

Hog Cholera.

There having been a large amount of money expended by the Government and by individuals in order to stay the ravages of the disease known as hog cholera, with evidently but little success, and presuming that anything looking towards a rational treatment of the disease will be acceptable to your readers, I send you this for publication if you think it merits a place in your columns.

The suggestions and recipe for the treatment of the disease are the result of ten years' careful observation of cholera in the great hog belt where the disease is seen in all its many forms.

Without any comment on the various theories of what the disease is, (at least for the present) or the numberless nostrums alloted for its cure, I will give such general directions for the management of hogs infected with the disease, and also the combination of medicines found most effectual in my hands and that of others, of staying the ravages of this most fatal scourge.

In the first place hogs attacked with cholera must have constant care, if anyone expects to control the disease and save the hogs.

Throwing them such food as happens to come to hand, or giving any medicine that is on trial in such a way that they may get it or not, trusting to luck for the result, will end in the loss of the hogs. On the contrary, they should be protected from the sun in summer and the cold storms in winter, and not be allowed to congregate in large numbers so as to become overheated, and be changed, if possible, to fresh quarters every two or three days.

They must be shut away from all water in cold weather, except such as is given them in their troughs with their food and medicine. For food they should have thin slop, and all grain should be withheld till they are well recovered. Shorts and a little clean middlings or boiled potatoes mashed in their drink, or dishwater, is the best.

This they should have regularly three times a day with a little salt in it, and in such quantities as that they will eat it all up and not leave it standing in their troughs to decompose.

The sick ones should be separated from the apparently well ones, that they may have extra care, though every hog in the lot should have the medicine once a day. The sicker ones should have it three times a day in moderate quantities with their slop.

Each hog at the outset should have from one to two ounces of Glauber's salts dissolved in the food, and should be repeated every night and morning till the bowels are well cleared of their unhealthy contents, and with the salts, enough of the following mixture to color their drink slightly, say a pint to a hundred head, varying the amount according to the age, giving more if the disease is severe. When past drinking they can sometimes be saved by drenching them with a tablespoonful of the mixture with a little water every morning and night, being careful not to strangle them. Here is the recipe I have found most effectual in modifying, controlling and curing the disease, and it may be given with great benefit as a preventive: Hydrochlorate of ammonia, two pounds; chlorate of potasse, one pound; dissolve in one gallon of hot water, and when cool add one pound or pint of the best muriated tincture of iron. This mixture should never be made or kept in any metallic vessel or mixed with milk when given.

A careful and thorough use of this remedy, coupled with the use of the salts as indicated above, continuing the salts occasionally if the bowels are not free, will with almost a certainty save from one-half to three-fourths of the hogs lost by cholera.

It will be noticed that all the ingredients in this mixture contain chlorine, and are standard remedies for the diseases of the human subject closely allied to what is called cholera in hogs. At some future time I may have something to say as to what the disease is, etc.

In the last ten years I have bred and fed quite a large number of hogs in a district where cholera is prevalent, and have not lost twenty dollars worth from either that or other diseases.—*Cor. Western Rural.*

Botany on the Farm.

There is no better place to study botany than on the farm, and likewise there are few occupations in which botanical knowledge is more useful than in farming. Every cultivated plant and weed on the farm has its history, comprising its scientific and common names, native country, uses, properties and the position it holds in the vegetable world. If it be true that "knowledge is power," then to know plants well is to give the cultivator the power either to improve or destroy them. It is certainly strange that so few farmers ever look upon the subject in this light, or even feel the need of any botanical knowledge whatever, while handling and cultivating the very plants about which they should know as much or more than any one else. It is true that we have thousands of farmers who have raised wheat, corn, oats and other kinds of grain all their lives, and have never known that these plants had any other names except the vulgar ones employed on the farm or in the markets; and while it is not absolutely necessary that the cultivator should know their botanical names in order to raise them successfully, this is nevertheless the starting point in acquiring a knowledge of their history and properties. Merely growing a crop is not all that a farmer should know about it, for there is much more to be learned that may be both interesting and profit-

A knowledge of the structure of plants, how they grow and why, the form, and different parts of their flowers; how new varieties are raised by crossing and hybridizing—in fact, to know why varieties of corn mix so readily with wheat, oats and peas do it seldom—would be the opening of a new and advanced era in the lives of the great majority of farmers. The widespread belief in the transmutation of one species of grain into another, or the spontaneous generation of certain species of weeds could not exist among men who know even the rudiments of botanical science. Furthermore, a very little botanical knowledge would protect the farmer from hundreds of swindlers who palm off upon him seeds and plants which never existed, or which if they do exist, are well known to the botanical student as old and worthless.

