

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

ITEMS OF TIMELY INTEREST TO THE FARMER.

Remedy for Potato Beetles—Some Home Fertilizers—Paralysis in Pigs—The Necessity for Carding Cows.

REMEDY FOR POTATO BEETLES.

The use of paris green, mixed with dry plaster in the proportion of one tablespoonful to half a bushel of the plaster, is the best application to destroy the insects. Or the paris green may be stirred in water, with a little molasses to suspend it, and this is sprayed on the leaves. It should be done when the insects are newly hatched and gathered in the top leaves of the stems. The poison has no effect whatever on the tubers.

SOME HOME FERTILIZERS.

To purchase fertilizers and lose liquid manure is to allow a leak in the plant food. Fertilizers will always prove beneficial, but the first duty is to save all materials that will add to the manure pile. When the liquid is lost by not using a sufficiency of absorbents, the most valuable portion of the manure will have gone with it, as the liquids contain a larger proportion of nitrogen than the solids, and they can easily be saved with a little labor as is required to the solids.

PARALYSIS IN PIGS.

This common disease is the effect of inflammation of the membrane covering the spinal nerve, by which the action of the muscles connected with this nerve by its branches is interfered with. Want of proper nutrition may cause such a weakness in the general health that the whole nervous system is weakened, and this part of the animal feels the result most. The remedy is to change the food, giving none that is sour, but the most digestible and nutritious. Ground oats, with bran, mixed with sweet skimmed milk will be suitable food; one feed a day of whole oats may be given. In each of the soft feeds give one dose of this mixture: Four ounces of sulphate of iron, finely powdered, and one ounce of nux vomica, well mixed together, and divided into forty-eight parts, twice a day. To be sure of an even division, make it in this way. Spread the mixture on a sheet of paper, quite evenly, squaring the edges, then mark out evenly six divisions one way and eight the other, and wrap each in a separate piece of paper, folding it safely. This dose is for one pig.

NECESSITY FOR CARDING COWS.

The skin of an animal is an active excreting agent, and a large quantity of foul matter is thus removed by it from the blood. All this matter will dry on the skin, and if not removed frequently will cover it and clog the numerous pores by which the excrement escapes. This dried matter is most easily loosened by the card made of fine wires, and acting like a comb, and a stiff brush then completes the cleansing of the skin by removing these loosened scales. Besides, the skin is continually changing, scales of dried tissue loosening in the form of dandruff, while new tissue is formed under them. It is in this way that in time the whole of the skin is renewed. All this dead and impure matter acts as a ferment on milk, and will cause it to sour and take on an unpleasant odor very quickly. Thus it is not only necessary to keep the cows clean, but to remove this matter from the skin before each milking by the use of a card and brush.

CHURNING IN THE WINTER.

It is not the manner of churning so much as the management of the milk in cold weather that makes trouble in getting the butter. These requisites are indispensable to easy and successful churning: First, the cow must not be exposed to the cold, but have a good warm stable, and not be forced to drink ice-cold water or have frozen food. Otherwise the oily parts of the food that goes to make butter fats will be spent in maintaining the warmth of the cow and neutralizing the cold, and the cream, of course, will have but little butter in it, and that little will be hard to get out of it. Next, the milk must not be frozen, but kept at not less than 65 degrees, and the cream the same. Then the cream will be ripe for the churn in the same time as in the summer, and the churning will be as easy as then. It may not be quite as easy if the cow is fed on dry food altogether, as if the food is cut hay, wetted with warm water, and six or eight pounds of cornmeal, nothing else, daily—or even more if the cow be a large milker—but otherwise there will be no difference on account of the season. Then the cream being slightly sour, and of a satiny appearance as it is poured into the churn, and churned in a room as warm as it is—that is, not less than 62 degrees or even 65 degrees—the butter will come in the same time and as good and as certainly as if it were midsummer. The time for keeping in is thirty-six hours, and the cream will ripen for churning at the same temperature in the same time. But if this temperature is changed there is no certain rule that can be given. If the cow makes very hard butter, it is a good thing to give her two pounds of cotton-seed meal daily, or churn at 70 degrees.

RENOVATING OLD APPLE ORCHARDS.

The almost universal complaint of apple-growers throughout the Central, Middle and Eastern States is that the

AMONG THE CUBANS.

TRAITS OF THE PEOPLE WHO ARE FIGHTING FOR LIBERTY.

Houses of the Rich and Poor in Havana—In the Streets—Courting Among the Young Folks.

