Farm Notes.

Value of Cultivated Mushrooms.

The nutritive value of cultivated mushrooms is based principally on the large amount of albuminous matters they contain.

Why then should the cultivation of this edible fungus be neglected when it is known that albumen is the chief of the plastic respiratory aliments, which build up the tissues and furnish fuel for the machinery of the body? Might not the cultivation of the mushroom on a large scale be made a source of wealth to the producer as well as a new contribution to a health-diet for the consumer?

Without doubt, besides serving his own pecuniary ends, the producer would be rendering a great service to humanity, for it has been proved by the latest evidence that it is the privation of albuminous ailments that maintains the death rate at its present high figure.

Much has been written about the fungi as a valuable source of nitrogenous food, yet their adoption as a part of our daily fare has not become common, no doubt from the poisonous nature of many of them. Often accidents occur by the use of the wrong species, and serious injury to the health has been done by breathing the spores of some of them. To have a species at hand that can be depended on as always being good, would furnish a valuable addition to the table of pleasant and nourishing food.

A warm, dry climate is not so favorable to their growth as moisture and a moderate temperature. They grow most abundantly in Scotland in the autumn. Select a cool, shady place for your mushroom beds, and which can easily be kept moist. Make the beds of stable manure. Clean droppings are more convenient. If fresh mix with about one-third of loamy soil and heap up and press firmly together till it begins to ferment. Then turn over and allow to cool down for a few days. The bed should be about twelve or fifteen inches deep, well pressed down. Get mushroom spawn, which is sold in clay copes, break it up and scatter evenly over your bed and cover with a thin sprinkling of soil. When the spawn has begun to spread, cover over with about two inches of soil, and then wait for your crop, which will come in about a month or six weeks, and may be gathered daily for three or four months. It is a common practice to grow them in caves where a moist equable temperature can be preserved. In Edinburgh an old railway tunnel has been utilized for the purpose of growing mushrooms, and has proved a paying speculation. In this climate the beds should be well covered so as to prevent evaporation and to keep them cool. Where they begin to fail in bearing their fertility may be renewed for a time by a good sprinkling of stable urine and water.—*Corr. Riverside Press.*

System in the Garden.

It is not yet time to begin gardening, but it is a good time to plan for the crisp, spicy vegetables of which we are all so fond.

The vegetable garden is generally a small and neglected bit of ground of which most extraordinary results are expected. It is really astonishing what may be grown on a little ground, but the greatest pleasure and the greatest profit can only be secured by the use of an intelligent system as regards every foot of the ground. Every time a crooked row or uneven bed is made the eye is offended and one step is taken toward failure. Horace Greeley's idea that crooked rows gave the most room for plants died with him.

Previous to planting anything the garden should be carefully platted on paper, using a correctly graduated scale. The walks, the number and length of rows, the varieties of vegetables to be planted, can all be much more wisely planned on paper than in any haphazard, impromptu way.

If arranged in this way beforehand with a definite idea in everything you do as to giving space, rotation of crops, time of planting, variety of seed to be used, only the small variations of California seasons can disarrange your labor or perplex your mind. Thus, only, can you be sure of success and pleasure in your gardening.—*Rural Press.*

Root-Lifting of Fruit Trees.

A treatment pursued and recommended in England, as described at great length in *Gardening Illustrated* is to take the soil from the roots on one side of the tree in autumn before the leaves fall, and carefully raise the roots near the surface, working good, fresh soil, or moderately enriched compost, among and over them, then the following year treat the remaining roots on the opposite side in the same way.

This root-lifting treatment is for rejuvenating and bringing into bearing trees of some age; and it seems reasonable that the shortening and bringing nearer the surface of the terminal roots, influencing them to branch out more within reach of the influence of air and sun, would be beneficial. Shortening in of the branches simultaneously is especially mentioned as advisable, because "every leaf and twig contributes to the formation of new rootlets."

For young trees the same authority recomends to lift each one entire every second year "and replant with all its roots in a horizontal position.

Tomatoes for Insects.

