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HEINRICH AND HIS VIOLIN.

BY MARY MORRISON.

Once upon a time, not a hundred years ago, a large ship sailed into the harbor at New York. She was filled with emigrants coming from Germany. Why they wanted to leave their beautiful land for the wilds of America, I cannot tell. Perhaps, for to these people gold is the word that stands in their sun, and they follow him to the west as he goes down, and then they are left in the darkness—not all, some live through the night and find him again in the morning—not many.

Among the passengers stands a young man who holds a little boy by the hand. Leaning on his arm is his mother, the grandmother of the child. They all look anxiously at the city in the mist. "The fog is a bad omen," the old woman croaks. "The new world ought to be willing to show her face to us, and not hide it behind a veil."

"Perhaps she'll lift her veil when we get nearer to her," said the child, and his father patted him on the head and smiled. At last the pier was gained and the uproar on shore and on board was something fearful to the ears of the emigrants used only to country sounds, like the lowing of cattle and the bleating of lambs. "See! the fog has passed away!" cried the child.

But the woman muttered: "She is ugly or without her veil than with it." They were quick to find their way to the cars and home by the rising steam across the country to the far west. "Seems to me we are leaving all the pretty places, grandmother," said the child, but she did not answer him, and the boy wondered—wondered why they did not stay in one of those handsome houses. Poor child! he had not learned that there was no pot of gold at the rainbow's end; and that if there were, it might not be for him. And when his father said they had not the money to live there, he wondered why he did not get it then.

"We'll, God helping us," his father said, and as he spoke he pressed his lips tightly, and looked out far away where the hills touched the sky. "Beyond the mountains—ah! yes there is a pot of gold of promise," muttered his mother, as she saw where his eyes were fixed. Finally, after many weary days and nights their traveling was over. The last part of the way they had been carried in a huge emigrant wagon. They stopped on the shore of a little lake among the hills. "It was a bit like the fatherland," Heinrich's father said. The grandmother ordered her lips and was silent, but the boy knelt by the water and watched the fishes turn to gold in the sun.

Carl Ritter was a father. When very young he had married one of the very prettiest maidens of his own village, and had taken her home to live with him and his mother. The year Heinrich was born was a hard season, and the land yielded less than usual. The sweet young woman, with her blue eyes and soft brown hair, tried hard to make the noted two ends meet, but with the increased trial of care and anxiety, grew ill and died. Just then, when she thought she was against poor Carl, there came a man from America full of glowing reports of the golden land in the west, and that was the secret of Carl's voyage. His mother opposed the plan. She would never let her son go under the banner of Germany than dwell "a fine lady" in America.

But you know that where the lambs go, the sheep will follow; so she—but not without many a look back—had come across the sea. Land was plenty and cheap, and with a very little money Carl hired several acres and put up a log cabin near the shores of the lake. Many were the hardships and privations, but his brave spirit seemed to triumph over them all. It was as if he could pay for his land and add a small log shelter for his cattle.

Heinrich loved to follow his father everywhere, but better than anything else he loved, in the long evenings, to sit and listen to his father's tales of the German home (house friend), that followed his fortunes everywhere. The old grandmother grew infirm and more irritable, for with increase of goods came greater care, and the charge of the milk and butter grieved her careful soul somewhat. She complained to Carl that the care of the dairy and the vegetable bed was too much for her. She told him he must get himself a wife—a woman young and strong. There was Bertha Lindhaus, a rosy-cheeked, stout-armed woman—she was just the one. But poor Carl's face would look very sad as she spoke, and he would say nothing, but take down his violin and play such soft, sweet strains, any one might know he was thinking of something beyond the earth—even Heinrich's mother, who with the angels, once he had his head close the door for the night, they sat down for the supper. The old woman was complaining bitterly of rheumatism. Heinrich was fretting because his bread was too salt. No one noticed Carl's hand tremble, and he ate nothing—they were so taken up with their own troubles.

