

FIELD AND FARM.

Plowing Under Clover.

A New York State correspondent writes to the Country Gentleman: "Plowing under clover or wheat is still largely practiced in this section, with the difference that now it is mostly cut off and plowed, and only the roots, with the heads, cannot be mowed, turn under, or plowed. The fact about the recently cut clover hay may not generally be known, but that so long as the clover is standing the soil will be as hard as a brick, and almost unworkable; but if plowed within three or four days after the clover has been removed the soil will turn up with comparative ease. I have noticed no instances of this within the month, and it is a fact which I have never before seen recorded. That the mass of clover foliage should dry so rapidly is not strange. The next piece of the puzzle is that after this foliage has been removed, without any rain, the soil should become friable and comparatively moist. It may be that the process of plowing water from the subsoil, which with full foliage is at once evaporated, goes on with little interruption for a week after the foliage is removed. The surface roots will thus be made very spongy, just as the sap exudes from the joints of vigorous trees cut in spring before the flow of sap has begun. Probably the effect in helping the plowing by moving the summer foliage would not be the same with plants not having the deep roots of clover. The experiments of Voeckler have shown that clover makes the best preparation for the second crop of hay is removed. The soil is then richer in fermenting material than at any previous stage of clover growth. It is its beneficial effects on the soil that makes it so good a preparation for wheat. The foliage plants with roots near the surface are of little value."

Making a Sow Own Her Pigs.

A writer in the Husbandman says that he had a Chester White sow about ready to drop her pigs. So that day he made it his business to keep a close watch of her. As soon as the first pig came she flew at it, and if it had not been for him and a club which he had, she would have killed it instantly, but he got it away from her and as fast as she came she tried to kill them. He managed to save all but one of them, a pig of eight. After she was through he went to get her to lie down and let the pig suck, but she would not have a pig near her. So what to do with them he did not know. He had heard to get a sow drunk would make her own pigs, but never had any faith in it, so he resolved to try the experiment. He got a pint of alcohol and put it in four quarts of sour milk and stirred one pint of corn meal and turned it into her trough; she ate it and in about thirty minutes was dead drunk. He lifted her out as he wanted her and then she lay down beside her, and they were all down beside her and went to sleep. He got up and left them for the night, but went to bed (it was then ten o'clock) expecting to find a live pig in the morning. But, to his surprise, he found them all alive and happy as clams, and he was proud of them as any sow could be.

Famous Poultry Farms.

A famous poultry farm at Lancaster, Mass., is described by a correspondent of the Country Gentleman. It owned by A. C. Hawkins, and he calculates to have about 8,000 fowls every year, and carries over 2,500 laying hens through the winter. At the present time he has 12,000, including all sizes, and the farm contains 25 acres, and his poultry buildings occupy an acre and a half. They are situated on the south slope of a hill, and comprise six or seven sheds, each in length. Each shed is divided into apartments of 12 by 20 feet, and about 25 hens are kept in each division. The birds are made in front of each apartment, so that the members of each are themselves. Mr. Hawkins believes that if confined poultry have all their needs attended to, they will do as well in egg production as if allowed free range. He bases this belief upon several years. In hatching time he sets 200 eggs on one day, and puts 500 eggs in an incubator, which is due to hatch on the same day, the chickens from which are distributed among the 200 hens. This is one of the best methods for raising prices for eggs and poultry, and for the sale of fowls and eggs for hatching. The prices are large, about 90 per cent. being profit. He also has a standard for 40 to 50 dozens of eggs daily, and he says the highest market price. Mr. Hawkins began at the age of 20 with 100 hens and, by careful management and economy, his business has increased so that, at the age of 29, he is a very handsome income. The trade from the poultry is quite an item; last year 500 barrels at \$1.50 each.

Farming Notes.

Dr. G. M. Smith should raise at least the weight of an acre of corn fodder for every cow, to help the pasture through the winter season.

The Houdan stands at the head of the fowls in eggs, and for the sake of the birds, and the smaller ones. They are lively, sprightly, handsome, and the chicks mature early.

