

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

NOTES OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Dairy Dangers--Diseases of Poultry--Fruit Culture and Bees--Bedding for Hogs--Variety of Hens to Keep, Etc.

Dairy Dangers.

Persons afflicted with any kind of disease, either acute or chronic, should not be permitted to milk a cow. All disease germs find a good place to develop in a can of warm milk, and you owe it to those who may use the milk, or its product, to see to it that no contagious disease is communicated by its use. Cans, pails, or bottles, which are used for holding milk should not be left for a moment in a sick room, unless they are thoroughly disinfected before being used. Hot lime-water is a good disinfectant. Ordinary washing will not answer in such cases.—Rural Home.

Diseases of Poultry.

The following mixture is a sure cure for chicken cholera: Two ounces each of red pepper, alum, sulphur and coppers. Mix in scalded corn meal and in severe cases allow one-third of a teaspoonful to each fowl daily, but in ordinary cases one tablespoonful in three pints of meal is sufficient.

For gapes, a teaspoonful of four of sulphur mixed in a quart of water will rid poultry of gapes in a few days. This is a certain cure.

Roup is caused by damp, chilly weather and if the poultry house is warm and tight so there is no draught, there will be little roup; but when chickens contract it they can be cured by making a paper funnel and blowing sulphur down their throats. These remedies are simple, cheap and effective.—Epitomist.

Fruit Culture and Bees.

The fruit grower who is able to handle bees without much trouble will find them not only profitable in themselves but of great value to his orchard fruits. As a rule the blossoms of fruit trees are well fertilized by the various insects of the section, but in many cases the domestic bee has made orchards profitable that for years failed to set fruit blossoms in any quantity. Many bee culturists make a practice of setting the hives in the orchard to the advantage of both bees and trees. The objection to this practice has been urged that bees sting fruit of various kinds, especially grapes, pears and plums. This is not so, for bees rarely if ever puncture fruit, although frequently found taking the juices from fruits previously injured by birds or in other ways. The best results from bees in the orchard are obtained when the trees are headed low. This will enable the bees to pollinize the blossoms all over the tree and will also make the gathering of the fruit easier. Try a hive of bees among the trees that have been shy bearers and note the results.

Bedding for Hogs.

I wonder how many farmers ever bed down their brood sows with corn fodder? Not very many, I dare say. But it makes a splendid nest—superior to straw when the hogs need get them well broken up. Straw is all right when one has plenty on hand, and going to waste, and no doubt it would be economy to use straw for bedding in such a case and feed the fodder, especially so, if short of coarse feed. I speak of this simply to show how stalks can be used, for on some farms straw is scarce and fodder plenty.

Clover hay makes a good nest, besides furnishing worlds of nourishment to the hogs. There is one trouble in bedding hogs with the clover in the winter time. They will eat it up unless bedded every day or so, depending on the amount used.

One mistake, I think, we farmers as a rule make, is the neglecting to properly bed our hog yards during the winter months. Here we may say is one of the leaks in the swine business. Men of advanced ideas, and practical farmers, too, note the important fact that grain-feed manure is richer in plant food than other kind, but what else is there on the farm that is allowed to run so much to waste as never to collect enough manure to make any show when drawing to the field? The best manure we ever used on our farm was when we kept our hogs in a yard only when feeding and bedded down every day, the same as our cattle and horses.

Supposing as much straw or corn fodder were used for bedding in the big yards and nests as is used in the horse and cow barns, according to the amount of grain fed. This would put a stop to at least one leak in the swine industry, and make the first cost still less, and our profits more satisfactory.—Elias F. Brown in Agricultural Epitomist.

Caring for Farm Tools.

It is a rule we have always found true that the successful farmer always takes the best care of his tools. He has sheds for his mower, rake, binder, plow and cultivators, drill, planter, harrow, etc. They are never left out exposed to the weather, to decay or rust, but are housed as soon as done using them for the season. When the season for a piece of machinery is past, it is run into shelter until a rainy day when it is carefully gone over, bolts tightened, parts well oiled where it might otherwise rust, and the wood-work and as much of the iron as possible, repainted, should it need it. And then, but not until then, store the machine away until wanted next season. If it has been properly cared for, it will be in as good condition as the

previous year. The plows and cultivators can be taken apart as can other pieces of machinery, so that less space will be occupied.