The Cuban house of the better class is of the ordinary, typical construction. It is enormously heavy, built of adobe or soft stone, to withstand earthquakes and to resist heat. The rooms are enormous, with ceilings from 15 to 20 or 25 feet high, all floors, even in the bedrooms, being of stone, and the windows covered with great iron bars. These windows have a grewsome suggestiveness of cells, dispelled only by the artful glance or laughter of the women who stand peering out or recline languidly on swaying hammocks or rockers within.

They are the courting places of the youth of the island, and are, curiously enough, preferred, because the whispered confidences there are free from the presence of parents or any guardian, which is inevitable when the young couple meet within the house. The young man, standing outside the bars day after day, is known to every neighbor and passer-by as the seniorita's sweetheart.

The houses of the lower class look no different from without, but are awful within, and there the cause of Havana's scourges of yellow fever is at once apparent. The city is badly drained. The bay, with no free course of water, and comparatively little tide, is a reservoir, uncleaned, of the city's filth. It breeds disease, and in squatter where personal uncleanness is added to the perils incurred by municipal neglect, the houses of the poor have become incubators of pestilence.

In the day time few people, except those in business or "common folk," are seen in the streets of Havana. The sun is always hot. At night, when the military bands play in the park, the town turns out, and then the Spanish and Cuban girls and women, under the inevitable mantilla, and a few with their sweethearts, are there in all their native glory. It is a display of evening dress out of doors. It is not a company which represents the most polite society of Havana. It is a laughing, chattering company, mindful of nothing but the pleasure of nonsensical gossip, brightened now by a liberal scattering of uniforms on officers from the thirty regiments defending the city, and yet the restraints of respectability are not too tightly drawn, nor do they deprive the crowd of some of the most beautiful girls of Havana.

Curiously enough, the young men and the girls seldom walk together. If they do it is a fair presumption that serious matters between them have been canvassed by the parents on both sides, and that the church has been consulted and signified its approval. The conditions of courtship are unfavorable to even innocent flirtations, and the Spanish character has brought into its everyday life many difficulties to discourage an ingenuous lover.

An evening in such a company, the air filled with voices that drown the music, the black sky spangled with stars as brilliant as they are in the tropics, will long be remembered. Although Havana is in a ceaseless besieged, although Gomez with the insurgent army is burning towns so near the city that the glare may be seen on the sky at night, although wounded and dying soldiers are brought in on every train that the troops can get through, and the war and its horrors might be supposed to be on every tongue, no one thinks of it, and it is a gala night. Tomorrow is permitted to take care of itself.

Sunday is Havana's holiday. There are no bull fights going on now, as the people are too poor from the war to support them. But there are other amusements, so that Sunday maintains a violent contrast with the rest of the week. Every street, nearly, is open. The newspapers are published in editions throughout the day. The cafes are filled from morning till night. The one theater which has not succumbed to the depression puts on the best operas and sells every seat. It is a day to entertain and pay calls and spend hours in the parks. So much license is given to every form of recreation on Sunday, that it is actually possible to go out of the city for several miles into the country without disturbance from the soldiers, despite the war.

As for the churches, thousands of women religiously attend. In Cuba the church and her children are a woman's life. She soon loses her husband as her companion in the home. She does not read. She never heard of a New Woman. She has but little circle of friends like herself, and some day dies. But she has been faithful to the church, and the most striking thing about a service in the great Cathedral is the presence of the women of Havana and the absence of the men.

The lottery is the craze of Havana. One of the first cries heard on the street in the morning is the shrill voice of a Cuban yelling that he has lottery tickets for sale. It is often the last sound heard at night. In the cafes, women annoy you incessantly, offering any part, from one-tenth to a whole ticket or more. In the stores some one gently touches your arm. It is a lottery ticket peddler. As the theater crowd comes out, the rabble is not cab drivers and newsboys, but lottery ticket sellers. A card is sent to your room in the hotel. Its strange name indicates the courteous attention of some citizen, who bows low, smiles, talks of the weather and the beauties of Havana, and then offers to sell a lottery ticket. In the Botanical Gardens, at the Custom House gates, at the very Cathedral doors, the long yellow sheets

are thrust into every face till it would seem that all Cuba must gamble to support so formidable a company of fakirs.

