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, MARCH 14, 1891. VOL. XVI.—NO. 11.

THE GIRL FOR ME.

Hast ever seen a little girl
Whose merry eyes and glossy curl
Would set the dullest heart awhirl?
Well, that's the girl for me.

A girl that's lovely every way,
Who doesn't give for mere display,
But gives thro' love. Again I say
That's the girl for me.

Her alms bestowed with gentle grace
Doth beautify her gentle face,
The goodness of her gentle race,
A very lovely girl.

Performs her father's least demand,
And with some friends has joined a band
Whose mission 'tis to lend a hand,
So sweet a girl is she.

She uses every moment so
That whether weal or whether woe
They're always better, those who know
This charming girl of mine.

And when her loving acts I see
Her captive I would long to be,
For certainly she seems to me
The dearest girl of all.

Hast ever seen this little girl
With merry eye and silken curl,
Who sets the dullest hearts awhirl?
Well, she's the girl for me.

—Harold McGill Davis, in Brooklyn Eagle.

HANDY WITH FRACTIONS.

Alan's Uncle's Experiences With Applied Mathematics.

"I can do any example in fractions, uncle," said Alan the other evening as he experimented with the cat to see if he could hold that patient animal near enough to the grate fire so that its hair would shrivel without any marked protest from pussy.

"Indeed," said uncle, indulgently, lacing his fingers across his waistband and extending his feet toward the fire; "I used to be quite handy with fractions myself. In fact, I excelled in mathematics. Your poor father, now, had no faculty for them. It is singular how diversified talents are in the same family, singular, indeed."

"Henry was considered the best mathematician in his class," said Alan's mother, with a little flush.

"In pure mathematics, Mary, in pure mathematics, only," responded uncle; "but in the applied article he was lamentably weak."

What Alan's mother might have replied to this was lost in interest in Alan's experiment in which the cat suddenly ceased to be a passive agent. By and by, when Alan had bathed the scratches on his hand and convinced himself that the wound on his ear was only a superficial one, he said: "Give me an example, uncle."

"Certainly," said uncle, affably; "add two-thirds and four-fifths and subtract one-seventh."

Alan worked away for a minute and then asked: "What is the answer, uncle?"

"Er—I think you had better let me see how you have done it, my boy. That will do you more good. Um—ah—35, no, 105—yes, to be sure. Why, no; the one-seventh is to be subtracted. Fifteen, 10, 12, 23, seven over; that makes one and seven-fifteenths. Now let's see—yes, 105. How will that come out? Yes, that's right—one and thirty-four-one-hundred-and-fifths. Quite right. Alan, you have the answer, only your way of doing it is a little peculiar."

"It took you a long time to do it, uncle."

"Yes, the light was bad. I couldn't see the figures very well. You could improve on your figures, Alan."

"Give me another, uncle, please. Make up a tough one, can't you?"

"All right. John and James—you'd better write this down—John and James had 20 cents between them; John bought three apples at 1¾ cents each; James bought a jack-knife with four blades; for the big blade he paid 4 cents; for the little blade, 1½ cents; for the file blade, 5 cents; for the blade with a nick in it, 3¼ cents, and for the handle twice as much. How much money did they have left?"

"Twice as much as what?"

"Twice as much as—why twice as much as for the little blade, of course. That is what I said. Now, how much did they have left?"

"Nobody ever bought a knife that way."

"Probably not, but that is applied mathematics, applying principles to every-day transactions such as you will engage in when you get older. Still, perhaps, that is a little too far along for you?"

"Oh! I can do it easy enough," said Alan, and he went to work. In a few minutes he began to look puzzled; then he asked: "What do you want to know?"

"How much they had left?"

The puzzled look grew as the figures multiplied. "Why," said the boy, finally, "they wouldn't have any thing left. They would owe, or James would owe, 1 5-6 cents on the knife, or John would have to give up some of the apples."

"Eh?" said uncle, with a start; "how's that?"

Alan went carefully over the problem step by step, and, as he proceeded, uncle's confidence in himself disappeared, and in its wake ran embarrassment and humiliation. But uncle has not lived two score and more years in this world of perplexities for nothing, and when he was led to see that Alan was right uncle was himself again. "Ah, yes," he said, "you are quite right, my boy, entirely right. I was wondering if you would find it out."

