

# FIELD AND FARM.

## Notes for Farmers.

There are now 900 head of imported cattle at the Boston quarantine grounds, and over 600 more will come this month. If there is anything that will arouse a man to renewed action, it is the sight of production of a neighbor's farm that yields in quality that of his own farm. We will endeavor to find out the secret of his success, and if it is because of a better breed of cattle, or better varieties of fruits or vegetables, he will be very likely to introduce improved breeds or variety upon his own farm. Thus the annual fairs become a direct advantage to the farmer. In a society where there is so much that can be learned, no man can afford to refuse to become a member, and the more active he becomes the more practical knowledge will he be able to pick up. Every good farmer will feel that he ought to devote at least one week in September to agricultural fairs, and he will give his boys as much time as he spends himself.—Massachusetts Loughman.

The Michigan Farmer gently remarks that "a farmer who has tried the no-rand-side-fence plan, declares his pious soul to have been greatly vexed because of the trouble and damage caused by any transfer of stock from parts of his own farm, or the passing droves in the highway, and also that in crop rotation the want of a fence compelled him to omit pasturing fields when such forage would have been of great advantage to him. He thinks he cannot quite spare the fences yet."

The New York Times says the roofs of barns should be steep, and if of wood the surface either painted or the shingles dipped in lime water, to make them more durable. Straw and dirt collect under flat-roofed shingles and cause rapid decay.

Western readers, prepare your wheat fields better than ever before and see whether it pays you or not to do so. That the yields of rich western wheat fields should be but from 15 to 20 bushels per acre shows that the preparation is neglected. How much extra labor can you afford to increase the yield 100-fold?

When grown in rows at \$300 to \$400 a pair and sucking mule colts bring \$50 to \$100, it might be worth while for those who could just as easily rear mules as well as who could keep a few mares as not and many geldings, to bear these figures in mind.

Down Sheep.—Henry Stewart says that the "ups" are now in favor of the "Downs," as that class of sheep with dark faces and medium wool are called, of which the South Downs are the progenitors. These sheep are all excellent, but vary in size, from the smaller South Down to the Shropshire, Oxford and Hampshire breeds. For mutton these breeds are unapproachable, and the wool is of that class known as flannel and clothing wool, the great staple of the manufacturers. But the Merinos have their place as "wool-bearers," from which they can never be pushed, while the Down breeds will be the farmers' sheep for wool, mutton and lambs.

The wheat crop in Kansas threshing out much heavier than was expected, and the state board of agriculture now says that the crop will reach 35,000,000 bushels. The corn crop in Kansas is estimated to reach fully 200,000,000 bushels and will be the largest ever produced in the state.

If the farmers who will keep dogs would get rid of their worthless curs and substitute one well-bred shepherd pup, not more, to each farm, the wealth of every farming community would be vastly increased in many ways. Farmers soon find the colly saving them many a step. Eager and anxious to learn, willing to do anything within his power, the young dog needs only a wise and patient restraint, and intelligent direction, to become the most useful hand on the place.

We can readily understand why our neighbor who rises at seven in the morning and spends three or four hours of almost every fair day and all of the rainy days in the town or village, gossiping or talking politics, does not prosper at farming, and he does not deserve to succeed.

Sheep prefer upland pastures and a great variety of grasses. It has been proved that the pasture has a greater influence than climate on the fineness of wool. Fat sheep yield heavier and coarser fleeces than those that are poor many a step. The fine fleeces east, when taken to the western prairies in the same latitude, will in a few years change their character. The quantity of fleeces and size of the sheep will increase; but the fleeces of the wool will not be retained. Sweet or upland herbage is the best for fine wool.

## Household Recipes.

**NEW METHOD OF PRESERVING.**—Beat well together equal quantities of honey and spring water; pour it into an earthen jar; into this put freshly-gathered plums, or any other fruit, and close. This is said to keep them as fresh the year round as if just gathered from the tree. When any of the fruit is taken out, wash it, and it is fit for immediate use.

