# THE FARM AND HOME.

## MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

**Sacaline Promises to Be a Boon for Arid Regions—Pigeons Are Pretty and Profitable—Points on Storage for Eggs—Cattle Relish Chaff.**

### Agricultural Devices.

A good one-horse farm cart can now be had for $25, and with one broad steel tires will cost $40. A two-wheel Kemp manure spreader may be had for $60, and if bought at second-hand for $30, or even less at sales.

For farm work, especially where large quantities of manure or stone are to be hauled, a good cart cannot be dispensed with. It saves time and labor. One man can load and dump the manure when wanted. If a wagon is used the manure has to be thrown out with a fork, for which hand-work is required. In these times of low prices the work must be done quickly, and with as little handling as possible. For this reason a good manure spreader will be found a very necessary tool to have. The manure can be loaded in the yard, hauled to the field and spread as it is driven over the ground. The manure is not only spread, but it is spread properly, all lumps broken up and an even coat spread as thick as wanted, and making no skips.

The editor has timed a two-horse load of manure spread from one of these spreaders, and it did the work perfectly in less than fifteen minutes. If the field is near the barn, two acres can be spread in a day, with the driver and a man at the yard helping to load. If the manure is spread on the sod there will be little wash, as the sod will hold it. By aid of this cart the manure from a large herd of cattle can be hauled and spread as fast as made, thus preventing loss from leaking in the yards, and saving the cost of one man's labor every day. This is an important item.—Baltimore American.

### The Difference in Animals.

A neighbor who makes his living by trading around, as he expresses it, came to see if I had a thoroughbred cow for sale. I had, and showed him one, telling him that the price was $100. He declined to buy, saying that he had a grade that was just as good, which cost him but $40.

This was in one sense true, for his cow would make as much butter as mine, but there the equality stopped, and stopped short. A skilled marksman may be depended upon to place the ball near or in the bull's eye at every shot, while the beginner who may do it once in a while, as a rule shoots wide of the mark. This is the difference between a thoroughbred and a scrub or a grade. The thoroughbred is a good cow because for generations upon generations she has been bred with care, and the result is a certainty, while when the scrub is good it is because of a lucky chance. Now, if milk or butter were the only thing we wanted, the scrub cow that gives as much milk as mine might be worth as much. But this is not all. We want to raise more cows, and this is where the difference is. Our thoroughbred can be depended upon to a certainty to produce a good calf, for all her ancestors were good, and she could not bring forth an inferior animal if she wanted to, for she has no inferior blood in her veins. But the grade cow has more or less blood from inferior animals, and this blood is always liable to crop out, and the result will be a poor cow.

### Use for Sweet Apples.

If farmers and stockmen knew the value of sweet apples as a feed for stock, especially for hogs, they would grow more of them. Sweet apples from one acre of full bearing trees will make more pork than four acres of corn will. In planting an orchard for this purpose, I would suggest planting varieties that will ripen in succession, beginning with Golden Sweet, a very early variety, and an abundant annual bearer. The following are good early and late fall varieties: Belmont Sweet, Jersey Sweet, Bailey Sweet, Orange Sweet, Sweet Russet and Munson Sweet. Weaver Sweet and Lady Sweet are two good winter varieties. Several hundred bushels of good winter sweet apples stored in barn cellars would be a great treat to stock to give them a feed once a day. Hog cholera is a stranger to hogs that have free access to all the apples they want. Sweet apples will increase the flow of milk wonderfully in dairy cows. Try it, brother farmer.

### Keeping Eggs Too Cool.

There is such a thing as destroying eggs by keeping them at a temperature near the freezing point. There is a vital germ in the egg, which will protect it from freezing if the cold is not long continued. But if this germ dies the vitality which preserves the egg's purity is destroyed. The dead germ decays. If the egg is placed in a damp, unwholesome cellar this decay is hastened by the absorption in the egg of foul odors, with the microbes that always accompany them. Eggs that have been fertilized cannot be kept indefinitely, even by excluding air by coating the shells. In time this exclusion of air kills the germ, and then the egg rots very rapidly. Eggs for winter use or for cooking at any time ought always to be laid by hens that have no companionship with the rooster. If males were kept only to fertilize eggs for breeding there would be fewer bad eggs in market at any season of the year.

