Merits of Buckwheat as a Farm Crop.

Buckwheat is one of the most valuable of our cereals, both for table use and as food for stock. The ordinary black or gray variety has been the only sort grown until within a few years, and careful culture of the silver hull has demonstrated that it is in every way much more valuable, especially for the indispensable "griddle cake." It is much more productive and yields under the same conditions larger crops. The husk is thinner and there is much less waste in the manufacture of flour which is whiter and more nutritious. Buckwheat, with the exception of barley, is less exhaustive to the soil than any of our small grains, although many think otherwise, but since it will grow on soils so devoid of fertility that other grains would hardly yield the seed sown seems to be sufficient proof that such is the case.

This grain does well on both light and heavy soils and may be sown from the 5th of July to the 25th in time to ripen before early frosts. From three pecks to a bushel is sown to the acre, the former quantity if the soil is in good condition. There is no crop grown on the farm that is so easily grown as this, while the yield will average from ten to twenty bushels to the acre. It is a great exterminator of all kinds of weeds and foul grass, and for this reason may be sown on land where such intruders need to be rooted out. Some farmers after mowing a crop of grass plow and sow to buckwheat and in the spring following set to tobacco, a very good way since the land will be free from weeds during the culture of the "weed" with the exception of the springing up here and there of the seeds of the wheat left at harvesting.

To the farmer who fattens many hogs this grain will be found very valuable. It is heating and, therefore, valuable for winter food. It should be mixed with corn, or with corn, oats and rye and at least two-thirds of any "grist" should be other grains. To the poultry breeder it is indispensable and is not exceeded in value as a valuable food for fowls unless it be refuse wheat, while many think it equally good. It will stimulate the production of eggs, while its warming and heating qualities render it valuable during the cold, winter months. The straw by many is burned on the field, but stock will eat it in the yard if fed occasionally a small quantity, while if cut fine and sprinkled with a little meal it may be fed at least three or four times a week, thereby saving a large amount of more valuable fodder.

This grain is raised in all parts of New England, and in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio is a staple. New York and Pennsylvania produce two-thirds of the crop grown in the country, while some of the western States produce a small quantity. Large quantities of the grain are floured, and our large cities and towns, more especially, use it largely during winter, and it is to the families of New England and the Middle States at the breakfast table what hoe cake is to the Southerner. Almost every farmer has some ground adapted for its culture, and it will be found a profitable crop to grow. We know of an old farmer who stacks his buckwheat straw after it has been threshed in one corner of his barn-yard for his stock to feed on when turned into the yard during the winter. We asked him if his cattle would eat it. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "When I turn them out for the first time and they go to the stack to feed, I get a whip and drive them away, and holler at them whenever I see them around it, and in this way they eat it all up."—*Cor. Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

The Chemistry of Ensilage.

Why is green, succulent matter preserved from heating and rotting when stored in a silo? This question is often asked, but seldom is an intelligent answer given. It is claimed that this is effected by excluding the air on the same principle that we save fruit by canning it; but no person with even an elementary knowledge of the science of pneumatics will pretend to form a vacuum with wood, or brick and mortar, however well it may be packed with clay. All writers on ensilage, from Auguste Goffart, who invented the silo, down to the last newspaper correspondent, speak of the peculiar "vinous odor" of the provender when taken from the pit, and a writer in the *New England Farmer*, while commending the silo, cautions people about going into a newly opened pit, from the dangerous accumulation of carbonic acid that is always present. Add to these the fact that the analysis of Prof. Goessmann shows a loss of starch and sugar in the fodder thus preserved, and we have in all these facts the mode of preservation clearly indicated. Shortly after being packed an incipient fermentation sets in, and the sugar in the green fodder is decomposed, and equal equivalents of carbonic acid are formed. The former, being a gas, slowly escapes through the covering of the silo, while the alcohol combines with, or is dissolved in, the water present. This gives the characteristic "vinous odor" spoken of. With this fermentation begins at once the conversion of starch into sugar; but a special property of alcohol is to retard or entirely arrest chemical changes in organic substances. The partial exclusion of the air, the low temperature, and the accumulating quantity of alcohol finally arrest chemical action till the forage is exposed to the air and a higher temperature, when the acetic fermentation begins and the alcohol is rapidly converted into vinegar and the whole is soon a mass of decay.