After tea he took down his violin, and Heinrich came and sat down by his side. He drew his bow across the strings. There came one low sweet strain of melody, and the instrument drooped from his hands. Both hastened to him, and with difficulty helped him to his low bed, and then the boy went for help. As his mother bent over her son, he opened his eyes and murmured, "The door! Open it!" and as the light fell on his bed, he turned his face to the wall. The next day he was rising over the distant hills, and making a bridge of light across the plain. Carl pointed to the hills. "Did you not say, mother, the land of promise was beyond those mountains? I am going there, Good-bye." And before he had arrived his spirit had passed over the shining way beyond the stars. Heinrich, who had heard all the conversations of the older people, said: "Brother has a young wife now, hasn't he?" "But his grandmother only sighed. She would that he might have had Bertha. Ritter had died, and the land was his. He was buried in the graveyard in the valley, which was already becoming a silent village by itself. And now Heinrich is 12 years old. His grandmother was 80, and they were left with the care of the farm and the cattle. It was no use. They could not take care of them, and it was said "for a song," except the cabin and the vegetable garden. But there was one thing that little Heinrich treasured more than anything else his father had left—it was the old violin. When work was done he would take it in his arms, and steal out alone in the summer nights to the "God's Acre," and play on his bisement. He never played anything but low solemn music there. One day everything had seemed to go wrong; some one's sheep had been in the

Where are your father and mother?

Heinrich looked up to the sky, and just at that moment a star came out where his finger pointed. "You shall come home with me, and I will teach you with my own pupils. How much longer must you work here?" "Only until to-morrow," replied the boy joyfully, and the gentleman gave him his card and a gold piece. That night, when he told Jim his good fortune, the boy felt his eyes with his coat-bow. "Well, God bless you, boy! I wanted to take you home with me to see the baby some time or other, but it's all right. Good-bye now!" Heinrich Ritter began his studies next day. Many times through the lapse of years his heart almost ached him, once when he was wrongfully accused of theft, once when he was ill and played his part wrong at a grand concert. At last came the greatest joy of his life—he was to go to Germany and perfect himself in his art. His kind benefactor was going with him, and also his benefactor's wife and two daughters, one a teacher and the other a singer. Heinrich had only told this to his violin.

Eight years passed. The boy grew to manhood, the girl to womanhood. The little old violin had been changed for one of better make and price too, but the girl's image in Heinrich's heart remained only more deeply fixed, dearer to him than ever. Day and night he had labored, thinking with alternate hope and fear of the future before him, but always working. He had taken possession of his name, and he had, he felt, overcome every difficulty, but still as far as ever from obtaining his object.

Father even then in early youth had gotten Lauder become. Her hair, like Heinrich's, was wavy and her classic features rippled over her forehead, and her head; her eyes were deep violet gray; her features rather small but not inconsistent with her fairly-lyle hair; her hand small and white and full of magnetic touch. Ah, what wonder that the rich young baron "over opposite" had offered little, fortune to her! Heinrich never forgot that the young artist from America, who was studying painting in Germany, forgot palette, canvas, and all in looking at this one fair creature. And when he mildly told the young girl's father his hopes and was coldly rebuffed, he was a stranger to him. America received news that Italy was to have a better place to study the fine arts! She had told him so all along, she said. Heinrich had heard from Mr. Lauder, a teacher of the school of the baron, that the first would be favored in every possible way; he was also told that the love of Gertrude should never be given to a young man like the artist, with fame and fortune yet to be made.

Late one night the young musician sat at his window, which overlooked the street. Just below walked two young men back and forth in earnest conversation. Heinrich was thinking of the time when he and Gertrude were children, when they crossed the ocean, and the one day, looking across the sea, had laid her hand in his arms and promised to be his wife just as soon as papa would be willing. Ah! what a long time ago that seemed! Madly jealous of the rich baron, discontented with himself, he put his hand on his hands on the railing of the balcony. He was told that the first would be favored in every possible way; he was also told that the love of Gertrude should never be given to a young man like the artist, with fame and fortune yet to be made.

