HOUSEHOLD

Farm and Garden Notes.

A dust bath is essential to fowls.

Low perches are preferable for fowls.

Provide shelter for farm implements.

Peaty soils, well drained, are very productive for grass crops.

Good, thorough tillage is death to weeds and their propagating powers.

"Scaly leg" in fowls may be cured by carbolic soap suds or sulphur and lard mixed and rubbed on.

A morning wash with a decoction of walnut leaves, the *London Farmer* says, will keep flies from horses.

Cut your corn and shock it as soon as it is glazed, and thus avoid damage from early frost and secure good corn fodder.

Weeds absorb moisture as well as plant-food from the soil, and nothing but science and laziness can justify their growth.

A dressing of linseed oil will serve to prevent iron and steel from rusting, and mixed with lead and applied will prevent the decay of wood of farm implements and machines.

The great want in farming is more stock and more manure. Exhaust all your home resources in barnyard manure and materials for the compost cheap before investing largely in artificial fertilizers.—*American Cultivator.*

A legal bushel of oats in Maine, New Hampshire and New Jersey must weigh thirty pounds; in Canada, thirty-four pounds; in Oregon, thirty-six pounds; in Missouri, thirty-three pounds; in Iowa, Massachusetts, New York and most other States, thirty-two pounds.

An Austrian journal states that cows have a great liking for celery, and that "in many districts" the leaves are fed to them either scalded or cut fine and mixed with bran-mash, and that they are preferred to red clover and bring "a far richer and sweeter milk than any other food."

A correspondent gives expression to a commonplace but important truth, when he says that "it is actually less work to hoe a field as often as weeds can be seen, than to allow them to get the start of you and then try to conquer." He adds that he has "learned this lesson many times."

Don't allow weeds about your dooryard, barnyard, roadside, in the hedges of your fields, in the garden where you have taken off a crop, to ripen seed; nor should you put ripened weeds, full of seed, into your pigstye. Neglect not these hints and suggestions, lest you should ere long be inquiring how to eradicate weeds. "Prevention is better than cure" is an old adage.

A solid, compact, hard or densely packed soil holds little or no air, hence is a powerful conductor of both heat and cold; while a light, loose, porous soil holds a large volume of air, and is a poor conductor, is not liable to extremes of heat or cold, retains moisture well, but not water, is warmer in cool seasons, cooler in hot ones, and thus is more congenial to plant growth at all times.

The following table gives the number of trees to the acre when set out at certain distances:

Distance apart.	Number.
8 feet by 8 feet	680
9 feet by 9 feet	537
10 feet by 10 feet	436
11 feet by 11 feet	360
12 feet by 12 feet	302
13 feet by 13 feet	257
14 feet by 14 feet	222

A correspondent of a Philadelphia paper says that milk set and kept at a temperature of forty degrees will not sour, but the cream will become bitter before it is ready to skim, and milk set at a high temperature, say seventy degrees, will sour in twenty-four hours. A proper temperature for setting milk is between fifty and sixty degrees, with which fact, no doubt, the majority of dairymen are familiar.

To cure and heal up places of broken skin on the shoulders of draft horses, dissolve six drachms of iodine in half a pint of alcohol, and apply it on the sore with a feather as soon as the collar is removed, and when at rest, twice a day, morning and evening. The article should be in the stable of every hostler, as it is an excellent application on horses where the skin is broken by kicks or other accidents, and is a sure cure for splints if used in a proper manner, says an exchange.

Household Hints.

The juice of a lemon will remove claret stains from table linen.

Peel and bake ripe pears, with but little water. When cold, cover the top and sides with a cake-icing flavored with vanilla, and serve with cream and sugar. This makes a delicate and healthful dessert, and but little time is consumed in its preparation.

Take full-grown tomatoes while yet green, cut out the stems, and stew until tender; press through a seive; season highly with pepper, salt, ground cloves, allspice and nutmeg; boil the pulp until thick. Worcestershire sauce may be added if liked. This is nice with cold meats.