Few farmers have a place where they can store their machinery. The first cost of putting up a building large enough, is one that many farmers do not feel that they can afford, though the saving in machinery in the first ten years would more than pay for the building. He cannot always see that it would pay; he counts only the cost of the building, not the money paid out in repairs and new machinery. But nearly every farmer has unused, sheltered nooks in barns, sheds, stable or crib, where a part of a machine might be left, or where the harrow might stand. Perhaps he has more shed room than is utilized. He can partition off a few yards of it and run the mower, binder, etc., in out of the storms and snow of winter. Perhaps there is room for a cultivator between the corn and roof of the corn crib. By storing the machinery in these old nooks one can keep nearly all his tools out of the weather's harm.

A sure sign of a shiftless farmer is to see a binder, dismantled and alone in the fence corner of a stubble field, a mower where left in the meadow with the rake for a neighbor, the cultivators at the end of the last row of corn plowed, with the plows and planter near by, and no doubt the harrow close at hand, only the weeds hiding it from sight; the wagon out in the sun and rain, and carriage, if he has one, also sitting in the shade of a tree, etc. We have all seen this sort of farmer, and know what the result of his recklessness has been or will be. He can not stand the strain, and sooner or later must sink. It may not be the cost of machinery that does it, but it is the same shiftless disposition that causes the neglect of this great leak, that causes the overlooking of the rest. There are many leaks which if left to run, will sink the farmer's craft. Farm machinery is one of the greatest. Buy only what you must have, and take the best of care of that.

Variety of Hens to Keep.

What variety of hens shall we keep is a question so frequently asked, but never answered. No one breed will meet all the requirements. If eggs are what is principally desired, the great majority of poultrymen will name the White Leghorn. There may be some other breeds that will produce a few more eggs, but other considerations will probably turn the choice to the Leghorn nearly every time. The Hamburg may lay a few more eggs, but they are smaller, and consequently of less value per dozen. The Black Minorca is an excellent layer, but of very little account when wanted for the table—worth much less than the Leghorn, and this always has to be taken into account, as a good many have to go to market, whether they are kept principally for eggs or not. The Barred Plymouth Rock is a very popular all-purpose fowl. On all poultry farms, probably, the White Leghorn or Barred Plymouth Rock will be found four times out of five, which would certainly indicate that it makes lay between these two; but it makes much less difference what the breed is than it does what care they receive. If they are crowded into two small pens they will be unprofitable, whatever the breed. If their condition in regard to lice is neglected, there will be a loss every time. We hear of men undertaking to keep poultry on a large scale, and soon discarding it as unprofitable, more frequently than in almost anything else undertaken, and in nine cases out of ten they are driven out of the business by lice. Lice are the most serious drawback to the poultry business, but they can be kept in check, and the poultry kept in a healthy condition, but it requires more care and vigilance that the majority of people are willing to give.—Maine Farmer.

An Eskimo Burial.

The Eskimos bury their dead under mounds of stones on jutting promontories. A year or two ago a yachting party from St. John's, which had landed near Cape Chidley, saw an Eskimo burial. Four Eskimos hauled over the dry ground the komatik, or sled, on which was the body of a hunter who had been drowned in the killing of a walrus. After them came in irregular order a procession of about thirty men and women. On a high, rocky point of land, overlooking the sea, they placed the body in a sitting position, laid the hunter's paddle, harpoon, throw stick, and snowshoes beside it, and then, with stones as large as could be handled, proceeded to build a wall about the body. When the wall had been carried above the head, they roofed it with flat stones and then built a rounded mound over the whole. But they left a hole in the roof so that the man could come out at any time if he wished. Then the party ranged itself in a semicircle before the mound and one man sang a weird chant with a chorus or refrain in which all the others joined. This done, they went back to their encampment with no further show of grief and resumed their usual occupations.

An Interesting London Church.

Another interesting London church is in process of demolition—the Church of the Holy Trinity, Minorities. The church building, which dates from 1706, is the successor of the ancient abbey founded for the nuns of St. Clare, by the earl of Lancaster, brother of Edward I, in 1293. The church possesses an interesting relic in the head of the Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey.

Nearly a quarter of all cases of insanity are hereditary.

SPORTS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

HOW THE NATIVES OF THE ISLANDS AMUSE THEMSELVES.