"I tell you, no one to succeed her. She doesn't care a tinker for you. She's in love with that violinist. She's as much as told me so. Just as soon as he has made a name for himself, she'll be gone. Her father won't say a word, the baron will go right over, and—"

"Hush! you are talking too loud; the walls have ears," and he was not far from right. That was all Heinrich heard, but a deep joy came into his heart that he had felt since that he had heard told he could study music. Of course, in his mind, there was but one woman in Berlin to be quarreled over, and when he heard the low despairing note of a whistle from other forces her into music, he was not surprised. After this he worked harder than ever over his music. Scarcely speaking to any one, taking no time for amusement, and scarcely any rest, Gertrude wondered how he could do it. He was not a student, thought him unkind and unthoughtful of her, never dreaming that all his thoughts and labors were for her alone.

Two years more of hard study and his hour of triumph came. There was to be a great concert at Berlin, at which he was to play the "King of Emperors" concerto, which were to be there. Heinrich did not sleep all the night before, he paced the garden behind the house and thought of the morrow, thought of his whole life, thought what should be the theme of his improvisation, and of little Gertrude sleeping in the room above, and prayed God to help him. It was the evening of the grand concert. The house was filled. Everybody wanted to hear the new violinist, Heinrich Ritter. The first part of the program was scarcely listened to, but when he stepped on the stage, for a moment all was still, then there came such a chorus of applause that it seemed as if every raft were clapping. He acknowledged it, and came forward. He looked at Gertrude's expectant face eagerly raised to his. He saw the people waiting, and for a moment felt his own weakness. "Don't give up now," something seemed to whisper in his ear, and he raised the instrument.

Ab, the story of his life. But my rendering, compared to his, is like the words of a song without the melody. The great hall was as still as the interior of a pyramid at midnight. Then the air vibrating with a clear, sweet ripple of melody that seemed far away. Heinrich was thinking of their coming to America, the city in the dust, and the rare, inharmomious harmony of notes and fears, and the little home by the lake; the long evenings when he sat a child at his father's feet and listened to the sweet tones of the old violin. Then the weird notes of the Eri-King, brightened by the meeting with one who could unlock the world of sweet sounds to him; then his love for Gertrude and the return to Germany, and his despair and then reviving hope and longings for the future. One could have heard in the music the voice of the rushing Rhine, have seen the sunlight on the water, and the form of Gertrude waiting for him at the gate of their home on the hill. One could almost catch the carol of the bird singing with the voice of the old handmaid by the door. Then came the last, sweetest harmony of all—the faces of his father and mother—young now with immortality, and just when the clouds rolled back and stood like post columns, opened the glorious gates of pearl. There lay the home in the skies—the true fatherland. You could almost catch the liquid notes of the harp. The music ceased. The audience seemed bewildered, en-

Was a Writer But no Fighter.

Several years before the war, and when there were any railroads in Arkansas, when the Whites and Democrats were ever ready to go down to the sand bar and burn powder for the sake of impeached honor, there was published in Little Rock a Democratic newspaper known as the "Friday Citizen." It was edited by a Colonel Hunt, a man with nerves as strong as wire and whose pen was as aggressive as a latter day commercial trust. He had fought several duels, had been severely wounded and had crippled one arm and killed another. One day, during a rather quiet political season, a tall, gauging fellow went to the "Underdog office" and applied for work. "What can you do?" the Colonel asked.

"I can do almost anything on a newspaper. I have done a great deal of work in the East, and I am regarded as one of the best local reporters in the country." "What's your name?" "John Wilson." "Well, Mr. Wilson, to tell you the truth, I am in need of a local reporter. There are many opportunities here for fine writing. Are you what is known as a fine writer—a man who can paint striking pictures?" "Yes, sir." "All right, you may go to work. My paper has been dropping for some time on account of the political calm that is now reigning in the country. I cannot leave my perch of political dignity and descend to the street—indeed, I am a sewer of seeds of ideas rather than a reaper in the harvest field of events. You understand me, I suppose?"

