

Alfalfa Hay—How to Cure It.

As many farmers are cutting alfalfa for hay who have had no practical experience in curing the same, a few words of instruction may not be out of the way. In the first place, to make good hay, the alfalfa should be sown so thick on the ground that its stalks will crowd each other, and thus be forced to grow somewhat spindling. A single bunch of alfalfa grown from a seed placed in the ground so as to have plenty of room to stool will produce large, coarse stalks, and if allowed to stand and mature its seed these stalks become almost like dry sticks. In this condition the hay becomes comparatively of but little value. Therefore the seed should be sown so thick as to create a pretty even growth all over the ground and to create a pretty strong sod. The stalks will then be thin and slender, and the leaves will bear a good proportion to the stalks themselves. Alfalfa should be cut as soon as it has fairly commenced to blossom, and should be allowed to remain spread upon the ground as left by the mower only long enough to wilt it well. It should then be raked into winrows and allowed to remain in this condition only long enough to guard against heating when put into the cock. It should then be put into the cock and dried so as to prevent heating and mildewing when in the stack or mow and no more. When packed in the stack or mow it should be sprinkled with salt pretty freely—say two or three pounds to a ton. Alfalfa hay cured in this way is among the most valuable varieties of hay we have for horses, cattle or sheep. Those who have fed their working teams upon it have found it to be fully as nutritious as the best of oat hay. When horses have become accustomed to eating it they will prefer it to all other kinds. For milch cows good alfalfa hay is next to green grass in value, and sheep will eat it when they would leave oat or barley hay. Our own experience in feeding stock of all kinds has been considerable, and we do not hesitate to pronounce good alfalfa hay more hearty and nutritious than the other varieties of hay now in this State. While we make this assertion we are fully aware that there are those whose experience has been equally as great as our own, who differ with us. The reason of this difference arises more from the manner of curing and handling the hay than from any other circumstance. If allowed to be dried in the sun as spread out on the ground by the reaper, the stalk not only becomes dry and brittle and loses much of the gluten and saccharine matter that it naturally contains, but the leaf also almost entirely drops off, even while handling its sufficient to transfer it into the barn. If then it is handled over to bale and sent to market there is nothing but dry sticks left, and it is justly condemned. The great secret in making good alfalfa hay is in the time of cutting and manner of curing.—*Sacramento Record.*

Woman Suffrage Not Despaired Of.

They have a saying in Norway to this effect, that the Lord will certainly come though he may not come on horseback. We commend this bit of Scandinavian wisdom to our friends who are inclined to be down-hearted and croaky over the outlook for woman suffrage. If the reform is, as they believe it to be, a genuine and needed one, then it is bound to come. That it may not come at a time or in the way they have taught themselves to expect it, is very likely.

Looking the whole field over, we cannot, for our part, see any real cause for discouragement. In Great Britain, certainly, the reform is making converts, influence, and roadway generally, as never before. John Stewart Mill's voice was never so powerful, never so persuasive, as it is to-day; never has he had so large and sympathetic an audience. In this country, the surface aspect of things is, we must admit, not nearly so satisfactory. What with the stupidity of some would-be leaders, the intellectual and moral eccentricities of others, and the operation of natural causes, the reform does not seem to be getting on as we could wish. There has been a good deal of wrangling, alienation and backsliding. Some have grown cold; some have fallen asleep. Conventions are not so frequent, nor so well attended, as they were a while since. The public seems to take but a languid interest

in woman suffrage periodicals or discussions. The "short cut experiment, from which so much was hoped in some quarters, has not proved a success; quite the contrary. Gen. Grant and the republican party seem to have forgotten or broken their ante-election pledges. All this is, of course, discouraging enough to reformers who do not look beneath the surface. Because they cannot detect the silent operation of the leaven, they hastily jump to the conclusion that it is inert and lifeless. Because they cannot see the seed bursting and sprouting in the ground, they throw up their hands in despair; the labor of sowing has all been wasted. It is useless to expect any harvest.

