

what a shame it is, it is! Might be she never heard of it, for there be a heap of Innocint ignorance in America waitin' to be putt in the shtove an' burnt up like a pack o' peat, so it is. Fait', an' I tink the most beautiful t'ings is Irish, so an "But really, Maggie," and little Elsie's

blue eyes were wide with wonderment, really and truly, does the sun dance with the moon on Easter morning?"
"What would I be tellin' ye for if it

wasn't so at all? They do in Ireland; just as sure as the blissid sun comes up drippin' out av the say, lavin' ould England in the dark, bad luck to her! The moon runs hoppity skip across the sky an' joins hand with the sun, an' they dance a rale Irish jig together."

"That must be dreadfully funny," said Elsie gravely; then, a last doubt lingering in her puzzled thoughts, "Did you ever see them, Maggie?"
"See thim, is it? Oh, oh! run away,

now, to yer mamma an' shtop axing me bothersome questions. Don't I tell ye it's

Elsie put her little finger in her mouth and walked slowly and with abstracted gaze into the sitting room where her mother sat sewing and her father was reading the evening paper. She sat down upon a low stool under the mantel and studied the brown and yellow figures of the carpet. In the soft light of the big lamp on the center table the brown seemed darker than it did by daylight, and the yellow was almost white Elsie wondered vaguely whether the yellow moon would be white during the nce with the sun, for she remembered that whenever it appeared by day it was wofully pale; and would the sun turn his dazzling face aside for just one minute so that she could have a good look at bim? and would the moon have feet? and would the sun's legs go right down from the great, hot circle of flame, or would there be a body like papa's? or would both, and this seemed more likely, would both just tilt from side to side and laugh in each other's face before they resumed their regular duties?
It was strangely interesting to the

eight-years-old, and in happy reflection she forgot all about the odd figures in the new carpet. The bronze clock above her head began to buzz with imme importance and then uttered a single tiny ring and went on ticking hurriedly, as if in haste to reach the next hour mark, when its buzzing should prefude a more significant announcement. All well regulated clocks are subject to this vanity; they puff out the cheeks of their faces, rattle away as if all their precious insides were falling to pieces; the pendulum is silent, and then the commotion ends with a few silvery strokes, more or less, after which the timepiece recovers its modest self possession and goes on about its useful business.

"Half past 8," said Mrs. Durant, glan cing up at the clock. "Time little girls were in bed."

"Mamma," exclaimed Elsie, taking a tuck in her dress with her fingers and looking hard at her feet, "mayn't I sit up all night, just this once?" 'Mercy on us!" cried Mrs. Durant, laying her sewing down in her lap; "what

does the child mean?" Papa Durant looked inquiringly over

the top of his paper. "I want to see the sun and the moon dance together," replied Elsie, "and I can't wake up early enough if I go to



"I WANT TO SEE THE SUN AND MOON DANCE. Mamma Durant was too astonished to

speak, but papa with an amused emile "You would have your trouble for

nothing, Elsie; the sun and the moon don't indulge in such antics." | Elsie did not understand her father's words exactly, but she felt the denial and she responded:

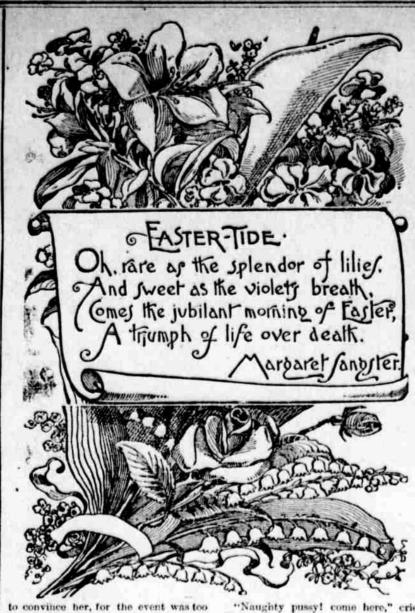
"Maggie says they do every Easter morning, when the sun comes out of the sea, and the moon hop, skips and jumps, and they take hands and dance in tho sky, at least in Ireland, the both of n, and perhaps, if I just sat up all night, they'd do it for me. Please, papa." Papa laughed.

