St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1890. VOL. XV.—NO. 6.

GUARDING THE TONGUE.

If each of us, as we pass through life,
Would bridle and curb the tongue,
And speak of only the pleasing things
To be said of every one,
What a wonderful difference there would be
Between this world of ours
And the paradise it might become
With all pathways strewn with flowers.

How surely a little reflection
Will show us as plain as the day,
The mistakes we made when we hastily
Allowed our tongues full sway.
When the day is done and we think it o'er,
Ah me, that it should be true,
There are few of us that can honestly say
There is nothing we would undo.

Too often the faults we clearly see
In others are faults of our own—
And those who dwell in houses of glass
Should be wary of casting a stone.
So, have charity, much charity,
The loveliest virtue of all,
And look well to the member unruly,
For it's prone to slip and fall.
—Elizabeth Betts, in Good Housekeeping.

AN UNDERTAKER'S TALK.

Some Experiences of the Men Who Bury Us.

Hard Work to Coax People to be Moderate in Expenditures—A Lamentable Occasion When the Remains Were Mixed Up.

"As a rule,'" said a well-known Fourth avenue undertaker recently, "there is no occasion when a man feels so liberal—in fact, so reckless regarding the expenditure of money—as when he is running up the expenses of a first-class funeral, and it requires a good deal of tact and strategy to keep him within bounds and protect ourselves from loss. When the customer is wealthy and can stand it, why naturally we are inclined to humor every whim, and sometimes where carte blanche is given us we do the job up in a manner which really makes it a pleasure to be the star attraction of a funeral. However, all of our customers do not possess a healthy bank account, and we have to look out and see that we do not get 'hung up.'

Not long since a charming widow came into our place to make arrangements for the funeral of her husband. She was heavily vailed, and she sobbed in a distressing manner as she took a chair and proceeded to make known her wants. She detailed the story of her husband's illness and its fatal termination, and wound up by stating that his funeral must be the most imposing and elaborate that could be gotten up. Nothing we had in the establishment could be any too good. By a few carefully-directed questions we ascertained the age of the deceased, his size, stature, and also the all-important fact that he had left his widow and family in very moderate circumstances. As soon as our customer could compose herself one of our clerks was detailed to show her what we had, with the quiet admonishment that her bill should not exceed $250. Various styles of caskets were shown her, and as she had somewhat recovered her spirits she kept up a running fire of questions and suggestions. Finally, as she was about to decide upon a casket which the clerk had suggested as most appropriate, she happened to espy in another part of the warerooms several most elaborate and costly burial cases, which she insisted upon looking at. In vain did the clerk endeavor to divert her attention from them. Those caskets, made in mahogany, ebony and other costly woods, were trimmed with silks, satins and laces of the richest kind, and were ornamented with solid silver and gold mountings, and were the finest goods we kept. Compared with them the goods which she had been looking at seemed cheap, and she wasn't slow in detecting the difference. The clerk shut her off on several of them by stating that they were sold, and that it would be impossible to duplicate them in season for the funeral. However, the bereaved widow couldn't be made to swallow all this fiction, and finally she ordered an elaborate affair, the price of which was just seven hundred dollars. Having completed her selection, she gave her orders for embalming, flowers, carriages and the other details. At last, when she had ordered every thing she could think of, she started to leave, whereupon the clerk politely requested her to step into the office while he had the bill made up, intending to ask her to pay a certain percentage of it, or at least to give satisfactory references. At the word "bill" she flew into a passion. "Bill," she didn't care what the bill was; that would be settled at the proper time. The poor clerk tried to explain, but that only increased her anger. She called the clerk all sorts of hard names, accused him of a lack of feeling, and finally flounced out of the door, and as a parting shot said: "My husband shall have the best funeral that ever took place in the neighborhood, even if I have to take in washing to pay for it."

"We have many experiences similar to that, but in the majority of cases our customers are very reasonable and we have no difficulty in persuading them to deter their judgment to ours. We much prefer to deal with men on such occasions, as they are less moved by sentiment, and are more practical and sensible. We always strongly advise that the funeral arrangements be left to some male relative or friend of the family; a bereaved woman is in no condition to transact such business.

