## EXPERIENCE.

In the sunny years of youth, When we battled for the truth, Daring danger, toil, and wrath, Hope was flashing o'er our path.

When our eager youth at last Into manhood's prime had passed. Still we dreamed that we were strong To loose the world from sin and wrong.

Now the evening shadows play On our strength's declining day; Hope is dead, and well know we, What has been must ever be.

-The Academy.

# "GIN A BODY MEET A BODY."

#### BY A. H. STERNE.

You see, it all happened this 'way: Nick Weybridge had been waiting at the Grand Central Depot for the arrival of buried them away far out of the reach the western express, by which was due of all questions. Whole families went his old chum, Reggie Bell. The express at a swoop; when necessary he raised an arrived up to time, but with no Reggie epidemic-typhoid, cholera, grip-he therein. At which collapse of plans didn't care what, as long as he got awk-Nick, mightily wroth, strode for the ward customers out of the way. Samstreet, with hands shoved deep in his trcusers' pockets and his chin stuck out squarely in front of him like the jaws of to Nick's "jaw," and poor Belle was in a surly bull-dog, muttering strong an excess of grief and amazement at the words, about "that ass, Bell."

"What's that about Belle?" fluted torth a sudden sweet voice. Sulky Nick looked up and beheld two big velvety looked up and beheld two big velvety brown eyes smiling into his—eyes be-Belle had had a message from the dead longing to a face that Greuze would in a week old letter. Then things got have loved to paint, with its dainty oval, its peach-bloom cheeks, and its inextricably entangled in the prickly hair whose silken net seemed to possess a branches of the family tree; hopelessly magical attraction for gadding sun- lost in the lanes and by ways of the local beams. The owner of the eyes and topography. Still, with courage worthy voice was, to use the language of art, a of a better cause, and a supernatural study in black and white; to speak plainly, a young woman coquettishly arrayed in a widow's semi-mourning.

"What's that about Belle? Don't you blame me, sir! Why, it's all your own fault, you horrid impatient boy! Here you are, calmly strolling off into the street instead of waiting where I could find you, and you look as sulky as a bear with a sore head, too!"

Nick's only answer to all this was a blank stare.

"Why, what's the matter?" she went on. "You don't seem to know your own cousin." Then, with a charming pout, "I'm surely not grown so very old and hideous, Mort, that you can't recognize me!"

Here was evidently a big blunder. Deceived by some chance resemblance in feature, and misled by the chance remark about Bell which she had overheard and which she took as an allusion to herself, this charming stranger had mistaken Nick for some Western cousin she had come to meet. Now, if the tempted one-for the girl was really uncommonly pretty-had been a straight-walking, sober-minded young man with a modicum of conscience he would have flouted the temptation and set the lady right with a frame shook with excitement. pclite bow and explanation; she would have apologized-as if there were any need for apology-bowed, blushed, and tion. fled; and Nick would have seen her face fled; and Nick would have seen her face "I'm awfully sorry, Belle, darling" no more, which would have been a great (and the villain lingered over these

"Poor, dear Edward's sister is stop- Heigh, ho! I must make a clean breast ping with me, you know, but she's out of it to-morrow. With which virtuous resolution he

into my lady's bower with a cousinly

swagger, which abated the moment he

saw the inmate, for there was an omin-

ous glitter in that little woman's eye that

gave him goose-flesh. The game was up,

jurymen-not more wooden than many

dam"-and he grew aptly alliterative-

"your face was my fall and will ever be

my fate." Sottto voce-"Sounds like a

line of poetry, and ought to fetch

her." As a fact, she did seem to

be softening somewhat. Then our

Choate in embryo went on, just picking

himself up in time from starting his per-

oration with a "Gentlemen of the Jury."

"Madam, speaking frankly, I regret to have to state that I am not one bit re-

pentant-as far as my own sin is con-

cerned-for what I have done. In such

a cause, and for such a reward as a few

words from those lips, though I may say I am naturally truthful, I would perjure

myself any and every moment of the day.

Any man would have committed the

same fault, tried by the same tempta-

tion. No man could have helped him-

self. Simon Stylites himself"-and he

rolled off the name in a most sonorous

fashion-"would have shown his appre-

ciation of your charms in the same way

as I did if you had come up to that

ascetic old party and looked and talked

And so on, and so on, for half an hour.

ending up with patching together Vites

as you did with me."