"All right. Now, I want you to go out and write up everything you see; that is, everything you can touch with interest. Make your work thrilling—use glaring metaphors—give to yourself an interesting identity, for journalism is personal in this State." "Yes, sir." "Wilson was really a fine writer, with an imagination that might have awoken the envy of a novelist and with a faculty that might have challenged the admiration of a poet. He wrote short stories and bright sketches, produced comic rhymes and humorous paragraphs. The Colonel was delighted. "You are the man I have been hoping would come along," he said to Wilson. "You can keep your pen going during the calm, and I can make it roar during the storm. We are a team, sir, and I know that subscriptions will soon be pouring in."

Weeks passed and the paper seemed to grow brighter with each issue, but no subscriptions. "Wilson," said the Colonel, "you are doing excellent work, but somehow it doesn't amount to anything. Your matter is all right, but you have not succeeded in establishing an interesting identity. One possibility in this respect is that just about the time you have been a little bench-logged, stub-nosed, red-headed fellow took charge of the Whippoorwill paper, published around the corner. He can't write ten words of good English, but he has established an interesting identity and subscriptions are pouring into the office."

"How did he manage it?" Wilson asked, in a rather dejected way. "Why, he caught the people. Although possessing no literary ability, he knew that something had to be done, so he went out and whipped a fellow." "Whipped a fellow?" Wilson exclaimed. "Yes, sir; went out, jumped on a man and whaled him. Then the people began to talk about him, and as his interesting identity was thus established, they wanted to read his matter and, naturally enough, subscribed for his paper."

"DIDN'T LIKE THE OUTLOOK." "Whipped a fellow!" said Wilson, reflectively. "But look here, Colonel, I don't want to be killed. I don't mind whipping a fellow, but I don't want a fellow to shoot me or to challenge me, for if I should refuse the challenge I should be disgraced." "There is no danger of a challenge. Local editors are not challenged. Being challenged is a distinction that belongs to the editor in chief. As for being shot, why, you must take your chances. In fact, there is not much danger if you handle yourself rightly. Knock the fellow down and let him get up, and then take it away from him. And then, my dear sir, the subscriptions will pour in and your fortune will be made."

"I will study about it, Colonel." "Well, while you are studying about it, subscriptions are pouring in upon our rival sheet. My gracious alive, if this were not a season of political calm I'd show you a subscription list." "Colonel, I will go and see what can be done." "Thank you, my brave boy," said the Colonel, grasping his hand, "thank you. Go out and root some sealawag and then come and take dinner with me." "HE WENT."

Wilson went out and after walking about, meditating, went into a saloon. Pretty soon there was a terrific commotion, and shortly afterward Wilson, looking painfully, came out and hastened as best he could to the office. The Colonel was waiting for him. "Why, my dear fellow, what is the matter?" the Colonel exclaimed. "Wilson sat down. 'I have had a sleep,' said he, 'an awful sleep, but I fear that it was the other fellow that established the interesting identity. I went into a saloon and saw about the meanest looking fellow I ever came across. He told me that I could whip him and made a pass at him. He ran under me, threw me up, kicked me three times and snuffed off his ear before I hit the ground.' " "The red-headed bench-legged?" "Yes." "Has a stab nose?" "Yes, sir." "Merciful heavens! That's the local editor of the Whippoorwill! Go away now, Wilson, get on, for I don't want you. Go out and whip his cable over. I will attempt to reclaim my fallen fortunes by shooting the editor of the 'Hors.' I cannot pay you any money; you do not deserve any."—Arkansas Traveler.

The Australian Ballot.