All other storekeepers are courteous and unobtrusive. They are so polite that one feels as if he were rudely trespassing in entering their stores to purchase. Money is generally plentiful in Havana, and as there is not a savings bank in the island, and Cubans are born spendthrifts, it is striking to note the general excellence of everything offered for sale. American goods are the favorite. French and German wares are popular, but everything is of the highest grade, and a native or Spaniard will never buy anything but the best.

A visitor experiences great difficulty in purchasing anything characteristically Cuban in the stores, but that is because Cuba produces only two things, sugar and tobacco, and buys everything she uses—even buys back her sugar refined.

A RATCATCHER'S SECRET.

His Way of Clearing a Place of These Pests.

"I'm rough on rats, I am; yes, sir; my name is Joe Peoples, and I catches rats. Look here," and Mr. Peoples slowly drew a hand from one of his capacious trousers pockets, and that hand firmly held an enormous rat. It (the rat) blinked and wriggled slightly, after which it remained quiet. The man put it back in his pocket. As he did so, it was noticeable that he allowed the rat to slip out of his hand into his pocket instead of placing his hand in and drawing it away. He appeared to be fairly infested with rats, for he had one or more in each pocket, large enough to hold one. He even took one out of his sleeve, and it is possible that he had one in the crown of his hat. He was an odd-looking character. He had unmistakably the air of a sailor; his expressions were sailor-like, and his critical observations of the ships in the river smacked of long sea experience.

"See that 'ere bark over yonder," said Mr. Peoples. "She were alive with rats, forward and aft, 'tween decks and in the hold. Well, I cleaned every rat out of that bark in less'n four days' time. You ask the mate about it."

Mr. Peoples mentioned several vessels, including a well-known coast steamer, and several hotels which he had cleared of rats, in no case taking over ten days' time.

"How do I do it? Well, y'see, that would be heavin' the whole thing overboard as far as my profit is concerned. It took me a long time to learn how. I am the only one in it at the present time, and I make bread and butter for Mrs. Peoples and me out of it. It's not strictly bong-tong, but there's money in it and it's interestin'. There's no four-footed thing on earth that's up to more dodges and up to more tricks than an old bald-headed rat. He winks at poison and laughs at traps.

"No, I never poisons 'em. More will come, and you have the dead one lyin' round between floors. I don't trap 'em, either, only a few that I fixes up and turns loose again. Now, if you won't give it away, I'll let you on to part of the scheme. You see this big fellow. I just caught him up to the Hotel this morning. He was too smart for a trap, but I laid for him and caught him with my hands before he could get back to the hole. Now, I'm goin' to give him a torch and a bell to carry, and I'll dip him all over in something else that I won't tell you about, and then to-night I'll take him back to the hotel and let him go free.

"I mean by 'torch' that I'll paint his back with phosphorus paint, so he'll be a beautiful sight and shinin' light in every rat-hole he gets into, and by 'bell' I mean a genuine bell, like this." Here the rat-catcher drew from his pocket a tiny round bell, like a sleigh bell, but smaller. "This 'ere bell I'll fix around his neck with a wire, so, even if the phosphorus wears off, he'll still be able to surprise his mates wherever he goes. Course, he feels so clabby and friendly-like, in spite of the fix he is in, and wants to get back to his mates and spin a yarn to 'em, maybe, about his funny adventure with the ratcatcher. But his mates, they don't recognize him. They give him the marble heart. They don't like his burnin' back, nor his alarm bell, and what's more than anything else, they don't like the smell of him. He smells like a thousand ferrets. All his mates will leave in a body as he comes around; he'll keep tryin' to get with 'em, and finally he'll end by every last rat leavin' the ship or the buildin'. I've know'n 'em to jump overboard and drown if they couldn't get off any other way. And they won't come back for a long time. I guarantees every place for a year. You see, that stuff I soaks the rat in seeps up every hole and runway he goes through, like a ferret would, only worse, and my doctored rat goes over every rat promenade of the place chasin' his friends before they leave the ship or the buildin'. No rat will allow himself to go into any place where he smells a ferret. No he. He just winks one eye and says: 'I don't think this place good for my health,' and gets out."—Portland Oregonian.

How to Manage a Burglar.

A young woman, who successfully resisted a burglar at night, though he drew a revolver, gives this advice to her sex for use on like occasions: Think quickly. Never lose your presence of mind. Use all the weapons nature has given you.

Hold your breath when you are being chloroformed. Don't let a little thing like being gagged divert your mind. If you can't scream throw things at the window to attract attention. Remember that while you may not be as strong as he is, ten to one you are much brighter.—New York World.

THE CALENDAR.

Why There'll be no Leap Year in 1900.