And she handed him a tele-

he saw at once.

to-day, so we shall be all to ourselves to talk over old times, Won't it be jolly?" Nick hardly seemed delighted by the turned in. But, alack a day, Nick was a bold, bad man, and at heart quite unthought of the prospective jovialty; in regenerate; so next day, instead of plead. fact, he heartily wished himself out of ing guilty and throwing himself upon

his scrape. But there was no retreat the mercy of the court, as he should have now; he had burned his boats. So up done, he lapsed into error and marched he went to his dressing-room, ostensibly to wash off the travel-stains of a journey he had never taken, really to throw himself on a couch and rack his brains for plausible myths about people and places he had never seen.

"Good-day, sir," said Nemesis in a morning gown. "Kindly explain this The way of the wicked man is hard. Nick found it extremely so, and he never enjoyed a good dinner less. The inevito me.' table examination began. "I'll try murgram dering 'em," he thought. So whenever "Mrs. Brathwaite. Sorry couldn't come. he got mixed on the genealogy or per-Mother ill. Coming next week. "MORT WHITTAKER." sonal history of any harmless person or persons he ruthlessly slew them and Not that Nick read all this. He felt so ashamed of his ignominious position that the letters swam before his eyes. All he could see was a cruel finger and contemptuous eye directed toward the door, which enunciated "begone" more pointedly than any words could do. Nick's son's biblical jawbone was an inefficient first impulse was that of headlong flight. weapon for homicidal purposes compared Then his forensic instincts came back to him-for he was a rising young lawyer -and he resolved to make a speech for recent loss of so many friends. Finally, the defense. So he came to grips with he struck on a snag in the shape of a Mrs. Brathwaite without more ado. young lady whom he had consigned to "My dear Mrs .- er-er-Blank" (this in the most dryly comical way that made the widow, even in her anger, bite her lips to prevent a smile, and won a hearworse than ever for the culprit. He got ing for Nick). "My dear Mrs. Blank, I will offer no excuse for my abominable conduct and extraordinary tissues of lies. though I have one which ought to plead powerfully in my behalf." Here he made a motion as though to point out calmness born of despair, he lied on by his client, and gestured at those silent

the car load. "How's Zozo?" asked his unconscious live ones-the chairs. "That excuse, torturer. madam, is your own face. Yes, mad-

"Zozo?" dubitatively. "Wonder who Zozo can be? So silly to give any one a name like that! S'pose it's a baby. I'll chance, it, anyhow!" Then, aloud: "Oh, Zozo! Zozo's all right."

"How can you say so, when you your-

self wrote me he was ill, poor dear!" "Oh, yes, of course! How silly I am!

He caught scarlet fever, but he's much better now."

"What do you mean, Mort? Scarlet fever! I never heard of a horse with scarlet fever."

"Great Scott!" groaned the pseudo Mort, "here's a how-de-do! Er-er-Oh, yes. Don't you know? Er-Horses often get scarlet fever, my dear, but of course you couldn't be expected to know that. Why, that bay mare father bought only last year-

Belle started up from the table with a shudder and stared at her visitor as though at a maniac.

"You must be mad, Mort. Poor uncle has been dead these ten years. I don't understand you at all." And her

Nick nerved his flagging wings to still higher, more cerulean flights of imagina-

two sentences, "Though I am not that I played, I am a gentleman," after which came his pedigree from the first generapity. So he, who in no wise resembled words as over sweet morsels); "but aforesaid straight-laced, sober- didn't you hear of my terrific accident? minded young man, having no conscience I fell down an old quarry and hurt my to speak of, and being endued with a head very badly. Why, at times, espeforehead of bronze and the tongue of the cially when I'm fagged a bit and both-Old Serpent, after the first shock delib- ered with questions, my mind becomes a perfect blank, and I make a horrible hodge-podge of everything. My head feels as though it would burst at this very minute." This last with a groan

# THE FARM AND GARDEN.

COPPERAS WATER.

Five pounds of copperas (sulphate of iron) to forty gallons of water is not only a valuable disinfectant, but a fer-tilizer as well. It increases fruitfulness and earliness of the tomato, peach and other fruits, besides prolongs the season. Trees treated with copperas or iron filings produce a better colored and more sightly fruit, one that is more firm, hence better for shipping. As a disinfectant about stables,

chicken-houses and closets copperas is the cheapest and most reliable disinfectant known .- New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## FATTEN THE FOWLS.