"If you sat up, little one," he said, "you would not be awake in the afteron to sing with the other children in the Easter festival. You wouldn't like

"I think I'd rather see the dance," re-

sponded Elsie.

"Maggie shouldn't put such notions in
little girls' heads," said mamma, and
"" Pleis was bundled off to bed. Her lips pouted with something more than affection when she kissed her father good night, and two or three lonesome re rolled slowly down her face; but went to her room without a murmur, and when her head was on the pillow he looked out at the stars and wished something would keep her awake. Her father had rearoused her doubts as to entire truth of Maggie's story; but it would have taken much more than that



interesting not to be believed, and she was more than willing to see for herself whether it was so.

As she lay wondering about it all a hought suddenly sprang into her head. Why should she not stay awake and see the dance? Papa and mamma had not said that she must not, and they would not care very much when she told them at breakfast what she had done. This thought became a fixed determination, and for several minutes she looked at the stars steadily with open eyes. Then she caught herself dozing and she sat up in bed. Even in this attitude her head speedily drooped, and she got out and stood in front of her half opened window. Across the road a street lamp made fantastic shadows of the trees and houses, and far away a dog barked. From the room below came the clear, high tones of ber mother's voice and th deep, somber murmur of her father's replies. Mellow sounds from the top of the little hill back of the house told that the church clock was striking 9. How slowly the time passed for Elsie! She looked up again at the stars and thought how tired the angels must get watching through the dark silence of every night Then somebody walked rapidly by, and when she could no longer hear his footsteps she wondered if it were nearly 10 o'clock. At last it grew chilly, and she climbed into bed again, just for one minute, to get warm.

The evening had grown old for country folk before Mrs. Durant put aside the work that had lain idle in her lap for



THERE WAS THE MOON.

many minutes, and followed her bus band to their chamber. Her thoughts had gone back to a happier time when her son Willie was with her. Only five years ago, and how long it seemed! He had yielded to a restless disposition and wandered away, where she knew not except that it was credibly reported that he had shipped aboard an East Indiaman. If he were alive he would be nearly 20 now, but no word from or about his had ever been received. He had been absent a year when his parents sought to overcome the depression that grew upon them by leaving their former home and establishing themselves in a pretty country village where this story finds them.

Mrs. Durant said nothing to her husband of their common grief, and before she slept she had relieved her aching heart by thoughts of Elsie, upon whom she poured forth all of a mother's yearn-

ing affection. Elsie started. There was a flood of soft light in her room, and the stars that had shone so clearly into her window were almost invisible. She sprang from her bed with a great fear at her heart. Was it day? No, there was the moon smiling at her and making the whole night glorious. How had the moon come around the house corner so quickly? Had she been asleep? The street lamp had been put out. It could not be more than a minute since she snuggled her toer under the blankets, and yet- It must be near morning, and intent on being out in time for the dance she hastened to put on her clothes. She would go up to the church at the top of the hill. There she could see all of the known world except that vague confusion of some far off towr

where papa used to live. With care not to awake anybody, Elsie crept down the back stairs, drew back the bolt of the kitchen door, cautiously opened it and stepped out. Everything was wonderfully still, as if the earth was holding its breath in expect ancy over the heavenly capers to occur at daybreak. Neither the stillness nor the night itself had terrors for Elsie. She walked quickly across the yard and through the sloping orchard beyond to the low wall that bounded the church Over this, and presently she stepped upon the shadow of the steeple. The moon was on the other side of the clock face, or Elsie might have seen that it was but a few minutes past midnight. Entirely satisfied with her adventure thus far, she sat down upon the church

Then for the first time she saw that she had been followed. Noiselessly stepping across the grass came Dot, the family cat, who was fast outgrowing the significance of her name. Elsie welcomed Dot and rose to pick her up, whereat Dot I

steps to wait.