"About a month ago we were called upon to officiate at the funeral of a beautiful young woman, the only daughter of wealthy parents, who had died quite suddenly. The grief of the stricken father and mother was quiet and undemonstrative, yet, nevertheless, of the deepest nature. The father was so prostrated that he couldn't bear the thought of entering our warerooms to make any selections; he merely sent for me to call at his house and then quietly requested me to make all necessary arrangements for the funeral, and, handing me a blank check with his signature attached, bade me fill it out myself.

"Occasionally we receive orders for persons who are alive and well, and whose chances of living to a ripe old age are apparently as good as yours or mine. Some of these customers have their caskets sent to their homes. Others prefer to leave them with us, and we have on hand now three of them waiting for their future occupants. One of them was built to order for a fat, jolly stock broker who is in business on Nassau street. Occasionally he calls around to take a look at it, and generally he taken off his boots and insists on getting into it, viewing himself with a hand glass to see how he will look when he is laid out. We have had this casket ready for him for three years, and the last time he called he found that he was growing so fat that it was getting to be a pretty tight fit for him; he is considering the advisability of having a new one made. Occasionally, too, we receive an order from people who are very sick and expect to die, but who get well. They pay us for the casket just the same, and as they sometimes move out of town to some other city we sell the goods to somebody else, and are just so much in. This is not a frequent occurrence, but it helps a little to make good the bad bills which we incur.

"Many people who come to us have a dreadful fear that they may be buried alive, and while there is a remote possibility that this might happen, I have never known a single instance of it in all my experience. These people insist upon my promising to observe the utmost precaution, even so far as to run red hot needles into their bodies, and other equally barbaric treatment, before they are finally consigned to the earth. About four years ago a young man called upon me one morning, in a terrible state of agitation. He had dreamed the night before that his sister, who had been recently buried, had come to life after being placed under the sod. I tried to prove to him the utter improbability of such an occurrence, but without avail. He insisted that her grave should be opened, that he might be satisfied. I was actually horror-stricken at the suggestion, not that I had the remotest idea that his dream could prove true, but the thought flashed across my mind that if it should be so the shock would make him a raving maniac. I tried to persuade him to defer the matter until the following day, but he positively refused. Finally, as there was no other way out of it, I consented, and, having obtained the necessary permit, the body was exhumed, and to my inexpressible relief the absurdity of the young man's dream was proven. The effect on him was magical. He looked sorrowfully on the face of his dead sister a moment and then burst into a flood of tears, and, throwing his arm around my neck, he wept from pure excess of joy.

"Some people have peculiar notions about burial. I have oftentimes been requested to place the coffin in the grave with the head pointing toward the north, or vice versa. Once I was asked if the coffin could not be placed standing upright in the grave—a request which, of course, I was unable to grant. Some people, too, are superstitious about being buried on certain days of the week, and leave a special order that their funeral shall take place on a certain day. Then there are peculiar fancies in regard to flowers and the hymns which shall be sung. Such matters as these are, of course, within reason, and are always complied with. The queer and outlandish tastes of some people are exemplified in the case of Joe Beef, a well-known Montreal character, recently deceased, who on the occasion of his wife's funeral some years ago, ordered the brass band which accompanied the funeral procession to the cemetery to play 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' on the way back.

"A custom which has sprung up recently, and which in many respects is a good one, is to have a stenographer present at the funeral services to take down the funeral oration, prayers, and so on. These are afterward type-written in appropriate form, the hymns being incorporated with the report. I know of at least one stenographer in this city who makes a specialty of this line of business, and as he has but little competition he makes a good thing out of it. His minimum charge is fifteen dollars, and frequently he receives as high as fifty dollars for his services. He watches closely the obituary columns of the daily newspapers and regularly calls upon a number of undertakers.