Reasonable people, who observe and think, do not share these gloomy feelings. They recognize the fact that in the case of every great reform, there must be an interval between planting and harvesting; that, after we have done our part, we must give the great forces co-operating with us time to do theirs; that impatience and fretfulness argue, in the last analysis, a want of faith in the vitality of the seed. These people insist that the argument for woman suffrage is now pretty familiar to intelligent people, the country over, and is steadily undermining prejudices, exciting doubts, stimulating inquiry and working conviction. Further, that the emphatic utterances of such men as Bishop Simpson and the late Salmon P. Chase have reached and thrilled conservative classes in the community that would have forever remained deaf to Bishop Haven and Wendell Phillips. Further, that the marked increase in the respect paid to woman's intellectual and business qualities in our popular church organizations shows that public opinion is drifting in the right direction. Finally, they triumphantly cite the facts that, in several States, women are now not only eligible under the laws to elective office, but are actually running for it; that in other States their services are being sought as school superintendents, etc.; and that, both in public trusts, in colleges, and in the professions, they are beginning to command success by deserving it. They think these facts significant and encouraging; and *The Republican* quite agrees with them.

There is one auxiliary of reform which, perhaps, has hitherto failed to get proper recognition and credit—the "mixed" secret society. Every Good Templar's lodge in the land is, whether consciously or unconsciously doesn't matter, a picket of woman suffrage. It is constantly educating young women in voting and being voted for, while it accustoms young men to see these novel proceedings with entire tranquility of mind. The new farmers' organization, if it adheres to the ideas and justifies the expectations of its founders, will do more in the next five years to bring in woman suffrage than all the woman suffrage conventions that could be held from now till the end of the century. In the "grange," we are told, there is no discrimination against sex; the women vote and hold office on equal terms with the men. Our farmers, as a class, are very conservative, but they are well stocked with common sense and homely practical logic. If they find this sex-equality work well in the "grange," they will presently be for trying in the little, local township elections, or at any rate will not oppose any very determined resistance to those who do want to try it. That point carried the day is won. Woman suffrage ceases from that moment to be a bugaboo and becomes a matter-of-course fact, like majority rule or jury trial.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

An Eminent Divine at Auction.

A few days since when the sun was beaming forth in all its radiant brightness, the good and loyal Major General John P. Newman, spiritual adviser of "him who taught Dave how to pace" and Harlan to pray, and grand whipper-in of recalcitrant senators, was knocked down, or rather exposed for sale and knocked down, to the highest bidder. Now we don't mean to say that the veritable, peripatetic hot-gospeler was made a second edition of the Greek slave, but rather to painfully record the fact that "the substance of his shadow" was a-going and a-going and finally went for a song.

Imbued do doubt with the good teachings from the Metropolitan M. E. church pillory, a young scion of the Mills family, with no malice afore-thought, conceived the happy idea of doing up his beloved pastor in plaster. Had not Deacon Newman molded his soul with unction and inspired him to the exhilarating fancy that he was on the caves of the heavenly temple? Should he not in turn mold his portly body as penance for the prayerful solicitude with which his change of heart was nursed and watched. Of course he should, and what's more, he did.

His labor of love developed itself in a fully terra cotta statue of the Rt. Maj. Gen. John P. Newman. It was supposed to represent him with supplicating voice and outstretched hand inviting sinners to come up and repent. Deacon Pratt of Camanch bridge fame, when he saw it, was exultant in its praise, and even old Pumphreys said, "as I'm a Judge, it is natural to life, and verily truth is stranger than fiction." When John P., with his numerous et al's., was anointed with \$5,000 per annum in gold and commanded by our itinerant President to go forth and inspect the foreign consuls, he urged with tears that with filthy lucre he be allowed to purchase the miniature of himself. Mills was flattered with the idea that it was a masterpiece, and although Widdows tried to soften his obdurate heart with "shoo-fly" and other religious melodies, he sternly refused to part with his statuette, and Newman crossed the briny deep without it.

Time works changes. By some means the youthful artist, although fully experiencing a change of heart, ran short of change. Like most young men in a similar condition, he ran in debt. The day of reckoning came, not the final reckoning, for his change of heart will pass at par there, but an invitation to "pony up." Mills couldn't pony up. He offered any amount of his father's well-grown ponies in bronze, but, to use a vulgar parlance, his creditors wouldn't have it.

It took only a small dose of law to obtain a *scire facias*, and then soon after the strong arm of that article supposed to pervade the heads of Olin and Pumphreys clasped to its embrace the image of the departed saint. The debt must be satisfied, and what did the hardened constable care who was sold so long as it tended in a measure to appease the wrath of a \$90 creditor. He didn't care, and in this wise was the sale consummated.

