

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

PRAIRIE ROSES.

A hedge of roses, pink and sweet,
That plant in loam their slender feet,
Send a breath the spring to greet,
Across a great expanse;
They lead soft cheeks together there,
They smile at love, with faces fair—
What keeps the sunshine glinting near?
Young love perchance.

A hedge grown dim with autumn's haze
Tendrils that cling in loving maze
Through drear, or cold, or cloudy days;
Across the great expanse
Comes on the fierce September sun,
When rosy flush and perfume's gone;
The rays the faded flowers stain
Without a glance.

Oh, homely loves that clasp her round,
May you enough for her be found—
(Like sister roses on one mound
Amid a great expanse)
May no ray wooer ask a smile—
Too lightsome wight with winsome wile!
But raising love to hold awhile,
Then lose perchance.
ELI SHEPHERD in Boston Transcript.

CHINOOK WINDS.

The United States can probably claim as great a variety of climates as any other nation on earth. The Milk River Valley is represented to be one of the best grazing regions of all of our mountain regions, while it is our most extreme northern limit. Milk River Valley extends for a long distance east and west of Montana, about equi-distant between the Missouri River and the northern line of Montana territory. A peculiarity at that climate is given by a correspondent of the Farmer, who resides in that Valley.

"But probably the most interesting feature of our climate, and one which has a most important bearing on the prosperity of our live stock interests, are the Chinook winds. Though situated between the 45th and 49th degrees of latitude, it is an actual fact that at times during the winter the weather is warmer than at New Orleans, La. Blowing from the west and southwest for days and even weeks at a time, as long as they continue, even though it be midwinter week and the temperature in the Mississippi Valley be many degrees below zero, the air will be as warm and soft as a May day. The light snows in the valleys disappear as if by magic and the rivers if closed by ice break up only to form jams and gorges when the floating fields reach the still frozen Missouri, too far east to be within the reach of their softening influence."

BLOODY WARTS.

A correspondent wants to know what to do for "bloody warts," on the jaws of neat cattle. The complaint about which our friend inquires, is not really a wart, but is called by veterinary surgeons by various names, such as "swelled jaw," "big jaw," or scientifically "Actinomy,cosis of the jaw bones." Like most diseases in modern times, it is attributed to parasites. It cannot be cured unless by some strong medicine which will kill the living atoms which seat themselves very commonly in the molars, and seriously affect the teeth, working outward until they cause what is called a bleeding wart. In the jaw and among the teeth it is almost impossible to remove the parasite. But when in the flesh and skin of the lower or upper jaw, a solution of the sulphate of copper in proportion of half an ounce of copper to one pint of water, should be injected into this wart or swelled jaw, so as to diffuse all through it, to kill the parasites. Or iodine is recommended by others, by injecting into it a teaspoonful three times per week. These parasites multiply in the flesh very rapidly, and the application has to be vigorous, or the spores will hatch faster than the medicine will kill. Such animals, until cured, are not fit for human food.

IRRIGATION.

The drouth last year and this, in the Northwestern States, begins to awaken an inquiry as to the propriety of irrigation. While we may not favor this resort to the practices of dried plains, yet there is but little doubt but it would pay almost any year for gardeners and small fruit raisers to provide means of irrigating. Frequently in the Northwest we have a dry May which is almost fatal to raspberries and blackberries. We know of men in the neighborhood of Des Moines who would have been amply repaid if they had provided means for irrigating their gardens artificially. A few acres with the aid of a windmill, tank and gas pipes, could be made to produce equally as well dry seasons, by irrigation.

Mr. John B. Hill, of Coles county, Ill., is largely engaged in strawberry raising but this year's drouth has almost convinced him that irrigation should be adopted on a large scale in Illinois for all kinds of crops. He writes for the Farmer about raising strawberries, but gets off the subjects as follows:

One-fourth of this spring's planting died for want of rain. I will begin this fall on a small scale to sub-irrigate through tile and gravel, as this method takes less water. The people of Illinois can control or counteract these frequent devastating drouths by constructing large canals (for irrigation) from Lake Michigan to near Cairo. These canals would pay for their construction, inside of ten years, by the larger fields of crops. In time, the people of Illinois

will spend more labor and money to obtain and retain water for irrigation, than they have in ditching and tiling to get rid of surface water. We must have control of water to secure good crops. As the earth's surface is two-thirds water, it is self-evident that the Creator intended it for man's use, and now is the time for us to begin utilizing it by constructing canals and reservoirs, then we can raise more fish and less corn and hogs, and be healthier and happier.