"As a rule no unpleasant incident occurs to mar the successful carrying out of a funeral ceremony. Of course, the director must have his wits constantly about him and must be thoroughly experienced. I had one experience, though, which was most embarrassing and which caused no end of trouble. It was through the carelessness of one of my assistants and the assistant of one of my competitors. I had received an order to send one of my wagons to the Grand Central Depot to meet a corpse which had been expressed from Albany. It appears that my competitor had also received an order to get a body from the same train. Both of us dispatched a man to attend to the matter, and, as neither of them thought that there might be more than one corpse, they took no especial pains to ascertain whether they got the right one. As a result of this carelessness each of them got the wrong one, and as both bodies were those of men the mistake was not discovered until the lids were unscrewed at the funeral for the mourners and friends to take the last look at the dead. The blunder had a terrible effect, and as the first mourner gazed upon the features of an entire stranger she gave one wild shriek and fainted dead away in the arms of her escort. This precipitated matters, and for a while every body was panic stricken. I was dumfounded for a moment and almost speechless with mortification. As soon as I could recover my senses I ordered the removal of the body, and the minister closed the services with a prayer. I then set out to hunt up the lost corpse, and my work was facilitated considerably from the fact that my competitor had been driven well nigh crazy by much the same experience at his funeral. As the other body had been taken to Jersey City for interment, it took us over three hours to straighten the matter out, and the burial services in both instances had to be postponed until the following day. I didn't get over my 'mad' for over a week, and the first thing I did was to discharge the fellow who made the mistake. My competitor's assistant also got his walking papers at the same time. Neither of us had nerve enough to put in a bill for our services."—N. Y. Sun.

A FOUR-LEGGED ACROBAT.

Comical Antics and Gymnastic Performance of a Little Tree-Toad.

While walking on a country road one cool morning in June I noticed a small object on the edge of a board fence which excited my curiosity. The object was about two inches long, and looked like a piece of putty which had been pinched on to the board, or, perhaps, more like the light-gray fungus growth seen on decayed trees.

I approached cautiously, having a strong feeling that it might be a thing of life, although there was nothing about it to indicate that it was such. When near enough to touch it I felt confident that it was a tree-toad, even though I had never before seen one. Its little head and rump were drawn down and partially under, and its legs and feet were drawn up and folded so closely to the body as to make an almost symmetrical figure, the lines where the limbs touched the body being almost imperceptible. With a feeling of joy I closed my hand over it and removed it from the fence.

To the sensitive palm of the hand its touch was cool, but not moist or "clammy," as in the case of its cousins, the common toad and the frog. Its skin felt smooth and silky.

For fear of smothering the little fellow I made a pouch of my handkerchief, putting a stone in the bottom of it to make it roomy, and in that way brought him home for a closer acquaintance.

When placed on the center of the library table, he sat for a moment as if to collect his thoughts, and then sprang, blindly, as it seemed, over the table's edge and caught with one toe on an object which he was passing, and which he could not have seen from where he started. Although going with great swiftness, the strength of that single slender toe, rounded on the end with its curious little sucker, was sufficient to enable him to stop and draw himself up in good form. He then hopped on to the round of a chair, and to give him a good opportunity to display his wonderful agility, I tipped the chair on one leg and revolved it slowly, he hopping from round to round, up, down and across, seemingly enjoying it as much as his audience did.

At first when touched he appeared startled, and would jump. In one of these jumps he landed on the surface of the pier-glass, on which he moved up or down with a sort of half shuffle and half hop. Soon he evinced no fear on being touched, and on being stroked gently on the back would turn his head with a knowing wink in that direction.

Having given us such an interesting entertainment, I considered that he deserved his freedom again. Taking him in my hand I held him up about three feet from an old apple tree at the side of the house. He seemed in no hurry to take his departure, but crawled leisurely up on the tips of my fingers, his little toes clasped firmly around them, surveyed for a moment the group surrounding him, and the next instant alighted on the bark of the tree.

We waited for some time, curious to see his next movement, but he made none. I watched closely for any change of color in his coat, for I had read that tree-toads, like chameleons, change their color and so render themselves almost undistinguishable from their surroundings, but there was none, and he was perfectly plain to the sight of any of those who saw him gain the position; but another person joining the group could not discern him for some time, although his location was pointed out.

After awhile, our attention for a moment being drawn elsewhere, he had disappeared completely, and the sharpest pair of eyes could not trace him, nor had he left the tree. This would tend to prove whether or not he could adapt his color to match his surroundings, he certainly possessed the faculty of getting on to places most like his coat in appearance.—Harper's Young People.