'Naughty pussy! come here," cried Elsie, and ran after ber. In the orchard Dot disappeared, but hearing a slight noise below, Elsie went softly forward intent on taking her pet by surprise. Ar rived at the gate to the yard she paused and looked about. What was her surprise to see a man cutting with a large pocket knife at the sash of the kitchen window! For a moment she looked on in wonderment, but when the man had cut away the fastening and was carefully raising the window, she ex-

"That's my papa's house!" Like a flash the man turned around and peered across the yard, his hand still on the half raised window.
"Hub! it's a kid," he muttered, and

he let the window down and walked over to Elsie. "What are you doing here, young

one?" he asked in a whisper. "I'm going to see the sun and the moon dance in the morning," replied Elsie, "and you mustn't speak out loud or you'll wake papa and mamma and they'll

make me come in." The stranger smiled. "I won't disturb 'em." he said. "I wasn't going to anyway. The fact is, little one, I'm bungry, and all I was going to do in your house was to find something to eat.'

"How do you know where the pantry is?" asked Elsie. "I don't, but p'r'aps I could find it. You know, I suppose? Can't you get me

a bit of bread or something? Elsie thought a moment. She remembered how no beggar ever went hungry from her father's door, and without reflecting further she crept into the house. and as she went in the stranger muttered, "And to think that the door was unlocked all the time!"

When Elsie returned she brought a salf loaf of bread and a decider luxury of which she was especially fond. The stranger fell upon the bread ravenausly and Elsie watched him in silence for a moment. Then she asked: "Where do you live?"

"Nowhere," This seemed so strange to Elsie that she said nothing more. The hungry man ate every morsel of the food and then put his face in his banda-

"I'm much obliged to you," he whispered. "I'm no thief, little one, and I never tried before to break into a house, though I've seen hard times enough." "Wouldn't you like to see the sun and the moon dance?" asked Elsie. "I think they'll do it this morning, and that'll be pretty soon, won't it? They do in Ireland every Easter morning."

"Who told you so?" "Maggie,"
"Who's she?" "Papa's hired girl." "What's your papa's name?" "Mister

William Durant. The stranger started, and leaning forward peered carnestly into Elsie's face, "Say that again! Where did you used to live?" he exclaimed. "Way off somewhere. I live here

now."
"What's your name?" "Elsie,"

The stranger was silent a moment. Then he rose, and taking the child by the hand, walked with her up the slope through the erchard. "Twas up here you was going to see

the sun dance, wasn't it?" he asked, and when they were scated together on the church steps he made many inquiries about her, learned that there was in her mind a vague memory of a brother, and that mamma had said he would surely return some time. Presently the bell in the steeple above them struck one, and the stranger tried to persuade the child to return to her house and bed. She persisted in her desire to see the morning dance of sun and moon, but her eyes were heavy, and before she knew it she was fast asleep in the stranger's arms. He had taken off his coat to shelter her, and in a corner of the church portico they passed hour after hour of the slow

Easter morning. \* .\*
It was yet some minutes before sunrise when Mrs. Durant was startled from her sleep by a violent knocking at her chamber door

"Mis' Durant! Mis' Durant! Haste ye up! Elsie's gone?" Maggie on the way to the carliest of early masses had glanced into Elsie's room. During the few minutes that followed, confusion and anxiety contended for possession of the household. Then Mr. Durant set out to warn the constable, and Mrs. Durant, painfully agitated at the thought of losing another child, began to search the neighborhood. She went by the road that wound about the hill to the church. As she neared the building she saw a man crouching in the portico, and she determined to ask him if he had seen Elsie. He did not see or hear her. She had come quite near when the sound of his voice made her stop stock still with a fearsome faintness about her heart.

"Wake up, Elsie," he said; "the sun is just getting up,"
"Is he dancing?" inquired a small, sleepy voice from a bundle in his arms.

"Where is the moon?" "Elsie! Willie! My children!" cried Mrs. Durant, running forward. The man, a young and not bad looking fellow, albeit haggard and roughened by exposure, rose quickly and said:

We're here, mother." And did the sun and the moon weally

dance that morning? The first rays of the sun fell on a deeply happy group in front of the church, and the paling moon looked on from the other side of the sky.