"But I don't understand how there can be any thing left."

"There isn't," said uncle, composedly. "I didn't intend there should be. You may remember that I told you this was applied mathematics—applying principles to every-day transactions were, I think, the words I used. It is nothing uncommon for men to buy more than they can pay for. In this simple problem you have gained an insight into one of the great principles of business life. It is well for you to mingle theory with practice, an excellent idea, indeed."

The paper behind which the face of Alan's mother was hidden was shaking, and there was a look on her face of merriment struggling with mild indignation. Uncle settled back in his chair, laced his fingers again, and realized that he had crawled through a very small hole and saved all the buttons on his waistcoat.

"Let me give you an example, uncle," said Alan, thoughtfully. "Not a made-up one, but one from the book. I'll come to them pretty quick and I would like to know how to do them."

"Er—perhaps you had better wait till you get to them," said uncle. "It is just as well not to cross a bridge—" Just then the eyes of Alan's mother appeared over the top of the paper and looked straight into uncle's. That gentleman cleared his throat and said, hastily: "All right, my boy, all right; let's have it."

Alan turned the leaves of his arithmetic and then read:

"A father left his eldest son three-sevenths of his estate, his youngest son four-sevenths of the remainder, and his daughter the remainder, who received $1,723¾ less than the youngest son; what was the value of the estate?"

"Please read that over again," said uncle, nervously. Alan did so.

"Well, the first thing to do," said uncle, "is to find out what is the value of the estate."

"That's the last thing in the book."

"Eh? I am afraid I did not understand the example. You should learn to read more plainly, young sir."

Alan read the example again and uncle said:

"Oh, yes, I see. Please get me some paper and a pencil; you might get several sheets of paper so we will be sure to have enough." While Alan was getting the paper uncle said: "You don't mind my lighting a pipe, do you, Mary? I can always work better when I'm smoking. It's a habit I acquired in college. It seems to brighten my reasoning faculties."

"Not at all," sweetly said the lady addressed. "I believe the reasoning faculties should be as bright as possible."

Uncle did not say any thing in reply; in fact, it was some time before he uttered a word. Then he looked up from a sheet of paper crowded with figures and said, impatiently: "There never was an estate in the world divided in such an idiotic fashion. A man who would make such a will would be declared insane in any court on earth, and the will would be broken."

"Perhaps that is pure mathematics," suggested a voice behind the paper.

Uncle broke his pencil point in some way just then, and when Alan sharpened it he got up on his knees in the chair, with his feet tucked under him, and took a fresh sheet of paper. When that was nearly covered he said: "There, there's your answer; $1,234 9-77, and a pretty small estate that is to put into an arithmetic."

"Why, uncle," said Alan, "I don't see how that can be, for the daughter got $1,723¾."

"What kind of an arithmetic is this, any way?" growled uncle. "It's an outrage to make such books. When I was a boy we had sensible school books and—"

"That is your old arithmetic, Robert," said the lady behind the paper. "When I found they were using that kind, I told Alan he might as well take yours as to buy a new one."

Uncle got down from his chair, walked slowly around the table, climbed up again.

"Is that to change your luck, uncle?" asked Alan. "They say it will do it."

"Mary," said uncle, indignantly, "you ought not to let Alan get such vulgar superstitions into his head. Mathematics, sir, are not to be conquered by luck."

Fresh sheets of paper were taken and a maze of figures grew under uncle's hand. Around the edge of her paper Alan's mother saw experiments in proportion, alligation, arithmetical progression, and here and there a dash of algebra. The domain of mathematics was ransacked from center to circumference, and victory came at last. "That estate," said uncle, impressively, "was worth exactly $2,111 13-32," and he said it in the tone of a man ready to fight if his word was disputed.