### Unprofitable Vineyards.

The low prices of grapes the last two years have made many vineyards unprofitable. This has discouraged vine growers, and has thrown on the market many vineyards that when planted were looked forward to with high hopes. We think that many such vineyards are now for sale at much less than their value. The depression in business has decreased the buying capacity of large classes of people, so that even the low prices of fruit have not tempted buyers as they should have done. The people of the United States do not eat one-half the fruit that they ought to do. When their appetite returns, or rather the means for gratifying it, fruits of all kinds will pay better than they have lately done. Twenty or thirty years ago fruits were as much too dear as they are now too low. The law of supply and demand has a swing like a pendulum, and its turn now is in favor of the fruit grower whenever the change comes.

### Value of Grain Chaff.

The chaff of grain has a higher nutritive value than any part of the stalk. It is the part nearest the grain. Probably in a green straw some of the nutriment on its way through the sap to the grain is detained before it reaches the place it started for. Cattle that have good hay will always eat some oat or barley chaff for a change, if given a small quantity every day. Yet when stacks are made with too little help to get away the straw, most of the chaff falls beneath the carrier. It is heavier than the straw, because is is more compact, and also because the man standing under the carrier is always treading down the chaff under his feet. The last year we were farming we used to go with team and box wagon where the carrier had been, and pile it full with the chaff to put in the barns. It saved the feeding of much hay, and any stock, except cows giving milk, did quite as well on it. We never could feed straw or grain chaff to milch cows without lessening their yield. Some scatter the chaff through the stack, but this requires a good deal of unnecessary labor, and even then there will always be most chaff left under the straw carrier. It wets through the first rain storm, and unless put under shelter soon rots down, and becomes worthless before cold weather comes.

### Pigeons on the Farm.

There is nothing more attractive to a boy on a farm than a flock of pigeons, and there is no farm on which a few might not be kept. The common variety is easily obtained and they will take care of themselves if given a nesting place. They are quite prolific, breeding four or five times a year, two birds being hatched at a time. The young make nice stews and the old ones, made into a pot-pie, are a dish fit for a king. Much amusement may be gotten from the fancy sorts, such as pouters, tumblers, fantails, trumpeters, and homers. We have kept all sorts and found ready sale for them at good prices. The squabs are always in good demand, and the old pigeons bring a good price always in the markets. It costs but little to keep them, as they pick up most of their living about the farm. They make nice pets and serve a good purpose in keeping boys interested in the farm. We recommend pigeons to every farmer.—Springfield Farm News.

### Leaky Poultry-House Roofs.

A small hole in the roof will do incalculable damage to a flock by keeping the house damp and cold. Evaporation of moisture is always at the expense of loss of warmth, and the failure to stop a crack may cause an expense for more food, as the body of the fowl is kept warm by the food, and the more comfortable the quarters the less food required. Dry cold, where the fowls are not exposed to the winds, will not cause as much sickness as dampness, and especially when the rain not only leaks down on the floor, but also on the fowls as well. Close the leaks before the weather becomes cold.—Farm and Fireside.

### Feeding Poultry at Night.

The heaviest feed for poultry or other animals should be at night. Sleep favors digestion and keeping the stomach full is the best protection against cold. If any corn is given it should be at night. It will be all the better if warmed and partly if it is charred. A cold grain of corn, sometimes ice cold, has to be warmed before it can be digested. At night, when exercise is impossible, no unnecessary burden should be placed on the system. In the morning it is better to feed poultry with grain scattered among straw and let them scratch for it.

### Manure Making.

Manure making in winter is one of the best operations on the farm at that season, because labor cannot be bestowed in other directions as well as on the manure heap. It is not difficult to have all the manure well rotted by spring and there is less loss when it is done than if allowed to remain spread out over the barnyard. Manure heaps should be handled several times, throwing the coarse materials in the center, where they will be heated and decomposed.

### Feeding Cornstalks.

Prof. Henry, of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, has conducted some experiments to test the profit in cutting up dry corn stalks. Four good cows were fed for two weeks on stalks that had been run through a cutter, and then for two weeks on whole stalks, the same amount of corn meal and bran being fed in both cases. It was found that 721 pounds of cut stalks made as much milk and butter as 1,133 pounds of whole stalks. This meant a saving of 36 per cent. by passing the fodder through the cutter. The whole stalks were largely wasted, for the cattle could not cut them as readily as they ate the cut stalks. Not only was this great saving made in feed, but the oats or remnants left by the cattle are far better for bedding.