**RIPEN TOMATOES.**—Tomatoes may be kept almost any length of time and come out as fresh as when first picked by preserving in pure vinegar diluted with water—one gill of vinegar and two of water. Pick when ripe, but not very soft; leave the stems on, but do not break the skin. Put into wood or stone, and put the liquid on them cold. After you get through putting them in, place something on them to keep them under the liquid, and take out as you may wish to use them. Can use them as you would tomatoes fresh from the vine. This will not fail if your vinegar is pure and diluted according to directions. It is highly probable that cucumbers might be preserved in the same way, selecting

those of medium size and leaving on the stem.

**CANNING GRAPES.**—Concords are best for this purpose. Cook the pulp thoroughly, strain in colander or sieve to remove seeds, then boil the pulp and skin together one-half to three-quarters of an hour, not less, at a vigorous boil. Use ordinary size jars (filling full); smear the top of the jar with hot wax made of equal parts of rosin and tallow; then stretch over the top new cotton sheeting tying around the jar about an inch or two from the top with a cord wound around several times; then cover the cloth on top with a layer of melted wax, and set in a cool place; will keep until the next summer. For grape jelly the grapes should not be quite ripe.

A very pretty workbox can be made of a square box of cardboard. Line it with blue satin, have the sides covered with the same material, and the lid and foundation of black satin. The lid can be embroidered and fitted with a cushion. The cornflowers, the stamen in knotted stitch with yellow, and pointed russe with red. The calices, worked with green silk in satin stitch, are also strapped across with brown silk. The aprons, tendrils, and leaves are worked with olive and brown silks in green and red satin stitch. The sewing on the cover of the lid is hidden by a leaf-shaped ruffling of satin ribbon. A loop of blue satin ribbon is arranged under the lid for the purpose of raising it.

**PICKLED PEACHES.**—Take six pounds of sugar to one quart of cider vinegar; boil the peaches in this (after running off the fur, or peeling them, as you prefer) until a broom splint will nearly pierce the skin; stick some cloves into the peaches before putting them into the vinegar, and scatter a handful of stick cinnamon over them.

## Watering Plants in Sunshine.

A widely accepted but very erroneous belief, which is a cause of much loss during summer heats, is the fear that if plants are watered while the sun shines upon the leaves it will harm them. There may be some tender young leaves of certain delicate and rare plants that would suffer from a sudden wetting of cold water under a blazing sun, but I have not met with such in vegetable culture, and I have long practiced frequent sprinkling of newly set plants during hot, dry weather to prevent their beginning to wilt. If water is withheld until it is difficult to revive them. The short or broken roots will little water until their wounds are healed and they become able to collect and send on supplies to the leaves. During this term of trial what is wanted is frequent sprinkling of the leaves to prevent their flagging. A mere sprinkle serves the purpose if it is done frequently without drowning the injured roots. Two great advantages are gained by this frequent leaf wetting—four or five times a day in hot, dry weather, during two or three days after transplanting—one that the plants can be done while the ground is dry and pliable when it will not work, and the other that the leaves can be left on the plant instead of all being half cut off, as is commonly done in planting cabbage, celery, etc., to reduce the transpiratory surface until the roots recover. Such cutting in is a great drawback to the plant, and can only be justified when there is no other practical way of saving or continuing its life.—Hortus.