Alcohol and a low temperature are the agents that preserve green vegetable matter in a silo. The sugar and starch, which were converted into carbonic acid and alcohol, were important food elements, and it is not probable that any one at all acquainted with animal physiology will contend that these resultant compounds can supply their place as food.

It is claimed that dairy cows fed on ensilage give an increased quantity of milk, and stalled animals fatten on it rapidly. Both of these claims are probably founded in fact. That dilute alcohol, as in beer, has the property of increasing the secretion of milk has been long known, but while the quantity is increased the quality is correspondingly impaired. It is but a few years since it was claimed that the slops from a distillery possessed as much fattening power as did the corn before it was distilled; and the claim was sustained by practical tests. But the pork packers soon dissipated this illusion by discarding still-fed pork as an unhealthy product. Fat, butter and cheese produced under the influence of alcohol, whether fed in still slops or ensilage, are not normal products. They are results of an effort to dispose of waste material that in normal or healthy condition should have been consumed by respiration. It is also claimed that this alcoholic fermentation renders the food more digestible. But digestion is chemical change, and does that which retards change in the silo promote it in the stomach?—*Indiana Farmer.*

Chicken Cholera.

It is highly probable that cholera in fowls originates by contagion and is introduced into flocks either by newly acquired infected fowls, by infected manure or feathers, or sometimes by the bodies of dead birds brought into, or near the poultry yard by dogs or other animals. In most cases the disease can be traced to the first-mentioned source. As the virus remains in a fixed form it is not probable that the disease germs are taken into the body with food and other matter which has been contaminated.

Preventive measures, in this disease as, indeed, in most others when the causes and mode of propagation are known, are the safest resort. Where a flock of fowls is already infected, the first and most reliable symptom is the coloration of the kidney excretion which is voided by fowls with the offal. This, in health, is readily distinguished by its white appearance, but when the fowl is attacked by cholera this kidney excrement changes its color from white to pale, and then to deep yellow, and in extreme cases it becomes green. At about this stage an obstinate diarrhœa sets in. This symptom being discovered, the infected fowls should be at once killed, care being taken that no blood is left where the other fowls may get at it, and the bodies should be buried. The healthy birds should be removed to a clean piece of ground which is known to be free from the contagion, and the excrement of these fowls should be inspected daily to ascertain their condition, and to detect the sick birds. If the fowls can be separated into pens of three or four such detection will be hastened. Before placing the birds in new quarters it is well to fumigate them with sulphur, as the feathers are apt to convey the disease.

In case fowls are introduced from other localities where the disease has been raging, it is good policy to "quarantine" them, so to speak, for three weeks or so until they are known to be free from the disease. Any eggs brought from other places for hatching should be cleaned of any excrement which may be attached to them, and manure from infected yards should not be thrown upon land to which healthy fowls have access. By observing these precautions the disease may be excluded or exterminated. Cures have been effected by feeding cooked meal, red pepper, gunpowder and turpentine mixed together; also by placing water in which bi-sulphate of soda, in proportion of an ounce to a gallon, has been dissolved, where the fowls can drink it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

So-Called Sweeny.

The vulgar term sweeny is applied to a real or imaginary wasting of the muscles of the extremities, and mostly referred to as being located in the shoulder or about the crupper. It is commonly regarded as a special evil, and all sorts of cruel practices and nostrums are resorted to for its cure. The cause or causes of a generally negative result of the treatment applied is simply this, that sweeny, or, more properly speaking, wasting or atrophy of the muscles of the horse's limb, is, in the plurality of cases, merely one of the results of chronic disease of some part of the limb, such as a painful corn, navicular disease, and contracted feet, or ringbone, spavin, etc. If a cure of these ailments is possible, the so-called sweeny will either gradually disappear in the course of time, or will yield to treatment; otherwise, the cure of sweeny will prove a failure. In young horses, sweeny, or wasting of the muscles of the shoulder, is often a consequence of unsteady pulling with an ill-fitting collar. In such a case, relieve the animal from work, and apply, for some time, once or twice a day, a portion of equal parts of tincture of cantharides and oil of turpentine. The contents of the bottle should be shaken while applying the same. Liberty out-doors, on pasture, will be of additional benefit. Subsequently, give only light work in breast harness, or in a soft, padded, well-fitting collar, until the animal becomes used to pulling.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

—Do not allow the soil about your young fruit trees to become hard and crusted, but keep it clean and constantly mellow.