Any one passing Seventh street and Pennsylvania avenue not many days since might have been startled by the antics of a bow-legged boy wrestling with a bell. Let us take in the situation at a glance, for it looked like the game we used to play called "bull in the ring," with Newman trying to break out. Arranged in a circle might have been, nay were, five or six curious spectators. In the center stood a constable. By his side, with a barrel for a pedestal, stood Newman, or at least a counterfeit for him. The bell ceased, and the auctioneer, or the constable acting in the duplex capacity, announced, something after this manner, his agreeable duty:

"Gentlemen—
A bad bootblack. "Shine 'em up. Oh golla, Bill, here's old Grant's parson up a spout."

His freckled companion. "Jerusalem! I say, let's ask old Brown to buy it for the Newsboys' Home. What a fine shot we could have at him with blow-pipes and spitballs."

The auctioneer resuming. "Gentlemen, I have in my possession a model of departed greatness, one who is a regular pentecost modern savior, one who prays long and fervent. How much have I bid for him?"

The bootblack. "I'll gin a circus ticket."

A bystander. "Old Freddy Coombs has gone to get a warrant against you for interfering with his matrimonial stand."

The auctioneer. "D—n Freddy Coombs. Who's going to take this parson off my hands?"

A colored youth. "Is he sound: ain't he cracked?"

The auctioneer. "Sound as a bell. Who want's him? I'm waxing warm in this business."

General Carrington, with a chuckle in his eye. "Five dollars."

Just as the sound of the latter's voice had died away, Smith, the only Christian pawnkeeper in the District, put in an appearance, and with his avidity to smell out a bargain. "I go another quarter."

The auctioneer, disgusted. "Take the old fellow."

And Smith did take him, and the Rt. Rev. John P. Newman, D. D., with his retinue of titles, was lugged off to adorn his parlors, where he is surrounded by Oliver Cromwell and John Milton. Smith has since ordered a bust of old John Watts, or old John Watts on a bust, to make up a happy quartette. Widdows has heard of the transaction, and weeps while chiming—

"We'll all get stone blind drunk
When Johnny comes marching home!"
—Washington Capital.

Mad Dogs.

HOW YOU MAY KNOW THEM—FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

The *British Medical Journal* calls attention to the measures recommended by the Council of Hygiene of Bordeaux for the better protection of the people against the dangers of hydrophobia. The madness of dogs has a period which is premonitory and harmless. If these periods were generally known the dogs could be put out of the way before they become dangerous. On this subject the Council of Hygiene has issued the following instructions:

A short time, sometimes two days, after madness has seized a dog, it creates symptoms in the animal which it is indispensable to recognize:

1. There is agitation and restlessness, and the dog turns himself continually in his kennel. If he is at liberty, he goes and comes, and seems to be seeking something; then he remains motionless, as if waiting; then starts, bites the air, as if he would catch a fly, and dashes himself, howling and barking, against the wall. The voice of his master dissipates the hallucinations, the dog obeys, but slowly, with hesitation, as if with regret.

2. He does not try to bite; he is gentle, even affectionate, and he eats and drinks, but gnaws his litter, the ends of cushions, the coverlets of the beds, carpets, etc.

3. By the movement of his paws about the sides of his open mouth one might think he was trying to free his throat of a bone.

5. His voice undergoes such a change that it is impossible not to be struck by it.

6. The dog begins to fight with other dogs: this is a decidedly characteristic sign if the dog be generally peaceful.

The three symptoms last mentioned indicate an advanced period of disease, and that the dog may become dangerous at any moment if immediate measures are not taken. It is best to chain him up at once, or better still, to kill him.

EASTERN NOTES.

Fashion now permits a bride to wear color both in dress and complexion.

Miss Anna Dickinson says that she is tired of the frequent attempts on the part of newspapers to marry her to different individuals; that she has no wish or intention to change her condition, and such paragraphs are not only impertinent, but malignant.