PRESERVING WOOD.

Some farmers may get a hint as to preserving posts, etc., from the following method employed in Norway on telegraph poles, as given in the Scientific American. In each pole is bored with a small auger, beginning at a point two feet above the ground and boring obliquely downwards at a small angle as possible until the point of the auger reaches the center of the pole. The hole thus made is filled with sulphate of copper, which is renewed from time to time. The hole is kept plugged. It is found that the crystals of copper sulphate disappear slowly, while the wood gradually assumes a greenish tint.

CLOVER HAY FOR COWS.

Clover hay is best for dairy cows, says the Western Rural. It is rich in albuminoids, just what the cow needs. Red top is always good. Timothy is fair, but timothy hay has a very large proportion of woody material. For an all purpose hay there is nothing superior to clover, and it is grown more and more. When cut just as the heads are beginning to brown and properly cured, it is excellent. But if let stand too long before cutting it rapidly loses feeding value. The woody fiber increases, and if improperly cured it becomes very inferior. If dried too much it loses its leaves, and what remains is not very nourishing, as will be readily seen.

THE TRUE WAY TO FATTEN PIGS.

In a pertinent article on swine feeding, the National Live Stock Journal says: Now the true way to fatten pigs, at any season of the year, is to give a portion of coarse food, such as turnips, beets, carrots, potatoes, cooked clover hay, or grass, the latter being the natural food of the pig and in summer always at hand. If we take all the hogs fattened in the United States in a year, and change the time of fattening from cold to warm weather, one half the grain now fed will make fall the pork. This would be a saving of food, at least, to the amount of \$75,000,000 per year.

DON'T NEGLECT THE CALVES.

The National Live Stock Journal says that a calf neglected and stunted in its food during the first months of its life will always show the effects of it afterward, and seldom recovers even under the best of care so as to reach the size and weight that it would had it received proper treatment at the outset. Better sell the calf for veal than attempt to raise it without giving it the care it needs.

MANY THINGS.

The Cincinnati Price Current estimated the total crop this year as only equal to 70 per cent of last year.

This is the great month for agricultural fairs. Nearly all of the State and county fairs are held in September.

William Crozier thinks that melons and grapes grown on hillsides are of better flavor than those grown on bottom-land.

One farmer in New Mexico will have 8,000 bushels of goods corn to crib this fall, raised by irrigation, by water raised by windmills from wells.

A half pound of land plaster every day for every animal weighing 1000 pounds, sprinkled over manure sinks, will catch all the escaping ammonia.

That big-flowered panicle hydrangea. Isn't it rather a coarse and dirty shrub, after all? When it first opens and its blooms are pure white it is quite striking, but there are a good score of shrubs at whose loss we should feel deeper regret.

The story comes from Salem, Ill., of a flock of 150 sheep that were overtaken in their pasture by fire. They at once made for a knoll in the field, and there bunched themselves, with the lambs in the middle, and began moving in a circle, treading the weeds and grass into the dry earth until the fire was out.

It is stated that the Wisconsin Fish Commission about ten years ago procured a few salmon eggs from California. They were hatched and Pine Lake in Chippewy county slightly stocked with them. It is stated now that the Lake has large quantities of large salmon, but the natives there do not know how to catch them, as they will not bite.

Chicago is rapidly losing her supremacy as a wheat market, the record for the past year standing as follows:

- 1.—Minneapolis, 34,904,260 bushels spring.
- 2.—Duluth, 22,424,950 bushels spring.
- 3.—Toledo, 16,978,818 bushels winter.
- 4.—Chicago, 16,771,843 bushels, winter and spring.

JOLLY PEOPLE.