If they did not dance then it is doubtful if they ever have done so since the first

THE FAMOUS CROSS OF CHESTER.

ome of the Easter Customs Common to That Quaint Old City. Every one who visits England goes to see that ancient city of Chester, with its "Rows" (covered walks over the ground floor) and its castellated town walls, which give it an antique air wholly unique in England. It is also well known how, in the age succeeding the conquest, this city was the seat of the despotio military government of Hugh d'Avage character, Hugo Lupus, whose sword is still preserved in the British museum. As the tourist walks from the Watergate along the ancient walls toward the cathe dral he cannot fail to notice the beautiful meadow lying between him and the river. It is the Roodeye, or, as formerly written, the Roodee, the scene of the sports for which Chester was so long famous, eye being a term used for water side meadow, and the legend for the rood

or cross was the followin:
A cross was erected at Hawarden, by which a man was unfortunately killed. and in accordance with the superstition of those days, the cross was made to bear the blame of the accident and was thrown into the river, for which sacrilegious act the men received the name of Hairden Jews. Floated down the stream, it was taken up at the Roodeye and became very celebrated for the number of miracles it wrought. Sad to relate, after the Reformation it again became the subject of

HIGH CROSS OF CHESTER. scorn and contempt, for the master of the grammar school converted it into a block on which to chastise his refractory pupils, and it was finally burnt, perhaps by the very scholars who had suffered

We need not wonder that in so ancient and thriving a city old customs and games were kept up. On Easter Day there might be seen the mayor and his corporation, with the twenty guilds established in Chester, with their wardens at their heads, setting forth in all their pageantry to the Roodeye to play at foot The mayor, with his mace, sword and cap of maintenance, stood before the cross, while the guild of shoemakers, to whom the right had belonged from time immemorial, presented him with the ball of the value of three and fourpence or above, and all set to work right merrily But, as too often bappens in this game great strife arose among the young cople, and hence, in the time of Henry VIII, this piece of homage to the mayor was converted into a present from the shoemakers to the drapers of six gleaves or hand darts of silver, to be given for the best foot race, while the saddlers, who went in procession on horseback, attired in all their bravery, each carrying a spear with a wooden ball decorated with flowers and arms, exchanged their offering for a silver bell, which should "rewarde for that horse which with speedy runniage should run before the others.

In the Easter festivity the trampeter and herald usually proceeded in advance of the procession, and indeed this was the custom at all of the Chester festiv-

We may be sure that the Pace, Pask or Easter eggs were not forgotten by the Chester children. Eggs were in such demand at that season that they always rose considerably in price. They were boiled very hard in water colored with red, blue and violet dyes, with inscriptions or landscapes traced upon them. These were offered as presents among the "valentines" of the year, but more frequently played with by the boys as balls, for ball playing on Easter Monday was universal in every rank. Even the clergy could not forego its delight, and made this game a part of their service.

Bishops and deans took the ball into the church, and at the commencement of the antiphone began to dance, throw ing the ball to the chorister, who handed it to each other during the time of dancing and the antiphone. All then retired for refreshment. A gammon of bacon was a standard dish, with tansy symbolical of the bitter berbs command ed at the paschal feasts. An old verse commemorates these customs:

At stool ball, Lucia, let us play, For sugar, cakes or win

Or for a tansy let us pay, The loss be taine or mine

If thou, my dear, a winner bo At trundling of the ball,

The wager thou shalt have, and me

The churches were adorned at this sea son like theatres, and crowds poured in to see the sepulchers which were erected representing the whole scene of the Saviour's entombment. A general belief prevailed in those days that our Lord's cond coming would be on Easter Eve. hence the sepulchers were watched through the night until 3 in the morn ing, when two of the oldest monks would enter and take out a beautiful image of the resurrection, which was elevated before the worshipers during the singing of the anthem "Christus Resurgens," was then carried to the high altar, and a procession being formed a canopy of velvet was borne over it by ancient gentlemen. They proceeded around the exterior of the church by the light of torches, all singing, rejoicing and praying, until coming again to the high altar it was there placed, to remain until Ascension Day. In many places the monks personated all the characters connected with the event they celebrated, and thus rendered the scene still more theatrical.



A chick who had just learned to creep Came out of its shell and said: "Peep! It is good, i declare, To breathe the fresh air, I must have had quite a long sleep."