Undoubtedly most of our readers are aware that until 1904 there will not be another leap year. Numerous inquiries are made for an explanation of this, and we find it difficult to do better than quote the following from Rolfe and Gillet's treatise on the Julian and Gregorian years: "The solar year, or the interval between two successive passages of the same equinox by the sun, is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 48 seconds. If then we reckon only 365 days to a common or civil year, the sun will come to the equinox 5 hours, 48 minutes, 48 seconds, or nearly a quarter of a day, later each year; so that, if the sun enters Aries on the 20 of March one year he would enter it on the 21st four years later, on the 22d eight years after and so on.

"Among different ancient nations, different methods of computing the year were in use. Some reckoned it by the revolutions of the moon; some by that of the sun; but none, so far as we know, made proper allowance for deficiencies and excesses. Twelve moons fell short of the true year; thirteen exceeded it; 365 days were not enough; 366 were too many. To prevent the confusion resulting from these errors, Julius Caesar reformed the calendar, by making the year consist of 365 days, 6 hours (which is hence called a Julian year) and made every fourth year consist of 366 days. This method of reckoning is called old style.

"But as this made the year somewhat too long, and the error in 1582 amounted to ten days, Pope Gregory XIII, in order to bring the vernal equinox back to the 21st of March again, ordered ten days struck out from that year, calling the next day after the 4th of October the 15th. And to prevent similar confusion in the future, he decreed that three leap years should be omitted in the course of every 400 years. This way of reckoning is called new style. It was immediately adopted by most of the European nations, but was not accepted by the English until the year 1752. The error then amounted to 11 days, which were taken from the month of September, by calling the third of that month the 14th.

"According to the Gregorian calendar every year whose number is divisible by four is a leap year; except that in the case of the years whose numbers are exact hundreds, those only are leap years which are divisible by 400. Thus, the years 1600, 2000, 2400, etc., are leap years; 1700, 1800, 1900, 2100, 2200, etc., are not. Under this mode of reckoning, the error will not amount to a day in 5000 years."

An Australian Flyer.

The fishes are not the only flyers without wings. Among the milk-giving animals there are some remarkable instances, the most striking, perhaps, being the flying lemur or colugo—an Australian animal. It resembles to some extent a large squirrel, lives in the trees, and when seen running along a branch its flying or soaring possibilities would not be suspected, but when alarmed the little creature runs nimbly out upon the end of a branch and boldly leaps into the air. But instead of dropping to the ground it swoops down and in some mysterious way appears to be buoyed up and moves on, apparently flying like a bird. It is indeed soaring, buoyed up by singular membranes or parachutes which are plainly visible from below when the hunter is perhaps concealed.

The leap is often an extraordinary one, out into the air with a downward plunge, as a bird from a limb; but in a few seconds the outstretched sails catch the wind, and the animal, steadied, moves along almost parallel to the earth, then rising, he catches the branch of a tree, and if followed darts along to hurl itself from this to another tree, in this manner accomplishing long distances at a marvelous rate of speed—literally flying through the forest without wings.

The colugo is a curious little creature, sleeping during the daytime, as a rule, often hanging head downward in a seemingly uncomfortable position; amusing itself at night to forage for fruits and other food of its choice.—Atlanta Constitution.

Bicycles on Yachts.

Bicycles are fast becoming a popular necessity on yachts and excursion steamers, particularly those making winter trips in southern waters. The yachtsman finds a wheel of the greatest convenience, and most enjoyable as well as popular way of exercising and traveling about when ashore. If all the steamers that make southern winter trips from New York were to keep a number of bicycles on board, there is hardly a doubt but what these wheels would pay for themselves in a very short time. When stopping at the various ports it would not only give the passenger a chance to go ashore and get rid of his sea legs, but afford him the quickest, cheapest and easiest way of seeing the sights, and getting a constitutional at the same time. In these days when everybody rides a bicycle, it would do the tourist's heart good to have a chance for a spin over the roads of a foreign country.

A Diamond Spoon.

Mention is made in the long-since published memoirs of the Marquise Villiers, of Paris, of a wonderful spoon once in the possession of his family. This spoon was reputed to be of gold, studded in every part with diamonds of the first water. Four inches in length only, yet the value of this article was stated to be \$75,000. Each diamond was the size of a large pin's head, and there were some hundreds of them.—London Tit-Bits.

A Collection of "Americanisms."