Very Fond of Aquatics--Bouts With Mace-eater Sharks--Bull and Pony Fights--Cock Fighting Amorous to a National Passion.

Natives of the Philippines are unable to drown and they do not suspect that we are different from themselves in this regard. Consequently, it is not certain that you will be rescued if you call to a native for help just as you are going down the second time. How can a man be in danger when he has the water all about him to swim in? The native does not understand at all, and sits calmly by watching your third disappearance and commenting on your lack of grace. He may remark on the length of time you can hold your breath and possibly will jab around with a stick a little, to see if you have not gone to sleep. He cannot think "drown," because he has no word for it.

It is good sport watching the natives from the tobacco factories bathing after the day's work is done. Four or five thousand of them in together—men, women and children—in the merriest confusion, playing all sorts of pranks on one another and no end of games, all in their birthday suits. Along some parts of the beaches near Manila bathing is dangerous—at least, at certain seasons—for sharks abound and come up even where the water is no more than four feet deep. Manceaters will attack natives who ride down into the sea on horseback to bathe their animals, and nip off a leg if they have half a chance.

As a rule, though, the natives meet the manceaters half way, and will dive in and rip the fish open with a knife. It is rare sport, but has made little headway among Europeans. They are shy of bathing; for not only have they no use for sharks, but they dread the jelly fish, that stings like a live electric wire and poisons one worse than any. One of them will swell a man's arm to the size of his leg or his leg to the size of his body.

Of course, where there are so many Spaniards there must be bull fights. The Manila bull is a gentle creature, compared to the magnificent animals raised in Mexico and in Spain, and the fights are correspondingly less exciting. Variations are introduced, therefore. One of these not long ago was a contest between a tiger, brought over from China, and a bull, which took place in a large cage in the middle of the arena. There was excitement enough that day to satisfy even the enthusiasts.

Another diversion, when the bulls are tame, is pony fighting. Manila is the only place in the world to see this variety of Spanish sport. A coquetish mare is hitched by four feet of a rope to a post in the center of an inclosure and three ponies who would win her smiles are let in. Each is jealous of the others, and as he advanced to pay court to the hitched queen receives the violent attentions of the other two, with an occasional swift kick in the ribs or neck from the queen herself when she has a really good opportunity.

Cock-fighting is the one grand passion of the natives. Every town has its cockpit. The men think more of their birds than of their wives and children. In case of fire they seize them and run; afterward, if it is not too late they think of their fowls. Cocks range in price from \$25 to \$2,000, and large sums are wagered at the mains.

The upper classes, foreign or Spanish, do not care for cock-fighting, but the government derives a large revenue from the sport by issuing licenses for exclusive privileges, one license for each district. These licenses are awarded to the highest bidder. He puts up his pit, which is a rough structure, like a barn, in which the pit is surrounded by tiers of seats, arranged so as to give every one a fair view. He gets a fee for every cock entered and charges an admission fee to spectators. Although he does a large business, most of his receipts go to the government, because owing to competition, he has to pay high for his license.

As soon as the owner of a bird has found some one to bet with him he notifies the manager of the pit, who puts the names of the owners of the cocks on his list. Then they hand their wagers to the betting official, put a spur on each bird and wait for their turn.

This betting official has a good memory and a good head for figures. He is employed by the owner of the pit to find bets and to take care of them. He keeps track of all the cocks entered. Any one wishing to back a certain cock tells the official which bird and gives him the amount he desires to wager. The official goes around among the spectators to find a taker. He makes no notes or record of any sort but after the main is over he counts out the correct amounts and hands them to the winners, without ever a mistake. Sometimes \$100,000 changes hands on a single main.

There is good hunting near Manila, and some big game on the nearby island. "Flying foxes" are queer game. They hang like black bags from the branches of trees, where they are not easily seen on account of the dense foliage. When they are roused they make the air tumultuous with their cries as they whirl to and fro. The natives and the Spaniards eat them with relish, and say they are better than quail.

When their wings are spread as far as possible they measure five feet to six feet from tip to tip. They have heads like foxes, and are as great poachers as the sly animals from whom they take their name. They do mischief to the farmers, but their pil-

fering leads to their own destruction often. They are fond of the juice of sugar cane, and will drink it even when fermented. The Manila farmer sometimes finds his cane fields full of intoxicated bats in the morning. A bat with a jag is lost. Even the crows make a monkey of him.—Ludlow Brownell in Detroit Free Press.