The advantage of an ensilage crop is that it makes the farmer independent of the market. Drilled corn or sugar cane which is injured by dry weather, if the weight is slightly lessened, it is much better than the smaller ones. The stalks will remain nearly as good in the silo after being thoroughly pressed.

In his "Small Fruit Cultivist," he does not believe that there is one better than another in a thousand, and that what it would be if the ground were properly prepared before planting."

The dead leaves on squash vines should be carefully removed and burned. They are mainly infested with the eggs of the squash bug, and the first leaves that appear are of no use as soon as they are removed, and are then sure to wither and die.

The feet and legs of horses require more care than the rest of the body. They must not be allowed to stand in filth and moisture, and in grooming a horse the feet and legs must be as thoroughly brushed and cleaned as the coat.

Experiments have proved that many of the most wholesome food for any of the domestic animals. Disease and death have been directly traced to its use. When fed to poultry, chicken cholera, or some disease resembling it was the result. Cows to which it was fed gave little milk, and cows that were as well as those in the same pasture which had no grain; swine fed upon it failed to grow or fatten; and horses were not injured by it, and they escaped because they would not eat it.

Iron Rusts and Mildew.

Correspondents of the Boston Transcript furnish the following recipes for removing iron rust and mildew stains: Powdered chalk and soft soap applied to mildew (in linen or cotton goods) and laid on the grass in the sunshine will remove it. Repeat if the first application is not effectual. This remedy has never failed me.

Iron rust may be completely removed from white goods by lemon juice and a warm iron. Place the smoothing iron in the lap, lay the stained part on the face of the iron, and squeeze the lemon juice on the stain; continue to wet it as the heat dries it, and in a short time the rust will disappear.

Dissolve two heaping tablespoonfuls of chloride of lime in half a pint of boiling water; strain, and plunge the mildewed article in while hot; stir constantly until cool, and rinse in plenty of cold water.

I have tried for removing mildew from linens with success, both of the following recipes:

1. Take equal parts of lemon juice, salt, dry starch and soft soap. Rub on the goods thickly, and lay on the grass exposed to a hot sun all day. The mildew will then wash out.

2. Buy at the chemist's five cents worth of lime or get it where they are building a house. Dissolve it in two quarts of cold water. Then wash. The mildew will have disappeared. It will not injure the finest linen.

I have tried the above recipes on white goods only, and I have found them equally efficacious for iron rust, by a longer application.

Chloride of soda will remove mildew in its worst stage; after stains are removed, rinse thoroughly in water.

Salt a Good Thing.

Some of those superstitious individuals who are constantly denouncing as unfit for human food articles on which mankind has thrived for centuries, have now discovered that salt is a dreadful thing to take into one's stomach, and declare their intention of abandoning its use. To these persons the London Lancet devotes a paragraph, doubtless fearing that, unless promptly suppressed, they will organize a society and hold annual conventions. "Common salt," says the Lancet, "is the most widely distributed substance in the body; it exists in every fluid and in every solid; and not only is it every where present, but in almost every part it constitutes the largest portion of the mass. When any tissue is burnt, in particular it is a constant constituent of the blood, and it maintains in it a proportion that is almost wholly independent of the quantity that is consumed with the food. The blood will take up so much and no more, however much we may take with our food; and on the other hand, if none be given, the blood parts with its natural quantity slowly and unwillingly. Salt, being wholesome, and indeed necessary, should be taken in moderate quantities, and abstention from it is likely to be injurious."

To Be Read in the Kitchen.

CORN SYSTEMS.—Grate twelve ears of sweet corn, add two well beaten eggs, a pinch of salt and two teaspoonfuls of white sugar. Drop in hot lard and fry brown. A tablespoonful of the mixture will equal an oyster in size.

OMELET.—Beat the yolks and whites of eight eggs separately until light, then beat together; add a little salt and one tablespoonful of cream. Have in one omelet pan a piece of butter; when the butter is boiling pour in the omelet, and shake until it begins to stiffen, and then set it brown. Fold double and serve hot.