Many do not know that hot fruit can be put in cold glass jars without breaking them. Place an ordinary tablespoon (silver plated, or pewter) in the jar or can, before putting in the hot berries, tomatoes, or anything that is canned. Also, when putting jelly in tumblers, place a tablespoon in the glass, then pour in the hot jelly. Do not be afraid, the glass will not break if used. It saves much trouble in canning fruit. For an experiment, put a teaspoon in a tumbler, and pour boiling water in and see if it will break it.

To whiten old flannel, make a suds of soap and soft water; dissolve a teacupful of borax and put in the suds; put the flannel in the suds and let it lie ten minutes, then wash and rinse; have ready some cloths dipped in melted paraffine, and wound on sticks; two will be sufficient, put them in a candlestick, or anything to hold them in an upright position; hang the flannel in a barrel, so that the smoke can come up through the middle and around it; light two brimstone candles and set them in the bottom of the barrel and cover close. If carefully done, they will come nearly as nice as new.

Imprisoned in His Own Tomb.

About fifteen years ago (says a New York paper) the late William Niblo, of Niblo's Garden, built a handsome tomb in Greenwood Cemetery. He expended a great deal of money upon it, and it naturally became one of the attractions of that pensive resort. Among the eccentricities of the veteran manager was that of visiting this tomb on sultry Sunday afternoons, and sitting there, novel in hand, until the shadowing of the grand path before the door showed him that evening was near. One day Mr. Niblo passed through the lodge-gate as usual, saluted the attendant in his customary courtly style, and wandered away.

That night Mr. Niblo did not return to his home in this city. Nothing was thought of it as he had such a number of friends whom he might visit and remain until late, but when the morning showed the room unoccupied and the bed undisturbed, then alarm seized the household. Search was made; the clubs, the places of public resort, the theaters—all were visited. He had not been there the night previous. Then one remembered the visits to the Greenwood tomb.

When those who were searching for William Niblo reached the gate of the cemetery they were met by the man in charge. He remembered that Mr. Niblo had been there so many days before that it had become a custom. What was the matter? Mr. Niblo lost? "Come to think of it, I didn't see him go out of here when I locked up. He must be in the tomb."

The tomb has an ornamental door let into the solid rock surroundings. It is massive, thick, uninviting—and seems just the aperture for a perpetual home for the dead. Beyond it is an airy apartment, in which the sunlight filters. When Mr. William Niblo entered his favorite resting-place that summer afternoon so long ago, he sat in his accustomed seat, opened his book and fell to reading. The wind rose, the vault was filled with air until a propulsive force was generated, and then, suddenly, there came a short, sharp click, with semi-darkness after it. Mr. Niblo was shut in. The vault door had sprung to.

He was found sitting composed in the tomb, and by no means so much agitated as was any one of those who were looking for him. He explained the accident, his shrieks for assistance and then his relapse into a calm and philosophical consideration of the circumstances. He knew that no one could hear him call, but he felt that the active brains of his friends would seek him out, and that sooner or later he would be liberated.

Anecdotes of Bismarck.

Here are two characteristic anecdotes of Bismarck: The other evening, as he and his wife were walking out at Kissengen, they saw a family evidently anxious to get a good view of the chancellor, who was just about to turn down a private path which he would reach before his admirers met him. The youngest daughter started forward, leaving the rest behind. The princess noticed the girl's timid boldness and whispered to her husband, who at once turned aside and sat down on a rustic bench by the roadway till the girl had passed them, when, rising, he bowed his stateliest bow to her, and with a friendly "Good evening, miss," turned down the secluded path, leaving his girlish admirer in raptures. At Berlin, during the conferences of 1876 between the three chancellors, Prince Gortschakoff made a particularly able, not to say tedious, exposition of Russia's position and policy, to which Bismarck listened intently; indeed, at last, he was seen to take up a pencil and take copious notes of the speech, a fact which surprised Count Andrassy. After the conference was over, Prince Bismarck showed him his notes. Page after page of paper was covered thus, "P—po—pom—pomp—pompo—pompou—pompous—pompous—pompo—pomp—pompo—P," and so on *ad infinitum.*

Fashionable Hair.