Never send a fowl to market unless it is in as fat condition as possible. If a fowl will take on an extra pound of flesh, it will pay to feed it well until it reaches that stage. The reason is that there is not only a gain in weight, but price. If a six-pound fowl, not in a choice condition, will bring ten cents per pound in the market, the extra pound may cause the fowl to sell for twelve cents per pound, being a gain of thirty-four cents for the whole, due to both increase of weight and better quality, while the food required for producing the extra pound may not cost six cents. Quality is a prime factor in the market poultry .- Farm and Fireside.

#### " BRIDLING A COW."

Somebody, whom one of our ex-changes refers to as "a sensible writer," has been explaining in Horse and Stable, his method of handling horses so as to repress their evil tendencies and bring out their good qualities. Among other things he tells how to teach the horse to take the bit. He claims that by his system a horse that is hard to bridle will be so educated and subdued that "he will soon be as easily bridled as a cow." Any one who ever attempted to bridle a cow will feel the full force of this statement. It is so very, very easy to bridle a cow, she is so used to having the bridle put on, and is so greatly pleased with the operation, that any method which will make it equally easy to bridle a horse must be regarded as a great and valuable discovery. We are glad to learn that such an easy and efficient method has been devised .- American Dairyman.

### SECURING THE HAY CROP.

Notwithstanding the use of the scythe has been so greatly superseded by machines and horse power, writes an Indiana farmer, I believe securing the hay crop is the hardest and most fatiguing work that is done on the farm. Of course, the warmer the day the faster the hay will cure, but this only makes the work the harder. The liability to thunder showers at this season is a source of continual anxiety when one has a large amount of grass down and half cured in which condition a wetting means a large decrease in its value. On days when showery conditions prevail no more should be cut at a time than can be put into cock and covered with hay-caps if not sufficiently cured to go into the barn. Often the grass has become so ripe it will not do to defer cutting until there comes a spell of settled weather. In such cases it is usually best to start the mower immediately after the shower, and put into cock before another comes up, or late toward evening, when vain in the night will injure it but little if well spread out and attended to the next fornoon. Of course this all means hard work, but then making hay between showers always means hard work. Water is always drunk in large quantities by harvesters, and I have found that by stirring a handful or two of oat flakes into a pailful it not only makes it ex-ceedingly palatable, but I believe there is less danger from drinking all you want .- New York World.

then the stack will settle squarely. Stacked thus, sheaves will turn water as readily as a duck's back. For a stack of twenty-five feet diameter the centre should be kept four feet higher than the outer edge .- New York Tribune.

# FACTS AND "FANCIES" IN SILAGE.

"Has anything new been found out about silos the past winter?" asks a reader of the American Agriculturist. Not exactly, but many previously advanced ideas have been confirmed and the "faith of the saints strengthened." Speaking for myself, I think that some things have been made plain, and in the future we shall agree upon a few fundamental points. That the stone silo-except under limited circumstances-has had its day, and has ceased to be written about in silo literature. The lathed and plastered silo is now seldom mentioned. Its great advocate, Professor Cook, of Michigan, now is on record for the wooden-lined silo, made durable with a

coat of gas tar and gasoline. The contest is now between a silo with a lining of two thicknesses of cheap, sound lumber, single surfaced, not even matched, put on with a half lap, with tarred paper between to make the walls doubly air tight, and the silo with a lining of a single board,-good flooring -matched, and not painted, the idea being that the lumber dries out during the summer, and when the silo is filled the swelling forces the joints and seams in the matching all close shut, and the silo lasts for years. The problem is just this: Will a silo made of one thickness of high-priced flooring be better than a double lining of cheap lumber, but sound? Will the single ceiling continue to swell on demand, and always make a

close airtight matching? It appears that a ten or twelve inch timber, well seasoned and thoroughly painted with gas tar, especially at the ends, and sunk in a trench, and bedded in with lime cement, is, when no "building up" is necessary, and where there is good natural drainage, quite as good a oundation as one needs for a silo. The treach is just large enough to take in the sills, and the cement fills in between the sills and the soil. The studding should not be mortised in, but toenailed with 16d-or20d-wire nails. If fears are entertained of surface water, a two-inch tile sunk in the outside corner of the trench before putting in the sills will remedy this. That a grouted floor, or cement is necessary is doubtful. Wellpounded-down clay makes an admirable floor. The only objection is that rate come up from underneath sometimes. The remedy for this is a good ferret for an hour. If a coat of gas tar and sand is first used under the clay floor rats will not mine the silage.