"I had a good deal of experience with the Australian ballot system in Canada," said a former Canada politician who is now a resident of New York, and I can say from my own knowledge that it protects the politician who wants to buy votes a good deal more than it does the ballot box. All you need beforehand is one copy of the official ballot for each polling place. We never had any trouble in getting as many as were needed, and until human nature changes a good deal from what it is now, I don't believe there would be any difficulty in doing the same anywhere else.

The man who has a polling place in charge has his men spotted beforehand, and in a good many cases, the arrangements all ready made. He keeps his official ballot, ready marked, in his pocket and hangs around in the neighborhood of his polling place and sees his men before they go in. The man who receives it puts it in his pocket, gets a ballot from the official, stays the proper time in the booth, where he puts the fresh ballot in his pocket, and takes out the marked one. The latter is deposited in the box and the other returned to the possession of the man around the corner, who knows absolutely that he has got what he has paid for, which is a good deal more than any politician can be sure of under the ordinary plan.

Persons troubled with rats about their premises will find the following mode of killing them worth a year's subscription to the Critzer: Fill a large barrel three parts full of chaff. Place a quantity of barley meal or other bait on top of the chaff, place a board sloping from top of barrel, for rats to jump up top of chaff, but not come within six inches of it. The rats can thus have a feast and escape. The following night fill the barrel three parts full of water, place about four inches of chaff to float on top, half an inch, and in the morning you will find the barrel half full of dead rats.

There are several ways to pay bills, but the majority of the big ones are paid with reluctance. The following is a true story and will worth printing, says a Boston paper: Two young ladies of this city were desirous of joining one of the prominent Episcopal churches, but as they had been taught that baptism was the true form of baptism, they wished on joining themselves to the church to be baptized in that manner. They stated their wishes to the pastor, and he expressed himself entirely willing to administer the ordinance in that form, but as there were no conveniences in the church edifice for the purpose it would be necessary to go to the frog-pond on the common of the pretty lakelet in the public garden. They looked upon this "baptismal bath" with some misgivings, but such a spectacle of themselves. "Then," said the genial pastor, "you had better go to a Baptist church for the purpose, and after baptism if you desire it you will be received into the Episcopalian fold."

The ladies were delighted with the suggestion, and made known their wish to be baptized to a Baptist preacher. "Certainly," replied the pastor, "but there are certain preliminaries to be gone through before baptism—certain preparations to be made. It is a solemn ordinance—one not to be lightly submitted to—and, by the way, it appears to me strange that you have not previously consulted me about the preparation so necessary."

"Oh, we are already prepared," said the young ladies. "Already prepared?" "Yes. We do not intend to become members of your church, we only want to be baptized, as we believe in baptism to be the proper form of baptism. We are going to join the Episcopalian church."

"Oh, that's it," said the pastor, rising, "then permit me to inform you, my dear young ladies, that we do not wash Episcopalians here."

"The Bleaching of Horses." A curious statement comes from Arkansas concerning a gang of horse thieves, who for their chief assistant a young woman named Susan. She was given this name because she always appeared in public riding a sorrel horse. Her excellent horsemanship and her dashing manner brought her many admirers. The shooting which forced her into music was an ordinary case of plain jealousy. Two of her admirers, both members of the gang, fought for her. One was killed, and the survivor was severely wounded. A surgeon was sent for. He mistook the direction and called into the cabin occupied by "Sorrel Sue." Before he could be hustled out, he saw certain things which aroused his suspicions. These he reported to the sheriff, who with a posse managed to surround the den of the horse thieves, capturing Sue and her confederates. The sheriff, though pleased with the capture, was more than elated at the discovery of the peculiar method of disguising the stolen animals adopted by the gang. He found that Sue had applied the means of bleaching her own hair to that of the horses. When the posse entered, they found a horse enveloped in a jacket made out of rubber coats, being treated to a sulphur vapor bath. The appliances were very ingenious and worked very well. A black bay horse would be stolen and run into the bleaching. After its color was changed and its tail and mane trimmed, the disguise became so pronounced that without any great risk the animal could be taken in daylight through the very district from which it had been stolen. It was Sue's business not only to superintend the bleaching, but also to ride the animal out of the country.