## OWNED SLAVES.

**A Fact About Grant that Is Not Generally Known.**

Mrs. Grant is now living in Washington, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris. The home is a handsome residence of carved white stone, situated on a fashionable but quiet street, and the interior is furnished with an air of rich though simple elegance, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. While retiring in her tastes, she loves to talk of her husband and recall the sweetness of days that are now only a hallowed memory.

"I was with the general through nearly the whole of the war," she remarked in a recent interview, "and I must confess I am fond of the army. I was glad to be with him, and he always arranged his headquarters, if possible to do so, in order that I might share his lot. I remember when he was stationed at Nashville he sent for me to come, and a few days after my arrival he was ordered away to another post. He came into the headquarters looking very depressed, and when I told him that some of the ladies had remarked that he always ran away when I came he said that he had been planning all in his power to remain where he was, but that Longstreet's movements forced him to go to the front.

"In his last campaign in Virginia I was with him, and lived for several months in a log cabin on the banks of the James river. We had waited long and anxiously for the surrender of the South, and I remember how gladly he hailed the news that Lee was ready to lay down his sword. The general had a severe headache when the tidings came, but he said it vanished instantly. He was glad when the war was over for the sake of the Southern people. He bore no feeling of animosity toward his opponents and often has he told me that for the good of the South he wanted to end the struggle. 'They are good people,' he sometimes remarked, 'like ourselves. They are brave and patriotic, but hot-blooded and impulsive, and led on by fire-eaters. They have struck out wildly, and for their own sakes I wish to bring this war to an end—the sooner the better for both sides, for a divided nation could never live. We must be a union.'

"And always his expressions were full of feeling that longed to bring the whole nation back into harmony. At the time of the convention, when he was urged as a presidential possibility, I said to him: 'Ulyss, do you really want to be president?' He was dressing at the time, I remember, and he looked at me and smiled. 'Really, I don't believe I have any say in the matter,' he laughingly replied. 'But do you think of the responsibility of giving a satisfactory government to such a vast nation—a nation of such diverse feelings and needs?' I asked. 'Well, I would feel that if my country calls me I must obey,' he answered gravely. 'I do believe that the people of the South know me to be a genuine friend, and that they have confidence in the kindness and justice of my course.'"

Few, perhaps, know that Gen. Grant was a slaveholder, but the fact is that he had several in the State of Missouri, and these were freed, like those in the South, by the emancipation proclamation. "These slaves," said Mrs. Grant, "came to him from my father's family, for I lived in the West when I married the general, who was then a lieutenant in the army. I lived in the army then for a while, and afterward we farmed in Illinois. When the war broke out I followed him to the field. Then followed a period of rest at Washington, and the eight pleasant years we spent in the executive mansion.

"When Gen. Grant was ill he spoke of his last resting place, and remarked that it was likely that the people would desire to bring him to Arlington or that his remains should rest at the Soldiers' Home, but that he did not wish to be placed in either cemetery, for the reason that he wished to lie in death alone where I could rest by his side, and he believed there was a military restriction against anyone except a soldier being buried in these grounds."

### An Interesting Snap-shot

Snap-shot photographs have not infrequently added valuable facts to the stores of science. They are able to detect and analyze motions too quick for the eye to follow. A recent instance of the application of photography to settle a disputed question in natural history is an experiment made on a voyage from British Columbia to San Francisco by Mr. A. Kingsmill.

A large albatross had been following the steamer and keeping pace with it for several hours, and the wonder grew among the watchers on shipboard as to how the bird was able to fly so swiftly while apparently keeping its wings extended without flapping them. As this is a common manner of flight with the albatross, the explanation has been offered that the bird takes advantage of slight winds and air-currents, and so is able to glide upon what might be called atmosphere slopes.

As the albatross sailed alongside of the ship, about fifteen feet away, Mr. Kingsmill snapped his camera at it, and obtained a photograph which astonished him and his fellow-voyagers.

The photograph revealed, what no eye had caught, the wings of the albatross, each some five feet long, raised high above its back in the act of making a downward stroke. The explanation naturally suggested is that, more or less frequently, the bird must have made a stroke of this kind with its wings, although the eye could not detect the motion, and that the camera chanced to be snapped just at the right moment.

### A Rabbit Miner.

The famous silver mines of Potosh in South America were discovered by an Indian who was in pursuit of an antelope. He was climbing the steep slope of a hill, and seized a bush to help himself up. The plant gave way and he started to fall backward, but by a desperate effort saved himself, but falling forward cut his nose against a projecting ledge of stone.