A SQUADRON OF MODELS.

Minutures of Our War Vessels to Be at the Paris Exposition.

There is one fleet of Uncle Sam's vessels whose wanderings are not recorded in the reports of the navy, and that is the squadron of models now resting for a while in the hallways of the Navy Department, Washington. These tiny representations of our real fighting craft have traveled thousands of unregistered miles and have, in all probability, been seen by more of the American people than the ships that actually form our seagoing defense. They have been in every state exposition since their first appearance at the Chicago Fair, each time in argument of numbers, and two of them have even been to Japan, where they so impressed the Imperial Admiralty as to cause the building of the Chitose and the Kasagi in this country. They will, no doubt, form an attractive feature of our exhibit at Paris next year, especially as so many of the models represent the vessels that have actually faced the guns of the enemy, and, too, it may truly be said these miniature ships have influenced legislation in behalf of the navy's increase by reaching the inland people previously uninterested in the service. As a last record of the new navy they will prove material evidence in the decades to come when the ships themselves have passed, as the late Maine, into history. From the old Kearsarge to the mighty new one the Navy Department shows strikingly our advance, and, too in a manner to be grasped by young and old, the technician and the layman.

At present this growing squadron consists of 23 models either representing individual ships or classes of ships, and, with the exception of torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers, every type has its miniature double. There are models of the late Maine, and it would be hard to say how many thousands came to see it during the early days of that disaster; the Charleston, the Baltimore, the New York, the Columbia, the Texas, the Monterey, the Miantonomoh, the Boston, the Bancroft, the Petrel, the Yorktown, the Nashville, the Wilmington, the Vesuvius, the Illinois, the Iowa, the Olympia, and the old Kearsarge, and the battleship class of the Massachusetts, Indiana and Oregon, and the composite boats typified by the Annapolis and the Wheeling.

The construction of these models was begun under the direction of Chief Constructor Hitchborn at the navy yard, Washington, quite ten years ago, and the present force, numbering nearly thirty, has for the main part been continuously engaged on this delicate work ever since. In every outward detail these little vessels are faithful minutures of their big doubles in actual service, and what that means can best be understood from a brief outline of the manner and the care of fabrication.

Caught an Albino Beaver.

"I believe I am the only white person that ever trapped or killed an adult albino beaver," said Thomas Gilroy, an ex-ranchman of Montana. "Albino beavers are the rarest of animals, and the only specimens I ever saw besides the one I trapped were two cubs captured by an Indian on Wind River more than thirty years ago. There were four young beavers in the nest this Indian secured, and two of them were black. The mother of the litter was captured with them and she was black. There is another very rare beaver in the Northwest region. This is the golden beaver, and bears the choicest of all fur. The golden beaver is almost as rare as the white beaver, the albino being merely a freak of nature, while the golden beaver is a species. This beaver was not known in this country until about 1880, where the first specimen was discovered in the Milk River region. Up to that time Siberia was supposed to be the animals only habitat."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Russia's Unused Bell.

As is well known, to Russia belongs the largest unringed bell in the world. This bell now occupies a building in the Kremlin. It was cast two centuries ago, but was found too heavy to remove from the pit. The Russian Monarchs, one after another, tried to have it lifted, and dozens of lives were sacrificed in the shifting pit of sand. Finally fate intervened. A raging fire broke out, and heated the bell in its pit. A quantity of cold water flowed round it; and a great piece, the size of a door, was broken out. The Russian czar immediately ordered it to be lifted on a pedestal, and get within the Kremlin, where it is sometimes used as a temple. Its walls are two feet thick, and it is twenty-five feet high.

A Torpedo Catcher.

The new torpedo-defense net, or crinoline, for the British navy, is supposed to be impenetrable to any torpedo, even when armed with a cutter. It is considerably heavier than the old net, but can be handled just as easily. Each net is twenty-five feet wide, twenty-eight feet deep, weighs seven hundred and fifty pounds, and consists of sixteen thousand wire meshes. Each mesh is secured by six small rings; these, combined with the small size of mesh, render it practically impossible for the cutter of a torpedo to make any impression on it.

HENRY GEORGE, THE PRINTER.

Noah Brooks Tells How the Famous Writer Became a Journalist.