## English and French Women.

The French are very fond of deprecating the women of our country as a flat-chested, long membered, large-footed race, awkward in gait, ill-dressed or over-dressed, unlearned in the elementary rules of that important matter, the dressing of the hair, and incapable of harmonizing colors, says a writer in the London Standard. These criticisms are ill-founded and exaggerated, but nevertheless a good many grains of truth underlie them. Take a London and a Parisian shop-girl as an example. The former has generally the advantage over the latter in clearness of complexion and in comeliness, yet she loses by the way. She is neither so comparatively dressed nor so careful, but suit the elite of her dress to her complexion, nor so neatly shod; and, above all, she seems to be ignorant of the resources an abundant head of hair affords her as a frame to an attractive youthful countenance. The horrible barbarous fashion of cutting the hair short, which is so much in favor in France, is, in my observation, met with in London, and to a considerable extent in London, and when the scissors have not been ruthlessly applied to maculinate the female head there seems to be a deplorable want of taste displayed in the arrangement of their tresses by London girls. Those I met in London, perhaps the country, appeared to have a peculiar penchant for screwing their hair into tight, ugly little knots, singularly ungraceful—so I thought, at all events, fresh from the sight of Parisian heads. The appearance of the London nursemaid also contrasted unfavorably with that of the French bonne. I do not refer to the elite of the calling in either country, but to the ordinary middle-class nurse-girl or bonne, such as one meets with in Kensington gardens or in the Tuilleries. Perhaps the tasty cap worn by the latter, with its meter and a half of broad ribbon streamers behind, gives her an advantage; perhaps she holds herself better, or pays more attention to her general appearance. Whatever may be the cause, the result undoubtedly is that the eye rests with more pleasure upon a group of French nurses gathered together with their charges in a public garden than upon a similar group in a London park. To sum up my impression concerning London women of the middle or lower classes, they seemed, as a Frenchman would put it, veuves, not habilles—clothed, not dressed.

There has been less hay fever in New York this summer than there was ever known before, and the prospects are that by another season it will entirely disappear. The New Yorkers have just learned that it isn't English.

# MARGERY'S UNCLE.

H. B. E. W., in the Independent.

The church of the Holy Three Kings in Heidelberg was fair and fragrant with branches of apple and cherry blossoms. Garlands of spring flowers climbed the chancel rail and crept down to the bride's feet. One daring cluster had fallen on the velvet cushion.

"Margery will kneel on crushed flowers," whispered a romantic American girl.

"And a nice stain it will make on her wedding dress," replied a German matron. "See, she has put it aside. The beautiful fraulein has much sense."

Fraulein Margery, kneeling, had taken up the cluster of daisies. They were still in her hand when she came down the aisle.

Margery Sherman was an orphan. For six years she had been at school in Heidelberg. The last few months Uncle Jack had taken rooms in town in an old house with the balcony looking toward the castle. On the floor above lived Robert Brown, a young American physician; and from this arrangement had come to the city Timothy Twycross, a third bride of the Holy Three Kings. The three bridesmaids wore fancy wraists about their dainty straw hats, and baskets of pansies hung from the belts of their cream-colored dresses. The church lay in a market place, and the market women stood in groups about the door. Young Mr. Brown, forgetting of his bride's smiling faces, thought no sweeter greeting could come to his young bride on her wedding day; and Uncle Jack, giving a handful of silver to the nearest woman, said, in a voice that broke a little:—

"Spend it among you; you are all Margery's friends."

The Royal London circus, on its summer tour, was advertised to perform in Bristol. The manager had previously sent to the city Timothy Twycross, "world-renowned clown and tumbler," to find and to hire half a dozen little girls. Timothy Twycross hated the commission. Under the red and white striped jacket beat a tender heart. This heart had often ached for the neglected children, who for one evening were taken from the ranks of the little wretched garrulous to the glory of tinsel and fairies. The first performance in Bristol was over; the dressing-maid was washing from the children's cheeks the only tint of rose which had ever rested there. After this Sukey would go with them in a cab to their respective homes. "Isn't she a pretty little dear?" said the maid to Timothy, wrapping a shawl around the youngest of the group. Timothy came nearer. His hideous costume and painted face did not frighten the child, and she stretched out her little arm to touch his belt of bells.

"Merciful heavens!" cried Timothy; for there were bruises on the arm and shoulder. The heart under the red and white stripes beat angrily, and the voice so used to uttering inane nothings sounded strange as he asked an older girl if this little child had a mother.

"No," she answered. "Her mother belonged to nobody. Missus treats her dreadful, and then the master beats missus. He's good to sis when he ain't drunk."

"Sis" and Sukey looked inquiringly. "Her ain't got no name. Missus always calls her Sis. Master calls her Little Un."

