

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

SHEEP BEST ADAPTED TO AMERICAN FARMS.

The American Merino seems to have the most General Qualities—Selling Bacon—Broom Corn—Grass Seeds—Household Hints.

The American Merino.

After all, the American merino, the oft despised native yields probably as much if not more profit than the imported. It is this sheep that supplies the market with mutton and wool, and which has been the reliable one for the sheep-raiser. Crosses with this sheep and good imported blood have resulted well, and where money has been made in sheep raising outside of the American merino, it has been chiefly with half-breeds, reared from native ewes. The American merino is adapted to this country, but as a rule the foreign sheep are not, and unless they are crossed with the natives, they do not obtain the qualities essential to their success here. If we can furnish them with the same kind of food and usage that they received at home, the foreign breeds will do as well here, but as a rule we do not, and failures have been the result.

Looking over the past dozen years of sheep raising in this country, farmers might well ask themselves which sheep have stood the test the best, and which has proved the most profitable, even through panics and misfortunes. Surely it is the American merino that supplies the market with mutton and wool, and produces good market lambs. Food, climate and other environments make mutton and wool more than breed.—American Rural.

How to Salt Bacon.

A correspondent writes, asking what proportion of salt to use in the proper care of bacon. American Agriculturist says: For hogs weighing not over 125 or 150 pounds each, one bushel of fine salt, two pounds of brown sugar and one pound of saltpeter will suffice for each 800 pounds of pork before the meat is cut out; but if the meat is large and thick, or weighs from 150 to 200 pounds per carcass, from a gallon to a peck more of salt and a little more of both the other articles should be taken. Neither the sugar nor the saltpeter is absolutely necessary for the preservation of the meat, and they are often omitted. But both are preservatives; the sugar improves the flavor of the bacon, and the saltpeter gives it greater firmness and a finer color if used sparingly. Bacon should not be so sweet as to suggest the "sugar-cure," and saltpeter, used too freely, hardens the tissues of the meat, and renders it less palatable. The quantity of salt mentioned is enough for the first salting. A little more new salt is added at the second salting, and used together with the old salt that has not been absorbed. If sugar and saltpeter are used first apply about a teaspoonful of pulverized saltpeter on the flesh side of the hams and shoulders and then taking a little sugar in the hand apply it lightly to the flesh surface of all the pieces. A tablespoonful is enough for any one piece.

Broom Corn Culture.

In nearly every part of the United States broom corn can be grown successfully, and at a profit. It is, however, a business that requires more watching the market than any other connected with farming, for the prices fluctuate from fifty to several hundred dollars per ton. The grower should be able to hold his crop over until higher prices are ruling. Where it is grown as a business it is made to yield good profits, but only on good soil and with great labor.

Broom corn requires more warmth than Indian corn, and succeeds best on sandy soil when it is warmed by the sun. The land should be prepared in the fall or spring, and only such seed used as will sink when floated in water. The standard variety is the Evergreen, and when good seeds of this are obtained from reliable seedsmen a good crop may be anticipated. The dwarf varieties are only used for whisks and clothes brushes, and the demand is not so great for them. The planting and cultivation do not have as much effect on this crop as its harvesting and after-preparation. The seeds are planted in two ways: on very light, clean, rich land, in drills three feet apart; but on other land in hills three and two feet apart, with six to eight stalks in the hill. The seeds then need a light covering, and cultivation similar to Indian corn.

Weed Seeds in Manure Heaps.

The slight fermentation which most stable manure goes before drawing to the fields does not destroy weed seeds. Some kinds of seeds are naturally slow to germinate, and sprout all the better for being warmed up in a manure pile. Even where the fermentation is most active there are cool places on the edges of the heaps where the vitality of weed seeds is not burned out. The only safe way to keep weed seeds out of the manure pile is to keep them out of the feed. As corn fodder is more depended on for winter feeding, the weed seeds will gradually disappear.

Ironing Fruit Hams.

In the localities where fruit growers always depend on irrigation, fruit failures are especially common. This suggests whether water liberally applied may not be the most profitable in mat-

ment for orchards. A few barrels of water applied to the soil around each tree, to the distance of twelve or fifteen feet on each side, will be especially valuable at two seasons. One is now, in Winter, wherever Winter begun with little rainfall. The other is during the bearing season, when it is needed to insure perfection of fruit and the formation of fruit buds for the ensuing year.

Home Supply of Horse Radish.