Many ornaments are used for the hair, writes a correspondent. Silver filagree combs are very fashionable, as are pins of red or pale yellow gold. The shell comb is seen in a variety of shapes. Dyed hair has had its day. So many persons are suffering from the effects of the various dyes that physicians are prohibiting the use of the different kinds of coloring matter. The French government makes a study of the preservation of life. When dyed hair became the fashion the government ordered a board of scientific men to analyze blondine and other kinds of dye. The result was a report that the use of these dyes impaired the eyesight and the complexion, and a perseverance in the use produced ill-health and shortened life. The French government then prohibited, by a legislative act, the use of hair dyes. The American women are the most profitable customers which the French chemists have. A weak-minded young lady for a series of years changed her dark hair to blonde. She was forced to discontinue its use, and now appears with dead gray hair and blue goggles. She has utterly ruined her eyes, complexion, hair and health. Her handsome young husband carries around a wreck of the beauty he married six years ago.

Senator Blaine on Farmers' Influence.

The farmers of the republic will control its destiny. Agriculture, commerce and manufactures are the three pursuits that enrich a nation—but the greatest of these is agriculture, for without its products the spindle cannot turn and the ship will not sail. Agriculture furnishes the conservative element in society, and in the end is the guiding, restraining, controlling force in government. Against storms of popular fury; against frenzied madness that seeks collision with established order; against theories of administration that have drenched other lands in blood; against the spirit of anarchy that would sweep away the landmarks and safeguards of Christian society and republican government, the farmers of the United States will stand as the shield and the bulwark—themselves the willing subjects of law, and therefore its safest and strongest administrators.—*From Speech at Minneapolis.*

Cattle Raising on the Plains.

W. A. Boland writes from North Platte, Neb., to the Jackson (Mich.) *Citizen*, a description of how the stock business of the plains is conducted. Following is an extract: The grazing regions of the plains extend from Kearney, near the ninety-ninth meridian, to the Rocky Mountains, and embrace southwestern Dakota, southeastern Wyoming, western Nebraska, and part of Colorado and Kansas. Through this vast region cattle and sheep range winter and summer, feeding on grass and requiring no attention except branding and driving to market when fat. The whole country is occupied by ranches, from three to four miles apart. Ranches are the houses—mostly made of sod—where the herders eat and sleep. Government owns the land, except the stock owner generally owns forty or 160 acres on the watercourse where his ranch is situated, and this ownership of the ranch settles his title to the range, as the State law forbids any other party to allow cattle to remain on a range already occupied more than three days. A ranch is generally occupied by from two to five men; one ranch can care for from 500 to 2,000 cattle or sheep. Men having over 2,000 head of cattle, and there are many who have 12,000, and some 40,000, generally have contiguous ranches about twelve miles apart. The whole cost of keeping cattle a year and marketing them ranges from $2.75 per head for small herds (small herds are less than 1,000) to $1 per head for large herds. Three hundred two-year-old heifers will keep a family in moderate comfort after the second year, and make the owner rich in ten years. The supply of cattle is kept up by natural increase and by the importation of Texas cattle, which latter are driven in herds of many thousands to Ogalalla, a small station on the Union Pacific railroad, some forty miles west of North Platte, and sold to stock growers all over the grazing region. From June 10 till the latter part of July these Texas cattle arrive at Ogalalla in such vast numbers that it is beyond doubt the greatest cattle market in the world. No choice is allowed the buyer except as to age and sex—a thousand is a thousand—and the buyer takes his number, drives them to the ranch, brands them and turns them loose. The present prices at which cattle are held at Ogalalla are—for yearling heifers, $8; for steers, $9; for two-year-old heifers, $12; steers, $13; for three year-old heifers, $13; steers, $16. These bring at four years old, grazed one year, about $25, sometimes a dollar more or less.

Oyster Breeding in China.