It is not, however, altogether in the way of profit that we urge the study of botany by every farmer's son and daughter, for there is a pleasure in knowing a thing when you see it which frequently brings a compensation equal in value to dollars and cents, although not exactly in that form. We are also inclined to think that a farmer who knows just how to go to work in order to cross two varieties of grain or vegetables in his garden, and can recognize and name the different organs in any flower he meets in his daily labors, will not only take more interest in his work, but will accomplish more and do it better and with less bodily fatigue than if he was entirely ignorant of such matters.

It is not a difficult matter to obtain a moderate amount of botanical knowledge on the farm unaided by a teacher. Almost any of the common text books will accomplish the task.

The next thing after obtaining a treatise on botany is to prepare for collecting specimens, for there are few persons who can remember the names and characteristics of the different species from one or two brief examinations, even with the book in hand. To fix the names and characters in the memory, as well as to have the specimens at hand for future use, it is necessary to preserve them in what is called an herbarium. Now, this herbarium may be a very elaborate affair or a cheap and simple one, but the novice had better commence in a simple way, and when his collection is worthy of it, change his specimens, and put them up in better style. To begin with, get some ordinary letter paper, foolscap size, upon which to fasten with slips of paper the dried plants when ready. The professional botanist provides himself with portfolio boxes for carrying plants, knife, trowel, etc., but on the farm these can be dispensed with.

When the specimens of plants to be preserved are gathered, they should be in their most perfect condition, usually when in full bloom, and if not too large the root should be left attached to the stem. As soon as collected, or before they have wilted or become dry, place the specimens between sheets of paper and add moderate pressure to keep them in good shape, as well as to expel the juices. Old newspapers will answer for drying papers, but thicker unsized paper is better, although almost any kind will answer. Change the papers daily, or have enough to allow of changing, leaving the first to dry and be ready for use the following day. When the specimens have become thoroughly dried, fasten one specimen on each sheet of the foolscap, writing the common and botanical name underneath, and adding the date of collection and locality if desirable. If the specimens are merely fastened to the sheet by narrow bands or slips of paper laid over them, they can be readily removed at any future time, either to be replaced by new and better ones, or changed to other paper.

Now, the novice in collecting plants may ask: How am I to know their names? True, but suppose he begins at the bottom of the ladder and works up slowly. We will suppose he has a botanical treatise at hand, and starts out for his first plant. Let it be a dandelion. Now, if he looks in the index for the name, he will find it with its botanical name, and the reason why it has such a name. Then let him look for red clover in the same way, and probably he will be surprised to find that the clovers are not "grasses," but are closely allied to the pease of our gardens. Then, step by step, without spending more than a leisure moment now and then, a moderately good herbarium will be made. The grasses should not be overlooked, and if the boy and girl cannot go further than to preserve good specimens of timothy, red top, orchard grass, and blue grass, it will be a commencement, and will give them a good idea of how a large collection of these useful plants looks when preserved for scientific study. Wheat, oats, rye, millet and corn, in all their varieties, belong to the grass herbarium, and a goodly number of varieties can be secured in almost any neighborhood, not forgetting that great bugbear of ignorant farmers, chess, cheat, or by whatever vulgar name it may be known. Moreover, there is more than one species of chess, which few farmers seem to know.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Fish Commissioners of Maine have adopted a plan for marking young salmon in order to obtain information in regard to their development and migration. Each fish has fastened to it a light metal tag with a number on it, and several hundred have been set free in the Penobscot River. Whoever catches a marked salmon in any of the Maine rivers is requested to send either the fish or the label, together with all information in regard to the fish, to the State Commissioners.

Rheumatic gout has attacked the eyes of Mr. Wilkie Collins.

Crossed the Dark River.