A BIT TOO FRANK.

She's as pretty as a picture in a frame;
And for all I did not even know her name,
Bill I couldn't help but love her just the same.

Her papa, I found, was not a man of rank
(He is only just a chasher in a bank);
And to me he seemed a little bit too frank.

For when I called upon him yesterday,
And asked him if a visit I might pay
To my love, what did the fellow say?

Why, he shut me up as if I were a knife!
And I really feared that he would take my life,
When he shouted: "Why, you rascal, that's my wife!"

NOT AN AMERICAN.

Lawyer—Now, Mr. Redford, you say you have doubts as to whether the late Mr. Clark was an American citizen. Please state your reason for that belief.
Witness—Well, I knew the deceased for three years, and he didn't go to a ball game the whole time.

AT A WAGNER PERFORMANCE.

Conductor—"Sh!-schtop! De piece vas gongluded."
Von Blutwurst—"Ve haf schtopped. You vos geeeping time mit dot thunder-storm outside, ain't it?"

KNEW ENOUGH TO KEEP HOTEL.

"Well, what on earth do you suppose that old lady up in 1,110 wants now? She has just rung again," said a clerk in one of the largest hotels in Saratoga to the senior proprietor, who had been several times appealed to to gratify the whims of a notional old lady guest.

"Well, I don't know. What does she want?"

"She wants a mouse-trap."

"Well, get her a mouse-trap."

"But you know there never was a mouse seen on that floor since the house was built."

"What difference does that make?" said the circumspet boniface. "It is not a mouse that she wants, it's a mouse-trap; get her a mouse-trap."

The clerk sent right out, got her a three-hole mouse-trap for 10 cents, and the old lady was comfortable in mind for several hours.—Saratogian

EASY DEATH.

"Yes, I'm tired of it. I've about made up my mind to commit suicide."

"Good scheme, old fellow; have another cigarette?"

DIVORCE NO REMEDY.

Omaha Bride—Oh, I wish I were dead. I never supposed John would talk to me in that way.

Omaha Dame—It's only a lovers' quarrel, dear. Don't get a divorce.

"Divorce! Horrors! I never dreamed of it."

"No, it's no use, dear; no use at all. Every lady in Chicago will tell you that it just as hard to get along with one man as another. They are all alike."

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE PRESENT.

"My young friend," he said gravely, "do you know what prohibition means?"

"Yes, sir," replied his young friend, who seemed to be a person of intelligence; "it means that a man drinks four times as much as he ought to at one drink."—New York Sun.

HIS LAST STRIKE.

There's one laboring-man in Washington who has resumed at the old stand, and say that he has made his last strike. He's a good fellow, but likes a glass now and then, and not long since he filled up and called on his employer.

"Well, John," said the old man, "what do you want?"

"Want eight hoursh pay fr ten hoursh work; atsh what want," said John bravely.

"I guess you don't want that, John," smiled the boss. "You've got it backwards, haven't you?"

"Yesh—yesh—so have—want ten hoursh work fr eight hoursh pay, atsh what want. Thought didn't sound right somehow. Goin' to giv' to me? Quit if you don't."

"Certainly, John; come around in the morning and go to work."

John was on hand early next day, and when the boss began to rub it in on him he swore that any man who hadn't any more sense than he had oughtn't to be paid at all.—Washington Critic.

WHAT TROUBLED HIM.

She—You seem greatly relieved since we sighted the Rome, Mr. De Sappy.

He—Ya-as. I know of no greater strain on one's nerves than looking for a steamah that does not approach."

She—You have some very dear friends on board, then?

He—Well, no, not exactly. But I'm expecting a new pair of widing trousers on her.

WHERE THE GOOD WIFE IS FOUND.

Life is short, and women are many. Most men have not time for more than a superficial examination of each of their fair friends, and to her who crowds her best goods into the show case is awarded the highest prize.—Hebrew Standard.

This is very queer advice. It is not necessary to go sampling the world and wasting time. If a man wants a good wife let him go to a good family and a good mother for her daughter. He will not go far wrong. The goods in the

show-case were made to sell, and may not be of the best quality.