Galignani's *Messenger* says: Like so many peculiar things in the Celestial Empire, the system of breeding the above-named bivalve differs widely from that pursued in Europe or America. In the southern part of China "collectors" of bamboo are placed in the oyster beds, much after the same fashion as the elaborate tiles and "hives" employed in France. These oyster catchers are, however, prepared in a curious manner. The canes are exposed for about two months to the rays of the sun, and then placed a similar period in salt water, after which they are dried for several days, the object being to preserve them from decay and prevent the twisting or warping of the bamboo. Notches are then cut in the canes, into which empty oyster shells are fixed, like so many cups, and thus prepared they are driven into the seashore between high and low water mark, and left standing to catch the young spat. Those localities are considered best where the rise and fall of the tide is the greatest, so that the bivalves may be alternately covered by the flood and exposed to the air on the ebb. There the young oysters thrive well and develop rapidly, and are quite ready for the market when they are two years old. A large trade is carried on by the persons who pursue the calling, and who have many thousands of these collectors planted in favorable situations, and some successful breeders have been known to realize large fortunes. In China large quantities of the oyster are dried instead of being eaten in a fresh state. For that purpose they are taken from the shells, simply plunged into boiling water, and then removed at once, after which process they are exposed to the rays of the sun until every particle of moisture has evaporated. In that state they will keep for a length of time, and are said to preserve all the delicacy of their flavor. The finest and fattest bivalves, bred and fed on the leaves and cuttings of the bamboo, are selected for preparation by that method, those taken from the natural beds being inferior in quality, and not sufficiently plump to stand the operation.

Cost of Instruction.

The average cost of supervision and instruction for each pupil in some of the large cities of the Union, varies to an interesting degree. In New York and New Orleans, for instance, it is nearly the same, being $21.99 and $21.90. In Boston and San Francisco it is the highest in a list of seventeen cities, being $25.94 and $24.61. Richmond pays $13.71 per pupil, while Philadelphia pays $12 71, or the lowest sum in the list. Incidental expenses for each pupil vary in a similar ratio, as follows: New York, $5.68 and New Orleans, $5.12; Boston, $10.21 and San Francisco, $9.81; Richmond, $2.61 and Philadelphia (an exception), $7.26. In point of salaries paid Boston comes first in the table of average annual salaries to principals of grammar schools, paying $3,200 to male teachers and $2,000 to female. San Francisco pays $2,466 to male and $2,200 to female. But in the high schools principals are paid $4,000 in San Francisco and $3,780 in Boston. Primary teachers are also best paid in San Francisco, receiving an average salary of $1,500. Chicago ranks next, with $1,080, while Boston pays only $800, and New York $800, with Cleveland last in the list at $546. Teachers in music get $3,300 in Boston, and those in drawing the same, while at San Francisco $1,950 is paid the one and $2,100 the other. Cincinnati pays $1,800 to both, and Chicago the same. A female teacher of drawing was engaged at Milwaukee recently for $1,200, and one of the commissioners explained that "it was impossible to secure the services of a gentleman."

SMALLEST MAN IN NEW YORK.

Little John Boilan, the Broadway Street-Sweeper.

Persons passing through Broadway late at night may have often seen a diminutive figure, with a broom a yard taller than himself, engaged with the night gang in cleaning the street. The little sweeper's name is John Boilan, and he lives at number 538 East Eleventh street. Next to "Tom Thumb" or Commodore Nutt, "Little Johnny," as he is called, is perhaps the smallest man in this country. He lives in a small, dark, rear room of a big tenement house. An old woman who occupies an adjoining room was asked if she knew him.

"Know Johnny!" was the reply; "bless me! I have known Johnny for thirty year. Why, Johnny is next to Tom Tum; you've heard tell of Tom Tum?" The old woman went on to relate numerous anecdotes about the smallest man in New York, when he appeared in person. He came up the steps and walked briskly into the room. He is not more than three feet tall, but very broad for his size. His head and neck are out of proportion to the rest of his body, being as large as those of a full grown man. He was reticent at first, but gradually became more communicative. He said he was forty-six years old, and was born at Ballyhochie, County Cavan, Ireland. There he lived until he was twenty-one years old. In the old country Johnny had a small hoe and a spade made for him, and contentedly raised potatoes until his parents died and bisbrothers and sisters came to America.

