

THE FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Farm Miscellany.

Dr. F. M. Hexamer suggests a good way "To renovate old garden ground," by seeding alternate parts to clover or some other green manure crops; or to grass for a few years. Thus "the soil becomes sufficiently supplied with vegetable matter, the most frequent desideratum in old gardens." Another advantage is, this system favors concentration of fertilizer and tillage upon a smaller surface, rather than spreading too thinly over all, and the result is as large a crop as would be secured from twice as much land inadequately fed and cultivated.

The great problem of profitable farming consists in making the soil increasingly fertile. He who builds up a bank account at the expense of the fertility of his soil is not to be considered a wise husbandman or successful farmer. There is no better safe deposit for farm products than re-investing them in the farm itself. Not only is it a safe deposit, but any investment made in this direction is certain to yield a paying dividend annually.

According to the rules governing the registration of pedigrees in the American Short-horn Herd Book no animals are eligible to entry therein unless their lineage can be traced, in all crosses, to imported ancestry, or to animals previously recorded. This rule seems to be based upon the idea that no number of crosses of pure blood will avail to produce a uniform type where the foundation is an unregistered native cow. The rule governing the publication of the British Short-horn Herd Book is more liberal, allowing the entry of all Short-horn bulls, whose pedigrees show five consecutive crosses of recorded bulls, and of all cows having four such crosses.—Sanders.

On the danger of the cattle plague Hon. Jas. Wilson says: "It is some time since practical men begun to speak of this danger. The disease was then located on the Atlantic seaboard. Now it is a next door neighbor. Missouri cannot ship east or west. She can drive into Iowa and who can tell. One drove will pollute Iowa. The governor has done all for us he can. It is high time we did something for ourselves. If the disease should be discovered soon in Iowa and investigation show that traders have contaminated several counties as they did in the states that are suffering, and it is further found that to stamp out the disease will require a large sum of money, are we any better prepared for such an emergency than the other states that look helplessly on while the disease spreads?"

Veterinary Matters.

A cough in any animal indicates disease of the lungs; although it may be produced by indigestion. In the latter case it is accompanied by roughness of the hide and an ill condition, with dullness of the eyes. In all lung disorders the eyes are bright and glassy, the muzzle hot, the nose discharges, and the breathing is short and hurried and sometimes painful for the motion of the inflamed or sore lungs. The required treatment varies so much that only the advice and counsel of a veterinary surgeon can be of any value.

Careless feeding is the frequent cause of inherited disease. One of the commonest complaints in dairy cattle is tumors on the jaw bones. This is scrofulous in its character and is certainly hereditary. A bull diseased in this way will produce diseased calves, and a cow will do the same. I know a case of a Jersey herd in which every calf of a bull, which was killed on account of this disease, developed the same fatal disorder, sooner or later. The preventive is apparent; not one case in a hundred is curable.—Argus-ide.

Bad feet are inherited, and no mare having them should be used for breeding. Bad shoeing may cause fever in the feet, and this will produce dry and brittle hoofs. The treatment is to keep the hoofs moist, to wash them night and morning, and dress them with glycerine and water mixed in equal parts after washing and without drying them. The greatest care should be exercised in shoeing and in driving the nails, and the hoof should never be rasped or burned with a hot iron.

Parasitic worms in the intestines are best treated with small repeated doses of turpentine mixed with six times its bulk of linseed oil. The turpentine may be given in doses of one-teaspoonful to a lamb, four times as much to a calf and one ounce to a full-grown animal. Turpentine is also effective as a remedy for worms in the lungs or throat which cause the dry, husky cough in calves and lambs, commonly called husk or hoose, and, indeed, it is useful in all cases of intestinal parasites, including tapeworms.

Warts are a disease of the skin consisting of a growth of cell tissue, which is provided with blood vessels and nerves. It partakes something of the character of a cancer, excepting that the tissues are not consumed and disorganized, but accumulate and form a tumor. The only cure is to remove the wart by cutting it out or by destroying the tissues by means of caustics, or by a tight ligature which stops

the circulation and causes the death of the tissue. An effective caustic is nitric acid, either in its ordinary form of a liquid or in combination as nitrate of silver, or lunar caustic in solution in water.