AGRICULTURAL.

For calves give a feed of scalded corn meal and ground oats. The best of all foods for stock is a good ration of hay morning and night, along with a ration of grain. Bran should be a part of the ration of all classes of live stock, but bran should be fed in connection with ground grain or cut feed. The fence corners should be as clean as any other portion of the farm. They are the harboring places of vermin and a fruitful source of weeds. Now that the ground is cold you may safely prune the vines and bushes. Young trees may be transplanted to shade and out-door work by giving the orchard. One gallon of red paint and five gallons of coarse petroleum, well mixed, is claimed to be the cheapest paint that can be made. It is also very durable. It is said of corn that it is one of the best foods for fattening hogs, but is starvation diet to pigs. The reason is that while corn contains the elements that produce fat it is deficient in mineral matter and other elements essential to growth. Feed chopped scrap feed to the hens if you wish them to lay. When eggs are as high as at present it will pay to beat for the hens. The cheaper portions will answer, but it should be laid. Liver and fresh blood are also excellent egg-producing foods. Feedage, clover and ground oats, says Mr. A. L. Crosby in the New Hampshire Farmer, is as near a perfect ration as a dairyman could wish for. He recommends 20 to 30 pounds ensilage, 6 to 10 pounds clover hay and 2 to 6 quarts oats daily, according to the demands of the cow. Inherent defects should be avoided. The poultry fanciers had a crooked breast, a wry tail on a sire transmitted to all the chicks. Aim to avoid deformities or feeble constitutions in birds or animals. The injury to seed corn in winter is not due so much to exposure to extreme cold as to the corn not being perfectly dry. Seed corn should be kept in a dry place where dampness cannot reach it, and the cold will then have but little effect on it. Do not throw the corn stalks away, but pass them through a cutter and use the same in the manure heap as absorbents, so as to allow them to quickly decompose. If they are tender, cut them and feed them to stock. If the sheep are sheltered in a shed at night and the shed enclosed with a good fence, the saving from loss by dogs and by the protection afforded will pay the cost of the shed and fence if the fence is a moderately large one. Eye at this season is in excellent condition for the eye. If you have any pastures they will afford grazing until late, and as grass sown to regulate the hawks a small proportion now is more beneficial than at any other time. Many good cows give but a small quantity of milk because they are not properly managed. Some persons allow a certain quantity of feed, but the variation is made. A cow should be fed all she will eat, and if she improves in the quantity of her milk she should be induced to eat more. It is still time to purchase poultry if breeding pens are to be made up, or mating immature birds. If an early start is made that the best are picked out, and besides, prices for choice birds are higher now than in September. Twelve hens, if properly cared for, bring in a profit of \$25 in one year. This would buy a suit of clothes good enough for any boy. But look the boys and girls a chance. There is nothing that gives more pleasure than a small flock of chickens. How is a turkey hen for an incubator? If you want to raise early chicks a turkey hen is just the hen. Give her a dozen progenies eggs in a partly drenched cage, and in a few days she will become broody. Then give her thirty hen's eggs and she will not produce a paying flock. They require perhaps a trifle more watching at first than the genuine hen. When an egg becomes musty it is what is known as a stale egg, and an egg can not become stale for a very long time unless the air has some influence on the yolk. This happens from long lying in one position, thus enabling the yolk to settle through the albumen and become adherent to the shell on the under side, which, being porous, allows absorption of air. Chemical decomposition produces the musty taste and smell. Frequent turning prevents eggs from becoming stale. The authority for the following statement is a railroad man who knows what he is talking about: Every time the wheels of a car pass over a rail joint there is a distant click, and if you count the number of those clicks in twenty seconds you have the number of miles that the train is traveling in one hour. —Chamney Dewey said, in a recent speech he was making to the girls of Vassar College, that if he had had his present ambition was to kiss the Blarney stone, but when he went to Blarney Castle he found there were some difficulties. The stone is behind the battlements and if one leaned over to kiss it he would certainly fall and break his neck, and there is not a ladder in all Ireland long enough to reach it from below. So infatigably he ever really kissed the stone." He said he kissed it six or seven times, and he had been practicing his virtues ever since. —Why let the baby suffer and perhaps die, when a bottle of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup would at once relieve it and effect a cure. Only 25 cents a bottle. Persons of sedentary habits, and overworked find in Laxador a specific for want of appetite, palpitation, debility, constipation, and many other ailments. At all druggists. Price 25 cents. Molly has her seakink squeak. And Willie has his squeak. But dear papa's pocketbook is almost sick dead. —The poet says that "To love which makes the world go round." It also makes the young man "go round" quite frequently Sunday nights. —"I will die for you, my darling," he exclaimed, passionately. "Will you be my wife?" "Get your life insured before you die, and I'll give it to you," said she. —The people's medicine—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It success in due to its peculiar medicinal merit. —"What is sweeter than to have a friend you can trust?" asked Sawkins. "To have a friend who will trust you," replied Dawkins. —Mr. Crook (to Maria)—"So you've been getting married to Chas during my absence? Who was the best man? Wood? Husband—Maria."