"Two nights ago at midnight," said Brother Gardner to the Limekiln Club, "I saw Brudder Kvan Jones take leave of sirth to cross de dark ribber. De ole man had bin' allin' fur weeks, an' he was ready to go. When his eyes looked under de dark cloud of death an' cotched sight of de aiges of Heaven, he gathered his friends about him, an' we sot beside him when his life went out. If dar am a man in dis hall who believes wid Bob Ingersoll he should have bin dar when de soul of dat poo' ole black man began slippin' away from its home of clay. What brought de smile of joy to de ole man's face? What put de look of blessed satisfackshun in his eye? Why did he welcome de comin' of dat sleep which knows no wakin' till de blast of de trumpet turns airth into Paradise?"

"Way down in de rice fields of Louisiana lies de body of his ole wife. Dat smile of joy was bo'n at de thought of meetin' her at de gates of Heaven. In a green lane in Georgia lies de dust of his first bo'n child. Dat look cum to his eyes when he realized dat befo' de morrow he would fold dat boy in his arms. In de y'ars of de long ago dey took his darter away, an' he has nebber heard from her since. When he thought of de blessed family reunion up dar' behind the gates of gold his face wore sich a look dat we could almost h'ar de music of de harps. Tell me of some unbeliever who has died dat way! Tell me of a scoffer who has let go of life wid a smile on his face! All de words of all de infidels on airth could not have shaken de faith of dat poo' ole man. He could not read, but he could pray. He could not write, but he could hope. Jist befo' de bells struck midnight, we saw his smile brighten, an' he pinte wid his finger into distance. Shall I tell you what de ole man saw? He saw beyond de curtain which hangs between life an' eternity. He saw legions upon legions an' hosts upon hosts marchin' down to de dark ribber. He saw beyand dat. He saw e' sun-light on de odder sho'. He heard music. He saw de wife an' chill'en of odder days, an' when dey held out deir arm to him he whispered to us: 'Dey is callin'—dey is callin', an' he sunk away widout even a sigh.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

Hints About Hair.

Hair wears lighter, and is changed by perspiration; hence, in selecting false hair, it should be dark enough to begin with. The hair on the temples and forehead is lighter than that further back, and to be well matched requires lighter additional hair that that chosen for a switch. Brushing is the best stimulant for the hair, and should be done twice a day; dry strokes in the morning, and again in the evening, passing the hand over the hair occasionally between strokes, is commended by ladies who have retained handsome hair beyond middle age. The ends of the hair should be clipped once a month to keep it thick and even. To do this thoroughly, the hair should be taken up in tresses, and a comb drawn through each tress, beginning at the roots and doubling the hair around the comb, so that in passing the short ends will be seen, and can be clipped. To prevent the hair falling out after an illness, six inches should be cut off each month. The cheap hair of which so much is sold is usually unwholesome stuff; it is not always real hair, and, if genuine, is not taken from the heads of living persons; finally, it does not prove to be cheap, for it is unclean, easily matted and snarled, and is so brittle that it does not wear well, or else so stiff that it is unwieldy; hence it is not cheap at any price. To test the quality of the hair, rub the ends of the switch between the fingers, and, if good, it will fall away out of the hand entirely; but if of inferior quality, it will snarl and mat together. A microscope may also be used to show if the ends of the hair are turned the wrong way.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Mojave Desert.

About two o'clock in the morning, as the Southern Pacific train runs southward, the Mojave Desert is reached; and here the crumbling "skeleton of nature lies hopeless of burial and bleaching in the sun." No pen can describe the utter desolation of this region. On every side is a howling wilderness of rock and drifting sand; and the only vegetation is a stunted species of sage brush and the Yucca palm. This latter tree is the glory of the desert, and sometimes attains a diameter of from two to three feet and a height of from forty to fifty feet. The trunk terminates in stumpy branches, each having at the extreme end a tuft of dagger-shaped leaves, with a dark green foliage bristling in the most irritable manner, and the whole presenting an appearance that which nothing more grotesque can be conceived. Even this product of the desert has its uses, for, the bark being removed, the trunk is utilized in making paper. It is crushed into a pulp, and afterward taken to a mill near San Jose and manufactured. It is especially adapted for making a superior class of banknote paper, which proves to be firm and smooth and of great durability. In the midst of this desert is the only eating station between the San Joaquin Valley and Los Angeles. The water is carried in pipes from a spring ten miles distant; and the butter, spring chickens and other provisions are brought from points beyond the mountains. The station is the distributing point for several mining camps situated at considerable distances from the railroad, and accordingly a number of stores and shops are also in successful operation.—*Chicago Tribune.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—It is reported that Prof. Huxley is coming to the States on an angling tour.