Retention of afterbirth is due to a strong adherence of the points of union called "cotyledons," which attach the fetal membranes to the uterus and support them in it. When these do not give way as they should do, from whatever cause, the best way is to wait no longer than three hours, then oil the hand and arm and insert them with the fingers close together, the nails being pared close and gently loosen the attachments, when the weight of the already extruded part will bring away the rest. Sometimes an infusion of two ounces of savin leaves with one ounce of carbonate of potash will have the desired effect.

When a cow chews her food and then drops it, and at the same time has difficulty in drinking, it indicates cerebro spinal meningitis or disease of the covering membranes at the base of the brain and the adjoining spinal cord. This may be caused by bad condition of the blood from several causes—poor food, bad lodging, damp unventilated stable among others. The remedy is to give a quart of linseed oil if it can be swallowed; if not, by injection, and to apply camphorated liniment to the neck and the spine. It is wholly a nervous disorder.

Rich Soil for Early Tomatoes.

I have made tomato culture a study for several years, especially seeking earliness and quality—testing all new varieties and cultivating according to my best judgment. Most growers agree that planting on poor warm soil promotes earliness, but my experience favors the idea that the richer the soil, if it be warm, the earlier the fruit. My theory is: rich soil rushes the growth and causes an immense foliage, but if properly pruned the force and vigor of the plant will be thrown to the fruit, bringing it to earlier maturity. To satisfy myself a medium soil was selected, five rows marked off four feet apart, a large shovelful of composted manure put three feet apart in the rows and thoroughly mixed with the soil, and the plants set. Cultivation was in the best manner to give a fair test. Two weeks after the plants were set two rows were heavily top-dressed with hen manure and this thoroughly mixed with the soil. The fruit from the two rows thus top-dressed was much larger and better shaped than that of the three rows not top-dressed and gave ripe specimens four days earlier.—Thos. D. Baird, Greenville, Ky.

Seed Peas.

Mr. James Dougall, of The New-York Witness, makes an interesting statement and suggestion concerning Seed Peas:

"By a mistake, nearly all the earliest part of the crop was gathered for family use before we noticed it, and fearing that the rest might go the same way, we pulled up the vines when the pods were quite green and hung them up to dry. The peas had then attained about their full size, but when shelled out were quite green in color though shriveled. This spring when about to sow them, we found the color still green, but the peas were shriveled and shrunk up to less than half their size; the pea when at maturity is a smooth, white pea. Thinking that many might not grow they were sown rather thickly; but every pea started, and they have grown very fast and strong, and are taller and better than some fully-ripened peas of the same variety sown at the same time. Might not this method, if followed out, prove destructive to the pea-bug? Had these peas contained any bugs the shrinkage would have crushed the life out of them."

The Farm Garden

Farmer "Up-to-the-times" secures the best of seed, manures and fits his ground thoroughly, and plants entirely in long rows running north and south. He plants for a succession, and occupies the spare moments of many days in this way, that he may enjoy a long season of fresh vegetables and fruits. Then the cultivator and wheel-hoe are put to work and kept at work, and little hand-weeding is necessary. It is a pleasure to care for the garden, for the return is so bountiful. The farmer's wife thinks a pleasant walk for a backache from weed-pulling. Strawberries, raspberries, asparagus, celery, all the best fruits and vegetables supply the farmer's table through the season, and many a dollar's worth finds its way to market in the farm wagon. This farmer loves his garden, and he knows it pays,—pays in a double sense, for he says that his care of the small things of a garden has taught him the principle that underlies his success in general farm management,—pains-taking thoroughness and attention to detail, doing the right thing at the right time, and keeping ahead of his work. So he says with emphasis, "A good garden is the best thing on a farm." And he is right.

The Wastes of the Household.