Professor Wyman has concluded, as the result of explorations among the shell mounds of Florida during the past winter, that the aborigines by whom they were constructed must have been decided cannibals, as in eight different instances he found considerable quantities of human bones in the shell heaps, the bones themselves being broken up and split, just as in the case of the bones of other animals. This, he is satisfied was not the result of burial, but was done for the purpose of obtaining the marrow, probably, after the flesh had been devoured.

A Gallowstown lady recently requested her husband to go to the dressmakers and inform her that she (his wife) had changed her mind, and would have the watered silk made up instead of the poplin, and that "if she thinks it would look better with bias flounces without puffing, and box plated beyond the equator, which should be gathered in hemstitched gudgeons up and down the seams, with a gusset stitch between, she can make it up that way, instead of fluting the bobinet insertion and piecing out with point applique, as I suggested yesterday." The man is now a raving maniac.

Pisciculture is attracting much attention in Maine, especially salmon. Henry C. Stanley, Commissioner of Fisheries, states that he has in his hatching-boxes 130,000 young salmon, the product of 150,000 eggs, which will soon be ready to turn into the river. He proposes to turn them mostly into small brooks leading into the rivers, and let them shift for themselves. He proposes also to introduce salmon into Rangely Lake, believing they can find food in the large lakes instead of the ocean, and spawn in its tributaries. At Bucksport he has 200,000 eggs in hatching-boxes, to be moved to the head waters of the Penobscot and St. Croix rivers. He is also giving attention to trout culture, having several hundred thousand trout eggs bred from the Rangely trout, which is the largest brook trout in the world.

A curious proposition has been introduced into the Ohio constitutional convention. It is to establish what is called the principle of "recall" in the case of members of the legislature—that is, permitting the majority of any constituency to recall and dismiss their representative from the service whenever they get tired of him, whether his term has expired or not. The adoption of such a principle would probably prevent the passage of salary grabs, and would make a member keep at least one eye constantly at home. It would also permit a freaky and capricious constituency to keep up a sort of perpetual ballot; and, on the whole, we rather think Ohio will conclude not to try it.—*Ex.*

The planting of shade-trees in the streets is advocated by Dr. Stephen Smith, of the New York Health Department, an account of their disinfecting power. They absorb the mephitic odors which are given off in the greatest quantity during hot summer nights. It is a well-known fact that houses in malarial districts are protected when surrounded with trees. To this may be added their value as equalizers of temperature and the relief afforded by their presence from the dust and heat of a city. In the wide open streets of Washington the shade afforded by lines of trees is peculiarly grateful.—*Washington Star.*

A Portland (Me) chemist says: My attention having been called to some samples of tea exposed for sale in this city, that had the appearance of containing some other ingredients than pure tea leaves, I was led to examine some specimens. Accordingly I procured a number of samples from several leading grocers in the city. These I subjected to a rigid chemical examination. The result was rather astonishing, and fully confirmed my suspicions. The investigation was continued until several samples had been analyzed with the following result, as to numbers, prices and adulterations:

No. 1 Oolong, price 40 cents, contained old tea grounds colored with logwood.
No. 2 Oolong, price 50 cents, same as above with addition of sloe leaves.
No. 3 Oolong, price 50 cents, sand, old leaves, sulph. lime colored with Prussian blue.
No. 4 Japan, price 50 cents, sloe leaves colored with turmeric and old tea leaves.
No. 5 Green, price 60 cents, colored with turmeric.
No. 6 Black, price 60 cents, genuine.
No. 7 Oolong, price 60 cents, contained other leaves colored with logwood.
No. 8 Oolong, price 70 cents, logwood, sulph. lime, colored Prussian blue and powdered with quartz rock.
No. 8 Japan, price \$1 00, logwood, colored.

Several other samples analyzed contained more or less coloring matter, and other ingredients to increase the weight. But one or two samples were found genuine in the whole number.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A little boy has died very suddenly at Dundee, Scotland. It has been found that he was playing with a colored miniature balloon, which burst, and he afterwards chewed the skin. It is believed that he was poisoned with the paint used in coloring the toy.

A monster uncut Cape diamond was exhibited at Liverpool. Its value is estimated at \$25,000, and it weighs 288½ carats, or 105 carats more than the Koh-i-noor in its rough state. It is 1½ inch long in one direction, 1½ in another, and 1½ inch in thickness, and, like all Cape diamonds, is of a yellow color. Had the gem been white its value would have been much greater.