"I presume that is right," said Alan. "Any way, that is the answer in the book. Now here is an easy one—at least, our teacher says it is easy," and he read:

"If 80 men in 21 days, by working 10 hours a day, can dig a trench 20 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 12 feet deep, when the ground is called 3 degrees of hardness, how many men in 35 days, by working 8 hours a day, can dig another trench 45 feet long, 16 feet wide, and 18 feet deep, when the ground is estimated at 5 degrees of hardness?"

As step by step the features of this problem were presented to uncle, that gentleman slipped further down into his chair. When the voice of the reader stopped, he looked like nothing in the world so much as Grandfather Smallweed, if that amiable old person could be imagined as deprived of even the presence of the "Brimstone Cat!" The eyes of Alan's mother appeared over the paper and the abject appeal they saw in uncle's eyes could not be resisted.

"Alan," she said, "it is your bedtime. Uncle is tired."

Alan gathered up his books, kissed his mother, bade the figure in the chair good-night, and said cheerfully: "We'll try pure mathematics next time, uncle."
—N. Y. Sun.

"Society" Disappearing.

In this democratic nineteenth century, "society," in the old and aristocratic sense of the term, is disappearing. People of a certain class and certain means do certain things at certain times because other people of the same class and the same means do likewise. There is a universal tendency toward the equalization of luxury and of the exterior manifestations of refinement. Social habits are formed on the models established by two or three great centers of civilization, and all the life that you find elsewhere is a more or less pale reflection of the real article. With the increase of facilities of communication originality of all kinds decreases, and the search for local color becomes more and more hopeless.—Theodore Child, in Harper's Magazine.

—Tooth In.—Maud—"I have such a terrible pain in one of my teeth, but I am afraid to have it drawn." Cholly—"Why don't you have it photographed?"
—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

VON MOLTKE PLAYED CHESS

His Great Game with the Champion of Egypt.

It is not in authentic history that Moltke was in Egypt a second time but Egyptian tradition has it that shortly after the battle of Nizib he mysteriously appeared in Cairo, did a deed that rendered him as famous there as all his great subsequent battles, and then suddenly disappeared as inexplicably as he came. Suleiman Pasha, not the geat one, but the commander of artillery at Nizib, the tradition says, sat one warm afternoon at a little chess table in a cafe on the river.

He was a remarkable chess player, the champion of Egypt, and every afternoon he might be found before the little chess table in the cafe on the river with another General, the only foeman worthy of him in all Egypt, opposite him. On this particular afternoon his wonted opponent was tardy. The commander of artillery dozed over the table and occasionally muttered his impatience to the other officers who sat around him at respectful distances. There was a quick, firm step on the other side of the little chess table. Suleiman Pasha looked up and saw before him a tall, spare man, with a bare, bony face. The man saluted and said:

"Pasha, I challenge you to a game of chess."

The Pasha sat up to express his astonishment, and the officers crowded forward.

"Well, how much do you wish to play for?"

"As you will. Perhaps one hundred ducats."

The Pasha nodded, the stranger sat down and the game began. The Pasha played with tremendous earnestness, for it was his opinion that chess and war required exactly similar tactics, and that in every game of chess, therefore, his military reputation was at stake. Move after move, and the stranger seemed to be hard pressed. His case became more desperate, apparently, with every minute, and the officers ceased to crane their necks toward the little table.

"Two moves more and he is beaten," one of them said.

"Pasha," commented the stranger, in a hard voice, "twelve more moves will finish you."

The officers who had turned away came back and counted anxiously. One—two—three—four—five—the Pasha undoubtedly getting into trouble. Six—seven—eight—nine—ten—the stranger had control of the board. Eleven—twelve, and checkmate.

Suleiman Pasha leaned back, looked over his antagonist and reflected.

"I think," he began, questioningly, "that I have observed strategy of that kind before. It was carried out by a man from the north, a German, on the field of Nizib, and had not Hafiz Pasha disturbed his plans the history of the battle would have been different.

Suleiman Pasha scrutinized the face of his vis-a-vis. It was expressionless. Then he continued:

"There is only one man in the world who can make such a plan—only one man in the world who knows such combinations—and he is Moltke."

The stranger rose, saluted and said: "I am Moltke." He was not seen in Cairo afterward.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

THE SONOMA VALLEY.