In an article on "Henry George in California," Noah Brooks tells the readers of the Century how the political economist became a newspaper writer:

In the autumn of 1866 I was the editor of the "Times," a daily newspaper published in San Francisco. One day, the foreman of the composing-room, after disposing of business concerning which he had come to my desk, somewhat hesitatingly told me that one of the compositors had written several editorial articles, by way of experiment; and they were very good, so the foreman thought. But the young printer had destroyed his productions, after passing them around among his intimates in the office. Would the editor-in-chief like to look at one of the young man's writings? I said I should be glad to see one, and if he sent me anything worth printing it should be used, and the writer should be paid for it.

A few hours later, a bundle of sheets of Manila paper was laid on my desk by Mr. Turrell, the foreman, who, with a smile, said that the young printer had happened to have ready an article which he was willing to submit to my judgment. I read the paper, at first with a preoccupied mind and in haste, and then with attentiveness and wonder. Considering the source from which it came, the article was to me remarkable. I recollect that it was written in a delicate, almost feminine hand, in lines very far apart, and making altogether a bulk which had at first misled me as to the actual length of the disquisition. The article was not long, and was entitled "The Strides of a Giant;" it was descriptive of the gradual extension of the Asiatic frontiers of Russia, the changes that had taken place in the relations of the European powers, and the apparent sympathetic approach of the United States and Russia toward each other.

In some doubt as to the originality of this paper, sent to me by a young and unknown printer, I first looked through the American and foreign reviews on my table, satisfying myself that the article had not been "cribbed from any of these publications," and printed it as the "leader" in the "Times" of November 30, 1866. Let me say that when I told my foreman that, surprised by the excellence of the English, and the erudition exhibited in the article, I had some doubts concerning the originality of the young printer's work, he warmly replied that the young fellow was a thoroughly honest man and would not "more borrow ideas than he would steal. Oh, no; my good friend Turrell would risk his reputation on the young compositor's honesty.

The foreman said that, if I were curious to see the young man, I would find him at a certain case, so many cases from the entrance to the composing room. I looked with some interest, and was disappointed to find that my vigorous and well-informed contributor was a little man, so short that he had provided himself with a bit of plank on which he stood at a case too tall for him. He was apparently then about twenty-five years old, but in fact was ten years older, as he was born in 1831. His auburn hair was thin, and the youthfulness of his face was disputed by the partial baldness of his head; his blue eyes were lambent with animation and a certain look of mirthfulness.

Near acquaintance with Henry George confirmed me in my strong prepossession in his favor. He was bright, alert, good-humored, and full of fun; yet his talk showed that he was a thinker, that he thought independently of all writers and that he had wide, serious and original views of life. The man's manner, his simplicity, his diffidence, and absolute sincerity, captivated me, and I liked him thoroughly and at once. He continued to contribute to the editorial page of the paper, sometimes with a fertility of production that dismayed me; and, after a few weeks, a vacancy having suddenly happened in my editorial staff, I invited George to the place. He was given a comfortable salary, and from that time-forth he set type no more.

Commerce and Immigration.

Commercially the United States has from earliest colonial times showed its importance to the world, and at present our combined imports and exports count up to 1800 millions a year. Our productions have always been sought by other countries, and the United States lies on a new world-highway from Europe westward to Asia, and commands another great international trade route to the West Indies and South America.

In the movement of people to and fro across the ocean, the United States has been the focus of the most tremendous hebra of civilized people which the world has ever seen; from 1821 to 1898 more than 18,000,000 persons came to our shores to make their homes here; in the last ten years more people have emigrated to America than the whole population of Switzerland. There are now here more Germans and children of Germans than in Bavaria. And the tide of travel eastward—chiefly visitors—also numbers hundreds of thousands every year.—Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, in Harper's Magazine.

Begging in Various Countries.

In London begging is a pastime, in Fiji it is a necessity, in Genoa it is a pleasure, and in Shanghai it is a crime, but in Ceylon it has achieved the most glorious acme that the combined forces of science and art can possibly reach. Begging is not practiced in

Ceylon. It has reached the great stage of perfection. Rich and poor alike beg with equal facility. The first thing that the wee, bronze babies are taught is to hold out their hands for the coopers of the kind-hearted traveler, and even the gray-haired, yellow-gowned priestess of Buddha will appeal for a pittance with a look of remorse that would stagger the starved denizens of the Bowery. The Ceylonese will beg for anything from a rupee to a red-hot stove. He will leave a square meal to beg for an old coat, and the more one refuses him the more persistent become his efforts.