While the well-known saying that a French family could live with elegance on what an American housewife throws away is frequently illustrated in fam-

ilies where waste can be afforded, it is also true that, in eight cases out of ten, this relegation of cold bits to the offal pail or ash barrel is not caused so much by extravagance as by the lack of knowledge of how to dispose of them in any other way. The dainty utilization of scraps is a subject that well repays the thoughtful study of any housewife, and even the least original cook can often "evolve from her inner consciousness" an appetizing dish from cold fragments that at first sight appear utterly unpromising. In this matter, however, the mistress must generally depend upon her own brains. Few hirelings have the keen interest in their employers' welfare that would urge them to save a couple of pennies here and five or six there. Fewer still, with the best intention in the world, know how to do it or appreciate that it is in the minor economies that true saving consists. What difference does it make if those scraps of cold bacon left from breakfast are summarily disposed of in the swill barrel, or if that bit of corned beef—too small to appear upon the table again—is bestowed upon the first basket beggar who presents himself? And if these scraps that fate from the extra conscientiousness of the housekeeper, they are too often converted into the obnoxious hash. Hear how one careful housewife disposed of similar remnants: To the corned beef and bacon, minced fine, she added half as much cold mashed potato, one raw egg, a little chopped onion and parsley, and with croquettes made of these, rolled in flour and fried in nice dripping, provided an appetizing dish that was quite sufficient, when accompanied by stewed potatoes and bread and butter, to make a lunch for three people. Another dainty dish, which appeared upon a friend's table, was formed from even less promising materials. Her dinner the day before had been a stuffed chicken boiled with rice. Examination of the pantry revealed the carcass of the fowl, with one leg attached to it, and a couple of spoonfuls of the cold rice. Nothing daunted, however, the valiant housekeeper advanced to the charge, and, with the aid of a small, sharp knife, removed more meat from the bones than one would at first have believed possible. This was cut—not chopped—in small pieces, and set aside with the rice and half of the dressing, and a little minced onion were put over the fire in two cups of cold water. When a slow, steady simmer of a couple of hours had reduced this one-half, it was cooled, strained, skimmed, and slightly thickened with brown flour, then returned to the fire with the fragments of meat, rice, etc., brought to a boil, poured over crustless squares of fried bread laid in a hot platter, and garnished with parsley. The origin no one would have suspected. Christine Terhune Herrick, in Good Housekeeping.

Cultivation of Tact.

From the St. Louis Magazine. While genius dwells aloof from all life's lurking cares, and talent sits apart, not deigning to soil its white hands with labor, tact mingles with society in all ranks, giving blessing and happiness. She smooths the frowning brow of neglected genius, restores the ruffled dignity of snubbed talent, and gives ease to each embarrassed mortal who look to her for help. She it is who sits tranquilly as hostess, though soup is spilled and china falls. She it is who turns with smiling lips upon the poor unfortunate who steps upon her silken train, and whose merry laugh drowns the sound of dripping garters or rending fabric.

She it is who rushes to your rescue just as the imprudent word is said or the untimely jest is told. She it is who changes the conversation at the critical moment, who pours oil upon the waters before they are troubled, who brings bashful youth out of their self-consciousness, and gives ease and grace to the awkward and constrained guest.

Cultivate tact. Depend upon it, in winning her you will amply be repaid for any labor she may cost you. And yet I do not know if she can be cultivated. I sometimes think her a divine gift, and no more to be had by wishing or asking than genius and talent.

Some Valuable Hints.

- Sugar loses part of its strength by boiling.
- Tomatoes are nice with cream and sugar.
- Never wash raisins; wipe them with a dry cloth.
- Wrap fruit jars with paper to keep out the light.
- Figs are good boiled five minutes and served hot.
- Keep preserves in a dry place; seal with flour paste.
- Boil coffee in a salt sack; it is nicer than egg to settle it.
- Put soda in sour fruit for pies and they will require less sugar.
- After paring fruit drop it in cold water to prevent it changing color.
- A little sulphate of potassa added to preserves prevents fermentation.
- Glaze the bottom crust of fruit pies with white of egg and they will not be soggy.
- Always put a little soda in milk that is to be boiled, as an acid is formed by boiling.
- Seal the juice left from canning fruits in small bottles and keep for making fruit pudding sauce.
- Do not boil vinegar for pickles. Boil the vegetables in salt and water, drain and pour the vinegar on.

HAMMOND'S GREAT LEAP.

One Hundred and Fifty-five Feet Down From a Cliff into the Rio Grand.