Named So by the Indians Because It Has Seven Moons.

There have been many explanations offered in times past as to why the name of Sonoma was given to this valley by the native tribes of Indians who, upon the advent of the white man over one hundred years ago, peopled this section by thousands. Of course we all know that Sonoma valley in aboriginee means "Valley of the Moon," but just why that name was bestowed upon it is another question, and one, too, which we believe has never been satisfactorily answered.

Recently in talking to an aged Indian who has resided on the old Nick Carrigan ranch for many years, and was an old man when General Vallejo settled in Sonoma fifty years ago, and must now be something over one hundred years of age, he stated the reason the valley was called Sonoma was because it had "heep muchee moon" (translated into good English, many moons). Further inquiry developed the fact that between the town of Sonoma and the Bella Vista vineyards, a distance of four or five miles, the moon, when it is full, can be seen by the traveler to rise seven times in succession over the mountains in the east, owing to their peculiar formation. This phenomenon has been witnessed by many old residents in the early evening at the rising of the full moon. This, no doubt, had been observed by the Indians, and hence the name: "Valley of the Moon."—Sonoma Index-Tribune.

The Work of the Honey Bee.

The honey bee has long been a type of the industrious worker, but there are few people who know how much labor the sweet hoard of the hive represents. Each head of clover contains about sixty distinct flower-tubes, each of which contains a portion of sugar not exceeding the five-hundreth part of a grain. Some enthusiast who has watched the bees' movements concludes that the proboscis of the insect must therefore be inserted into five hundred clover-tubes before one grain of sugar can be obtained. There are seven thousand grains in a pound; and, as honey contains three-fourths of its weight of dry sugar, each pound of honey represents two and a half million clover-heads sucked by bees.—Youth's Companion.

The Fool Near at Hand.

He—Fanny Brown is engaged. Guess who to.

She—What! That stupid, snub-nosed, common little creature? Who on earth is going to be fool enough to marry her?

He—Well—er—that ith—I am.—Life.

Apparently Not.

Cumso—I've noticed that the Italian women in New York never wear hats or bonnets on the streets.

Mrs. Cumso—Dear me. Are their lives worth living?—Judy.

NOTHING BUT CRANKS.

The Peculiar People a Barber Has to Deal With.

"Cranks in barber-chairs?" said the barber, letting down the head-rest and tucking in the towel, thousands of 'em. There isn't one man in a thousand who comes into this shop who has not his own notion about the way I should cut his hair, trim his beard or handle a razor on his face.

"Not too close? All right, sir.

"Now, there's the man who thinks that the barber is going to miss a single hair somewhere on his face. It is a mania with him. He insists upon getting up and looking into the mirror. He feels of his face carefully. He asks you to go over it again; he——

"Only once? All right, sir.

"There's the man who thinks that he chews his mustache, and wants me to trim the split hairs. Another one knows that his hair is stubborn, and makes me cut it in one direction. It wouldn't be a bit stubborn if he allowed me to follow it, but he looks solemn and tells me that he has struggled with that head of hair for forty-two years. He——

"No powder? All right, sir.

"Then there's the man who detests bay-rum. He isn't so bad, though, as the man who always takes a dry shampoo.

"'Other kind always gives me a cold,' he says.

"'When your head is carefully dried?' I say.

"'Can't stand having my head wet,' he says.

"'Ever try a good shampoo?' I say.

"'No, sir,' he says; 'don't you suppose I know whether or not I am subject to colds?'

"Don't twist your mustache? All right, sir. Now, that's funny. The man who just got out of the chair before you took it always has his curled. When I say:

"'Have it curled, sir?' he says:

"'I don't know; what d' ye think?'

"'Needs it, sir.'

"'Oh, all right.'

"But if I forget to ask him he gets mad and forgets to tip me. That's the way. You see—

"Comb it straight down? All right, sir.

"You see, they're all different. One man says:

"'Cut it square across the front. I've got a little bald spot there.'

"Hasn't any bald spot at all. Wants it banged, but doesn't like to say so.

"What's that? Too near the middle? All right, sir.

"One man who comes in here always brushes his own hair when I get through with him. He thinks no one else can do it as he does.