THE ARCTIC CURRENT.

Damming It so as to Temper the Climate of Labrador and Newfoundland.

The announcement that E. J. Bender has succeeded in making arrangements in London for the purchase of the Quebec & Montreal railway and its extension to the Straits of Belle Isle revives the proposal of General Sir Selby Smyth, laid before the Dominion Government in 1879, for diverting the Arctic current from the Gulf of St. Lawrence by filling in the Straits of Belle Isle, which would serve as a bridge connecting Newfoundland with the mainland for railway purposes. General Smyth's idea of constructing a dam across the straits does not appear to have been original with that gentleman, as Lieutenant Maury, it is understood, laid a similar proposal before the British Government over thirty years ago. In his report to the Dominion Government General Smyth draws attention to the fact that the Straits of Belle Isle are open to the northeast, thus receiving the direct flow of the polar current down Baffin's bay. This icy stream, at from two to four miles an hour, pours its way into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, overcoming by its greater density the warm gulf stream from the southern latitudes. The cold stream, he says, divides into two branches near Cape L'Amour—one running westward up the gulf and the other southeastward, discharging into the ocean again between Newfoundland and Cape Breton. The General explains that this branch then sweeps along the eastern coast of Nova Scotia and shoulders off the warm water further out to sea, which would otherwise find its way along the shores of the continent and into the gulf. If, therefore, the polar current could be excluded and deflected eastward of Newfoundland into the open ocean the climatic effect, by the exchange of cold and warm, would be very marked in the gulf and adjacent shores.—Ottawa (Ont.) Letter.

A WESTWARD GLANCE.

Southwestern Iowa a Gratifying Revelation of Pastoral Beauty.

To those who have lived all their lives in a hilly or mountainous country or on the level lands of the Middle States the landscape of Southwestern Iowa is a gratifying revelation of pastoral beauty. Everywhere, in every direction, to the bounds of the far horizon, the distinctive feature is the rolling prairie, but sufficiently diversified by village, farm and pasture to avoid monotony and repetition. This landscape is restful to the eye. There are no harsh surfaces, no sharp lines, no startling contrasts. Nature was in her most leisurely and tranquil mood when she fashioned this beautiful region. Everywhere is simplicity, with symmetry and strength.

Blue grass is king of the region. The blue-grass pasture predominates, but is always adjoined by the cornfield. The farmer of Southwestern Iowa produces more than enough of small grain for his own use, but his hay and cattle and swine are the products which he knows will bring him wealth and independence. It is the diversity of products which creates the diversified landscape of Southwestern Iowa, and gives it a rural feature peculiarly its own. Even the villages and larger towns illustrate the rural character of the region. Excepting the earlier vegetables and fruits, which are improved during the early spring season, the townspeople generally produce their own vegetables and small fruits.

There is no soil in the world more kindly to the common vegetables. On account of this enormous production in the towns, the price of vegetables is very low, especially potatoes, which often retail as low as ten cents per bushel. The rural villager, and frequently the man in town, keeps a cow and produces his own milk and butter. The aggregate of these results is a rural region of remarkable productiveness and fertility, where the actual necessaries of life are as cheap as anywhere in the world, and where pauperism and crime are rarely known.

This soil of Soutwestern Iowa is a black, rich loam, somewhat impregnated with sand and lime, and old Kentuckians say in this respect it much resembles their famous blue-grass region. In wet seasons it has been noticeable that the yield of grass and hay was enormous, and upon the uplands no amount of rain except floods and washouts could destroy the certainty of a good crop of corn and small grain. But the past two seasons of extreme drought, unprecedented in the history of this region, has brought out another wonderful feature of Southwest Iowa and that is the fact that few countries can stand drought so well.

The total railroad milage of Southwestern Iowa approximates 900 miles. Until recently Chicago has been almost the exclusive market of the products of this region, and this great city is now less than twenty-four hours' ride from the center of Southwestern Iowa by the Burlington fast trains. The marvelous development of the packing industries of Omaha and Kansas City, however, has created new and more accessible markets for the products of the region, especially the pork product, and it is only the question of a few years when these young cities will also afford the most desirable markets for the beef and mutton of the Iowa blue-grass region.