There will be a great bicycle event at Obicago the week beginning May 13. An eight hour per day professional race for \$1,000 will be the principal feature. The principal amateur event will be a one calle handicap, for which nine crizes will be given.

EASTER-TIDE.

Oh, rare as the spiender of illies,
And sweet as the violet's breath,
Comes the jubilant morning of Easter,
A triumph of life over death;
For fresh from the earth's quickened b
Full baskets of flowers we bring,
And scatter their satin soft pecula
To carpet a path for our King.

We have groped through the twilight of sor Have tasted the march of tears; But lo! in the gray of the dawning Breaks the hope of our long silent years. And the loved and the lost we thought perk Who vanished afar in the night, Will return in the beauty of spring time To beam on our rapturous sight. Sweet Easter tide pledges their coming, Screne beyond trouble and toll, As the lily upsprings in its freshness From the warm, throbbing heart of the soft. And after all partings, reunion, And after all wanderings, home:

And after all wanderings, home: Oh, here is the balm for our heartache As up to our Easter we come! In the countiess green blades of the meador The shore of the daffodi's gold. In the tremulous blue on the mountains. The opatine mist on the wold. In the tinkle of brooks through the pasture. The river's strong sweep to the sea Are signs of the day that is hasting In gladness to you and to me.

So dawn in thy splender of lilies,
Thy fluttering violet breath,
O jubilant morning of Easter,
Thou triumph of life over death!
For fresh from the earth's quickened bosom
Full baskets of flowers we bring,
And scatter their satin soft potels Full baskets of flowers we bring, and scatter their satin soft potels To carpet a path for our King. —Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's Bazar.

Risen Indeed. Aye, the lilles are pure in their pallor, the roses are fragrant and sweet, The music pours out like a sea wave, breaking is praise at His feet, Pulsing in passionate praises that Jesus has riser

again.
But we watch for the signs of His living in the life of the children of men.

Wherever a mantle of pity falls soft on a wound or a wee,
Wherever a pence or a pardon springs up to o'ermaster a fee,
Wherever a soft hand of blessing outreaches to

succor a need,
Wherever springs healing for wounding, the Master is risen indeed. Wherever the soul of a people, arising in courage

and might, Bursts forth from the errors that shrouded its hope in the gloom of the night,
Wherever in sight of God's legions the armies of evil recede, And truth wins a soul or a kingdom, the Master is risen indeed

So fling out your banners, brave toilers; bring lilies to altar and sbrine; Ring out, Easter bells; He has risen, for you is the

token and sign. token and sign.

There's a world moving sunward and Godward ye are called to the front, ye must lead;

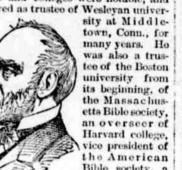
Behind are the grave and the darkness; the Master is risen indeed.

The Late Jacob Sleeper.

The recently recorded de h, in Bos-ton, of Jacob Sleeper removes one who is fairly deserving of the honorable title

Philanthropist. Jacob Sleeper was born in New Castle, Me., in 1802. He removed to Boston in 1825, where he entered the ready made clothing business, to which he later added speculation in real estate. So judiciously were his investments made that he had amassed a very considerable fortune before he was of middle age. Some time before this he became closely identified in the movement for higher education, then in its infancy, in the Methodist Episcopal church of the United

His gifts and subscriptions to the founding and the maintenance of various schools and colleges were notable, and he served as trustee of Wesleyan univer-



Bible society, a devoted patron of JACOB SLEEPER.

the Boston Conservatory of Music, etc., etc. In church work his labors were persistent and sincere and his pocket was ever open. It is understood that fully 100 church organizations received aid from him, and he was the most considerable subscriber to the Wesleyan building, erected in Boston by the Boston Wesleyan association, which owns and publishes the organ of New England Methodism, Zion's Herald. In fact his benefactions were so numerous that a complete re-

cord of them cannot be made. Mr. Sleeper, at the time of his death, was connected with a number of banks and other financial institutions. He leaves a son, Maj. J. Henry Sleeper, and three daughters, one being the wife of J. W. Harper, head of the house of Harper Brothers, and another of E. P. Dutton, the New York publisher.