San Antonio Cor. Philadelphia Times. When the news of Professor Odium's fatal leap from the parapet of the Brooklyn bridge reached here we were talking over the affair in the "Gold Room." Sam Graham, ex-sergeant of rangers, called attention to a parallel incident which attracted a great deal of attention on the frontier at the time and gave the name of "Hammond's Leap" to a lofty canon wall on the bank of the Rio Grande, about six miles west where the alkaline waters of the Pecos empty into it. The track of the Southern Pacific railroad runs close to the river here, and as you whirl by the trainmen will point out the spot where Robert Hammond made a sheer jump of 155 feet to the muddy waters of the Rio Grande below. This leap was made in the early summer of 1882, when the railroad was in process of construction. The painted red men from a safe hiding place on the Mexican side watched the busy scene with wide-open eyes, heard the "big thunder" of the blasts with loud-beating heart and stole back to the Santa Rosas. The only animate beings that did not seem to mind the noise and tumult were those pestiferous little varmints, the vinegaroon, the devil horse, the tarantula, the centipede, the stinging lizard, and the rattlesnake. They remained and disputed the ground inch by inch with the invaders. They caused a great deal of trouble, and the navvies feared and respected them. It was a stinging lizard or scorpion that caused Hammond's leap. Hammond was a navy, born in England, and at the time he made the leap about 26 years of age. He was of rather slender build, but wiry and muscular, and Jack Harris, the contractor for whom he worked, considered him his best churn driller. Harris' camp was at the head of a deep canon, about one mile south of Vinegaroon. He was engaged in making a fill and two side cuts, and worked gangs day and night.

Hammond worked in the day gang, and the big wall tent he shared with six or eight others was about 300 yards from the edge of the lofty wall, against whose base the muddy waters of the "great river" dashed and tumbled. At this particular point the river is quite deep. One night the sleeping occupants of Harris' camp were aroused by a series of startling yells, which came from Hammond's tent. Before they could collect their senses and settle in their minds whether or not the camp had been attacked by Indians, Hammond dashed from the tent and although held by his companions, tore himself away, and yelling at every jump, made giant bounds toward the river. The drillers and blasters in the cut stopped their work and ran up on the bank to see what was the matter. They saw Hammond as he dashed toward them and heard his agonized yells. A cry of horror burst from their lips as the yelling man reached the brink of the precipice and without a second's hesitation leaped out and shot down like a plummet to the boiling flood 155 feet below. They heard the loud splash made by his body when it struck the water and then, with blanched faces and hushed voices, hurried down to the river level to search for the poor fellow's mangled body. What was their surprise to meet the supposed dead man alive, uninjured. He was shivering with cold however, and the muddy water dripped from his clothing.

"What was the matter?" cried the group of searchers in chorus. "One of them infernal stinging lizards got in my ear and nearly drove me crazy," answered Hammond, "but he popped out when I struck the water. By the way boys, what do you think of that jump?"

"It ought to have killed you," said one man. "It didn't, though," cried Hammond with a laugh. "I'll make it again for a ten-dollar bill." The next morning Jack Harris had the distance measured, and the tape line, held close to the cliff edge, marked 155 feet and a few inches when the other end touched the water. Hammond did not appear to suffer from his terrible flight through the air. He worked for Harris until the latter's contract was finished and then he went into Mexico to work on the Mexican Central. He was in his underclothes that night, and his feet were protected by thin socks. He struck water feet first, and described the sensation experienced as similar to that if the feet had been smartly slapped with a broad strap. While in the air he felt no difficulty in breathing, and the increased velocity as his body neared the water was not perceptible.

Through London by Canal.

Benj. Ellis Martin, in Harper's Magazine. When a certain famous financier from San Francisco visited London a few years ago he was called on the morning after his arrival by his English correspondent, who, finding him characteristically anxious to plunge at once into the business for which he had come, proposed to start for "the city." "The city," exclaimed our magnate; "why, what do you call this place we're in? I was two or three hours riding through what I should call a city last night before I reached this hotel." But the placid and precise Englishman went on, statistically, to explain that "the city" was still a long distance away; that they could go there inside a cab or outside a bus; by boat

down the river underground, beneath the houses, by rail; or by rail, above the roofs, through the borough—all to the astonishment expressed with naive and native vehemence, of the San Franciscan. I fear that the resources of the Pacific slope language would have been unduly taxed had he been told that he might pass from end to end of London on a canal; and I am sure his visitor, as well as most Londoners, would have felt equal surprise.