—Jared Bassett, of North Haven, Conn., has and wears twelve silver buttons made in 1744. Had the money which they cost been invested at that time, the interest added to the principal would have made them worth \$1,764 at the present time.

—Among recent valuable additions to the British Museum are some rare Mexican books, including a few of the earliest productions of the Spanish-American press, which belonged to the President of the Emperor Maximilian's first Ministry, Don Jose Fernando Ramirez.

—*Harper's Magazine* prints a long and interesting letter from Hawthorne, written in 1831, in which he speaks hopefully of being able at no very distant day to buy a quiet and comfortable little home somewhere near the sea for \$1,500 or \$2,000. Literary men nowadays are hardly so modest in their expectations.

—A lady, Miss Mary Robinson, is said to be the coming English poet. She has trained herself in classic Greek until she knows the language better than a professor, and translates it into glowing English as correct as Robert Browning's and more intelligible. Her original work also shows signs of great promise, both lyric and dramatic.

—Madame Carla Serena, a traveler well-known abroad, has been visiting the most remote countries of the East during the past few years and has written a narrative of her journey which is printed in twelve volumes. Madame Carla Serena is the only lady who has been made an honorary member of all the principal Geographical Societies of Europe.

—The Paris *Gambos* represents a passer-by as inquiring, at the funeral of Littré: "Who is this Littré?" and gives the various replies as follows: A woman—"He was the ugliest man in Paris." A young man—"He was a comical chap, who pretended that we are descended from the monkey." A business man—"He was the author of my dictionary." A priest—"He was a savant." An idler—"He was a worker." A friend—"He was a simple-hearted and good man, who lived between his wife and his daughter, both devoted to him."

—The income of Jon Thorlakson, the poet and preacher of Iceland, was less than six pounds a year. He, in common with other pastors, had to eke out a support by all kinds of hard labor. He was a blacksmith; he made hay and tended cattle, and, no doubt, was willing to follow any honest calling, to keep himself and family from actual starvation. But, notwithstanding his miserable surroundings and his life of drudgery, Thorlakson, at the age of seventy years, finished a translation of Milton's "Paradise Lost," having previously translated Pope's "Essay on Man" into Icelandic.

HUMOROUS.

—Condensed handbook for picnics this season—Carry ulsters, umbrellas, rubber overcoats; and, by the way, take a kerosene stove to warm the butter so 'twill spread.—*New Haven Register.*

—How is this for a three-years-old? An old man was passing the house, Sunday, taking exceedingly short steps. The little one looked at him for several minutes and then cried out: "Mamma, don't he walk stinky?"—*Springfield Union.*

—Little Johnny had been caught by his aunt teasing a fly. "Johnny," said she, "supposing some great beast a thousand times bigger than yourself should tease you and perhaps eat you all up?" "I hope," said Johnny, "he'd feel as bad as I do when I swallow a fly."—*Boston Transcript.*

—A man who was fishing for trout in the Tionesta years ago, so the story runs, caught his hook on a bag of gold and brought it safely to shore. As he looked at the gold he sadly said, "Just my luck; never could catch any fish."—*Oil City Derrick.*

—Young man, beware of stock and grain speculations! If you want an "option" that is safe, get the option to the hand of a good, sensible girl of marriageable age, and put up a lot and a neat little cottage as a margin. It will be the grandest speculation you ever made, and will bring you big profits. You can stake your last dollar on that and be safe.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Small Harry had never seen a bass-viol, and when his eyes lighted on one at a public rehearsal one day, he naturally thought it the most enormous fiddle he ever beheld. He was full of questions and exclamations about it. Harry's excitement reached the highest pitch when the owner of the instrument seized and began to tune it. The little fellow rose from his seat in his eagerness, his eyes stretched to their widest extent. The performer thrummed, and boomed and twanged awhile, got the viol tuned to his liking, leaned it against a chair and sat down once more. Small Harry sank into his seat with a deep sigh of disappointment and sympathy, exclaiming: "Ah, mamma, he can't do it!"—*Boston Courier.*

—In England a first-class telegraph clerk under the present system may, with good luck and good conduct combined, after eighteen years service, raise himself to a pecuniary pinnacle whereby he would be entitled to a salary of £120 per annum. The wages of a third-class clerk commence at sixteen shillings per week, and rise by gradual increments to the sum of twenty-seven shillings; and yet they are not happy, and, like Oliver Twist, "are asking for more."