Forgotten by Death. There is an eccentric Boston charac ter, in the person of an itinerant mender and sharpener of scissors and knives, who, notwithstanding the burden of 89 years, still perseveres jovially at work, alike indifferent to the advance of time and the evils commonly associated with old age. He is fortunately of a sunny disposition, enjoying a joke even when it is at his own expense, and is given to make light of his own years and ordinary viciositudes. The other day he was met by an acquaintance who said: "Well, Mr. ---, I thought death would have captured you before this," "Sh!" came the venerable itinerant's answer, "don't speak so loud, for I think death has forgotten all about me, and I wouldn't have you remind him for the world."-Boston Budget.

Every Gift but Speech. Mr. S. G. Harris, a horse dealer of Vincennes, Ind., is the owner of a wonderful dog. It is a Scotch collie and seems possessed of almost human intelligence. Mr. Harris and Boz gave a private exhibition in the board of trade building the other morning. His performances-they seem to show too much intelligence to be called tricks-amazed everybody. Bank bills and coins of various denominations were placed on the floor and the dog was requested to take his choice. He immediately picked up a \$10 dollar bill, which was the largest in sight. "What piece would you give me, Boz?

asked Mr! Harris. Boz selected a nickel and dropped it into Mr. Harris' hand. Mr. S. A. Kent came in while the dog was performing, and said: "Boz, I want you to bring me five dollars and a half." Boz picked up a \$5 bill and a fifty cent piece, gave Mr. Kent an I'm-onto-you expression, and

trotted over to Mr. Harris with the

money. "Find Mr. Richardson," was the

next order. Boz trotted up to that gen-tleman, looked up into his face and wagged his tail. "Pick his pocket," said Mr. Harris. Boz grabbed Mr. Richardson's hand kerchief out of his coat pocket and trotted off with it. "I want \$15," said Mr. Kent. Boz picked up a \$10 and a \$5 bill. "Bring me the rest of it." Boz barked and growled. His next performance was to bring a hat from the window and a piece of paper from the waste basket in the corner, and he also gave an

imitation of the way the clown dog

prayed in the circus.-Chicago News.

FARM AND GARDEN.

OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES OF INTEREST TO FARMERS.

A Beat Cart on Which a Team Can Draw a Ton Load with Ease-Directions for Making One of These Novel and Useful

Our readers are indebted to Ohio Farmer for the drawings and descrip-tions of the boat cart here given. This style of cart is a great improvement over the mud boat, which is so hard on a team, and will answer many of the pur-poses of a four wheeled wagon, when the load is properly adjusted. It is an excellent vehicle for drawing manure, being easy to load and unload. It is also convenient where grading is to be done or low places are to be filled with earth.



FIG. 1-A USEFUL CART. In unloading earth, manure, etc., take off the sideboards, and with a chain hitch the team to one of the wheels, carry the chain square across the load, over the other wheel, start up the team and tip the load over. As the cart is the same one side up as the other, it is always right side up. Put in the side-boards, hitch to the front and drive off. The cart is made alike on both sides; hence you do not have to tip it back. The sideboards are also alike, and fit on either side. It may be used with or without a tongue. If you have much backing to do, a tongue is handy. Without a tongue the team is hitched to the staple C, Fig. 1, by a chain or large link. A tongue is attached to this staple by a hook, and a half inch bolt is put through the tongue and the front of the cart at

instead of the sideboards. FIGS. 2 AND 3-A USEFUL CART.

This bolt is left out when pulling.

In hauling rails and the like use stakes

The wheels used in the model are from an old mowing machine, and 28 inches high. The maker chiseled off the projections, broke off the cogs, and had the holes reamed out to take in a 1j-inch axle. The length of the boat is 13 feet; width 3 feet 3 inches, outside measure. The bottom is made of good oak boards 1 inch thick, and 3 feet 8 inches long, and laid crosswise of the cart. The ends of these boards are put between 2 by 4 inch oak scantlings (F). The shaft or axle is perfectly straight, without turning or lathe work, but simply has a # inch hole through the ends for linch pins. This shaft is placed 44 feet from the hind end of the cart. A strip of band iron (B) 3 inches wide and 16 inches long is put on each side and riveted on solid to hitch to. The staple works loosely through this iron, to admit of hitching to either side. This staple is made of inch round iron, 31 inches long, and 4 inches between the nuts on the ends. A strip of iron 14 by 4 inch is slipped over these ends and nuts put on.