The wonderful development of Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Council Bluffs has sapped the vitality of every small city or town in Southwest Iowa. Many of their best mechanics have been drawn to these larger fields of works by the extraordinary demand for skilled labor and, finding steadier employment at better wages, have removed with their families to these cities. But these losses to the towns have been more than compensated by the permanent markets they have created for the live-stock, farm produce and fruit of the region.

Everywhere in the country are school houses. The horizon is broken by frequent church spires. The towns and cities have high-schools and academies and occasionally a college or great Chautauqua University. These indicate that the people of Southwestern Iowa are building on sure foundations.—Cosmopolitan.

Look Out for the Points.

Young people, when they write, no matter to whom, or for what purpose, ought to get into the habit of putting in the stops where they belong. If they are slovenly and careless in this particular, those they write to will often make mistakes in understanding their letters. Printers commit great blunders, sometimes, just because the authors they have to deal with either do not point their manuscripts at all or point them wrong. The worst mistake resulting from bad pointing that I ever heard of was something like this: "A lady in Massachusetts had a husband who was about making a sea voyage, and she wrote a note and gave it to her minister to read on the Sabbath, in which she meant to say: "A member of this congregation, going to sea, his wife desires prayers for his safety." But instead of reading it thus, on account of the points being used wrong, it was read in this manner: "A member of this congregation, going to sea his wife, desires prayers for his safety."—Farm and Fireside

The German Term for "Cigar."

The German purists are still continuing their campaign against the French element in the language of the Fatherland. Finding that they can not enjoy their cigar under that name, they have had some difficulty in finding a suitable German term to take its place. The cigar manufacturers of Dusseldorf, however, recently offered a prize for the best Teutonic substitute for the obnoxious foreign vocable, and their choice has fallen on a coinage of Pastor Zeller, of Waiblingen—"Rauchrolle."—N. Y. Tablet.

Too Much Emotion.

Fond Father—Harry, you have been waiting on Miss Watson for over a year. Why don't you marry her?

Harry—She isn't emotional enough.

Fond Father—Great Scott, boy; what do you want with an emotional woman? The crown of my head is as bare as a billiard ball. Your mother was an emotional woman.—Epoch.

WONDERFUL WILLS.

Testamentary Utterances That Kept the Makers' Memory Green.

Oft quoted is the remarkable will of Solomon Sanborn, of Medford, Mass., who died about fifteen years ago. Sanborn was a great patriot, and specially glorified in the part Massachusetts took in the revolutionary struggle. In his will he left his body to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Prof. Agassiz, not, however, without imposing some of the most unheard-of provisions and conditions. His skeleton he desired prepared in the most artistic manner known to the profession, and placed with the many others in the anatomical department of Harvard College. While preliminary preparations were being made in carrying out this request, he desired the surgeons to be very careful with the skin, so that it could be tanned in pieces of sufficient size to make a pair of drum-heads. Upon one of these drum-heads the Declaration of Independence was to be written and upon the other Pope's "Universal Prayer." Fitted in its proper wooden frame this ghastly relic was to be presented to a local drummer, whom the testator designates a "distinguished friend," upon condition that he would promise to carry it to the foot of Bunker Hill monument on each succeeding anniversary of the battle, at sunrise, and beat upon it the invigorating strains of "Yankee Doodle."

The skeleton of Jeremy Bentham in the Hospital Museum, London, is there at the request of its owner, who made a special provision in his will to have it presented to the curators of the hospital, who, upon accepting the gift, were to have the skeleton mounted and put in the presidential chair at each meeting of the hospital directors.

Dr. Wagner, an American, is up to or even ahead of the English precedent in the dismemberment idea. During his life his relatives had given him but little thought. When it came time for them to die—he had a little money, about $1,000—his brothers became very kind. After his death, when the will was read, the following remarkable clause was disclosed:

"To my brother, Napoleon Bonaparte, I bequeath my left arm and hand; to George Washington, my second brother, my right arm and hand; to my other relatives my legs, nose and ears. My money, $1,000 cash, now in the B—— bank, I bequeath to the physicians and surgeons who carry out my request by dismembering my body and giving to each of my relatives the portion allotted to him or her."