The Fly—A Bald-Headed Man's Experiences.

Much has been said of the fly of the period but few write about him who are bald-headed.

Hence we say a word. It is of no use any more to deny the horrible truth. Although as beautiful as a peri in other ways, our tresses on top have succumbed to the inclemency of the weather, and our massive brow is slowly creeping over toward the back of our neck. Nature makes all things even. If a man be possessed of such ravishing beauty and such winning ways that his power might become dangerous, she makes him bald-headed.

That is our fix.

When we have our hat on and go chasseing down the street with that camel glide of ours, everyone asks who that noble-looking Apollo with the deep and melancholy eye is; but when we are at the office with our hat hung up on the French walnut side-board, and the sun comes softly in through the rosewood shutters and lights up the shellac polish on our intellectual dome, we are not so pretty.

Then it is that the fly, with gentle tread and seductive song, comes and prospects around on our bump of self-esteem, and tickles us and makes us mad.

When we get where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, we haul off and slap the place where he was, while he goes over to the inkstand and snickers at us. After he has waded around in the carmine ink awhile he goes back to the bump of spirituality and makes some red marks over it

Having laid off his claim under the new mining law, he proceeds to sink on it.

If we write anything bitter these days; if we say aught of our fellowman that is disagreeable or unjust, and for which we afterward get licked, it is because at times we get exasperated and are not responsible.

If the fly were large and weighed two hundred pounds, and came in here and told us that if we didn't take back what we had said about him he would knock out the window with our remains and let us fall a hundred feet into the busy street it wouldn't worry us so much, because then we could strangle him with one hand while we wrote a column editorial with the other. We do that frequently. But a little fragile insect, with no home and no parents, and only four or five million brothers and sisters, gains our confidence and then tickles our scalp till we have to write with a sheet of tar roofing over our head.

If the fly could be removed from our pathway we would march along in our journey to the tomb in a way that would be the envy and admiration of the civilized world. As it is, we feel that we are not making a very handsome record.—*Bill Nye's Boomerang.*

Speech Restored by Electricity.

Patrick Halloran, a city expressman, presented himself at the Dispensary yesterday morning, complaining of a choking sensation in his throat. He could not speak above a whisper, and seemed quite depressed at his loss of voice. Dr. P. H. Cronin, in charge of the lung and throat department, diagnosed the case as vocal paralysis, technically called paralysis of the central abductor. The patient was directed to sit with his back to the open door, and in a few moments the doctor had put in position a large office battery and placed the sponge of one conductor in the right hand of the sufferer, attaching the other to an instrument with an electric switch, by means of which he introduced a minute sponge to the internal and posterior portion of the larynx or Adam's apple. Once in position the doctor lightly touched the spring at the side of the instrument, the patient gave one yell as the electric shock was given, when the doctor closed the current and listened to the now loud-voiced patient as he fervently thanked him for his good work.

The doctor says that the case he had just witnessed was not an unusual one among singers and public speakers, who at times would become completely hoarse from over-use of the voice; but in the present instance it was the result of chronic bronchial catarrh coupled with a fresh cold, and if neglected might have led to a permanent vocal impairment, for cases of over two year's standing could seldom be cured.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Influential Woman.

We generally picture her as a leader of fashion, stately and beautiful, the center of her coterie. Her moral qualities are not considered at all; and that is where we err. When the rich woman can show to the world only a life of fashion and idleness, she is deserving of open censure and disgrace, so long as there are hungry bodies, minds or souls, crying for some of her abundance. To whom much is given much is required. Let public opinion mete out its wrath of censure upon the fashionable, idle woman who is a disgrace to her sex because of her aimless, useless life. Let the expression "best society" mean those who do good deeds, who leave the world happier and better for having lived; instead of those who have been most idle and aimless. The "influential women" of every community are those who are doing and daring, that the world may be made purer and better, whether they are fashionable or unfashionable it matters not.