WOMAN'S LIFE IN DAWSON.

Writes Interestingly of Her Experience in a Queer Klondike Tent.

Mrs. M. R. Hill has written an interesting letter to her mother at Nyack, N. Y., from the Klondike. Mrs. Hill, after her marriage, went with her husband to seek gold. She has had many thrilling experiences and gone through much hardship. Mrs. Hill is one of the few women in the gold region, and aids her husband in prospecting. Her mother has received several gold nuggets, which Mrs. Hill found.

Mrs. Hill writes from Dawson, on December 12. She tells of going from Dawson to Stampede Gulch, a distance of seventeen miles, one Sunday. It was "just about freezing." She came back on Wednesday and it was then 20 degrees below zero. It was 25 below when they reached Dawson.

"I walked back in five hours," she writes. "I had on a fur cap and it came down around my neck and ears and over my forehead to my eyes. I had a veil, folded four times, tied around the lower part of my face. I wore a short dress, moccasins, leggings and a heavy cape. I did not feel the cold, but I was just white with frost, and a neighbor had to tear the things from me. From that time on the thermometer kept going down until it got to the bottom, 45 below. This lasted for a week, and then it grew warmer, until now it is about at the freezing point.

"I believe we get a little sun yet, but where I am we can't see it. It is dark at 4 p. m. and light at 9 a. m. While waiting for spring, so that we can prospect again, we try to sleep thirteen hours out of the twenty-four, and then wonder what we will do the remainder of the day.

"We have had some snow, but not as much as usual. It is about eight inches deep now. The prices of provisions still advance. There is plenty of food, but the companies keep the prices up, and it costs a miser \$5 a day to live.

"I do not intend to leave here until I have made a fortune. This life agrees with me and I am actually getting fat. The trouble with many here is that they get discouraged too soon and give it up. I am one of the few women here who entered to stick to it until we 'strike it rich.'

"Our house it a tent fixed up on boards to make the walls six feet high. It is 10x17 inside. Outside it is boarded up to the eaves, and about seven inches of sawdust packed between the boards and tent. Then we have six inches of dead air space between the tent roof, and then another canvas roof. We have a flat ceiling of canvas and a board floor. We have a door and two windows, and manage to live comfortably."

Uses of Pulp.

It almost as if the old saying, "carton is king," might be revised to apply to woodpulp. Woodpulp has been used as a substitute for iron, ivory and innumerable kinds of animal and vegetable fibre. As a material for car-wheels the manufacturers have found it superior to any kind of metal, being about three times as durable as steel and much more elastic. It has been found available as a material for parking bricks, drain tiling and conduits for electric cables. For ivory, which is becoming scarcer every day, cellulose is the best substitute that has yet been found. When properly treated it is practically proof against heat and moisture, hence it has been found superior to timber as a material for telegraph poles and screws. Cannon, too, and bicycles are made out of woodpulp in Germany and Chicago respectively; while a Frenchman has succeeded in producing a thread from the substance, which he declares can be worked into all sorts of fabrics. A Vienna inventor declares that his woodpulp leather is superior to animal leather in fineness and durability. Among other articles made of woodpulp are boats, canoes, cuspidors, pails, flower-pots, tables, chairs, bureaus, barrels, wagons, horseshoes, and imitation porcelain ware. The manufacture of silk from woodpulp is now an important industry in England and France.—Inventive Age.

Jackie a Great Eater.

Our Jack of the navy is not only a great talker, but a great eater, and in many cases a good share of his \$16 a month goes for food to supplement his regular rations. The ration is reckoned at thirty cents a day, and it consists of good, substantial food in what a landsman ashore would consider liberal quantity. Under the regulations, fresh meat and fruit cannot be served oftener than four times a week unless ordered by the surgeon; but this is no privation, for the old tar, accustomed to a diet of hard tack and salt junk, often complains if he is forced to eat soft bread and fresh meat. On all ships some of the rations are commuted—that is, drawn in money. At one time it was in the discretion of the captain to commute any of the sailors' rations, but the regulations now limit commutations to one-fourth of the whole number.—Philadelphia Press.