"'Old trick of mine,' he says; 'took me years to learn it. Some day I'll show you.' He—

"How's that? Your chin? Oh, yes, a little alum will do that.

"I was saying there's the man who——

"No brilliantine on your mustache? Cosmetic? No? All right, sir.

"This man I started to tell you about. He——

"Little powder on your nose. All right, sir. Thank, you, sir. Come in some day again and I'll tell you more about 'em. I've just got started on 'em. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a——. Good day, sir."—N. Y. Tribune.

THE CHINESE DECK.

Playing-Cards of the Almond-Eyed Celestial.

The Chinese name for a card considered singly or as one of the parts of a pack is shen, or "fan," a most evident reference to the manner of holding cards spread open like a fan, which is common to all nations.

The shape and size of the Chinese card are peculiar. They are printed in black on a thin cardboard. The backs are sometimes bright crimson, and sometimes black or yellow, and they are the shape and size of a finger. Some of them are little more than half an inch broad by three incher long, and others are one inch wide by three and a half long. The pips and court cards are always printed in black on a white back-ground, and on the characters printed in red. In some packs the cards have animals, such as horses and deer, represented upon them; while in others character which may mean the names only of the animals are written above the pips. The cards are rounded at the top and bottom, and at the upper end a small portion is left blank, as if to hold them conveniently and allow of their being spread or "fanned" out, showing the whole of the pictured surface, the blank space being held under the thumb and fingers. Strangly enough, this blank space being at the top instead of at the bottom of the card, it would seem that they should be held by the top and spread out in exactly the reverse way customary among Europeans. The tiny cards are so narrow and so small that they might well be held concealed by the palm of the hand, which could effectually cover them and prevent the shape of the pips being seen through the thin cardboard or the number of the cards being counted by the opponent.

The Chinese have another name for their cards, and this is Wat-pi, but it seems to be the name given to different games, as they also call queer-looking tablets on which round dots are placed in regular order, and which resemble our dominos by the same name.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—As is well known, certain chemical reactions are accelerated by sunlight; but Herr Bruhl, a German chemist, has recently intensified the effect by placing the retort in the focus of a concave mirror. The vessel contained zinc filings and ethyl iodide, and the mirror, which was about a foot in diameter, concentrated the sun's rays upon it. The reaction soon began and continued briskly till, at the end of a quarter of an hour, the ethyl iodide was all consumed and a good supply of zinc ethyl ultimately obtained. Herr Bruhl considers the concave mirror preferable to a glass lens, which would be less powerful, owing to the athermancy of the glass, so at least it is reported.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—McCormick Theological Seminary has an enrollment of one hundred and eighty students.

—Cornell was the first institution to appoint a professor whose attention should be devoted to American history.

—The Henry Reed, the Baptist mission steamer on the Upper Congo, ran 6,000 miles last year in its missionary work. The American Baptists also have a mission steamer on the Lower Congo, called the Evangel.

—It is stated that the Church of England has raised and expended over $35,000,000 on church building, repairing, etc., during the twenty-five years ending with 1884. The church spends a million dollars yearly on these objects.

—To elevate above the spirit of the age must be regarded as the end of education, and this must stand clearly developed before us ere we mark out the appointed road. The child is not to be educated for the present; for this is done without our aid, unceasingly and powerfully; but for the remote future, and often in opposition to the immediate future.—Jean Paul Richter.

—The London Spectator reports that in the city of Liverpool not less than twenty-five gentlemen and five ladies have become followers of Islam. It appears also that there is a regular Liverpool Moslem Society, whose secretary asks for funds to carry on its work. The intercourse of England with the East thus seems to be developing a reflex influence over European thought.

—Boston now has evening schools for all classes who can not attend the day schools; school-kitchens and sewing-schools for girls attending the day schools; manual training-schools, mainly for boys, in the day schools, and a normal school for the training of teachers. The evening high schools were attended by 1,773 pupils, and 2,651 were enrolled at the elementary evening schools during the past year.