—R. H. Thomas, of Sparta, Ga., claims to have thrashed out 1,128 bushels of oats from twenty-five acres of land, and Colonel Reese harvested 1,175 bushels

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—President Huntington, of the Central Pacific Railroad, intends to rebuild the Congregational Church at his birthplace, Harwinton, Conn.

—Mr. George H. Babcock, of Plainfield, N. J., has just given $10,000 to Wilson College, at Wilson, Wis., and also promised to give $10,000 more if the alumni raise an equal amount.

—Maj. D. W. Whittle, after a year's successful evangelistic work in Great Britain, has returned home to Chicago, where he will remain for the present, assisting in the Gospel work of the Y. M. C. A. In some places abroad his meetings have equaled in interest and results those held by Moody and Sankey.

—The wealthy Jewish synagogue of New York, of which Dr. Kohler is rabbi, has decided to hold regular services hereafter on Sunday. The congregation was equally divided on the subject. The change was brought about by members who desired to do business on Saturday.

—The northwestern provinces of India have made astonishing progress in free education. There is hardly a village without its Government school, wherein are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, the geography and history of India, and in the higher classes a little Euclid. These schools are governed by local committees, made up of Europeans and native gentlemen.

—The Rev. Paxdor Hood, one of the most famous of the Independent preachers of England, is coming to this country. In a letter to a friend this side the water he says: "I am going and not knowing whither I go. I am going out like Abraham, but even at sixty years of age I am not uncheerful. I have often been invited to go to America; my purpose now is to go uninvited."

—The St. Louis *Christian Advocate* forcibly remarks: "We have watched such things for a long time, and watched closely, yet do not remember to have ever seen a really prosperous church where the prayer-meetings were not well attended, nor yet where the brethren were given to long hymns, drawled rather than sung, and long prayers, in which the same things were substantially repeated again and again."

—President Seelye, of Amherst College, presided at the recent convention of the American Home Missionary Society at Chicago. The society was organized fifty-five years ago. The number of its missionaries has increased from 169 to 1,032, and its income from $18,000 to $290,953. Its missionary congregations and stations have increased in number from 196 to 2,653. It has collected and expended more than $9,000,000 and has organized or aided in sustaining about 4,150 churches. Of the amount collected $5,823,000 came from New England, $2,073,000 from the Middle States, $1,032,000 from the Interior and Northwest, and a considerable sum from missionaries in foreign lands. A committee of fifteen was appointed to take into consideration the "whole work and welfare of the society."

A Life Saved.

He wanted legal advice, and when the lawyer told him to state his case, he began:

"About two years ago I was fool enough to fall in love."

"Certainly—I understand."

"And for a year past I have been engaged to her."

"Of course."

"A few months ago I found, upon analyzing my heart, that I did not love her as I should. My affections had grown cold."

"Certainly they had—go on."

"I saw her pug-nose in its true shape, and I realized that her shoes were No. 6."

"Exactly, and you made up your mind to break off the match? That was perfectly proper."

"Yes, that was my object; but she threatens to sue me for breach of promise."

"Certainly she does, and she'll do it, too. Has she any love-letters from you?"

"That's the hang of it. She tallies up 326."

"And do they breathe your love?"

"I should say they did; but I think I've got her tight. All them letters are written on wrapping-paper and with pencil, and I've come to ask you if such writing as that will stand law?"

"Of course it will. If you had written with slate and pencil she could hold you."

"Great hokey! but is that so?"

"It is."

"And she's got me fast?"

"She has."

"Well, that settles that, and I suppose I'll have to give in and marry her?"

"Unless——"

"Unless what?"

"You can buy her off."

"Egad! that's it—that's the idea, and you have saved my life! Buy her off—why didn't I think of it before? Say, where's the Dollar Store? I'll walk in on her with a set of jewelry, a flirtation fan, a card case and two bracelets, and she'll give me a quit-claim deed and throw in all the poetry I ever sent her to boot?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A prominent electrician of Cleveland, Ohio, claims to have solved the problem of storing and retaining electricity in a much more practical way than that of Fair's. The inventor says the electricity is stored in metallic plates, which will hold it for an indefinite period and can be transported from place in any manner and kept for use at pleasure.

An Intensely Funny Story.

You remember that fellow who wrote what's it's name? You know he made some money on one of the Western railroads. I forgot what they call it."