Yet it is true; an unheeded and almost unknown river runs through the heart of London, holding its quiet, untroubled course, while the busy city has pushed its way all about and beyond it. It is not so many years since pleasure boats plied upon it; and even now chartered to commerce as it is, a trip along its length is a delight and a surprise, not only to the Londoner, who may not be adverse to the novel form of amusement to be found in learning something of his own town but even to the alien prowler by profession, who prides himself on thoroughly knowing his beloved prowling-place.

The Regent's Canal is the last link in the great canal chain of England. By it the Mersey is married to the Thames, and shakes hands with the Humber; it connects the whole great scheme of inland navigation with London and the sea. The Grand Junction Canal, through which flows all the traffic of the canals of the North, of the midland counties and the West, joins the Thames at Brentford, and, entering it here, we may pass around and through London, and come again into the Thames at Limehouse. The Regent's Canal proper reaches from Paddington to Limehouse, a distance of eight and one-half miles, in which distance there are forty bridges or more, and twelve locks, at short intervals, to enable it to make the descent of eighty-four feet. There are many basins and docks, some deep cuttings, and to pass through the great ridge at Islington it was necessary to cut a tunnel, straight and deep. The canal has a mean depth of about six feet, is thirty-feet in width at the bottom and forty-eight feet at the surface, to allow three full-sized barges to pass comfortably, these barges being thirteen to fourteen feet wide, and from sixty-five to seventy feet long. The whole inland navigation of the country once stopped at Paddington. This Canal, continuing the water communication of the interior of the Thames and its docks at Limehouse, was begun October 14, 1812, and finally opened for traffic August 1, 1820. It received its name from "the first gentleman in Europe," as he was then regarded by a subservient nation. There were fine doings at its formal opening; an aquatic procession of boats and barges flaunting with streamers—flags flying everywhere.

A Man Who Will Probably Figure in Central Asia

Meshed Letter in the London Daily News. The principal performer in these Russian advances, more particularly on the Murghab, is Colonel Alikhanoff, now governor of Merv. He is a man of some reputation, at least he is well known in the Caucasus, and in the Transcaspian district. He is likely to be heard of in connection with future events in Central Asia. The name he bears is Mohammedan, but Russianized it is Ali Kahn. General report says he belongs to Daghestan, which was Schamyl's country in Circassia, and that his parents were Mohammedans. At Tiflis he received his education, where he entered the army. Some time ago, from being involved in a quarrel, which either ended in a duel or would have led to an event of that sort, he was reduced in rank. After the taking of Geok Tepe he, with one or two officers in disguise as traders, visited Merv, and shortly after he had command of the troops which occupied that place, for it was taken without fighting. This service brought Alikhanoff back into favor and his former rank was restored. He was made Governor to Merv, and it is from that point that he has been so actively among the Turcomans on the Murghab. He has shown himself to be bold, daring and indefatigable. Alikhanoff is the fitting man to keep a firm, and has already proved his capacity in this line of action. When Sir Peter Lumsden visited Sarakhs in November Alikhanoff crossed from the Russian side, and rode through the skirts of the camp of the English commission. This was done in a very defiant style. A man carried a white standard before him, such as is borne before chiefs and persons of rank and position, and an escort of Merv Tekkes followed. In doing this he had passed from Russian to Persian soil, but he knew that no one could or would object, and that the piece of bravado could be done with impunity. It has to be recorded that he did not return to the Russian camp quite in so grand and dignified a style as he came, for his horse stumbled, throwing the rider, whose lower garment got torn, and in such a manner that his appearance was not presentable, and in this condition he had to beat a hurried retreat.

An exchange states that if a castor oil plant is kept growing in a room, mosquitoes, flies and other pests will not enter, or if they should they are soon found dead beneath the leaves.