about the treatment, moral or medical, of the insane. I never saw but one madman in my life, and he, I verily believe, was more knave than fool; and I can't help thinking that if you send me to the asylum, you are sending the round man to fit into the square hole."

"That is not of the slightest consequence," answered he whom I was addressing, in the richest of brogues; "not the layste in loife. Round or square, the hole will suite ye to a T; and if so be that ye don't know anything concerning lunatics, why, the sooner ye learn the better. Ye'll be played to jine widout delay. Good morning." So he bowed me out; and I, having a wholesome dread of the powers that were, "jined" forthwith.

It is one of Shakespeare's wise sayings that "use doth breed a habit in a man." Before there had passed away many weeks of my sojourn with the demented officers and men of Queen Victoria's land forces I found myself highly interested with their pretty and well-cared-for home, running pleasantly in the groove I had so much objected to, and getting rid for ever and a day of that repugnance which every outsider naturally enough entertains when brought into contact with the denizens of a madhouse. With a pass-key, which has an open sesame to every lock in the establishment, I was accustomed to wander over it unattended either by the "keeper" or the orderlies, and never was I molested or spoken to threateningly save once, and that upon the occasion I have elected to call "Within an Inch of My Life."

In the afternoons, when the patients were not indoors, it was my practice to go through every part of the building inspecting it sanitarily. I was doing so as usual upon a certain winter's day, when, at a curve of a corridor, I came suddenly upon a patient leaning gloomily against one of the pillars. He was a private soldier of the Forty-fifth or Sherwood Foresters, a recent admission, and whose phase of insanity was somewhat puzzling the head surgeon and myself. Without entering upon details I shall merely say that we had doubts upon his case, and had recommended his removal from the asylum to the care of his friends. Meantime, however, he was to be closely watched, and no garden tools or implements put into his hands. How he had managed to elude the vigilance of the orderly under whose surveillance he had been placed, and to be where I met him, was one of the things I never understood. But so it was.

When he saw me his melancholic demeanor ceased; he advanced with rapid strides toward me, and I saw at a glance that he meant mischief of some sort or other; for every muscle of his body was trembling with passion, and on every feature of his face was pictured that of a demon. I confess that ear came over me. What was this maniac going to do? But to show apprehension would be fatal, so I faced him boldly and exclaimed: "Hollo, Mathews! what are you doing here? Why are you not in the airing-grounds with the others?"

Returned a wild and flashing eye upon me, and glared like a wild beast. Then he howled out rather than said: "Let me out of this!"

"What do you mean?" I replied, resolving, if possible, to gain time, and trusting that presently an orderly might pass and relieve me from the terrible dilemma in which I stood.

"Let me out!" he repeated. "I have been too long in this vile place. I want to rejoin my regiment; to see my poor old mother, and Mary, my sweetheart. Why am I here? I am not mad like the others. God knows that; so do you. But if I am kept much longer I shall be stark, staring mad. Let me out, I say!"

He was now boiling over with wrath. Still I kept my ground. "Mathews," I said, "I know that you are not mad; so listen a moment. How can I let you out? I am not the head doctor. I can't act without his orders. Your removal has been recommended by him. I'll go and consult him now."

"No, you won't, indeed." "Well, I can't release you. It would be as much as my commission is worth to connive at your escape. I should be tried by court-martial and cashiered if not worse. That you must beware of."

"That's no matter to me. I'll make you! See this!" He opened the loose gray pea-jacket he wore, and, to my horror, took from within it a round paving-stone of some pounds in weight, such as the court-yard of the building was paved with. How he had managed to obtain and to secrete it was another mystery.

A cold perspiration broke out upon me. My life seemed to be hanging by the slenderest of threads. I had no means of defense; the rules prevented my taking into the interior of the asylum even a walking-stick; and man to man, the maniac was taller and stronger than I.

The soldier raised the stone in his uplifted hands, and held it over my head, which was protected only by my regulation forage-cap. I expected every instant that I should be crushed beneath it; but still the man seemed irresolute to strike. Then, while Damocles like the missile hung above me, a sudden idea flashed across my mind: "What if I try to dodge him?"

"Put down that stone!" I cried out.

"Let me out, then!" he answered.

"Put down that stone, and I will. But first declare that you will tell no one who did it or how it was done."

"Doctor, I swear!" And then, to my inexplicable relief, he lowered his raised hand.

I looked around once again, really to spy if any official was in sight; but in such a sly, covert way as to make Mathews believe that I feared an eaves-dropper.

"You know the locality outside the barracks!"

"Yes, I was stationed here some years ago with my regiment."

"Well, this door" (pointing to one which was close to us) "leads down to a very short passage to another exit opening on to the Denes."

He was now all ears—every nerve strained to hear what I had to tell him.

"Here, take this key." I put into his stretched-out hand one that I happened to have in my pocket; I forget to what it belonged, but I knew that it would fit no lock inside the asylum.

He grasped it eagerly, and at the same time dashed the paving stone on the floor.

"What then, sir?" he asked in less excited tones.

"This, with my pass-key I shall let you into the passage. Grope your way for a yard or two down; feel for the lock of the outer door; open it with this key, and—escape."

"You will tell no one that I am gone—take no steps to have me caught? Remember this: If I am brought back I'll murder you."

"Mathews, if you escape by the method I pointed out no one shall know it."

"You are the soldier's friend!" he replied. "Let me shake hands with you, sir."

I did not feel happy when I found my palm wrung within his; but I quickly opened the door alluded to, and without the least shadow of suspicion he entered immediately. Once he was fairly in I pulled it to with a bang which shook the very walls. He was inclosed in a bath-room.

The strain of excitement over, reaction came on. I felt sick and faint, and knew no more until I saw one of the officials and my servant stooping over me. The former, going his rounds, had found me lying on the floor, and as soon as I came to my senses I told him what had happened, and steps were taken to have Mathews so watched that in future paving stones would never again be in his possession. I took care a so never again to perambulate the asylum without my orderly consent.—*Chamber's Journal.*

Pious Sentiment.

—An every day religion—one that loves the duties of your common walk, and that mak's an honest man; one that accomplishes an intellectual and moral growth in the subject; one that works in all weather, and improves all opportunities, will best and most healthily promote the growth of a church, and the power of the gospel.

CHURCH MOORINGS.—An old sea captain was riding in a railway carriage and a young man sat down by his side. He said: "Young man, where are you going?" "I am going to the city to live." "Have you letters of introduction?" "Yes," said the young man, and he pulled some of them out.

"Well," said the sea captain, "have you a church certificate?" "Oh, yes," replied the young man; "I did not suppose you desired to look at that." "Yes," said the sea captain, "I want to see that. As soon as you reach the city, present that to some christian church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world; and it is my rule, as soon as I get into port, to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream, floating hither and thither with the tide."