Deserted by all his relatives, Johnny felt lonesome, and when the ship which took them away returned, he went to the captain and told him he was going to America also. The captain advised him to stay in County Cavan, but his resolution was taken, and he came to New York. His small stature was a sore trial to him at first. He was sensitive on the subject, and when he ventured into the streets a large crowd would follow him, and their curiosity so annoyed him that in sheer desperation he at last made his way to his friend the captain and told him he wanted to go back to Ireland. The captain soothed his wounded feelings and told him that when once he became known persons would stop annoying him. So he went back and stolidly took no notice of the attention he attracted. He has lived in New York nearly twenty-five years, and for eight years has been employed on the street-cleaning force at full pay. "I can sweep two piles to any of the others' one," he said sturdily, straightening his little shoulders. Gentlemen sometimes offer him money, but he refuses all alms. P. T. Barnum once offered him a large sum to exhibit him, but the proposal was refused.—*New York Tribune.*

George Washington's Ledger.

George Washington's "*Ledger B*," now in possession of the United States, opens its accounts with January 1, 1772, and continues them in his own hand until January 6, 1776. It falls then to the keeping of his nephew until September 1783, when the neat hand of the father of his country is again observed. The receipts and disbursements in 1762 were £8,500, and only four shillings remained unaccounted for. A correspondent, who has had the leisure to inspect it says:

"The book is full of curious, delightful confessions of how much he gave in charity, how much he won or lost at horse-racing, how much he paid "for sundry play-tickets for himself and others" when he went to town, how much he paid for hair powder, tooth powder, black silk hose, what his claret cost, how he went to the Annapolis races, and evidently did not bet on the right horses, while there; how, in the spring of 1775, when war with the mother country was all but inevitable, he subscribed £140 and more for the purchase of ammunition to arm Fairfax County; how he helped bear the 'contingent charges of Fairfax Independent Company,' like the patriotic country gentleman that he was; how he had paid Mr. Peale (what Mr. Peale?) for his picture, and for miniatures of Mrs. Washington, and of Mr. and Mrs. Custis. All these, and a great many more interesting and more valuable things, are to be found in this book. And one finds, too, that he paid for 'Mr. Jefferson's Bill of Rights;' that in September, 1774, he went to the Congress in Philadelphia; that as it came near the time for him to start for the front he had his holsters covered and his hanger altered, and that one day he bought a sash and five military books."

A Dog Goes Crab Fishing.

She sat upon a rock, fishing for crabs. She had her dog with her—a Skye terrier—such a one as a Broadway vender would charge you $10 for. His hair was long and as soft as silk, blue ribbons hung from his ears, and his neck was encircled with a nickel-plated collar. But all that counted for nothing as against the fearful scene through which he was about to pass. He lay close to the basket in which the Fifth avenue belle dropped the crabs as fast as she caught them. He was, no doubt, dreaming of his happy home far away, where he was wont to take his daily nap on a $1000 sofa. Now and then a green-bottled fly skipped from ear to ear or lighted upon his back where the pup couldn't reach him, and at such times he whisked his tail wildly till the intruder was away. On one of these special occasions, after whisking off the fly, the little silken tail rested upon the edge of the crab basket and the end of it dropped inside, latitude 47, longitude 62. The feathery edge of it struck a crab in the eye, and the claws closed on the appendage simultaneously.—The dog, oh, where was he? A yelp, a howl, and then in silvery tones came the "ti yi! ti yi!" as the astonished pup sailed over the plain and through the clover with a string of crabs connecting him with the empty, bounding basket, and all their claws clutched one with the other; and for a minute there was a mixed scene of dog, crabs, basket, dust and flying gravel, and the tail was told. There was no more crab fishing that day.—*Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Eagle.*

The Fall of Avalanches.

A paper on this subject was read by M. Dufour, at a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, in which he states that, during his travels in the Alps, the inhabitants had frequently assured him that avalanches rarely fall when the sky is overcast, but that they do so rapidly and in great number when the heavens grow clear. The fact was confirmed by the monks of the Great St. Bernard. In winter the latter always urged travelers not to leave the monastery when the sky is clearing, and many times, those who have neglected that advice have fallen victims to their imprudence. M. Dufour explains that peculiarity as follows: In cold weather, when the sky clears off, the temperature falls, especially just before sunrise, and then the filaments of ice which retain the snow on the slopes of the mountains contract and snap, the mass begins to slide and draws others in its train; for the slightest cause of movement, the smallest shock may cause the fall of enormous avalanches. The start of a bird, a cry, sometimes even words pronounced in a low tone, are sufficient to produce a catastrophe. That is why, in dangerous places, the guides recommend their travelers to observe absolute silence. That explanation appeared extremely probable to the monks of the Great St. Bernard when it was suggested to them by M. Dufour, and a circumstance of which he was a witness confirmed him in his views. A meadow of several acres in extent had been prepared at Morges for skaters, by covering it with water, which froze while the heavens were covered. One night, the sky cleared off, and M. Dufour noticed a sensible fall in the thermometer. Immediately afterwards he heard crackings in all directions, due to the contraction of the ice from the increased cold, and numerous splits were observable. That phenomenon is precisely analogous to what occurs when the heavens clear up and cause the fall of the avalanches.