"Americans generally, I think, say 'Come,' instead of 'Come in,' when there is a knock at the door. Instead of 'I beg your pardon,' in passing you or on failing to understand what you say, they use the expression 'Excuse me.' They call a man of powerful mind 'brainy.' A brook or creek they call 'creek.' Anything made abroad they call 'imported,' anything made at home, 'domestic.' Thus they speak with disrespect of 'domestic cigars.'"

In most parts of the states "clever" does not mean clever, but pleasant, agreeable. For "temporary" the word commonly used is "transient." Thus you have transient board or transient employment. The negroes in the south, when they mean a man died, say that he "ceased." A "tough" everywhere is a low fellow, and tough is used for low as an adjective. Thus we hear of a "tough neighborhood." For a "bee line" the Americans say an "air line." When in the south—I do not know about the north—you read on a notice board "Posted," it means that the proprietor forbids trespass and everything else that can be objected to on his land. Goods traffic is called "transportation."

A very interesting expansion of an adjective is the word "conservative" as meaning "moderate." For instance, if a newspaper writer or any one in conversation had been considering how many people there had been in a certain crowd, he would probably say: "It would be a very conservative estimate to put that crowd down at 10,000."

Story of a Hair.

The French people never tire of relating anecdotes of the eccentricity and enormous wealth of Americans. An American went into a hairdresser's shop in Paris recently, and found a charming but poorly dressed girl engaged in negotiations with the proprietor. She was offering to sell him her magnificent head of hair for three napoleons—the man would give her no more than one. At least the poor girl gave way with tears, and the barber was about to employ the fatal scissors when the American intervened and demanded the cause of the sad affair.

I found that the girl's parents, who formerly had been well off, were in the last extremity of poverty, and that she had determined to make so great a sacrifice in order to obtain them a little bread. The stranger drew out two bank notes and offered them to the girl, saying: "Will you let me buy your hair?"

Without even looking at the notes, the girl at once said, "Yes."

The American delicately took a single hair, put it in his pocketbook—and fled.

Not till he had gone did she look at her bank notes, and found them to be of the value of \$100.

Foods Merely Family Affairs.

"On account of the feuds, Eastern Kentucky is popularly supposed to be extremely lawless," said C. R. Crandall of Louisa, Ky., a town on the Big Sandy River, in the heart of the feud-burdened district of the State, to a party of friends at the Metropolitan. "As a matter of fact, strangers are as safe there as in any section of the United States. It is a peculiar condition, unknown anywhere else, more like the Corsican vendetta than those other feuds, but differing from those. The men who do the killing are not desperadoes in the ordinary acceptance of that term, and human life is as safe with them as on the streets of Washington, except that when trouble arises between men, their families are involved, and then begins a war of extermination, which is handed down from one generation to another. Except as to members of the family against whom the enmity exists, these men are peaceable, law-abiding citizens."—Washington Star.

Story of a Smart Dog.

We have a black and tan terrier called Jack, who has a rooted objection to spending the night alone, and is therefore allowed to sleep with one of my brothers. A short time ago they were all away from home, and an order was given early in the evening (Jack being present) that he was to sleep with the groom away from the house. Jack, who always remains in the room until the rest of the household retire, disappeared this particular evening very soon after the order was given, and was not seen again. When we went up stairs, however, there he curled up in an arm chair in my youngest sister's bed room, evidently settled for the night, and as we entered he looked up and wagged his tail, as if he were begging to be allowed to stay. As he had never been known to go to bed early by himself, or in that particular room, we all felt sure he had understood the order, and hoped by these means to escape.—London Spectator.

His Real Name.

One of the questions asked of an applicant for the United States Army is: "Have you given a true name and not an assumed one?" A young fellow a little disgruntled with life on account of some trifling backset in business or in love is as likely as not to conclude to bury himself in the army. Such a one is pretty sure to apply under an assumed name, thinking that service in the ranks would bring reproach upon his family name. This is not generally encouraged by the officers; if the army, but sometimes when there is really good reason why a man should desire to serve incognito his desire is respected. There was a story in the old army of a well-set up Irishman who rose to be a corporal during his first enlistment under the name of Philip Sidney. When his term was out his captain said to him: "Sidney, it is none of my business, but just out of curiosity, I should like to know what your real name is?" "Ah, captain," the corporal answered, "I was afraid you would penetrate me disguise. I did not like to use me full name while serving in the ranks, so I dropped me family name. Me full name, Captain, is Philip Sidney de Montmorency."

Fewer rings are worn by women of fashion.