—The American Missionary Association supports in the South 79 schools and 349 teachers, with 13,395 pupils. They also sustain 107 missionaries in 128 churches, with 7,970 members, and 14,492 children in the Sabbath-schools. Amongst the Indians they have 16 schools and 527 scholars, 87 missionaries and teachers, with 9 churches and 430 members. Their Chinese work embraces 16 schools, 33 teachers and 1,310 pupils. The total contribution to this work the last year was $406,038.97.

—The clergyman of all work spoke thus: "It is not an easy life that I have, with writing sermons and preaching them, looking after the deacons and the church work, visiting the sick and conducting services at funerals, watching the Sunday-schools and holding prayer-meetings, listening to the woes of distressed sisters, doing charitable work among the poor and in societies, keeping an eye on the church treasury, guarding the brethren against going astray, and seeing to it that I myself walk steadily in the narrow way, so that I may not forfeit the good opinion of my flock. Some people think that clergymen have an easy life, but I have to work like a blacksmith all the time."
—N. Y. Sun.

PROOF AGAINST POISON.

Animals that Are Insensible to the Effects of Deadly Drugs.

Neither difference of organization in animals nor in the constitution of the poisonous substance generally afford any clew for interpreting an exceptional want of effect. Unaccountable is the immunity of rabbits against belladonna leaves (Atropa belladonna, deadly nightshade). You may feed them with belladonna for weeks without observing the least toxic symptoms. The meat of such animals, however, proves poisonous to any one who eats it, producing the same symptoms as the plant. Pigeons and various other herbivora are also to some degree safe from the effects of this poison, while in warm-blooded carnivora it causes paralysis and asphyxia. In frogs the effect is a different one, consisting of spasms. The meat of goats which had fed on hemlock has sometimes occasioned poisonous effects. Chickens are nearly hardy against nux vomica and the extremely dangerous alkaloid, strychnine, contained in it, while in the smallest amount it is a fatal to rodents. More remarkable yet in this respect is the immunity of Choloepus Hoffmanni, a kind of sloth, living on the island of Ceylon, which, when given ten grains of strychnine, was not much affected. Pigeons are possessed of high immunity from morphine, the chief alkaloid of opium, as well as from belladonna. Eight grains were required to kill a pigeon, not much less than the mortal dose for a man. Cats are extremely sesitive of fox-glove (Digitalis purpurea), which on the contrary may be given to rabbits and various birds in pretty large doses.—W. Bernhardt, in Popular Science Monthly.

South American Vampires.

The original meaning of vampire, which appellation has been given to certain blood-sucking bats, was that it was unusually supposed to be the soul of a dead man who quits the buried body by night to suck the blood of living persons. This belief chiefly prevails in Slavonic lands. It is thought that those who turn vampires are generally wizards, and persons who have come to a violent end, or have been cursed by their parents or by the church. Travelers describe the wounds inflicted by the large sharp-edged incisors of the South American vampire bat as being similar to those caused by a razor when shaving; a portion of the skin is shaved off, and a large number of severed capillary vessels being thus exposed, a constant flow of blood is maintained. From this source the blood is drawn through the exceedingly narrow gullet—too narrow for any thing solid to pass—into the intestine-like stomach, whence it is probably drawn off during the slow process of digestion, while the animal, sated with food, is hanging in a state of torpidity from the roof of its cave or from the inner sides of a hollow tree.—Chicago Tribune.

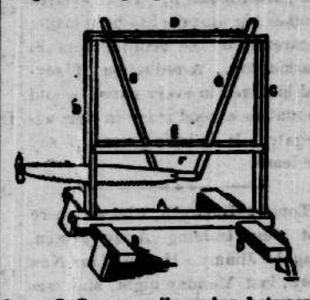
THE FARMING WORLD.

A SAWING MACHINE.

Cut and Description of a Very Valuable Farm Implement.

This device is to enable one person to saw small or large wood with the ease that two can without it. There is no patent on it, and C. N. Bates, of Mesopotamia, O., sends a cut and description of same for the benefit of our readers.