Stopping to staunch the flow of blood, he chanced to look at the stone which had done the damage, when, to his astonishment, he perceived it was almost pure silver.

This story may be apochryphal, but a tale which comes from Mexico is tolerably well authenticated. According to this narrative one of the richest mines in that land of mineral wealth was found by a rabbit. An Indian was hunting rabbits, and his dog chased one to a hole in a hillside. The Indian hesitated for a moment whether to dig out the rabbit he had seen enter or go in pursuit of another. Determining finally that one rabbit in a hole was worth more than half a dozen on a rocky hillside, he got a spade and went to work.

Before he had turned over half a dozen spadefuls of earth he had forgotten all about the rabbit, for he made the thrilling discovery that he was handling almost solid silver. The man dropped the spade and ran to his employer with the intelligence, the latter returning with him to the spot to see for himself and verify the discovery. The rabbit escaped; at least it is supposed it did, for it enters no more into the story, but its memory is preserved in the name of the mine, which being translated into English signifies the "Rabbit's Den."

It would have been well for the Indian if he had escaped when the rabbit did, for, according to the story, the poor fellow was murdered by the Spaniard, who desired to keep the secret of the mine, and was afraid that the Indian might reveal it, and the Government might step in and claim either the whole or part of the proceeds.

## DISCOMFORTS OF STAGE LIFE.

**Wretched Dressing-rooms Traveling Companies Must Put Up With.**

The janitor has an important bearing on the actor's condition, which finds its expression in his playing and possibly on his nervous organization, says the Forum. He supplies the house, and, in most cases, furnishes quarters for the actors such as no self-respecting slave owner would in the old days have condemned a slave to occupy. For the public nothing is too good. For the actor, on the other hand, anything is good enough. Instead of silken draperies, he finds only a tattered curtain at the window, if, indeed, he finds a curtain at all, or even a window which it might cover. Instead of soft, comfortable chairs, one wooden chair, none too clean, or a chair minus a back, will be the only seat and, not infrequently, if he wishes to sit down, he must do so on his trunk. Instead of delicately tinted walls, he will find dirty walls which have not been treated even to a coat of whitewash for years. While in the auditorium a soft carpet covers the floor, in the actor's room a carpet rarely exists, or, if by chance there be something which once was a carpet, it is so dirty that it would be better away. The washing appliances of the actor's room, if they are to be found at all, usually consist of a small basin with a tap of running water. Most people would expect that, as the winter is the theatrical season, and the paints used by actors are made of grease, hot water would be at hand. But this is rarely the case, and in many instances running water in the dressing-rooms is unknown. It is not uncommon for actors to refrain from using the basins, preferring to remove the "make up" as well as possible with vaseline, and to wait until the hotel is reached to complete this portion of the toilet. Tin basins and buckets are not the worst that I have seen "on the road," for once the water was in battered, dirty, old lard tins, and basins had to be bought by our manager.

### Speedy Cure of a Hat Smasher.

A well-known man about town, otherwise sane, has taken a fiendish delight in smashing the headwear of his friends. No tile was sacred, no hat too fine for his aim. Until Friday it was this man's proud boast that he had smashed at least thirty since winter. One particular acquaintance, a big, broad-shouldered, good-natured fellow, who had escaped the fiend, was just itching to have his tile crushed. His desire was granted on Friday, for the fiend swooped down upon and drove his hat into a shapeless mass. Instantly, however, his own hat was off and the next instant in shreds, and himself rolling around the stret under a mauling that was not so gentle even as a paving sweeper. The hat smasher presented a sorry spectacle when he emerged from the cyclone, but it's safe betting that he won't destroy any more headgear.—Philadelphia Record.

### The Name Sometimes a Misnomer.

The captain of a San Francisco tug thus describes a storm on the Pacific, which shows that at times the name is a misnomer.

"When I say that the waves ran mountains high I am not exaggerating the situation in the least. The tug would be poised on the crest of a sea and then be plunged down into a valley of water which seemed a mile below us. At times the moon would come out through the clouds and in the uncertain light the waves seemed twice as high. The wind was blowing a perfect huricane and our lee rail was under water all the time. The angry sea appeared raging above, below, and all around us, and nearly every wave into which we dipped would wash over the tug. It was impossible to remain aft, for the lower deck was flooded."

After all, the real popular man is the one who can make those who are with him feel the tallest.