What a grand faculty is that of the poet who can paint, in glowing and graphic verses, the feelings of sorrow and joy, of terror and despair, that harass men in various hours of this changeful life; but no pen of the divinest bard was ever able to depict the mystic thoughts that sweep across the soul of a man when a watermelon slips from under his arm and smites the pavement.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

Buttermilk is very healthy. If you find any that is unhealthy, don't drink it.

Encouragement for the Feeble.

So long as the failing embers of vitality are capable of being re-kindled into a warm and genial glow, just so long there is hope for the weak and emaciated invalid. Let him not, therefore, despond, but derive encouragement from this and from the further fact that there is a restorative most potent in renewing the dilapidated powers of a broken down system. Yes, thanks, to its unexampled tonic virtues, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is daily reviving strength in the bodies and hope in the minds of the feeble and nervous. Appetite, refreshing sleep, the acquisition of flesh and color, are blessings attendant upon the reparative processes which this priceless invigorant speedily initiates and carries to a successful conclusion. Digestion is restored, the blood fertilized and sustenance afforded to each life-sustaining organ by the Bitters, which is inoffensive even to the feminine palate, vegetable in composition, and thoroughly safe. Use it, and regain vigor.

Does the World Move?

The Rev. John Jasper, of Virginia, says, "De sun do move, for in de mornin' it shines on dis side ob de hous, whil in de ebenin, on dat side ob de hous. Now, ef he don't move, how com he dar?" Notwithstanding Mr. Jasper's logic we yet believe the world moves. When Mr. Jasper's ideas constituted the popular belief, people thought that to die of small-pox or cholera was simply fulfilling one of nature's laws. Now, through vaccination, small-pox is averted, while cholera, cholera morbus, dysentery (flux), and diarrhœa are readily cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart Weed. Does not such evidence tend to prove that "the world moves?" As an external remedy for cuts, bruises, sprains, swellings, bites and stings of insects, the Compound Extract of Smart Weed has no equal. Veterinary surgeons have also employed it with marked success.

Children do not die of the croup to whom Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs is administered. Parents will do well to remember this fact and keep a medicine, which saved so many lives, in the house ready for an emergency. The Balsam overcomes a tendency to consumption, strengthens weak and heals sore lungs, remedies painful and asthmatic breathing, banishes hoarseness and cures all bronchial and tracheal inflammation. If you have a cough, use it "early and often." All Druggists sell it.

Fairbanks Scales.

Numerous foreign goverments, as Russia, Cuba, Siam, Japan, etc., have adopted the Fairbanks Standard Scales for government use, and in the last four years only, our own government, in the Post-Office, War and Treasury Departments, have bought over 11,000.

The Extended Popularity

Of Dooley's Yeast Powder is the best evidence of its worth. Whenever you want a light, white, sweet, biscuit, delicious pot-pie, elegant cake, or a choice pudding, Dooley's Baking-Powder should be used. Perfect purity and absolute full weight are the watchwords of the manufacturers.

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Dyspeptic symptoms, low spirits, restlessness, sleeplessness, confusion, sour stomach, pain in the bowels, sick headache, variable appetite, raising food, oppression at pit of stomach, low fever and languor, Parsons' Purgative Pills give immediate relief and will ultimately cure the disease.

If any of the readers of this paper do not know of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment we urge them to find out about it. Write to Dr. Johnson & Co., of Bangor, Me. It is the most marvelous remedy in the world.

To cleanse and whiten the teeth, to sweeten the breath, use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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