The following experience of a French horticulturist has been handed us for publication: "Two peach trees of my orchard were covered with insects, just as they were about to flower. Having cut several tomato vines, the idea occurred to me to place them around the trunks and branches of the peach trees, to shelter them from the rays of the sun. What was my surprise, on the following day, to notice that all the insects had disappeared, except from the leaves beyond the influence of the tomato plant. I carefully separated these leaves and applied the tomato to them, when the insects disappeared as though by enchantment, and from that time the peach trees began to grow luxuriantly. Wishing to carry the experiment further, I put some of the tomato leaves in water and sprinkled other plants, such as the rose bush, orange tree, apple tree, pear tree, etc., with the infusion, which also had the same effect of completely freeing them of insects within a few days."

In very many cases it will be found profitable to whitewash the poultry house and yard once every month at least, especially in summer.

ONE NIGHT IN THE ARMY.

How a Man Became a Colonel on Short Service.

Col. Ike Hill, of Licking county, without doubt one of the greatest of national characters, was in the city a few days ago. To a number of old friends, who braved the terrors of war, he related how he came by the title of Colonel.

"I served in the army one consecutive night," said Ike. "It was the Army of the Potomac, and it was near Alexandria when I found them. I was on my way there, and on the train, not far from Alexandria, met an old friend who was an officer in that army. I was then a great short-card player and he knew it. He invited me to go down to camp, telling me I could win a barrel of money. Well, I went.

"It was long toward evening, and that night we had a game of poker. Why, I won at least $3,000, breaking them all. One of the crowd of officers was a sore loser, and when he had staked and lost his last cent he pulled his revolver and made me throw up my hands. Then they took every cent I had and turned me over from one guard to another until I landed in the bull pen at Alexandria. I was dressed fit to kill, and one of those devils took a knife, running it up the back of my Prince Albert, slitting it to the neck. My patent leather shoes were all burst from walking and I was about dead, besides being 'busted.' I succeeded in getting out of the prison and over to Washington, where Mrs. Sunset Cox loaned me $25 in gold."

"Was that all of your war experience?" asked one of the party.

"That was all. Capt. Owens once asked me, in a very surprised way, whether I had thrown up my hands when they told me to. I said I did.

"You wanted no more war, then, in yours?"

"No, indeed. Some time afterwards, in New York, I met a friend of mine who was an officer connected with the Army of the Cumberland. He and several others and myself were chatting, and they were telling me how many barrels of money I could win if I would only go with them to the army.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I believe it is all true what you tell me about the money I could win. I guess I could win a house full, but I can't whip that confounded Army of the Cumberland any more than I could whip the Army of the Potomac. So, you see, I couldn't get away with the money.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

Scarlet Fever Microbes Live Long.

Thirty-five years ago an opulent family lived in one of our most beautiful suburbs. Two lovely children graced the happy household. But scarlet fever closed their eyes in death. The grief-stricken mother gathered up little slips, slippers, and toys, with two golden tresses, and reverently laid them away in a trunk as sad but priceless mementoes of her lost darlings. War came with its tragic vicissitudes, and death time and again threw its shadow over the hearthstone. Finally the place passed into strangers' hands.

Last year two families took it as a summer residence. The children, six in number, with childish curiosity began to explore the secret recesses of the grand old house. In the closet was found the forgotten trunk. A touch dissolved the time-corroded clasp, and one by one the sacred relics were removed until a faded newspaper was found, which told the pathetic story. Half-spelling out the meaning they took it to their mother, who chided their curiosity and tenderly replaced the treasures.

Five days after this occurrence two of the children were seized with scarlet fever, and forty-eight hours later the other four were attacked. Two cases were grave, the others mild. All recovered. Was the disease contracted from the trunk? I think so, because there was no other ascertainable source of infection.—*Journal of Surgery.*

Two of a Kind.

It is said of the wife of a certain congressman, who has earned a sort of Mrs. Malaprop reputation here, that she went not long ago to a local intelligence office to engage a servant. The first one to whom she spoke knew English imperfectly, but said, when asked what country she came from, "I am a Bohemian."

"Goodness me!" replied the congressman's wife, with a virtuous shudder. "I am sincerely grieved to hear such a confession from a young person so apparently innocent as yourself. My husband has often told me that Bohemianism was simply another form for disreputability. However, I trust that there is still a chance for you to reform."

And with this she drew her matronly skirts away from the suspicious young woman of Bohemia, and went over to another applicant for a domestic situation. Nor did the latter fail to satisfactorily, though unconsciously, avenge her sister in employment.