AN AWFUL WARNING.

In a cemetery at Sag Harbor five wives of the same man rest side by side, and at last he died also. One of the headstones contains this suggestive superscription:

"Behold, ye living mortals passing by,
How thick the partners of one husband lie.
Wise and unsearchable the ways of God;
Just as severe his chastening rod."

THE NEW FEVER.

Bobby's mother had let him stay home from school because he complained of having a fever.

After he had looked as sick as he could for half an hour he asked her if he could go out and play ball.

"No, Bobby," she replied, "not if you have a fever."

"But, ma," exclaimed Bobby, "It's the base ball fever I've got."

AN EXPENSIVE COMMODITY.

Dominie Johnson—Now I hopes when de plate am passed 'round, dat all de bredren and sistren dat have experienced 'ligion, will remember dat dat kind of experience has to be paid for just as well as any other!

AT NARRAGANSETT PIER.

Amy (speaking of the responsibilities of matrimony)—Would you be afraid to marry on \$5,000 a year, Tom?

Tom—Not a bit, if I could only find a girl with that amount of income.—Harper's Bazar.

HIS SALARY WAS RAISED AT ONCE.

Stranger (at ticket office window)—When does the next train west start?

Ticket agent (unintelligible grunt).

"Is it a through train or way train?"

Grunt.

"Can you tell me where I can find a time-table?"

"Young man, I am the new superintendent of this road, and am delighted with the evidence you give of long experience in your position. Your salary shall be raised at once."

REASSURING.

Nervous old lady, on the fifth floor—"Do you know what precautions the proprietor of this hotel has taken against fire?" Porter—"Yes, mum; he has the house inshoored for twice wot it's worth."

AN UNFORTUNATE MAN.

"Tramp—"Won't you help a poor man that lost his family by the Charleston earthquake?" Housekeeper—"Why, you are the same man that lost his family last year by the Ohio river floods." Tramp—"I know it mum. I am one of the most unfortunate men on the face of the earth."

A CLEVER MAID.

A gem from the French—Madame to Maid—Francoise, why do you clean my boots with my toothbrush?

Maid to Madame—Madame, the fact is, the others other brushes are so large, and madame's boots are so small.

Gen. Meigs's Handwriting.

During the war, a quantity of personal property belonging to a resident of Washington was seized and confiscated by the United States. For many years the original owner made repeated attempts to secure an order for its restoration from the Quartermaster who had charge of it. But he was obdurate and insisted that it should be restored only through an act of Congress. Still the attorney for the claimant persisted, and again he wrote to Quartermaster-General Meigs for an order of restoration. This was about the seventh attempt, and the officer had grown impatient. He wrote an exceedingly vigorous reply, in which he emphatically refused to do as requested. The handwriting was frightful. The attorney saw his chance. He hastened to his client, and, thrusting the letter to him, said: "I have succeeded at last. Here is the order." The "order" was taken to the corral, where the officer in charge recognized the signature, and at once turned over the property. When Gen. Meigs asked what had become of it, he was told that it had been restored on his order. He saw the order, and as he could not read it, he simply said: "I do not remember signing that."

How Peas Are Canned.

The canning of green peas, which is now a busy industry in Delaware, is an interesting process. The peas are shelled by hand and then fed into the hopper of a separator, which divides them into three grades. Then they are put into copper kettles, where they are steamed just enough to wrinkle the outer skin and intensify if possible the vivid green of the pea. They are then filled into cans, which are placed on an iron tray and dipped in a trough or tub of boiling water, which runs into the cans, filling them to the brim. This water contains whatever of a preservative nature is put into the cans to preserve the vegetable. The cans are then wiped, sealed, and packed in iron cages, each cage holding 248 cans. These cages are put into air-tight kettles, where the cans are subjected to hot steam under intense pressure for about fifteen or twenty minutes. The peas are then ready for market.

In 1865 the debt of the Government was \$78.25 per capita. Now it is less than \$19.84.

The Lawn Party in Montana.