AGRICULTURAL.

For calves give a feed of scalded corn meal and ground oats. The best of all foods for stock is a good ration of hay morning and night, along with a ration of grain. Bran should be a part of the ration of all classes of live stock, but bran should be fed in connection with ground grain or cut feed. The fence corners should be as clean as any other portion of the farm. They are the harboring places of vermin and a fruitful source of weeds. Now that the ground is cold you may safely prune the vines and bushes. Young trees may be transplanted to shade and out-door work by giving the orchard. One gallon of red paint and five gallons of coarse petroleum, well mixed, is claimed to be the cheapest paint that can be made. It is also very durable. It is said of corn that it is one of the best foods for fattening hogs, but is starvation diet to pigs. The reason is that while corn contains the elements that produce fat it is deficient in mineral matter and other elements essential to growth. Feed chopped scrap feed to the hens if you wish them to lay. When eggs are as high as at present it will pay to beat for the hens. The cheaper portions will answer, but it should be laid. Liver and fresh blood are also excellent egg-producing foods. Feedage, clover and ground oats, says Mr. A. L. Crosby in the New Hampshire Farmer, is as near a perfect ration as a dairyman could wish for. He recommends 20 to 30 pounds ensilage, 6 to 10 pounds clover hay and 2 to 6 quarts oats daily, according to the demands of the cow. Inherent defects should be avoided. The poultry fanciers had a crooked breast, a wry tail on a sire transmitted to all the chicks. Aim to avoid deformities or feeble constitutions in birds or animals. The injury to seed corn in winter is not due so much to exposure to extreme cold as to the corn not being perfectly dry. Seed corn should be kept in a dry place where dampness cannot reach it, and the cold will then have but little effect on it. Do not throw the corn stalks away, but pass them through a cutter and use the same in the manure heap as absorbents, so as to allow them to quickly decompose. If they are tender, cut them and feed them to stock. If the sheep are sheltered in a shed at night and the shed enclosed with a good fence, the saving from loss by dogs and by the protection afforded will pay the cost of the shed and fence if the fence is a moderately large one. Eye at this season is in excellent condition for the eye. If you have any pastures they will afford grazing until late, and as grass sown to regulate the hawks a small proportion now is more beneficial than at any other time. Many good cows give but a small quantity of milk because they are not properly managed. Some persons allow a certain quantity of feed, but the variation is made. A cow should be fed all she will eat, and if she improves in the quantity of her milk she should be induced to eat more. 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