For the bed A get a 4x4 scantling 5 feet 6 inches long, with cross-pieces B B, 2 feet long with pieces of oak boards 1 foot long nailed on the outside of each end for legs. Notches are made in the upper side of each cross-piece for the long bed-pieces to rest in. The rest of the frame is made of strips of lumber 3 inches wide by 1 inch thick. The two uprights at each end of the bed are 6 feet 6 inches long. Strip D across the top is 5 feet 6 inches. Also cross-piece E, which is composed of two strips far enough apart as the two swing



bars, G, G, can easily swing between them. The cross-piece F is two feet long and connects the lower end of the swing-bars G, G, with bolts, and to it in the center is attached the saw with a bolt. The upper ends of the bars G, G, swing on bolts and the rest of the frame is fastened solid with nails and bolts. A common saw-buck or any other similar device can be used to hold the wood to be sawed. Also for holding the stick I use another old worn-out saw, securing one end to any convenient part of the frame, and let it drop into the stick which serves as a dog.

The object of having two swing-bars and connecting them at the bottom is to obviate too much rocking of the saw. The upright H is made of two strips, one nailed on each side of the cross-piece B, so that the saw can pass between them. The other upright C can be made the same or of one piece.—Ohio Farmer.

SOME MILK STATISTICS.

The Tremendous Capital Invested in the Dairy Industry.

The American Analyst says there are $2,000,000,000 invested in the dairy business in this country. That amount is almost double the money invested in banking and commercial industries. It is estimated that it requires 15,000,000 cows to supply the demand for milk and and its products in the United States. To feed these cows 60,000,000 acres of land are under cultivation. The agricultural and dairy machinery and implements are worth $200,000,000. The men employed in the business number 750,000, and the horses over 1,000,000. There are over 12,000,000 horses all told. The cows and horses consume annually 30,000,000 tons of hay and nearly 90,000,000 bushels of corn meal, about the same amount of oat meal, 275,000,000 bushels of oats, 2,000,000 bushels of bran, and 30,000,000 bushels of corn, to to say nothing of the brewery grains, sprouts and other questionable feed of various kinds that are used to a great extent. It costs $45,000,000 to feed these cows and horses. The average price paid to the laborer necessary in the dairy business is probably $30 per month, amounting to $180,000,000 a year. The average cow yields about 450 gallons of milk a year, which gives a total product of 6,750,000,000. Twelve cents a gallon is a fair price to estimate the value of the milk, at a total return to the dairy farmers of $810,000,000, if they sold all their milk as milk. But fifty per cent. of the milk is made into cheese and butter. It takes twenty-seven pounds of milk to make one pound of butter and about ten pounds to make one pound of cheese. There is the same amount of nutrition albuminoids in eight and one-half pounds of milk that there is in one pound of beef. A fat steer furnishes fifty per cent. of boneless beef, but it would require 24,000,000 steers, weighing 1,500 each, to produce the same amount of nutrition as the annual milk product does.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

The fact has recently been mentioned that the Red Dutch currant retains its position as a favorite in the market.

We hardly need say that ice-cold water, or water that is anywhere near that temperature, is not suitable for watering the plants.

Test your seeds sometimes before planting next spring. If everybody would do it it would save thousands of dollars. Plant the seeds in house in a warm place.

A Milwaukee paper says that two million five hundred thousand pounds of grapes were disposed of in that city last fall. Yes, and most of them were grown in the East.

There is complaint in certain quarters about the abuse of the Russian apples by horticultural writers. They should not be condemned in ignorance, certainly, but our advice is, as it always has been, to go slow on them.

Don't plant strawberries between the rows of young fruit trees, for the late cultivation of the strawberries will cause the fruit trees to take on a new growth to their injury. That is the experience given by a writer in a contemporary.

Which is the best for strawberry culture, hills or the matted row? asks a correspondent. The matted row, as a rule. It depends upon the variety. Few of our varieties do as well in the hill as in the matted row. The Wilson can be grown in the hill, so can the Jucunda.

MANAGEMENT OF SHEEP.

The Experience of a Flockmaster Who Has Been Successful.

I have had the care of sheep and raised sheep since I was twelve years of age. I am thirty-five years past and have kept them in almost every way you could imagine.