Fast filling is now, when help can be obtained, generally recommended. Corn thinly planted and cultivated very shallow to induce earing, and allowed to stand until "out of the milk," before cutting, and then filled in without wilting, seems the material out of which sweet silage is made. Filling with whole fodder, now that some of the conditions of that process are understood, has many friends. The smaller kinds of corn must be used, and the silo begins to glaze. The corn fodder should be laid all one way, tops and buts. The tops along the walls should be broken over, and in the corners green hay should be occasionally put to keep them full and air proof.

#### Trivial Causes of War.

Among the curiosities of history is the oft-recurring fact that many of the great wars of the past have been indirectly brought about by triflag circumstances. One of the wars between the Turkish Empire in the zenith of its splendor and the Venetian Republic was brought about by the desire of the Sultan's physician to marry a rich Spanish heiress. The lady and her mother escaped to Venice, and the Sultan sent an official after them to bring them back to Constantinople. The Venetian Repul lic was at first willing to comply with the Sultan's request, but the ladies succeeded in making their escape to Ferrara, and from thence to Lyons, in France. The Porte complained that the Venetian Republic had not used due diligence, and ultimately a terrible war broke out over this trivial circumstance. A contemporary historian says: "The agent of the Venctian Government at Constantinople informed the council that the reason of the dispatch of the Turkish Envoy to Venice was, to require on the part of the Grand Signeur, that a Spanish lady, named Mendez, with her daughters, should be delivered up to the Envoy, and by him brought to Constantinople. The common rumor was, that the Lady Mendez had promised to marry one of her daughters to the son of a man named Rodriguez, doctor to the Grand Signeur. The lady, however, changed her mind, and fled with her daughters to Ferrara, where they remained under the protection of the Duke for some time. It is now said that they have gone from Ferrara to Lyons in order to realize funds invested there by the late husband of the Lady Mendz. The emissary of the Grand Signeur, was by no means content with the loss of his prey, and there was trouble in consequence." This information is contained in a letter written from Venice in July, 1549, by M. Morvillier to Henry II. of France, the object being to induce the King to use his authority for the purpose of sending the Lady Mendez and her daughter to Constantinople. The King sent to Lyons for this purpose, but found that the ladies had again taken flight, and were supposed to be at Antwerp .- American Register.

### A Clock of Bread Crumbs.

The Milan museum has recently come into the possession of a remarkable clock. This unique timepiece is made entirely of bread crumbs. A poor Italian workman made it. Every day he set apart a portion of his modest meal in order to carry out his curious project. The bread crumbs saved by him he hardened by the addition of salt, and at last his tedious task is completed .-- Chicago Herald.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 fears ought to know salt from sagar; read what he says: TOLEDO, O., January 10, 1887. Messrs, F. J. Cheney & Co.-Gentlemen: I for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a proparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Ca-seribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to di-vections.

Yours truly. Office, 215 Summit St We will give \$100 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, 0.) Sold by Druggists, 75c. THE number of foreign tourists in the in-terior of Japan has increased very much of

erately up and spake:

"Well, my dear," as calmly as if he had known her from a child, "I waited and waited, and not seeing you, concluded you weren't going to turn up. But I'm awfully glad to see you." Which The poor girl was complet was true. "As for your changing, why, I never saw you look so pretty in all my life." And this statement also was, as Chadband has it, "terewth indeed."

"You were very impatient though, I'll forgive you, dear. Where's your luggage?

"Oh, that'll be sent on after."

is waiting."

"Whew!" whistled Nick, under his breath. "The carriage is waiting, ch? oughbred, evidently; s'pose the 'dear defunct' was some bloated old bachelor who married her for the sake of her face. By Jove! a spanking turnout, too. Shall I back out here? May turn out another case of 'vaulting ambition,' etc. No; I'll hold on. She can't eat me, in any -case; I could eat her, though-she's quite sweet enough. Well, my Rubicon the last two years." is this carriage-step, and here goes to "Mort," with a grim smile, thought cross it," and he followed the widow in-to himself that the next two hourr, percalled me. Mort? Hum! Stands for eral. Mortimer, Morton and Mortuus, too, for that matter. Egad! an omen. Perhaps the lay of the land."

Madison avenue.

"Oh, they're all right," answered the impostor with a vagueness perfectly touching in its infinitude.

was tast there?"

No answer from the nonplused one.

now, as I see you want to look at the streets, you rustic old thing, you!"