"You can take the others home, Sukey, I shall carry this baby." And wrapping his traveling rug about the little child, Timothy, forgetful of his attire, took her out into the night. A crowd lingered about the booths where the two-headed woman held a soiree and the Albino children winked their very pink eyes. Timothy made his way through the people. It was but a few steps to the old tenement-house from which the child had been brought.

"Missus had never seen a clown, and when Timothy threw open the door and cried, 'Do you call yourself a woman?' she screamed hysterically: 'What are I done? Let me go!' But perceiving the little girl, she realized that the strange appearance was no avenging fiend and began to weep.

"I hate the child," she said. "She's naughty. Her father was my brother. He's dead now. If you like her so well you had better keep her. Go along with you both!" The little cheek was laid close against Timothy's face; a faint, frightened voice said, "I will be good." And she knew as man drew his trembling burden closer that he had taken the child forever.

Timothy was dressed in his best and stood at the door of St. Paul's rectory.

The world-renowned clown and tumbler never felt so manly as when he entered the minister's study and said: "I've a child I wanted christened. I'm going to furnish parts next week. I'd like it done in England. I don't know how much myself; but I want to bring her up right. I've mostly tumbled up." Then he told the child's story, unconsciously telling his own. Timothy was awkward, and ill at ease, but the few words he said caused the minister like words of music tenderly sustaining the song of a little child.

"To-morrow will be Easter day. There will be baptism at St. Paul's. Bring your little daughter at three."

Timothy bowed. He knew very little about Easter, excepting that in the Easter holidays the audiences were always large.

"What are you going to call her?" asked Sukey, as she dressed the child in white and put on the little shoes and stockings.

"Margery, for my mother," said Timothy. "Sukey went to the church with 'Mille Elise Tiviani, the famous rope dancer, and the loveliest lady in the land.' They sat in one of the front slips. Neither of them had ever seen a christening before. Mille Elise held the prayer-book upside down. She had never learned to read. Sukey said when the minister's wife did, but Timothy, who had in some way attained quite a high degree of culture in reading

writing and ciphering, was able to take an appreciative interest.

"The vain pomp and glory of the world," said he following the service. "That means the circus. The child mustn't have anything to do with it. I'll send her to school, and when she finishes her books I'll finish with the business. I'll have a good bit in the bank then."

For the first time in his life Timothy felt ashamed of his profession.

It was Margery's 14th birthday, and with Uncle Jack she was taking tea in Frau Zipka's shady garden. Frau Zip was the landlady of a very quiet and respectable pension, and here John Sherman came whenever his business arrangements allowed him a few hours in Heidelberg.

John Sherman was a reserved, rather sad-looking man about 46. He paid his debts promptly, made the servants suitable presents, and sent Frau Zip a remembrance every Christmas. He impressed his German landlady as a mysterious man.

For two long years she had been investigating his long and probable career; but at the end of all her conjectures and theories she was not wiser than in the beginning.

Margery had known no relative but Uncle Jack. She could remember no life but days at school, sometimes in France sometimes in Germany, now and then of holidays or an afternoon with her uncle. It was an old-fashioned garden full of shadows that seemed to come down from the vine-covered hills. The roses grew redder as the shadows fell on them.

"Uncle Jack," said Margery suddenly, "a circus is coming to Heidelberg. I want to go and stay and take me. I have never seen a circus."

"Impossible. I cannot be back here for three months at least."

"What a pity," said Margery. The shadows which darkened the roses seemed to have fallen on Mr. John Sherman's face, and he looked unamusedly at her as she left the young girl that night in Frau Morgenstern's parlor.

"Grand combination circus—English, French and American." Three weeks before men came to put up the buildings. Three days before the other came to the circus, and one exciting evening an extra train brought the men, women and children, tents, animals and monstrosities.

"It is most marvelous," said Frau Zip returning from market. "It is like the emperor's birthday. So many people here, you know, and the English circus was an event in Heidelberg. Every one went; even the little crown prince of Sweden with his tutor. Frau Morgenstern saw no impropriety in taking her young ladies."