"Well, what of him?"

"Why, not long ago he was in, what's that town in Wisconsin? You know."

"Don't mind the name of the town; what did he do?"

"What the deuce is the name of that town? A big policeman came from there. You know him. Well, this fellow"—

"Which fellow?"

"I can't think of his name. It's a good joke, and I nearly died when I heard it. He'd come up from that big plantation in Louisiana kept by—by, Who's that big banker in St. Louis? The man who built a line of steamboats from Keokuk to—to—I'll think of the name in a minute—the mouth of—you know that river in Arkansas. Anyway he'd come up on the—that road that runs at the west bank of the Mississippi from that place opposite Cairo—consolidated with the Cairo & Fulton road. What's the name of that line?"

"Don't know; never was in that country. What did your man do that was so funny?"

"Why, he'd come up from that plantation on this line to the town in Wisconsin, and struck for the—the—that hotel on the corner of Jefferson and that other street—named after a Frenchman. Strange I can't remember it. Don't you know the house?"

"Never heard of it. Don't know anything about it. Go on with your story."

"Well, he got there, and he perpetrated the best pun you ever heard on the landlord's name. The landlord got off a pretty good thing on this man's name; but I can't remember what it was. Anyhow, this man asked the landlord: 'Why are you like an insurance company'—he named the company, but I've forgotten what it was. 'Why are you like this insurance company? Give it up?'"

"Yes, I give it up."

"Well, sir, the answer is the funniest thing you ever heard. It broke me all up when I heard it."

"What is it?"

"Why, if I could remember the name of the landlord I'd know in a moment. Who's that fellow that invented the—pshaw! that machine for making—what're they called? You understand, something about stair-rods."

"Never heard of him."

"It's the same name except the last syllable. Funny I couldn't catch it."

"Is that all of your story?"

"Why, yes. You see if I could remember my man's name and the insurance company and the landlord's name, I'd bust you right open with the best thing you ever listened to. By the way, we had a little party at our house last night, and the queerest thing is that I didn't know I'd forgotten to invite you until my wife asked why you wasn't there. Good one on you, wasn't it? I said to—that fellow I loaned $25 to on your guarantee, what's his name—fat fellow? Never paid it, and I wish you could let me have the money."

"Don't remember the name; don't recollect the circumstances, and didn't know you had a wife. I'd heard you would have a party, but couldn't remember the number of your house. I should have forgotten to come if you'd invited me," and the bored man departed in dudgeon.

A vast proportion of society is made of a vacuum in memory, and some of the shining social lights of Brooklyn will compare pleasantly in conversational ability with the genuine here portrayed.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Cat With Fly-Paper Attachment.

An uptown lady is the owner of a cat who loves to jump after flies. This lady, wishing to rid herself of some flies, purchased several sheets of sticky fly-paper, and on Saturday morning placed one of them on the writing-desk in the dining-room and went about her work. Soon she heard a remarkable noise, and the next instant the cat went through the room with such speed that it could only be likened to a cat being shot from a cannon. It was nothing but a dull, gray streak. In the rear, attached to one of its hind feet, followed the sheet of fly-paper. The animal was perhaps the wildest cat ever seen. She took in every room, staircase and hallway in the house, and went through them all at the same gait, except increasing it slightly in going down stairs, owing to the fact that she didn't stop to count the steps, and wherever she went the fly-paper followed like grim fate, and the cat would likely still be "scooting" through the house like a veritable specter had not its owner, in attempting to shut one of the doors so as to narrow the scene of operations, caught the paper fast. As it tore loose from the hind foot of the cat she gave an awful yowl and disappeared under the ice-box, not returning to her usual serenity until several hours after. Since that time, when she sees a bit of fly-paper, with wonderful sagacity, learned by experience, she makes tracks with the speed of a coyote to some other part of the house, and when a fly audaciously buzzes in close proximity to her nose she merely looks at the insect with an injured air, as much as to say: "Yes; you take me for a cussed fool now, *don't you?*"—*Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.*

—If the cucumber which grows nearest the root be saved for seed for a number of years the result will be a smaller and earlier variety. If the fruit on the extremity be saved it will make a larger and later variety.—*Farmer's Home Journal.*