"Ha! ha!" sniggered Nick in his sleeve. "I am evidently a rustic. New was wrong flashed for an inconceivable York, I see, is the Promised Land to me, So be it, my newly acquired coz."

And taking the hint the wily Nick began to examine the brown-stone fronts of the avenue with an interest almost suspicious in its intensity. He particularly delighted his innocent victim by the sublime ingenuousness with which he inquired, as they caught a glimpse of Central Park, what "that green place" was. The delight she took in tutoring his simplicity averted awkward questions. Besides, it was infinitely diverting to an old rounder-old in experience-like Nick. At last the carriage stopped be-fore a handsome brown-stone house.

The poor girl was completely hocused, and was amazed and indignant that she had not been told of the "terrific accident" before. Then she cooed, "Poor old boy, poor old head!" so soothingly that it sent a thrill of rapture down Mort-and stupid, too. So there! But Nick's worthless frame. And she stroked that head, hard as the nether millstone, so lovingly with her soft, plump hand that the Machiavellian one "Well, come along then; the carriage felt his crest rise, and patted himself on the back, all of which only hardened him in his sin. And when she refrained from asking any more awkard questions This is a high-flyer and no mistake. he gloried in his successful villianly, and Wonder who the deuce she is-for that laid himself out to kill. And as he matter who am I, tool She's 3 thor- looked well, and talked well, it was not long before the fair widow lay-metaphorically speaking, of course-at her fictitious cousin's feet in an excess of reverence and devotion. She could hardly conceive the great change that

> seen him. "You've developed awfully, Mort, in

to the victoria. "Wonder who on earth haps, would see even a more awful de-I'm supposed to be, though? Mort, she velopment of himself and things in gen-

He put the finishing touch to his work just as he was leaving. He would I'll wish I were dead when she finds out have been content with a hand-shake by way of adieu, but poor Belle, with a "Well, Mort, and how is everybody at charming pout and a most provocative home?" she began, as they swept up raising of her blossom of a mouth, delivered herselt into the hands of the enemy by pathetically remarking: apostor with a vagueness perfectly "You're very mean, Mort; you haven't suching in its infinitude. "I should so like to see the old place he was touched by this absolute trust. again. I must try and get up there next He felt almost inclined to blurt out the season. How long is it, Mort, since I whole truth and then run for his life, but that sunny, inviting smile would have melted an iceberg; at all events, it "All right, dear; I won't bother you melted his scruples, and the caltiff pressed his lips to hers in a most uncousinly way-that is, if cousins kiss as cousins should. The idea that something

> moment across her mind, but flashed away as quickly, and after giving him copious but more than needless instructions as to his way home bade him to lunch next day.

Nick walked to his lodgings in a hardly enviable state of mind.

"I've made an infernal brute of myself-perhaps worse. But I really couldn't help it; she's such a dainty lit-tle thing. Why, hang it, I'm over head and ears in love with her already. She'll never forgive me that kiss, though. What on earth must I do? I can't doprive the poor little woman of her newly acquired cousin without any explanation.

tion thereof, so that he overwhelmed the poor little woman in a torrent of words. Then, too, she was half in love with him already, and secretly admired his consummate cheek. Finally he left his card, begging to be allowed to call, having obtained her assurance that she would think over the matter of a free pardon.

Less than a week after this came a note for him:

"DEAR MR. WEYBRIDGE:--Out of my great mercy you are for, iven. I shall ex-pect you to five o'clock tea. Yours, etc. "BELLE BRAITHWAITE."

Nick went to that five o'clock tea and to many other five o'clock teas and other functions at the same address. The result of all these visits is that an argument has sprung up between them. Belle has been bitten by the sacred Egyptian bug that the Bernhardt brought over, and is mad to visit the Pyramids and the Nile cataracts, while Nick says that the "doing" of Switzerland and Italy is the proper thing for a newly married couple. -Frank Leslie's Illustrated.

## Virtues of Vichy.

"Vichy water is becoming a very popular drink," remarked a soda-water fountain attendant to a News reporter. "If had taken place in him since she had last it was only more palatable more of it would be drank than of all the other waters combined. It possesses wonderful thirst assuaging properties, and is the favorite drink of all who are aware of this fact, among those being every physician whom I have ever seen drink this fountain. They certainly would not use it unless the water was beneficial. Of course the liking for fruit juice syrups and other sweet drinks which most people possess retards the growth of vichy in popular favor, but it is only a question of time until it will supplant many of the fancy drinks, as people realize that it is the healthiest drink known for the hot weather. A good way to render the vichy palatable is to have a few spoonfuls of acid phosphate of some sort put in the glass."-New York News.