There were the usual feats of strength and agility, the usual marvelous leaps through the air, the trained horses who danced a quadrille, the elephants, the giant's music, spangles, sawdust, and lemons sold in the corners. A strange feeling came to Margery that night—a feeling of something familiar and of something forgotten. She could not understand it; but when Timothy Twycross made his grand flourish Margery loosened a knot of ribbon from her coat and tied it around a white rose she wore in her dress, and threw the rose at the clown's feet. He picked it up and stood quite still. It was just then that Frau Zip's daughter Sophie said to her mother, "Somehow he looks like Mr. Sherman." The resemblance was gone in a moment, and Frau Zip, looking in the eyes of Sophie's eyes, said: "Child, what nonsense, you are near-sighted; you should wear glasses."

Frau Morgenstern fortunately did not observe Miss Margery's action.

As the crowd passed out, two women with shawls over their heads stood at the door. They looked curiously at Margery.

"You look like a new friend of mine, Elise Viviani," said Mademoiselle Elise Viviani. "It's better for her never to have known the likes of us."

"And to think she should have thrown Timothy the rose, and her never knew him!" said Sukey. "And her looking so pretty with her eyes all afixe. It was lucky for Tim he did not have to go out again. He couldn't have done a thing I never did see a man so overcome."

When Uncle Jack was again in Heidelberg Margery told him the story of the circus man and the rose.

"I couldn't keep it," said Margery. "I knew Frau Morgenstern would have scolded me but just then I wanted to give the clown everything I had in the world. What made me feel so, Uncle Jack? I didn't know him. You are not angry?" asked Margery, for Uncle Jack had tuned away his head; but probably that was only to look at a yellow kitten playing in the grass.

Then came more happy school days, and the happy six months in the house with the balcony looking toward the castle, and the happy pearly-decked bridesmaids at the church of the Holy Three Kings.

Robert Brown lives sometimes in one European city, sometimes in another, working in the hospital and advancing in his profession. When Margery finished with her books, Uncle Jack "finished with the business," as he had promised himself that Easter afternoon at St. Paul's. Neither Margery, nor Frau Zip, nor Sophie, nor even Robert Brown began to know of the English clown and tumbler in one of the English colleges of the Royal London Circus.

## Hog Cholera.

This disease is said to be quite prevalent in several counties in Missouri and in a few localities in Kansas, and it is feared that it will spread and become more destructive as the hogs increase in flesh. In Randolph county, Mo., it is reported that the hogs are dying off at an alarming rate, and the farmers are unable to check the disease. One farmer reports that he had a fine, large fat hog that ate with his usual appetite at dusk, and in the morning it was dead. He lost forty-eight head in this manner, with no opportunity of applying remedies after an attack. It may be that the reported losses are somewhat exaggerated, and purposely to affect the market; still, as

hog cholera is more or less prevalent and destructive in the Western States every year, we are inclined to think that most of the reports that reach us are true.

## INTER-HOSPITALITY.

"The Fifty-Fourth Virginia is at the Ferry" From the Youth's Companion.

The cry of "On to Richmond" awakened no enthusiasm in the hearts of the third Ohio one day when they found themselves en route as prisoners of war for that famous capital. Nor were they enthusiastic when they halted for the night and corn bread and milk suppers into dreamland.

The fifty-fourth Virginia regiment was camped near by, and some of the men came down to have a look at the "Yanks."

"Had your coffee?" asked one of a blue coat stretched disconsolately on the bank.

"Not a rap," answered the other, who had just been awakened by the cry of "On to Richmond." "Only a crumb or two from the bottoms of our haversacks."

This was told to the boys of the 54th, and old Virginia hospitality showed itself at once. The men soon made their appearance with coffee and corn bread and bacon, the best they had. In a few minutes the coffee was steaming, the bacon cooked, the prisoners and captors sat down together around the camp fire, "like kinsmen true and brothers tried." The hungry, grateful Yankees ate with a relish such as no one can appreciate unless he has been in like situations.

No wonder there was a warm spot in every heart of the 3d Ohio ever afterward for the generous 54th.