Burial Expenses.

Is there any vocation which is not open to woman? In Philadelphia there is a lady undertaker—at least there is a lady who has undertaken to "learn the business." She has been taking lessons in the Orphans' Court, and a lecture which was read to her by Judge Hanna is interesting, not only to undertakers throughout the country, but also to executors and administrators and to heirs and legatees. A young unmarried woman died, leaving as her estate a share in a dwelling house worth about \$700; also, a brother and sister, who naturally were entitled to inherit. An aunt of the deceased with whom she had resided confided the arrangements for the funeral to the "lady undertaker" without consulting the brother and sister, or imposing any restrictions on the amount to be expended. On the contrary, she said: "You need not spare any expense; for though there is no money now, it will be all right after awhile." A lavish display was accordingly made. But when the bill of the undertaker was rendered the brother and sister objected that so much expense was wholly disproportionate to the small amount of the estate. And the Court sustained the objection, and cut the bill down from \$354 to \$100. At last accounts the undertaker was looking for the aunt with a view to friendly conversation as to payment of the balance.

Sarcasm is not common in court opinions, and is therefore the more pungent when there found. Judge Hanna, after explaining that it is the duty of the executor or administrator to bury the deceased, but that only a reasonable and moderate sum, proportioned to the value of the property left and consistent with the rights and interests of heirs or legatees, will be allowed in the settlement of the estate, criticised what had been done very severely:

"In this case the undertaker was authorized to use her own pleasure, and she acted with the most commendable regard for her own interest. She furnished an elegant casket, covered with black cloth, for the no doubt moderate price of \$175; the remains of the deceased were tastefully shrouded at a cost of \$60; an array of ten carriages conveyed the admiring neighbors and little family of one brother and two sisters to the last resting place at a cost of \$30; black plumes, mourning bands and gloves; and, lastly, unfortunately for the heirs, it was forgotten to add the economical, but highly fashionable admonition, 'Friends are requested not to send flowers,' to the notice in the public press, and the corpse of the poor girl, whose little patrimony was fast disappearing, was garlanded with flowers at a cost of \$40, and at a cost of \$354.44 she was borne to her grave. Such wholesale spoliation cannot be countenanced. It is contrary to law, the teaching of religion and the mandates of its ministers, and must be severely reprimanded."

The press has often, in terms less severe but sufficiently distinct, reproved the tendency toward wasteful expenditure at funerals, especially in large cities. Those who are spending their own money cannot, of course, be controlled. But let it be fully understood that expenditure for which an executor or administrator expects to be reimbursed from the estate is controlled by law, and must positively be limited to what is economical and prudent.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Most Beautiful Snake Story of the Season.

Mr. H. T. Poole, well-known as one of Polk County's trustworthy citizens, has a boy near the age of three years, that has been unusually backward about learning to talk, but has acquired the art of endeavoring to be understood by means of signs, such as pointing his finger at such objects as happen to gain his attention. About two weeks ago, while a lady friend was calling upon Mrs. Poole, the child's peculiar actions led his mother to believe that something unusual had been receiving his attention, and as soon as her company had disappeared she was led to make an investigation. Following the child in the yard and to the corner of the house, she watched the little one stoop low and crawl under the floor, where its attention was soon seemingly drawn to some object well back in the corner of the brick underpinning.

Led now by a deep curiosity, the mother herself crawled beneath the floor sufficiently to acquaint herself with the situation, and the sight that met her gaze almost froze her blood. In a perfect coil, as though prepared to combat some formidable foe, with head erect, lay a huge serpent, with the little child rubbing its hands gently over its body. The serpent, as though apprised of the child's ignorance of fear and intending no harm, would gently move its head aside when the hand of the child passed near it. Mrs. Poole, as quick as possible, after realizing the awful situation, drew the child away and directed some negro women to drag the serpent out and kill it. With a hoe they soon brought it out, but it quickly began to show fight, once jumping its full length at those seeking to slay it. It was dispatched, however, and proved to be of that dangerous specimen known as the highland moccasin. It was more than half as large as a man's wrist, and measured nearly three feet in length.

It is supposed the child had been fondling the snake for some while, and who, possessing a knowledge of the reptile's dangerous character, will attempt an answer to the query: Why was he spared the poisonous fangs?—*Cedarville (Ga.) Advertiser.*

—She is a wise woman who wears her best stockings in muddy weather.