BEAN SALAD.—Cover the bottom of your salad-dish with cold, boiled potatoes, sliced thin; over this spread a layer of cold baked or boiled beans, and above this a layer of onions, sliced very thin; salt and pepper each layer; beat a piece of butter the size of a walnut in sufficient vinegar to cover the salad and pour over it white hot.

TOMATO CHOWDER.—Slice a peck of green tomatoes, six green peppers, and four onions, strew a teaspoon of salt over them. In the morning turn off the water, and put them in a kettle with vinegar enough to cover them, a teaspoon of sugar, one of grated horseradish, a tablespoonful of cloves, allspice, and cinnamon, each. Boil until soft.

SOCOTASH.—Cut the corn from twelve ears. Take one-third the quantity of lima beans; put the beans to cook in water enough to cover them; cook one-half hour, then add the corn, with a large spoonful of white sugar, a good sized piece of butter and salt and pepper to suit.

CHEAM PIE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, two eggs (save the white of one for frosting), one teaspoonful cream of tartar and one-half cup of flour.

dissolved in the milk. Bake in layers, and spread between them when cold the cream made of one-half pint of milk to which, when boiling, add one egg, well beaten, with one-half cup of sugar, and one-fourth cup of flour. Let it thicken, stirring constantly, and when cold flavor with one teaspoonful of any extract. If you wish to frost the top, use the white of one egg, one cup of powdered sugar, and one teaspoonful of the same extract as is used in the cream.

FENCIBLES OF LAMB.—Take a breast of lamb and cut it into pieces about two inches square. Put the pieces into a saucpan with a quarter onion, three or four cloves, a bay-leaf and one tablespoonful of butter; cover the saucpan closely and let it steam gently half an hour, shaking it occasionally.

A DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE AND BREAD FEEDING is made by following this rule: Dry and grate two coffee cups of bread, or break into fine crumbs until you have this quantity; mix with twelve tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate and bread. When it has cooled a little add the beaten yolks of four eggs, with sugar to your taste. A little vanilla is also always an addition to the unflavored chocolate. Put this in a boiling dish and bake for one hour. When done, spread the whites of the four eggs over the top, having first beaten them stiff and added two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar to them. Set back in the oven and brown slightly.—N. Y. Post.

PRIZE FIGHTERS.

Ben Hogan's Experiences in the Ring and Recollections of Pugilists.

From the Chicago News.

You want to know how much damage prize fighting does to the human anatomy? Do you? said Ben Hogan, the evangelist prize fighter. "Well, take a look at me. I am in much better condition than I was when I reformed, three and a half years ago, but I estimate that my vitality is only fifty per cent. of what it would have been if I had never been a fighter. The shocks and bruises that a man gets in the ring hurt him more ten years afterward than they do when he gets them. I have been terribly beat on the head in my time, and those old wounds reopen regularly once a year. When I was 25 years old I was so strong and healthy that nothing could fire me. I used to think that a man was simply a fool who got tired. But at present, when I ought by rights to be still stronger, it worries me even to stand on a platform and talk."

"They die prematurely of weakness and disease brought on by their injuries. In fact, they die at or about the time when, if they had not been prize-fighters, they would have been at the prime of life. Charley Gallagher died at the age of 30, of consumption, caused by an injury received in his fight with Davis. Davis fell on him, planting his knee in his upper left breast. Brandy bears the blame of killing Tom Sayers, but, in my opinion, he died of the injuries inflicted by John C. Heenan. Heenan jumped off a train and hurt himself and some lay the blame of premature death on that accident, but he died of consumption, produced, in my opinion, by over-training, and by the punishment he got in his fight with Sayers and King. John Morrissey's death is laid on Bright's kidneys, but he had stood beating enough to kill ten men, and I believe that it was killed him. Yankee Sullivan is said to have been killed by a vigilance committee, but the truth is that he went crazy from injuries to his head he had received, and committed suicide by opening an artery. Fatsy Gordon, one of the grandest men physically that ever lived, died at 30, a complete physical and mental wreck. Bobbi die died the same way, the very flesh dropping off his sinews. Joe Womble died in a Montreal insane asylum. And so they go, all of them dying at what ought to be the prime of life."