A fresh slide in the magic lantern gives another of these shifting war pictures. In one distance is Mission Ridge, which has just been stormed. That long line of prisoners passing over the pontoon bridge and up the stony mountain road is the 54th Virginia. A soldier on duty at Kelly's Ferry asked indifferently of one of the prisoners as the regiment passed:

"What regiment is this?"

"The 54th Virginia," was the reply. In an instant the prisoners sprang to their feet and rushed to camp. "The 54th Virginia is at the ferry," they shouted, as they ran in and out among the tents of the 3d Ohio.

The Colo boys were quick in motion. Boxes from home and all reserve stores were speedily unpacked. Coffee, sugar, bread and canned peaches and the best they had of everything were freely brought forth. They remembered gratefully their debt of honor, and paid it nobly. It was the same old scene over, with the shading reversed. For one night at least both Confederates and Yankees were obliged to the sweet grace of hospitality that could bring a smile even to the grim visage of war.

## Lights that Ride the Waves in Violent Gales and Tossing Waters.

From the Providence Journal.

The illuminated buoy is a wonderful invention. Imagine an enormous lamp rising the waves. The buoy is a compact wrought-iron vessel, which serves as a receiver of compressed gas. The duration of the flame depends upon the size of the buoy. Some in use in Europe have been made to burn thirty days and some one kindred and twenty days. It is said that a buoy of sufficient size will contain gas enough to furnish the light for one year. During that time the flame is steady and constant and day and night, requiring no attention whatever after once put in operation. The gas used is pumped to the buoy, and is strong enough to feed the flame, but not a particle of water can enter.

The most violent gales, the greatest force of the waves, submerging even beneath the buoy, has no effect upon this light. It burns with undimmed brightness as long as gas is in its reservoir. The light, it is said, can be thrown six or seven miles in clear weather. Salty deposits are not made on the glass of the lanterns, as has been demonstrated. The refilling of the buoy at certain intervals is performed by a tender and requires but a few minutes time. It is done by passing the gas from a store holder, which contains the gas compressed to ten atmospheres, by means of a flexible tube into the buoy to a pressure of six atmospheres.

## Vanderbilt's Personal Taxes.

Speaking of William Vanderbilt's wealth, the Syracuse Journal says: "Four years ago William H. Vanderbilt was notified by the tax commissioners of New York that he had been assessed on \$1,000,000 for personal tax. In reply, Mr. Vanderbilt, under oath, certified that the entire amount of his personal property subject to taxation did not exceed \$5, and that his debts exceeded all personal property taxable by law. The following year the commissioners placed the assessment at \$500,000, and received Mr. Vanderbilt's check for \$12,000, the amount of the tax. In 1880 Mr. Vanderbilt paid taxes on \$1,000,000 for personal tax, sending, in addition, a check for \$2,500 from Cornelius Vanderbilt for an assessment of \$100,000. Last year the same amount for personal taxes was collected. For the present year Mr. Vanderbilt will be assessed \$1,000,000 for personal tax; but, having purchased a new mansion, it is extremely probable that his debts will exceed the value of his personal estate. The only other worldly possessions of Mr. Vanderbilt of a personal nature consist of a paltry \$50,000,000 in United States bonds, which are not taxable."

## Tolerably Prosperous.

From the New York Sun.

We are now, as a nation, out of debt, we are owners of our productive machinery, and our surplus earnings are nearly if not quite enough to meet all the demands for additions to it. We pay in taxes to the general government a hundred millions of dollars a year more than the government returns us to in its expenditure; we are building, mostly out of our own resources, new railroads by the thousands; the new buildings put up in New York city alone during the past year absorbed nearly fifty millions of dollars, and a similar building activity has prevailed more or less all over; the deposits in our savings banks increase by tens if not hundreds of millions annually; the western farmers, who used to pay ten per cent. per annum for money on bond and mortgage, are now either out of debt altogether or borrow of their neighbors at six per cent.; and so abundant has capital become that lenders, as a rule, are content with five per cent. for long loans on good security where they used to get seven, and four per cent. where they used to get six.