"Please, ma'am," she said, after a long and exasperating series of questions addressed to her prospective mistress as to the duties which would be expected of her, "I would like to ask what your name was before you were married. Before I take a place I always like to find out everything about the family I am to live with, as to respectability and so on."—*Washington letter in Providence Journal.*

Drinking in Europe.

The *Jewish Messenger* estimates that Europe consumes annually 4,580,000,000 gallons of beer and ale. Less of this is drank in England than on the continent. Germany alone uses 1,128,000,000 gallons, while Austro-Hungary makes away with 364,000,000. In Bosnia and Roumania the amount consumed per head is a little more than a quart, while in Bavaria sixty-five and a half gallons are drank.

Railways in China.

Chinese railway building has come to an end, because the French government insists upon the fulfilment of the Tien-Tsin treaty, by which France, it was agreed, was to supply the personnel and material of all Chinese railroads.

WHAT SHE CAN DO.

Some Respects in Which the Weaker Car Discount the Stronger Sex.

The Boston *Times* in a spirit of fairness admits, and even proclaims, that there are some desirable things a woman can do. Here is a sample batch:

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no man can do that.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first-rate, and no two men can do that.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb-nail.

She is as cool as a cucumber in a half dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's head before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a base-ball pitcher.

She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."

She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can go to church and afterward tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give you some faint idea of what the text was.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour and do it better.

She can drive a man crazy in twenty-four hours and then bring him to paradise in two seconds by simply tickling him under the chin, and there does not live that mortal son of Adam's misery who can do it.

How One May Kill Time.

A man whose head is bulging with mathematical problems has figured out the disposition of every hour of the daily life of an average man, and tells just how many hours a man of 50 has devoted to his toilet, meals or newspaper.

"Let us assume," said he, "that the sleeping hours of an average man will number eight daily. That is one-third of his time, so that in fifty years your man will have slept, all told, sixteen years and eight months. The man who is shaved daily at 50 years probably had his face scraped not oftener than three times per week at 25 years, while during his first eighteen years a razor never touched his face.

Say that the semi-centenarian has averaged two shaves a week for fifty years, and that will give 5,700 scrapes in the half century. At an average of fifteen minutes per shave the time devoted to this one small element of life will run up to fifty-nine days and nine hours.

If a man should not shave in fifty years, and then attempt to make up his proportion all at once, he would have to shave night and day for nearly two months. The average man who is not limited to twenty minutes for dressing, breakfast and catching the train, consumes about thirty minutes in getting inside his clothing in the morning.

Half an hour per day for fifty years would amount to one year, fifteen days and five hours, so that if a man should dress himself at the start in life for the whole fifty years, says the Baltimore *Sun*, he would pass two weeks beyond his first birthday anniversary, and this means working twenty-four hours per day.

A Self-winding Clock.

The New Haven Clock Company, after a year or two of experiment, have at last perfected a piece of mechanicism which, if it does not realize the desire for perpetual motion, seems at least to be a step in that direction. They are now manufacturing and about to put on the market a self-winding clock.

The motive power is furnished by electricity generated by two Leclanche cells, which do the work effectually for from twelve to eighteen months without renewal. The mechanism is simple in the extreme. Much of the ordinary clock is omitted, and little remains save the escapement wheel. The clock is wound every hour by a current from the two cells of the battery working through a pair of magnets. The main wheel, which revolves once an hour, connects the current at every revolution.

When the contact is first made and the current passes through the magnets the armature is pulled down to the magnet heads, drawing with it an arm which winds one tooth of the ratchet wheel which is fastened to the box containing a spring of the finest steel attached to the center pinion. This operation is repeated for five or ten seconds at the rate of three blows a second until the spring is wound and the current is cut off by the passage around of the main wheel.

A Southern Patriarchess.

A story is told of Gen. Burnside, says the Columbus (O.) *Journal*, that accounts in part, at least, for the number of centenarians in the south. When commanding in east Tennessee an invitation to dinner was extended to him by an elderly farmer. The invitation was accepted. At the table sat the mother of the host, a lively old lady, but in appearance extremely old. "Mother," said the general, "may I ask your age? You appear to be quite old for a person who can get around as lively as you do." She replied: "Yes, my son, I am very old. I have lived here all my life. I don't know adzactly how old I am, but I know that I am a little over 1,000 years old."

Flowers in London.

It is calculated that during a London season the average amount spent in flowers daily is £5,000.