"What do you think of the effects of the training that prize-fighters undergo, when they are going to fight?"

"It is possible to overdo it, and then it is an injury. But these seldom happens. Generally it is very beneficial, and it is a great pity that everybody isn't trained the same way. If I had gone into training at 16 years of age and never left it until I died, I would have lived 100 years, without doubt. I am a great advocate of physical training, and think boxing a good exercise, though somewhat objectionable on account of being a sort of temptation to fighting."

"What do you think of the immoral tendencies of prize-fighting?"

"Is the ill-health of fighters due to the pounding they get or to dissipation?"

"It is due to both, and to one about as much as another. But the terrible bodily injuries they receive are beyond dispute. The worst injuries are not always those which knock a man out of his senses, like Sullivan's last blow at Ryan. It is evident that that blow landed on the jugular vein. This is a well understood and much coveted blow among prize-fighters, not because it permanently disables a man, but because it makes him insensible so long that his own sense come to him. Severe bruises about the chest and ribs are much more apt to result in permanent injury."

"How do prize-fighters die, as far as your observation goes?"

"As to the moral and depraving effects of prize-fighting there is no difference of opinion, I suppose, though I may know its effects more particularly than most people. Just as quarreling leads to fighting, so fighting leads to quarreling and hatred. It is useless to say that people ever fight without hating each other. The very passions of the pit rage among sporting people, and especially among fighters. They begin with their fists, but they soon get past that, and they begin to use knives and pistols. Now, if all this isn't the devil's own work, what is it? There is little enough love among men already, heaven knows, without calling it sport to main a man for life, and teaching the young that the greatest accomplishment is to draw each other's blood and wring out each other's eyes."

"Are you speaking from experience?"

"Yes. When I was a prize-fighter I always had a fight on hand, whether it was in the ring or not. I was always hating and hated, and there was scarcely a day when my life was safe. The business made me unutterably wretched, and debased me in every possible way. Would that there were an end of it!"

MEAD GRANGER.

Mead Granger is still in delicate health. A \$700 house was dismissed in Denver because she was too ill to appear.

A BASEBALL BALLAD.

J. Smith is dead. That fine young man
We never shall see him more;
He was a member of our club,
Since 1864.
His private virtues were immense,
His manner free and bluff;
He wore a paper collar, and
Was never known to fume,
He rarely took a drink more strong
Than lemonade or pop;
He hated drunkards, and was a
Magnificent short-stop.
His nose was Roman and his eyes
Continually were peered;
He made a splendid umpire, and
A beautiful left field.
His hair was red and shingled close,
Much sunburned was his face;
Continually were peered;
Than on the second base.
Being a man he had his faults,
As likewise have we all;
He felt a preference for the New
York regulation ball.
Though not a matrimonial man,
He dearly loved a match,
And, like his sisters, had but few
Superiors on the catch.
He had a noble mind, as eke
A very "apple writ";
As he pitched he gave the ball
His own peculiar twist.
Of politics and church affairs
He held restricted views;
His feet were usually increased
By canvas, hob-nailed shoes.
But his person, with his and ours
Forever he is done;
He broke his heart and hurt his spleen
In making a home run.
His body we have planned now,
The angels reached up heaven down,
And took him on the fly.
—Burlington Hawkeye.

JACK'S VIGIL.

Jack Barr settled his tarpaulin a trifle more jauntily on his head; took a last preparatory puff at his pipe; and sonorously cleared his voice and began: "Widys," he said reflectively, gazing at the well filled bowl of the pipe; "widys are a wonderful institution there's something about a widy that thain't about any other created woman. To put it poetically, gentleman," looking from his pipe to his auditors, "the widy is like a rose. In the rose you'd call it a perfume, in the widy a charm. You take the rose and smell of it, and you can't, for the life of you, say what makes it the queen of flowers. You can only say it's a rose. A—"

"Hear, hear!" shouted Jack's auditors uproariously.