Considering how easily and cheaply it is grown, no farmer is excusable if he does not provide a bountiful home-grown supply of horse radish. A few roots, the trimmings from that sold in market, planted in any rich, deep soil, to the depth of ten or twelve inches, are enough to start with. In a year's time these tiny roots will be swelled into a large, succulent root, extending to the surface of the ground, white beneath, and occasionally at the sides, will be some small sprangers that should be carefully saved for replanting. Too large a bed to dig entirely over in one season is not advisable, as after the first year's growth the roots become woody and stringy. But the well-grown horse radish always commands a paying price in market, either as roots or grated and put up in bottles, for which a ready sale can generally be depended upon.

Grape Vines as Ornaments.

A few tastily painted trellises in the dooryard, covered in their season with foliage and luscious fruit hanging down from their latticed roofs, are no mean ornaments, and vie with plants or vines having no other use than to look at. Growing the vine so as to cover a trellis, or, if the location admits, training two vines, one on each side, takes only a few years. It is true that as good fruit may be grown on vines trained to stakes or wires, but it is hardly as satisfactory to a man who wishes to realize the biblical idea of entire safety, that of sitting under one's own vine, with no one to molest. In no other way, too, can young people be attracted to farm life, which is commonly made as repulsive as possible by hard work, and little regard for what makes life pleasant.

Sowing Clover Seed Too Early.

More clover seed is wasted by delaying sowing too long than by seeding early. It must sink into the soil by melting snows or rains washing over it a little of the loose soil pulverized on the surface of all bare fields by winter freezing and thawing. Still the seed may sometimes be sown too early. We have known clover seed sown in February, and come out all right, while in a milder winter it might germinate and be destroyed by late frosts. When the clover plant has only its second leaf it has very little root, and this has only slight foothold in the soil. Destroy this leaf and the life of the plant is quickly ended. Therefore clover seeding should be late enough to insure freedom from frost after the seed germinates.—Rural Home.

Stoek and Dairy Notes.

A change of food is always sensible at short intervals. Give the cow bran mash or a mess of oatmeal slop twice a week. It will help the digestion and the appetite. No one should cast injurious reflections upon the fancy dairymen. We owe much to them, their successes are examples for us, and their mistakes or failures are valuable lessons by which we may guide our practices. Stables should be put in order for winter use early. A good coat of hot whitewash or fresh lime, with a few ounces of hard soap dissolved in a pail full of it, will cleanse and sweeten the stable and render it healthful for the cows.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Use a clam shell to scrape pots and frying-pans with. To restore ham to its original freshness, slice and soak over night in milk, either sweet or sour. When wiping up the floor before putting the carpet down, sprinkle it all over with salt while damp; this will greatly prevent moths. In purchasing canned goods it is a safe rule to observe whether the head of the can is convex, a bulging appearance being indicative of decomposition. If the throat is very sore, wring a cloth out of cold salt and water, and bind it on the throat tightly, when going to bed; cover it with a dry towel. This is excellent.

Lard is sometimes adulterated with alum, starch and lime water. When pure, it is completely soluble in benzine, has no burnt taste or odor, and melts without sputtering to a clear fluid. The best way to preserve old boots is never to use blacking of any sort, but have the boots brushed, or if very muddy wiped with a damp cloth or sponge, then carefully gone over with a little dubbing.

For stiff neck, sore throat, pains in the chest, a good remedy is to rub some oil or vasoline into the skin, then cover with a piece of cotton wadding, the shiny side outward, and wear till the discomfort is gone.

For a felon, take common rock-salt, such as is used for salting down pork, dry it in an oven, then pound it fine and mix with spirits of turpentine in equal parts. Put it on a linen rag and wrap around the felon. As it dries put on more, and if followed up the felon will be dead in twenty-four hours.

HUGGED THE DENTIST.

SOME ODD EXPERIENCE BY ONE WHO PULLS TEETH.

Gas Which Acted as an Irish Anesthetic—Thought He Had Struck a Doubtful Fair—Tooth Pulling on the Decline.

"The tooth pulling business is on the wane," remarked a dentist to a reporter of the Detroit Journal. "A few years ago we could extract quite a revenue out of work, but now a man who relied on pulling teeth for a subsistence would starve in short order unless he traveled with a circus tent and a brass band."

"Then there's the false tooth industry. Some people imagine that it's on the increase and that nearly every woman over 30 goes to bed at night with her molars on the dressing table. Now, as a matter of fact, false teeth are worn very little more than they used to be. You don't see as many people with bad teeth, but that is because they take care of them. They begin to see that bad teeth means bad health, and they are correspondingly anxious to keep theirs in good shape."