The first winter we had sheep, we kept them in a straw pen seven feet high, thirty feet square, with gate at south end, with God's green earth for floor and blue sky and clouds for roof. This was for fifty sheep. They came out all right in the spring. Of course it took more feed to keep them; fed them fodder and corn on cob, and hay for dinner.

The next winter we used a log house, twenty feet square. Fed shelled corn and oats mixed, hay in racks, and fodder for dinner; with about one quart of oats and corn for each sheep. We found that that was too warm, so I made sheep stable of boards, thirty feet square, with racks for hay and with loft above for hay.

I now feed corn and cob. I grind in a common one-horse grinder, and mix with oats. I find that they keep in good order and do well. Last fall my cows and sheep grazed on meadow till last of November, and I had a good crop of hay off it. That is one advantage in keeping sheep. It does away with mice in meadows, and bumble bees, that are so troublesome to teams.

For twenty-five sheep you must give them shed room no less than twenty feet square, with racks on two sides, or make it in length and not so wide. I have mine on west of barn till cold weather, then change to a barn shed for lambs to be dropped. Lambs can stand cold weather after they are three days old without much care.

A good sheep-house can be built cheaply by taking the south side of the barn; one side of it is made and 700 feet of third-class lumber will make the rest. Have four windows, to let in sunlight; for a barn that is fifty feet long make twelve feet wide, with rack for forty sheep. Of course you must consider the kind of sheep and size. I have always kept the Shropshire and Southdowns. I believe they pay the best.

A rack may be made of woven pickets; fasten to side of the barn, then take fence boards and make a box below the rack that will catch all seeds and fine hay, so there will be no waste.

It seems strange so many are without sheep. Some say: "I would not be bothered with them," while others have no pasture for them. I say, all farmers could keep some sheep to their gain.—Cor. Farm, Field and Stockman.

STRAIGHTEN THE GATES.

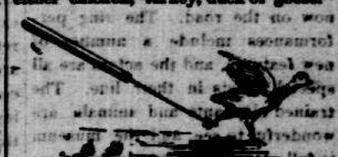
How to Keep Farms From Having a Shiftyly Appearance.

In riding through the country I frequently pass good farms that have a way-down appearance. The barn doors are off their hinges, wire fences loosened just enough for stock to pass through or over, and sheds out of repair. But when I think of my place as it looked ten years ago I believe it looked worse than my neighbors', though I flatter myself it looks better now. Some things which look badly on the farm are the results of chance. For instance, having a stack of hay near a fence in the pasture, I have turned the fence about the stack and left it to be straightened when I had more time. I have now but one crooked fence. I have made a movable fence of lumber and wire. The panels have three wires for stock and five for hogs. The top and bottom bars project at either end and are secured by a triangular piece as shown in the engraving, for the wire fence I have made iron bars of 1¼ inch tubing 6 feet long with holes at proper distances to pass through the wires. This is for temporary fencing. When I take down a wire fence I have a windlass made on a wagon something like a cultivator frame with the tongue in front so I can wind up the wire in a short time. It will reel up four miles an hour. To prevent the doors and gates coming off as formerly I use a pair of bolts, one in the bottom hinge and another through the top hinge in the hole nearest the joint.—J. F. True, in Farm and Home.

A POULTRY CATCHER.

A Simple Contrivance That Solves the Work Every Time.

It frequently happens that it is desirable to catch a member of the poultry family in the daytime. By the simple instrument figured herewith it is an easy matter to hook just above the foot either chicken, turkey, duck or goose.



HANDY POULTRY CATCHER.

The foot will not slip through the hook, so the creature is held easily. The handle should be ten feet long. The hook of No. 9 wire may be a foot or two long, with the hook six to eight inches long. It should form an acute angle and gradually widen. Be firm support the one. Hook it around the leg of the fowl to be caught, draw it towards you, at the same time letting it drop to the foot of the bird. The foot will not pass through it if the hook is as best as to secure the right taper.—Orange Judd Farmer.

We have been asked several times lately if we advise blackberry culture. Generally speaking we would say: The blackberry can hardly be said to be a favorite in the market, and if grown at all, a good many varieties should be used to growth, that prove to be the earliest.—Western Rural.