Jack raised his pipe to his lips with serene satisfaction, indulging in a placid whiff till the noisy demonstration came to an end.

Quiet restored, Jack resumed: "I repeat my last words. You can only say it's a rose. So, gentleman, it is with the widy. That something about her in nameless. Afar or a-near you feel it, but you only say—its the widy."

"Hi, hi!" responded the audience.

Jack took another puff and somewhat sadly continued: "Gentlemen, we have so far had the widy in general; now we'll take the widy particular—my widy. Gentleman, she was as clear as timber, a craft as ever set sail for a husband. Her eyes were as blue as the ocean, her lips like two coral banks, and her teeth and skin like the solid sea foam; not a speck on the whiteness of either. And the color of her cheek! Bless you! no rose ever equalled it; while her chestnut brown hair was enough to entangle the soul of—well, of a sailor! It got me."

Well, the upshot of my ensnaring was that I took board with her. She kept a neat, handy girl, and nobody ever had a nicer home. The longer I stayed the more I swore it should be mine forever, and the widy with it. I didn't lose any time, but set straight in to courting, and with very good success. Mrs. Merribew soon acknowledged that I was the man for her and the thing was settled.

But, about two weeks before the banns were to be published, I began to notice Mrs. Merribew looked worried, and a little more worried every day. For ten days or so she put me off. At last she told me all about her trouble.

"I'm an orderly woman, you know, Jack," she said.

"Such another don't live!" I cried.

"Well, Jack," she answered, "there's a chest, pointing to one across the room, all done up fanciful in chintz—there's a chest that won't stay in order one night. First I accused Mary Ann (the girl) of meddling with it. She must have, she was so mad, and I soon found I was all wrong. But who was at my chest every blessed night, and who is?—There ain't a thing in it but old bills and papers; they are of no use to me, but I often look over them, and they ain't of use to any other living soul! Jack, I tell you what I think."

"Well?"

"I think the chest's bewitched! And Mary Ann thinks so too, and threatens to go if I don't burn it! As true as you live, Jack, I put that chest in apple pie order every night, and every night it's turned topsy-turvy. I lock it and put the keys under my pillow, and lock and bolt the door, and screw down the windows—it's all the same, the chest is a sight the next morning!"

The widy first looked at me with eyes as big as saucers and then she did something better; she threw her arms around my neck. Naturally we wondered of from the chest then; but before bedtime we got back to it, and we agreed that I was to sit there in the dark, keeping close in a corner away from the chest; if I heard nothing I was to do nothing; if I heard a rustling among the papers I was to strike a match and look into it; that all fixed, the widy left me looking as happy as an angel.

But somehow I felt pretty queer when she left me alone with the grim demon; it wasn't a bit like knowing what you were going to meet, and meeting it under a good light. I had my own ideas about witches and they wasn't pleasant ideas; I began to see eyes glowering at me through the dark, and to hear hands touching my neck; and to hear whispering voices and soft hissing laughs

all over the room. I stuck it out till the clock struck twelve, and then I stayed in to the witches. I wouldn't a stayed in that room another hour for two widys—no, not for a dozen!

With that in my mind I started up to run. But bless you, when I got up I couldn't run! My legs and my feet were froze stiff; there was no more run in me than the ch-est! Just as I got up on my feet there was a soft rustling sound at the door and then a horrid rustling of something moving in the dark.

I had been frightened thinking of the witch, but I was more frightened with these! I heard the thing go to the chest; I heard the lock turn; I heard the lid go up; I heard the papers rustle. I would have run then, for my legs began to feel a little alive by that time, but I was afraid to go in the dark; the matches were in my hand, I drew one across my coat sleeve; it was very bad rustling, but very quiet as it blew up!

"I didn't dare to look at the chest till I'd got the candle lighted, for fear I'd let the match drop and be again in the dark. If I had, I think I'd gone into a fit."

"Mighty sirs! the things I had thought of were nothing to what presently faced me. After the candle was lighted I raised it over my head and looked at the chest. In front of it stood something that drew me to it almost without my knowledge.