"Women pay much more attention to their teeth than men. 'But men, too, are beginning to give the dentists more work, and in our offices the lord of creation often makes a very humiliating display of his weakness. This is painfully accentuated when contrasted with the behavior of women in similar circumstances."

"The dentist's chair is a good place for studying the characters of men, and their behavior often affords us considerable amusement. Some men come in with a swagger and an air of bravado. They are not afraid. This matter of filling teeth has been greatly exaggerated, they say. It's a mere nothing to a man of nerve. Well, that kind of a man usually goes all to pieces the moment the forceps touch him. His loudly boasted courage dies out at the first scrape and he squirms and groans like a boy."

"The quietest men are generally the bravest. They understand that a certain amount of pain must be endured, and when it comes they take it without any ado. Most men, in their conceit, make a woman's fainting proclivities a subject for their jokes. But in the dentist's chair the joke is on the other sex."

"It is natural that a woman should be a more courageous subject than a man. She bears all sorts of pain with more fortitude than a man. She merely appears less courageous because she shrieks from any sort of encounter, but when it comes to quiet suffering men can only stand and wonder at her."

"A man is naturally combative, and when he has to sit down and take punishment without striking back he is apt to lay himself open to some very truthful criticism from his sisters. This fighting propensity is more highly developed in some men than in others. It very often crops out when a subject is under the influence of an anesthetic. I remember one case which was extremely interesting for me. A little red whiskered Irishman came in one afternoon and wanted his tooth pulled."

"Dyest pull tete wid or widout gas?" he asked.

"I told him if he thought he could not bear the shock I should give him an anesthetic."

"Will, thin, do ye be gold' ahead an' givin' me dose. But no monkey business wid me, dy'e understand, because if you fool wid me, O'll wake up, sure, and O'll catch yese at it."

"I put him to rest, but had just got my arm around his neck, when he woke up in earnest, and the way he flew about that room was enough to make you think there were six or seven Irishmen in the neighborhood. He imagined himself in the midst of a Cork-town scrimmage."

"Come an, me bucko," he yelled.

"I'll show yez if ye dare take hault of an Eighth ward b'oye wid yez dhirty arm round me neck. Come an' ye divil!"

"But I didn't come an. I found I had business elsewhere and left the Irishman to come to his senses as best he might."

"I will tell you another case which may perhaps be taken as illustrating how a subject's proclivities will crop out while unconscious. An elderly female, who evidently had never been married, walked in on us one day. She was tall and angular, and her face was one that might on a pinch have been used to raise the city hall. She was dressed in a costume of many and incongruous colors and her general makeup made her a fit subject for a freak in a dime museum. She insisted on taking ether to have a tooth pulled. When the ether began to take effect she commenced to struggle. She kicked and screamed and it kept two of us employed to hold her in the chair. Then she began to cry for somebody by the name of Robert."

"O, Robert, dear, come and help me!" she cried. In her struggles one of her arms fell on my shoulder and in a moment she drew it about my neck and pulled my head down to her. Then she threw her arms about me and cried joyfully 'Ah, Robert, at last I have you. They can't hurt me now.'"

"This might have been very nice for Robert, but as the office was a rather public place for that kind of a demonstration, the situation was rather embarrassing. My assistant thought it was awfully funny and insisted on trying to help me out of my predicament, he stood and laughed at me. I stood the hugging for a few moments and then the effect of the ether began to leave her. With returning consciousness her maiden modesty came back, and when she found me in her arms, she gave a scream, broke from the chair and ran out of the office.

"I have never seen her since, but that woman probably thinks that her youth was taken advantage of. She will probably never tell 'Robert' how bold she was."

A WHITE MAN A CURIOSITY.

Intrepid Explorer Hinges the First Step to Enter the City of Kong.

Kong, a Mohammedan city, far up the Akba River, which flows into the Gulf of Guinea, had never been seen by white man before Capt. Binger, the intrepid French explorer, entered it in February, 1888. On the coast there have been for years vague stories of Kong and its people, Mohammedan negroes, and Capt. Binger found that these accounts had more basis than most of the reports of cities in interior Africa. In his narrative he says:

Several hours before we reached Kong there were evidences that we were approaching a great center. Everywhere all the timber had been cut down, and the soil, impoverished by long cultivation, was barren. I saw not even a hill anywhere. The Kong mountain chain, which appears on all the maps, exists only in the imagination of some incorrectly informed travelers. Soon I saw 'sing among the bombax and palm trees far ahead the minarets on the mosques and the flat roofs of Kong. As I entered the city, modestly mounted on a steer, I saw large crowds of people, who appeared neither friendly nor hostile, but only eager to see a European. The roofs, the trees, the streets, the crosses, all were full of people, and I would not have been able to force my way through if the slaves of the Chief of Kong had not cleared a way for me. They were armed with whip and vigorously lashed all who lagged in their path. In chairs under two great trees in the market-place were seated, on the right King Karamokio Oulo and his friends, and on the left the Diarway, Chief of Kong, and his officials. There was perfect silence in the two groups, which I estimated to number about a thousand persons. It was an assemblage of the patriarchs, for nearly all were white-bearded, elderly men. They were fully and neatly dressed in Arab costume, though they are full-blooded negroes. After I had successively presented myself to the chiefs of the two groups the King conducted me to his palace and placed at my disposition some of his attendants, who endeavored with only partial success to shield me from public curiosity. I confess that when I saw Kong, which I was first to visit, I did not feel any of the emotions which some other travelers on the Niger and at Timbuctoo have described. And yet Kong and its supposititious mountains have greatly perplexed geographers, and have given rise to many hypotheses. Kong is a large, unvalleyed town, whose buildings are of clay, with flat roofs. It is built in a most irregular manner, and its narrow tortuous streets radiate from a large place about 700 feet square, which serves as a market. The town has a population of about 15,000, all Mohammedans, and there are five large mosques, surrounded by minarets and several others of smaller dimensions. Education is well advanced in this region.

POOR JOAN DONE FOR.

The Heroine of France Joins the Other Fools of Romance.

And now they say that, instead of being a heroine, Joan of Arc belongs to that peculiar class known at the present time as cranks; that the voices she heard in the woods of Domremy were the hallucinations of a disordered intellect. Her visit to Governor Bourdieuot so annoyed him that he passed her on to the court of the dauphin for the mere purpose of getting rid of her, where in turn the dauphin dressed her up in armor for the amusement of the court. The leucoclasts even go so far as to assert that the consecrated sword which was found, per Joan's direction, buried in the Church of St. Catharine at Fierbois, and which was presented to her by the dauphin, had been planted there by hands of ordinary flesh and blood. They further assert that she did not lead the army to the relief of Orleans, but merely went along like a vivandiere. They scoff at the story that the soldiers who tied this abused lady to a stake in the market place at Rouen were struck dead.

So the indications are that the great French heroine will have to get down off her pedestal and follow William Tell, Rintintus Curtius, et al. Medieval history is rapidly losing its brightest stars through the fervent investigations of the modern quindone. It now looks like it was a mere matter of time until American history is attacked in the same way, and these individuals will be prepared to prove that Patrick Henry never made a speech, that no cherries grew at the Washington homestead, and that the John Smith-Pocahontas story was due to the fertile imagination of some special correspondent.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Face of a Cripple.

As I was coming down town the other evening in a car a hunchback entered. A friend who sat with me asked me if I had observed that the face of all hunchbacks and cripples were deformed as well as their bodies. "I mean," he said, "that their faces are pinched and drawn, and that if you saw the face only, as though an opening in the wall, you would know at once, if you had been an observant man, that it was the face of a cripple. A physician would know it, at any rate." I told him that I had observed the fact and asked him why it was. He replied: "Many think that it is simply because cripples do not take enough exercise, being unable to do so. I do not think that is the reason. Other persons who do not take exercise have white faces, but the lips are not so thin and close, and there is not that drawn look in all the features. Don't you see that it is a look of suffering? It may not be of bodily suffering, but I believe that their countenances are that way because of the mental anguish they endure all through life. You knew the effect of an extreme sorrow on the face of a healthy man in one week or a month. How much difference it must make when that sorrow is never absent from him. There are rare instances where the pinched look is almost overcome by cheerfulness," my friend went on. "It can never get entirely away. One of the most cheerful cripples I ever knew was the mayor of Pennsylvania city for three years. He mixed with men and took an interest in affairs, and although he is a hunchback, he seems really to enjoy life. He goes shooting with the boys, and there are few better men in that vicinity with a gun. He has color in his face and brightness in his eyes; yet I am satisfied that if, for the first time, you saw his face only you would say it was the face of a cripple."—New York Star.

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The Oldest Bank.

The Bank of England was established in 1694, and is older than any of the institutions of the class in any of the other great nations. It was not the first of the financial houses, however. The Bank of Venice was created in 1101, that of Genoa in 1407, that of Hamburg in 1619, and that of Rotterdam in 1658. In 1693 the Bank of France was established.

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