How Cheap Gloves Are Made.

It may, perhaps, interest readers to know some of the secrets of cheap glove-making. My facts relate to Bohemia, from which country many cheap gloves are imported. Before the introduction of the glove sewing machine, which took place about 1870, a simple apparatus was in use consisting of two brass plates, in which the stitches were incised, holding tightly together the leather parts of the glove, while the needle of the sewer followed easily these incised stitches. It was an easy work, not at all injurious to body or eye, and an industrious and quiet girl could, without any exertion, sew two pairs of gloves a day, for which she received from 2 1-2 pence to 3 pence each, equal to about 5 pence to 6 pence a day. Very poor wages. But the money was earned in a comfortable way.

Let us now compare what progress these girls made in the golden era of machinery. The poor sewers are never in a position to acquire the requisite sum to be owners of these machines. The district to which I refer is a poor, mountainous part, the men mostly miners of an imperial silver mine, with daily wages of 16 pence. The requisite machines are owned by middlemen, called factors to whom the glove manufacturers from all parts of Austria send their unfinished gloves for sewing. These factors are proprietors of a certain number of machines—from twenty upward to a hundred—which are fitted up in workrooms, most of them very indifferently suited for the purpose. The poor girls from the neighboring district have often to walk a distance of eight miles to find work in such workrooms. They leave their miserable cottages at 4 a. m. to begin their day's work at 6 a. m. After a hard labor of twelve hours on a most complicated machine, and after having passed another two hours on the way home, their whole earning consists of 7 pence. Including the hours she loses on the road, she works ninety-six hours a week for 3 shillings 6 pence, her body continually bent over a most complicated machine, her eyes watching leather thread, and needle incessantly, her foot moving continually, amid the rattle of many machines, in a most sickly atmosphere. This is how cheap gloves are made.

THE EMPEROR NERO.

The Trouble He Took to Keep His Voice Soft and Sweet.

A useful example of the proper care of the voice is to be found in a very unexpected quarter says the *Contemporary Review*. The Emperor Nero, as is well known, believed himself to be a great artist, a notion of which those about were not likely to disabuse him. His dying words, "Qualis artifex pereo!" show that he had at least one feature of the artistic temperament. He sought fame by many paths, in poetry, fiddling, driving and other branches of the fine arts, to say nothing of his scientific experiments on the bodies of his nearest relations. The imperial virtuso was particularly vain of his voice, which I can well imagine to have been soft and sweet, qualities which often enough accompany a cruel nature. He was proportionately careful of so precious a possession. His system is worth quoting. In addition to such general measures as attending to his liver, and abstaining from such fruits as he fancied to be injurious to his voice, we are told that at night he used to lie on his back with a small plate of lead on his stomach. This was probably for the purpose of checking the tendency to abdominal breathing, which has already been referred to as the less perfect way in respiration for singers. In order to spare his voice all unnecessary fatigue he gave up haranguing his troops and ceased even to address the senate. As in later times there were keepers of the king's conscience Nero gave his voice into the keeping of a phonascus. He spoke only in the presence of this vocal director, whose duty it was to warn him when his tones became too loud or when he seemed to be in danger of straining his voice. To the same functionary was intrusted the formidable duty of checking the emperor's eloquence when it became too impetuous. This he did by covering the imperial orator's mouth with a napkin. It must have needed no small measure of courage to apply this effectual method of "closure" to the arch-tyrant of history when intoxicated with the exuberance of his own vocalization.

Charles Sumner on Macaulay.

Macaulay was truly oppressive. I now understand Sydney Smith, who called Macaulay a tremendous machine for colloquial oppression. His memory is prodigious, surpassing anything I have ever known, and he pours out his stores with an instructive but dinning prodigality. He passes from the minutest dates of English history or biography to a discussion of the comparative merits of different ancient orators, and gives you whole stropes from the dramatists at will. He can repeat every word of every article he has ever written without prompting; but he has neither grace of body, face, nor voice; he is without intonation or variety; and he pours on like Horace's river, while we, poor rustics, foolishly think he will cease; and if you speak, he does not respond to what you say, but, while your last words are yet on your lips, takes up again his wonderful tale. He will not confess ignorance of anything, though I verily believe no one would ever have occasion to make the confession. I have heard him called the most remarkable person of his age, and again the most overrated one. You will see that he has not left upon me an entirely agreeable impression; still I confess his great and magnificent attainments and powers.