## WHO SHOT STONEWALL?

**Confirmation of the Story that He Was Killed by His Own Soldiers.**

The version of the Southerners that the General was shot by his own soldiers is fully sustained and verified by Col. Joseph W. Revere of the Seventh New Jersey regiment. He says in his book, "Keel and Saddle:" The left of my brigade line lay near the plank road at Chancellorsville, and after night had fallen I rode forward, according to my invariable habit, to inspect my picket line. I stopped to rectify the post of a sentinel not far from the plank road. While thus engaged I heard the sound of hoofs from the direction of the enemy's line, and paused to listen. Soon a cavalcade appeared approaching. The foremost horseman detached himself from the main body, which halted not far from me, and riding cautiously nearer seemed to try to pierce the gloom. . . . Having completed his observations he rejoined the group in the rear, and all returned at a gallop. The clatter of hoofs soon ceased to be audible, when the horizon was lighted up by a sudden flash in the direction of the enemy, succeeded by the well-known rattle of a volley of musketry from at least a battalion.

A second volley quickly followed the first, and I heard cries in the same direction. I rode toward the Confederate lines. A riderless horse dashed past me towards our lines, and I reined up in presence of a group of several persons gathered around a man lying on the ground, apparently badly wounded. I saw at once that these were Confederate officers. I had on the greatcoat of a private soldier, such as was worn by both parties. I sat still, regarding the group in silence.

The silence was broken by one of the Confederates, who appeared to regard me with astonishment; then, speaking in a tone of authority, he ordered me to "ride up there and see what troops those were," indicating the rebel position.

I instantly made a gesture of assent, and rode slowly in the direction indicated until out of sight of the group, then I made a circuit around it, and returned within my own lines. About a fortnight afterwards I saw a Richmond newspaper in which were detailed the circumstances of the death of Stonewall Jackson. These left no doubt in my own mind that the person I had seen lying on the ground was that officer. The newspaper was the Richmond Enquirer of May 12, 1863, and it says:

"Gen. Jackson, having gone some distance in front of his line Saturday evening, was returning about 8 o'clock, attended by his staff. The cavalcade was, in the darkness, mistaken for a body of the enemy's cavalry, and fired on by a regiment of his own corps. . . The turnpike was utterly deserted with the exception of Capts. Wilboune and Wynan; but in the skirting of thicket on the left some person was observed by the side of the woods, sitting his horse motionless and silent; he was clad in a dark dress, which strongly resembled the Federal uniform, but it seemed impossible that he could have penetrated to that spot without being discovered, and what followed seemed to prove that he belonged to the Confederates. Capt. Wilboune directed him to ride up there and see what troops those were—the men who fired on Jackson—and the stranger rode slowly in the direction pointed out, but never returned with any answer. Who this silent personage was is left to posterity."

### Cheap and Small.

While Edison was living in Boston, a youthful telegraph operator unknown to fame, he had sundry odd experiences, many of which were shared with his chum, Mr. Milton Adams. One of them is told by Mr. Edison himself, in the story of his "Life and Inventions." Edison and Adams were passing along Tremont Row, when they noticed a crowd in front of two dry goods stores, and stopped to see what was the matter. It happened that these were rival establishments, and that each had received a consignment of stockings which it was eager to sell.

One would put out a sign stating that this vast commercial emporium had five thousand pairs of stockings to dispose of at the paralyzing price of twelve cents a pair, an announcement which invariably wound up with, "No connection with the firm next door."

In a moment the rival house would follow suit, underbidding the other by a cent. This went on till the price was down to a cent for five pairs of stockings. The crowd was all the time increasing, but contented itself with jeering and making merry.

Milton and I had been agog for some time, and now he broke out:

"Say, Edson, I can't stand this! Give me a cent."

Supplied with this handsome "financial basis," he entered the shop, which was filled with lady clerks, threw down the cent, and demanded five pairs of stockings. The crowd outside waited the result.

The young lady attendant surveyed the customer with magnificent disdain, picked up the cent, and handed him five pairs of baby stockings.

"Oh," said Adams, "I can't use these."

"Can't help it young man," was the curt reply. "We don't allow selections at that price."

The crowd roared, and Adams and Edison moved on.

### Cause of the Delay.

"I wonder why Maxim's flying-machine is so long about getting out?" queried the scientific boarder.

"As near as I can figure it out," said the Cheerful Idiot, "the trouble seems to be a defective flew."—Cincinnati Tribune.