## Public Lands in the United States.

The public lands of the United States still unsold and open to settlement are divided into two classes, one class being sold by the Government for \$1.25 per acre as the minimum price, the other at \$2.50 per acre, being the aternate sections reserved by the United States in land grants to railroads, etc. Such tracts are sold upon application to the land register. Heads of families, or pitizens over twenty-one years, who may settle upon any quarter section (or 16) acres) have the right under the preemption law of prior claim to purchase, on complying with the regulations. There is a land register at Independence, at Hunboldt, at Los Angeles, at Sacramento, at San Francisco, at Shasta and at Vialia, In California, and at either of these offices lications for land in that State will be applications for sanswered .- Berton Cultivator.

STACKING SHEAVES.

I have stacked much grain in my day, says Galen Wilson, and none of it became wet in the stack. Begin by setting two bundles on end, leaning together at an angle of about twenty degrees, then continue around and around until the stack-bottom is large enough. The centre sheaves should be dressed in as closely together as possible. As the circle enlarges each succeeding course should be given a little more slant, so that when the last course is laid it will have but a slight slant. The stack-bottom is then highest in the middle. This rule is followed until the stack is finished. As the laying proceeds from the centre the sheaves should be laid less closely in a diminishing degree, so that the stack will settle least in the centre. After the first course the stacker should be on his knees and press down every sheaf. When the foundation is about six feet high the outside tiers of sheaves must be laid to project a little over the ones immediately beneath, to give the stack the proper bulge, that the water may be conveyed away from the base. The outer courses when being "laid out," must be secured or some may slide when considerable weight presses upon them. Grasp each sheaf with both hands,

raise the heads-end almost perpendicular and "chuck" the butt end into the butt of the one beneath, then lower and push out to place; the ends of some of the straws, catching into the sheaf beneath, hold it from sliding out. I continue this practice when "drawing in" to "top A good man is needed to pitch from the wagon to the one on the stack who pitches to the stacker. The sheaves should be thrown within reach of the lafter, who has to move around as the stacker does. The wagon should not be unloaded from the same side of the stack twice in succession. The pitching-off should be done all around, to prevent packing down the sheaves more in one place than another. The stack-pitcher should not stand in one place longer than two minutes, but keep moving in differ-

out."

How to cover a silo is a matter upon which few silo men agree. The successful cover of last year is no better this year than no cover. As a rule, cover as we may, some of the surface silage will spoil. The silage left without a cover rarely has more spoiled silage than the one that has been protected with a tight fitting cover. Two of my silos the past winter, covered alike and the same day, gave different results. In one there was about thirty bushels of loss, in the other seventy-five bushels, while a neighbor who covered his silo with six inches of green hay lost no silage but did lose the hay. Seventy-five bushels of silage would have a value of seventy-five cents, the half ton of hay was worth \$3. For the little loss of silage how much compensation do we receive for the outlay of material and labor? What material has proved best for silage is answered : Corn overy time .- American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Tarred paper makes a good lining for the poultry house.

Wheat is a good ration to give for the morning meal when eggs are wanted.

If the floor of the poultry house is damp sprinkling with air-slaked lime will be beneficial.

Three kinds of food are essential to poultry, grain, green food and animal food of some kind.

Ground bone makes excellent grit, as it is hard and sharp and just the article for growing chickens.

Young poultry, if they are kept growing, need more feed in proportion to their size than those that are matured. Stir the soil about young trees. It should not bake nor should weeds and grass grow in it. Don't work it toe deeply.

It is natural for a good cow to consum a great deal of food. So high feedin within judicious limits does not hurt the cow if the food is of the right sort.

There never was a hand clean enough yet to be used in working butter. The hand does not improve the butter even if it is mother's, wife's or sister's hand. Since the introduction of the English Minorca fowls in America they have undergone a change which is an improvement, that is, the reduction in the size of their combs.

A hen should produce a profit of at least \$1 per year over and above her cost of keeping. If your ledger fails to show a gain, a screw is loose somewhere; tighten it up quickly.

Strawberry plants which have overfruited heavily should not be used for propagation, either for home beds or for market, as their vitality is decreased, eut circles about the centre. His place is never nearer than six or eight feet to the edge of the stack. Keep the centre full, keep it pressed solid and even, and

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE REFROREN. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.



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