Horatio G. Onderdonk, a brother of the Bishop of New York, made provisions in his will which would have turned old Draco green with envy. Draco was strict and well understood the meaning of the expression "ruling with a rod of iron," but had Mr. Onderdonk lived at the time the old man was preparing his famous code he could have helped to make it more binding. The last paragraph in the Onderdonk will read as follows: "No heir must be an idler, sluggard, profligate, drunkard, gambler; use liquors or tobacco; go hunting or fishing on Sundays; attend races; enter a bar-room, or porter-house; neglect to rise, breakfast, and be ready for business by nine o'clock, or get married before he or she arrives at the age of twenty-five years."—St. Louis Republic.

ABOUT EYE-STRAIN.

It Is the Most Prolific Source of Continual Headache.

Pain is often caused by an irritated nerve far distant from the seat of the pain, especially in the case of persons who have inherited a very susceptible nervous organization.

The Medical Record has an article on eye-strain as a cause of headache and neuralgia, by the eminent expert, Dr. Ambrose L. Ranney, in which the writer gives a record of fifty consecutive cases of headache and neuralgia which he treated exclusively by correcting a visual defect. The success of this treatment was signal, and in many cases marvelous.

Dr. Ranney's special attention was drawn to the subject by his own experience. Ten years ago he was almost in despair from continual headache. Two able physicians had treated his case without result. As his sight was apparently perfect and unusually acute, no defect of vision was thought of. At length, however, he requested that atropine be instilled into his eyes. This revealed a defect, which was at once relieved by appropriate glasses, with the immediate and permanent cessation of his headache.

It seems that this eye-strain may exist and be the source of most painful neuralgia, not only in the head, but elsewhere, and the person be utterly unconscious of defect of vision. Some cases require not only glasses, but the serving of some ocular muscle—tenotomy.

One of Dr. Ranney's patients was a young lady who for five years had been unable to write, read, sew or to see her most intimate friends. A constant pain in her head was rendered intolerable by any use of her eyes, or any excitement. She could not walk across the room without difficulty. Tenotomy was performed on three of her ocular muscles, a rapid improvement followed, and after several weeks she returned home cured.

Another patient had succumbed to headache, insomnia and nervous prostration; he was compeled to abandon business, and took a trip to Europe without benefit. No medical treatment helped him. His brother, a prominent physician of New York, advised him to consult Dr. Ranney, who, treating his eyes restored the man's health, strength and mental vigor within six weeks. Two years have elapsed without a return of the symptoms.

A distinguished theological professor in the vicinity of Boston, who suffered severely at the base of the brain, went to Europe and consulted eminent specialists of Germany without any relief. After his return home he was at once and perfectly cured by the use of glasses adjusted to his eyes.

—An old maid said she wished she was an auctioneer, for then it would be perfectly proper to say: "Make me an offer."—Texas Siftings.

SOUTHERN AGRICULTURAL.

Seasonable Hints for December.

Practically, December is only three-fourths of a month, and sometimes it amounts to but a few days, when estimated by the farm work accomplished. The negroes, and possibly others besides, have already caught the fever of expectation which foretells the coming holiday festivities, frolics and family reunions. The month may be called the Saturday afternoon of the year, when every one is inclined to slacken his energies and to prepare for a season of rest from labor and indulgence in social enjoyment. Aside from the excesses in which the sensual indulge, Christmas is a social institution to be commended and perpetuated. After a year's hard labor, through storm and heat, and drought and cold—a year of alternating hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, successes and failures, the industrious farmer may rightfully claim a respite from toil, and devote a few days to ministering to the pleasure of himself, his family and his neighbors, not forgetting the stranger, the poor, the homeless and the sick.

But there is work of a substantial and necessary character that may yet be accomplished. Seed time and harvest have passed away, so far as concerns the vegetable products of the farm, but there are odds and ends of the waning year that should be gathered up, that "nothing be lost." We trust that every farmer will close up his business, settle his debts by payment or satisfactory adjustment, and be prepared to begin the New Year with nothing to embarrass his efforts.