## SHIPS THAT ARE LOST AT SEA.

**Swift Destruction Awaits a Sunken Vessel at the Bottom of Old Ocean.**

In looking at the oceans, the mind almost instinctively turns to the fate of the ships which found their resting place upon their floors. If the reader were appointed to inspect the bottom of the drained sea, he would be sure to look at once for some remnants of his kind, overwhelmed by storm and battle.

Fancy has depicted these vessels as thickly strewn over the bottom of the sea, and at times as hung in the depths, unable, on account of the water, to find their way to the water. But all we know of the conditions of the deep leads us to believe that the sunken vessel finds its way quickly to the foundation of the sea. In a few hours at most it reaches its everlasting resting grave and is ready for the swift destruction which awaits its form.

At the stroke of its fall it must in part sink into the ooze, which everywhere is deep. Quickly the creatures of the sea, who, by long existence in fields where food is scanty, have learned to avail themselves of every chance of sustenance, seize upon all the organic matter which fortune has sent to them. Even the masts and the other woodwork will shortly be honeycombed by living species and weighed down by encrusting forms. Thus before long the masts will fall and the decks will share in the ruin.

If the reader could traverse the field whereunto came the shot-riddled ships of Trafalgar, he would probably, says a writer in the Youth's Companion, be surprised at the slight effect they would make on the landscape. Each wreck would most likely appear as a low mound of debris, in which it would be difficult to trace the semblance of the stout craft which waged the greatest sea-fight of all time.

Ships of European people have been for centuries finding their way to the floors of the ocean. Probably over a hundred thousand vessels have met this fate since the time when our race began to find its way around the earth. Yet by far the greater part of these have fallen upon the shallows near the shore, where the swift currents and rapidly moving debris are likely to aid in their destruction and burial.

How swiftly they disappear in these conditions may be judged by the experience of a diver who has sought for sunken treasures. Almost invariably, after a hundred years or so have passed, they find that the craft is quite lost to sight. Far more money has been spent in such explorations than has been won from them.

Curiously enough, the most permanent records of man's empire of the seas are being written in the ashes from the coal-fed fires of the steamships. This waste is in its nature indestructible, and the mass of material contributed in any one year to the ocean floors is to be reckoned by the million tons. In time all the great ship routes will be paved with this debris, which will be built into the rocks, to remain as the most enduring physical monument of man's sway upon this sphere.

### Ward McAllister Gone.

Ward McAllister is dead. Thus passes from the scene one of the best known and most remarkable figures of American life.

In many respects Ward McAllister never has had an equal. He was educated for the profession of law, but never practiced at the bar. For many years he has had no business, no trade, no vocation, no work. He has posed merely as a gentleman—a professional gentleman, and the only one in America.

He has made a good living and made a great reputation by attending to the details of social matters for the wealthy classes of New York. In society circles his word has been practically absolute. He has made up the lists of social functions, has excluded whomsoever he desired to snub and has placed upon the highest social pinnacle those whom he favored. In such matters he was a dictator, from whose decrees there could be no appeal. Wielding such immense power, he never could want for anything which his social proteges could supply. He was wined and dined; he always had plenty of money, whether traveling abroad or living at the swellest seaside resorts. His knowledge of wines and the details of cuisine were marvelous. He was essentially an expert butler, cook and purveyor to the "400"—a mystic circle made and named by himself.

McAllister was a peculiar product of New York social conditions. He could have existed nowhere else in this country, and it is very doubtful whether he has left any successor.

### Sumatra Tobacco.

Only the strongest and most experienced coolies can properly cultivate an acre and a quarter, and even with them the last third of the field is much inferior to the rest. Besides, tobacco is attacked by several insect enemies, and particularly by small green caterpillars, and large grasshoppers. In tobacco intended for "filling," or manufacture, a few holes on the leaf are of less consequence, but "wrappers" to be of any use, must be without flaw, and the "worms," unless carefully hand-picked, will reduce the profits to a very small margin.

Another peculiarity is that, if the tobacco is flooded, even to the depth of an inch, it instantly perishes, and a large part of the expenses of an estate consists of an elaborate system of "parits," or drains, to carry off storm water, a difficult thing to do in the level coast districts. At length the leaves of first-planted "trees" begin to wrinkle and show yellow spots, and now the peculiar labor system comes into action. Each afternoon the coolie cuts his ripened tobacco, and carries it to the "bangsal," or drying shed, of which there is one to every ten fields.—Good Words.