The staples (S) are made of 1x3 inch iron, cut 17 inches long, the ends drawn out and turned square edgewise, one end one way and one the other, as shown in Fig. 3. Bend flatwise to form the staple. This makes the staple holes 2x3 inches These staples are put in place when building the cart. The end projections com-Harvard college, ing against the upper and lower scantlings of the frame make it impossible the American | pull them out. A three-eighth inch bolt should be put through the scantlings between the staples and one close to the axle. Nails or spikes can be used in other places. The front ends of the side scantlings should be beveled to an edge, commencing back about fifteen inches from the ends. Then put on the runners (D), which should be of the same length as the beveled ends of the scantling.

You can iron these runners with band iron, if you please, by putting on from the hind end of one runner clear around to the hind end of the other side. One of the sideboards is shown in Fig. 2.

BUTTERFLIES AND CATERPILLARS. A New Jersey Entomologist Tells How to Circumvent the Pests.

The white cabbage butterfly may be seen hovering about cabbage fields on sunshiny days from May to October. It was introduced from Europe, and has now become general over all the states east of the Mississippi. The eggs are laid on the under side of the leaves, and in from five to eight days hatch a little green caterpillar a quarter of an inch in length. This young caterpillar begins at once to eat on the under side of the leaf. but as it develops it cuts through and generally takes its place on the upper side of the leaf, or in and about the head of the cabbage, where it does the most mischief. When full grown it is about an inch and a quarter in length, and on account of its likeness to the color of the cabbage is somewhat difficult to find. In the state of New Jersey, says Mr. George D. Hulst, entomologist of the New Jersey station, from whose essay on the subject much of the information here given is derived, there are three, and sometimes four, broods a year.

The caterpillar of the cabbage butterfly is easily destroyed if the remedy is applied in time. Among the ones proper to be used is hot water from a fine spray nozzle, and of a temperature not below 140 or above 160 degrees. Also kerosene emulsion, compounded after the usual formula and diluted one part emulsion to nine or even twelve parts of water. A third remedy, recommended as safe and thoroughly effective, is pyrethrum, or Persian insect powder. Of this one part of the pewder to six or twelve parts of plaster, or fifteen to twenty of lime, should be dusted on the plants, and will kill all the caterpillars touched by it. The powder may also be diluted with water, one tablespoonful to six quarts, and applied with a sprinkler. Pyrethrum and the emulsion are each effective destroyers of plant lice and are recommended as among the best insecticides for cabbage insects.

The cabbage plusia differs decidedly from the cabbage butterfly. It belongs to the moths and is a night flyer, and for that reason is soldom recognized as the parent of a destructive caterpillar. Superficially the caterpillar somewhat resembles that of the cabbage butterfly, but on examination is seen to be quite different. While of nearly the same color, it is larger and longer, and in creases in size towards the hinder part. It has only six pairs of legs instead of eight pairs. It, therefore, in crawling has a looping motion, after the manner of the measuring worms, and is almost entirely without hair. The insect is three brooded in New Jersey. These caterpillars are more tenacious of life than those of the cabbage butterfly, but the remedies are the same.

Caterpiliars of other moths have been found to injure cabbage by cating the

icaves, but in most instances without do-ing material injury. In all cases where they live outside on the leaves they can be destroyed by the remedies given.

Those who have tried movable poultry houses regard them as very desirable ar-rangements. Southern Cultivator calls attention to the one shown in our cut. As will be seen this house is mounted on wheels, with a floor raised high enough



MOVABLE POULTRY HOUSE. It has a set of movable laying nests at back, outside flap door with lock, large door with lock, for attendant, small sliding door and ladder for fowls, two shifting perches and sliding window. The benefit birds of all descriptions derive from change of place, not only arises from the good every animal as well as man derives from changes of scene, but by being preserved from the exhalations emitted by excrementitious matter and decaying food.