KILLING HOGS.

The characteristic work of the month is "hog killing," and happy is the man who has a pen full of porkers ready for the knife and the yawning "smoke-house." The art of butchering hogs is one in which considerable skill can be displayed, although as often practiced it has given rise to the reproachful term—a "mere butchery"—as applied to any operation unskillfully performed.

First, get every thing ready, presuming the hogs to be fat. Have plenty of water, plenty of fuel, sharp knives, tables, platforms or shelves for spreading, a good "gallows" and gambrels, plenty of clean, coarse salt and a little saltpeter. A large kettle is the best appliance for securing hot water. Have a thermometer to test the water. Commence to kill by the "break of day," by simply sticking each hog with a long, keen knife.

The water should be about the temperature of 160 deg. Fahrenheit—not under 150 deg. nor over 170 deg. This is found to be the proper degree (160) after repeated tests. A little tar added to the water helps wonderfully in removing the hair. Clean off every hair and patch of scurf, and wash and scrape clean before "opening" the carcass. Commence "cutting out" as soon as the last hog is disemboweled. Trim the hams neatly, rounding them at the upper end and removing all surplus fat and ragged meat! Cut the sides, or middlings, as large as possible, leave the shoulders correspondingly small. Pull out the strip of tenderloin that lies along the upper edge of each "middling," for sausage meat, or immediate consumption (it is worthless when dry, salted and cured): and also the thick edge of firm fat that lies underneath the lean strip, for lard. Take out the ribs, or most of them. Now rub the flesh side of each ham and shoulder with salt, and lay it skin down on a shelf or platform in a cool, shady and airy place, sprinkling a thin layer of salt over the surface. Next morning, before day, commence to salt down in tight half hogsheads or barrels, putting a layer of middlings at the bottom, filling all the open spaces with jowls and salt. Before packing down put a small teaspoonful of saltpeter on each ham if you wish them to be firm and red. Use plenty of salt, leaving no vacant spaces between the pieces of pork.

We forbear any further details, but beg the farmer to give the wife all needed assistance in the way of labor and material that may be required in the lard, sausage and pig-feet department.

THE MANURE HEAP.

This is as good a time as any to commence the process of manure-making. It should be considered that a very large part of the elements of fertility that have been removed from the soil by the crops of grain, hay and other food crops consumed by the animals of the farm, reappear in the liquid and solid excrements. The making of domestic manures consists mainly in procuring these elements of fertility and restoring them to the soil whence they were removed by the crops.

The growing of food crops, the saving of their manure and restoring it to the soil, is a beautiful illustration of the law of compensation and restitution. An individual particle of phosporic acid, lime or potash may possibly make the circuit from the soil, through the grain, into the living animal tissue, thence to the manure heap and back again to the soil dozens of times in the course of a farmer's cultivation of a grain farm. First it is in the soil, a particle of inert matter; next it is organized into the constitution of the grain; then becoming a part of the living bone, muscle or other tissue, or passing through unappropriated; then into the urine and droppings. Now if these excrements be carefully saved and placed on the soil, and the latter be prevented from undue waste of the store of elements of fertility still remaining, the process of exhaustion of the land must be comparatively slow. It is the duty of the famer not only to save, in the form of manure, what has been removed from the soil, but to add to this recovered portion additional supplies of these elements from other sources, both from the deep recesses of the soil itself, and from sources outside the farm, as well as by the cultivation of such crops as have the power to gather nitrogen from the atmosphere, thus building up the soil and increasing its productiveness. In these few words we have stated the theory of restoring, maintaining and increasing the fertility of the soil.

Every thing that has grown upon the soil, and every thing that has once formed any part of the animal body or has been excreted from the body, is more or less valuable as a manure. All vegetable and animal garbage, then, that accumulates about the farm building, stables, wood-pile, smoke-house, fowl house, fence corners, the leaves from the forest near by, not to mention cotton seed, should be considered as containing the circulating medium by means of which the various operations of growing crops, growing and fattening animals, the production of milk, etc., are carried on.