The refined and civilizing influences of the cultured East (says Tid-Bits) are gradually extending themselves to the rowdy West. They now have lawn parties away out in Montana. They had one there recently and the paper published in the town in which it was given says:

The lawn party at the residence and grounds of our fellow-citizen, Bill Jackson, was a dandy affair, and was attended by all the big bugs of this city. This is a new form of amusement imported from the East, and it beats croquet all hollow.

There was a bag race between Jack Spence and Tony Beggs, in which Tony got beautifully left and Jack carried off half the gate money.

The greased-pole part of the entertainment was a glittering success. Many of our leading citizens made desperate but futile attempts to shun up it, but our Mayor knocked the rest of the crowd silly on the climb.

The fat men's race would have made a dog die laughing. The contestants were Fatty Parsons and Budd Doble, and the way they waddled off wasn't slow. Fatty tips the beam at 299 and Budd at 304 pounds. Their speed was somewhat accelerated by the playfulness of some of the ladies present, who prodded them with their parasols. The race was a tie, and the contestants tossed up a quarter to decide it. Budd won.

The pie-eating match between Birdie McLaughlin and Lyddy Donahue, two of our most charming young ladies, was a very exciting and enjoyable affair, and ended in Birdie eating ten full-sized pies in fifty minutes, while Lyddy could go but nine and a half. Birdie carried off the prize—a nickel-plated revolver.

The dog and rooster fights and wrestling and jumping matches were greatly enjoyed, and our first lawn party was voted the dandy entertainment of the season. We are gradually falling into the ways of the effete East.

Why a Yankee Farmer Kicked Himself.

Boston Post: A staid old Hubbardston farmer came to the Hub yesterday to do "a little tradin'," and as he wandered down Washington street "headed for the Fitchburg Depot," as he said, he suddenly halted, gazed expeditiously at a sign in front of a clothing house, and then darted into the store, exclaiming: "Well, I vum, that is good!" After due deliberation he selected a \$10-suit of clothes, tendering in payment just \$7. "That is the right change, sir," said he to the astonished clerk. "But I don't understand; I told you that suit would be \$10," argued the clerk. "Yes, I know, but don't your old sign out there at the door say, 'All we want is 70 cents on the dollar?'" and picking up his new purchase the honest old Hubbardston farmer hastily left. He trotted along, congratulating himself on his wonderful smartness, and was heard to mutter: "I guess I'm lively enough for these 'ere city folks." But a sudden change came "o'er the the spirit of his dreams" after he had walked a short distance. A look of utter disgust overspread his face, the bundle fell from his arms, and in a mournful tone he said: "Why in blazes didn't I look around a little before I bought them clothes?" The cause of his consternation was another clothing sign that read: "Goods sold here at half price." After studying the situation several minutes he resumed his journey depotward, saying, "I might have saved \$5 just as well as not if I hadn't been in such a peaky hurry."

Arrest of a Countess.

In this country the arrest of a real countess is something of a real novelty. The adventuresses carrying titles of that kind to gull worshippers of noble blood frequently appear before our magistrates and Judges, but the genuine noblewoman rarely. The exception occurred at Jersey City on Saturday, the leading figure in it being the Countess Pantiatchi, known on the registry of the city as the Mrs. Pantiatchi and the charge against her being cruelty to her little stepson. Some years ago, it seems, the Count Pantiatchi left Italy for political reasons, taking up his residence in a neat little cottage in Jersey City. His second wife did not like the children of her predecessor and made things so warm for them that one, ran away. A neighbor gave him lodging, and the next day the attention of the District Attorney was called to the matter. He sent for the boy, who told him that the Countess took a pleasure in ill-treating him. She beat him with a heavy piece of rope, he said, without provocation, and often sent him to bed without any supper. The Countess when informed of the nature of the charges against her, almost fainted. She denied them, of course, and said that the boy was a wild fellow, who remained away from home of his own accord and against her wishes. The Justice put her under \$500 bail to appear for examination on September 2. She left the court room in tears. Count Pantiatchi is an eccentric old fellow, and some years ago suffered an injury in a railway accident which unsettled his mind. The countess is a tall, graceful woman, and dresses well.