MAKING CHEESE ON A SMALL SCALE Brief but Definite Directions for Home

Made Cheese.
Our readers are indebted to Indiana Farmer for the following directions for making cheese in a small way:

For the manufacture of cheese on a small scale are required a cheese hoop about ten inches in diameter, with a folsmall scale are required a cheese lower, a new washtub and a press. The milk should be taken perfectly fresh from the cow and strained through a cloth into the cheese tub. As a gallon of milk will make one pound of cheese, the precise quantity used at a time should be noted. Part of it should be warmed so that the temperature of the whole, when in the tub, shall be raised to 83 degrees Fahrenheit. The rennet, thoroughly cleaned and prepared, should be then added, enough being used to produce curdling in about forty minutes.

As soon as the curd will break smoothly, it should be cut with curd knives into squares, and then allowed to stand until all the whey runs off. Part of this whey is then heated, the mass of curd is lifted and broken into minute pieces, and warm whey is added until the temperature of the whole is raised 98 degs. Fahrenheit. When cool, this operation is repeated until the curd becomes crumbly, easily falling to pieces when pressed in the hand. The whey is then all drained off, and the curd put into the cooler and cut up with curd knives, when the temperature has fallen somewhat, it is turned over and left until it assumes a flaky condition. When pearly dry salt is added, and the whole is mixed thoroughly with a curd mill. It is then put into the bandage inside of the oop and is put on the press. After remaining there from two to four hours it should be taken out and turned. The next day it may be taken from the press and put on a shelf to cure. While curing it should be watched closely to keep all flies from it, should be rubbed over daily with warm melted butter, and daily turned. It is fit for use from six to eight weeks after it is pressed.

Egg Eating Hens. As high authority as The American Poultry Journal says that there is no way of curing hens from cating eggs, but to prevent them by mechanical means is easy. A nest with a double bottom, the upper one inclined so as to allow the egg to roll to the lower one answers well, but the habit is one that is always acquired and therefore a lasting one. Hens learn it by being in the pres ence of broken eggs, but they rarely break eggs themselves until so taught. If the nests are arranged so as to keep the eggs out of their reach they will for get the habit if fed liberally with meat for awhile, but the safest plan is to cut off the heads of such fowls before the habit becomes general with the flock.

Of Interest to Bee Keepers. Bee keepers ought to have a special work suit, one light in color, easy to put on or off; a protection to the entire person and of a make and texture to stand frequent washings. Such an one is shown in the annexed engraving from "Gleanings in Bee Culture." strictly speaking, an engineer's suit and can be purchased at a clothing store at a small cost.



A COMPLETE BEE SUIT. It consists of overalls and short coat or blouse, made of blue and white checked cotton cloth, the whole weighing only one and one quarter pounds. The beauty of this suit is the certainty of complete protection to your Sunday clothes if you choose to wear them; and the price en ables you to own two suits, and wash often, and always clean. Then there are plenty of pockets fore and aft, for pencils, jack knives, screw drivers, queen cages, etc. When extracting honey or at other work likely to soil the sleeves, an additional set of sleeves may be worn

For the head, a stiff straw hat with a wide brim, over which a silk Brussele net veil is worn in the ordinary way, is

Farm Notes. Fay's Prolific is unanimously pronounced the best current for market in the report of the New Jersey Horticul-

tural society. "If we were raising peaches largely, we would use ground bone and karut or muriate of potash," says Rural New

Yorker. Mr. S. F. Baker considers the wren one of the best friends of farmers and encourages them to nest on his place, He has yet to see the sparrow feed on

insect food of any kind. Where a regular system of underdrainage does not commend itself, drains at least should be cut through the wet spots in fields, which by drowning out will perhaps offset the gain on other por-

Look out for lice on poultry, cattle and

Many people make a mistake in turning their flock out in the pasture too early in the spring, before there is sufficient food for them to nourish themselves, and in that case the wool will commence to shod, affirms a sheep owner of many years' experience.