After saving all these materials, resort should be made to commercial fertilizers. The latter contain nothing of value to the soil that is not found in the materials we have named. A good, complete commercial fertilizer may be considered as stable manure boiled down, containing, as it does, the very same fertilizing elements, without the excess of sand, clay and water that is always present, more or less, in ordinary stable manure. Many persons are of the opinion that the use of commercial fertilizers is an unprofitable and unwise innovation. We do not propose to discuss the general proposition: "Do commercial fertilizers pay the farmer?" It is no doubt true that some farmers fail to find any substantial profit in the use of them; and it is also true that the most skillful are sometimes imposed upon, and sometimes they themselves are at fault. But the most convincing proof of the utility of commercial fertilizers is the continued and annually increasing consumption of them. This continued reliance upon them must be the result of a profitable experience. We will add that those farmers who succeed without fertilizers owe their success not to that fact, but to the exercise of skill, economy and industry in all the departments of farm operations. They would probably be even more successful if they would make a judicious use of commercial or concentrated chemical fertilizers.—Southern Cultivator.

Raising Calves.

An English method of raising calves after having let them have the cows' milk for a few days—which should always be done, not only because the milk is fit for nothing else, but because it is just suited to the needs of the calf—during the first week is to feed milk—not colustrum—in obedience to the dictates of nature, and there is now less need to feed it sparingly and often. As a matter of fact, it may be said that a calf will do very well, at all events when it is a week or ten days old, if it is fed twice a day, but even then it should not be allowed to drink all it will or can. The pail should be removed while the calf is still able and willing, and even anxious to drink some more. The impression of the English writer whose article we have been reading is that a careful attention to this feature of the process, is better than allowing a given quantity of milk to all calves alike, of the same or similar age. But it certainly involves careful watching, and when the work is left to help it is probably as well to limit each calf to a given quantity. It must be borne in mind, however, that calves' appetites and digestive capacities vary a good deal, and each calf's appetite and requirement may vary on different days, and that to feed by strict rule or measurement does not properly meet the case. It is advisable that each calf should receive fresh milk during the first three weeks, during which time it will have become vigorous enough to assimilate other kinds of food less strictly in harmony with nature, and it will have learned to nibble a little sweet hay or grass, if there is any, out of a net or a rack.—Western Rural.

Forcing Fowls.

The supposition that fowls must be continually receiving egg-foods, red pepper or stimulants, has led to many errors in poultry keeping. The most important requirements are warmth, dry shelter and a variety of food. If the fowls are not fed exclusively on corn, or any one kind of grain, they will need no medicine. The object will be to have them in such condition that they will always be willing to hunt and scratch for their food, which indicates health. Forcing with stimulants may be beneficial for awhile, but there will some time come a reaction.

HERE AND THERE.

—If a sheep is wanted that will needs "rough it," either from necessity or the neglect of the flockmaster, the Merino is the one to choose. It is among sheep just about what the Concord is among grapes.

—About the fourth month of pregnancy feed the breeding ewes grain. Before that they will get along on clean corn fodder and sweet tender hay. A few roots are in order all the time and they may be covered with just a sprinkling of weal. Potatoes and apples may be fed.

—If we could impress farmers and gardeners with the importance of thoroughly testing seed before planting, we should remove the cause of an immense amount of failure in crops. Nine-tenths of the trouble in growing crops, we believe, is to be found in poor seed.

—Do every thing in the dairy at the right time and in the right way, says the Northwestern Agriculturist. This will require the least labor and the least care and vexation. The best way is the easiest way. Neglect and doing things out of time make hard work and reduce the profits.

—In winter have a good, warm place for your cows. Feed them ground corn, oats and barley, equal portions of each, being the best food to produce quality and quantity combined. Corn-meal and shorts form an excelent feed. Never feed oil-cake or turnips. Give plenty of sweet hay and pure water.

—The most successful dairymen feed cows more or less grain the year round. Grass increases the flow of milk, and grain increases the amount of cream. All milk should be strained at once after being drawn from the cow, through three strainers, and immediately submerged in water, the temperature of which should not be over forty-five degrees in summer nor below forty degrees in winter.