Ruled Off At the Start.

Mrs. Heavywaite—"Just to think?—Ethel Redingote—so intelligent, you know—poor Ethel?"

Heavywaite (a brute)—"What has she done? Married an Italian nobleman?"

"No; she failed in the civil service examination for clerks. I can't account for it."

"I can. She probably was required to sharpen a lead pencil at the very send-off."

The Dog and the Lamb.

A certain lady, says the Boston *Courier*, had once a valuable St. Bernard of excellent pedigree, carefully trained, and in all respects of well-nigh ideal excellence save for one fault: He would kill lambs. He was beaten, he was imprisoned, the body of the latest lamb which had fallen a victim to his fury was fastened around his neck as a badge of shame, but all to no avail. His mistress concluded that it was impossible to break him of his fault and that she must sell him.

While matters were in this state a friendly farmer who had some occasion got into his head the fact that the dog's mistress was fond of pets sent her a snowy cosset, all gay with ribbons and looking as innocent as innocence itself. The lady was in despair. She expected that her dog would fall upon the lamb and tear it limb from limb; but having in the past had much experience with pets she said to herself that if this catastrophe was to happen she did not propose to have it postponed until she became deeply attached to the new-comer, and so deliberately led the lamb up to the dog, said to him that it was her lamb, and directed him to watch it. The dog looked at her rather wistfully, evidently requesting permission to tear the pretty innocent, but she sternly shook her head and departing left the pair together on the lawn.

She is willing to admit, now that the trial proved successful, that she had no idea that it would, and that she expected to find the lawn strewn with the dismembered fragments of the lamb. When a few hours later she returned, however, the dog was found to have taken the lamb into his especial favor and under his especial protection. He lay down with it, he followed it about, and seemed to have become uncommonly fond of it in a way not at all allied to carnivorous instincts. In short the lamb and the dog became the closest of friends, and as long as the two did live they continued to dwell together in peace and affection.

And the remarkable part of the tale is that from that day the dog no more molested any lambs whatsoever. It was a plain case of similia similibus curantur. The dog was at once and forever cured of his vice, and his fond mistress relates this story to admiring friends with mingled pride and affection.

One Pair of Gloves for Two.

The Pittsburg *Dispatch's* Washington letter says: Gen. Joe Hooker, a member of congress from the Seventh Missouri district, was one of the heroes of the late war against the union. He carries an empty sleeve as a relic of his experiences on the field. Maj. Powell, the chief of the geological survey, was in the union army, and he also carries an empty sleeve. Gen. Hooker's lost arm was on his right side and Maj. Powell's on the left. Their remaining hands are of the same proportions and they have a mutual agreement under which they purchase gloves in common. Maj. Powell using all of the "rights" and Gen. Hooker the "lefts." No difficulty ever occurs between them about the selection of the gloves, for they pay little attention to the frequent changes in modes and fashions.

Explanations Were in Order.

"My wife, Mr. Perkins," said the husband across the isle of the street car.

"Ah! Glad to see you, Mrs. Winters. Why, how you have changed in two weeks."

"Changed? No one else has spoken of it," she blankly replied.

"Why, when I saw you with your husband at the theater two weeks ago to-night you seemed to be a girl of about 16."

"At the theater! You—you—you—!"

Her husband had been winking and winking, but nearsighted Mr. Perkins had seen nothing. The wife settled back, figured it out that she was home alone with the toothache that night, and the frozen stare she turned on her husband as they got off covered the platform with a glare of ice. She has asked for explanations ere this.—*Detroit Free Press.*

He Missed His Stimulant.

Said a New Haven business man last evening: "On my way to the office this morning I felt miserable, and when I took my seat at my desk I hadn't energy enough to hold a pen. I had slept well and had not been out of health in any way and could not account for the condition in which I found myself. After doing a little work that was imperatively necessary I started for a walk, hoping that exercise would help me. I dragged myself along until I had walked three miles and then again tried to attend to business; but it was no use, and at noon I went home, doubting whether I should be able to come down town again. On the dinner table I found the cup of coffee I had forgotten in the morning. Down it went the first thing, and from then until now I have been feeling like a bird."—*New Haven Palladium.*

An apron trust is threatened, and all the young men want to "sit down on it."—*Yonkers Statesman.*