"It was a woman I saw; but what kind of a woman I never guessed till I got to the end of the chest where I could see the face. As I looked at that I felt my hair rise and my flesh creep. The face was completely covered by a dirty white kid mask, with holes for the eyes, nostrils and mouth, and tied behind the gray, frowzy head with two dirty muslin strings. The hands were covered with dirty white kids, and were throwing the papers in the chest hither and yon as if hunting for something.

"Directly, something about the gown she wore made me burst out with a word that wasn't good. It seems to me I had seen that gown! And then came to me that I'd seen the gown on the same person. I set the candle down in a hurry and made a dive for the woman."

As I did so she raised herself up and looked at me with her cold stony eyes. I shivered and fell back. But the next minute I had her by the arm.

"I'm going to see under this kid, I shouted.

The woman seemed to tremble all over. But I didn't wait to see what the trembling meant. I got hold of the kid and peeled it off!"

Jack stopped and gently stuffed a little more tobacco in his mouth.

"Go on, go on!" shouted the impatient auditors, "what did you see?"

Jack turned an eye of sadness on the questioners. He answered in two doleful words: "The widy."

"The widy?"

Jack mournfully nodded his head.

"Them kids was her cosmetics," she said, and her brown wit and freezette were up stairs with—her sea-foam teeth."

Jack groaned and hurried on.

"She was walking in her sleep, you see, and when she wakened up in front of me she poured out the greatest lamentations you ever heard."

"Well?"

"Well, gentlemen, I ran away. I knew if I'd see her with them freezettes and things on again, I'd be a goner."

"She was a widy, you know?"

"And you didn't marry her?"

"I couldn't marry my great-grandmother, gentlemen."

With that solemn rejoinder Jack returned to his pipe and his meditations.

The Perils of Chloral.

It is impossible to say too much against the use of chloral, which is as fatal and more terrible in its ultimate results than opium. The pangs of the opium-eater have been set forth with appalling vividness in the prose of Dr. Quincey, but physicians assure us that the results of chloral are more agonizing and deadlier still. One of the most eminent of Eusebian surgeons has called it "crystallized hell." It poisons the mind as well as the body, and so softly, so gently, so gradually, does it enchain the victim who resorts to it, that he only realizes its power when it is too late to break the bonds which bind him.

Some facts concerning its action were stated to a reporter of the New York Tribune by a distinguished physician, recently. Chloral is resorted to for an ordinary attack of sleeplessness, and perhaps small doses are taken for a few days, the result being sound, refreshing sleep, with none of the evil results common to other narcotics. When the period of sleeplessness is past, all goes well for a time.

Sooner or later, however, sleeplessness returns, chloral is resorted to, kept up for a long time and taken in larger doses. It is again abandoned, only to resume its sway, and thus the habit is formed, that renders it impossible without chloral, to sleep. Like all narcotics, must be increased in quantity as the system becomes habituated to its poisonous effects.

The larger class of victims of the chloral habit are men who lead sedentary lives, and those who from temperament and the nature of their work is peculiarly liable to suffer from sleeplessness.

One of the most notable examples of the baneful effects of the chloral habit was the artist-poet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who, during the latter years of his life, was accustomed to take enormous doses, reaching a total of nearly 180 grains daily.

For many years he took chloral regularly, at first in small quantities, but he gradually increased the dose until his power of resistance was gone. His life was darkened by a power he fought against in vain. His latter days were spent in solitude. He became a recluse and a hypochondriac, filled with groundless fears for himself, cherishing unfounded suspicions against his best friends and admirers.

Unlike opium, there are, as a rule, no unpleasant effects, no reaction on following the use of chloral. It simply produces perfect sleep, or the best possible imitation of dreamless rest, with no headache or sickness as a reminder that the slumber has been purchased and the debt must be paid for. The debt is paid later, and the interest demanded is health, hope, and often life.—Youth's Companion.

The secretary of state has sent out to county auditors election blanks for use in the November elections.