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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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PHANTASM.

The night is gloomed with many a cloud;
A waning moon behind them,
Gives each the semblance of a shroud
Loose-wrapped round shapes—an evil crowd—
That, grisly-hued and frowning-browed,
Have slipped the chains should bind them.

They wander lone, they gather where
Are wild and hurried meetings;
Their garments waver in mid air,
And curses oft—but never prayer—
Distort their lips, while fierce despair
O'ershadows all their greetings

Their breath is like a wailing breeze
Through shuddering ether gliding,
It cleaves unto the shrinking trees,
That quake as though some fell disease
Came rushing forth, their limbs to seize,
From dens where it had hiding.

In the still village, down below,
The good folk rest in slumber;
Unmindful of the plotting foe,
Marshaled above to work them woe—
A sinister and gloomy show
Of demons, ill to number.

Now, to the heart of windy space—
The quiet hamlet dark'ning—
The weird assemblage flock apace;
Shape unto shape, and face to face,
And there, just o'er the sleeping place,
Hang ominously, heark'ning.

In silence, deep as of the dead,
The somber cohorts listen;
While one fleet messenger is sped
Away, upon some errand dread,
And, 'neath the fitful moonbeams red,
By times his garments glisten.

The messenger flies forward fast,
And waits the silent column;
The slow-paced moments glimmer past—
Wake! slumberers, and gaze aghast:
Seek safety, ere the die is cast,
From doom so sad and solemn.

Ah, harmless terror of the sky,
Of fancy's own creating!
In peace the village well may lie—
While vaporous phantoms, up on high,
Though the vast void float wildly by—
A placid morn awaiting.

—Joseph M. Pratt, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A Singular Lawsuit.

JEAN RENARD was a poor tiler of Grenouilleville, who had a wife and two children. Jean was no advocate of polygamy. He found one wife quite enough, for La Louise, as she was called often, led him a hard life.

Jean worked with a will from morning to night. He was full of courage and strength, and yet in spite of all the hours he spent on the roof in company with love-lorn cats, he barely managed to eke out a living.

"The two youngsters, their mother and me," said he, "that makes four, and four stomachs to fill is not a small affair. It means: To work, Jean!"

And work he did, poor man, and yet never knew what it meant to have a few spare coins laid by in a corner of a drawer.

The winter of 1879 to 1880, cruelly rigorous, as will be remembered, taxed the slater rudely. No work to be had. To warm his blood he was obliged from time to time to whip his arms back and forth; but work also would have kept his blood in circulation and, in addition, would have brought in coin for dinners and breakfasts.

Often at this time Jean Renard looked up at the high steeple of the old church of Grenouilleville. In many places the ruined slates had fallen away piece by piece. What a lot of work there was to be done on that spire.

Of course it was dangerous work.

Jean knew that, but he knew his trade, too.

Long ago, also, the weathercock that perched on the summit of this spire had been blown down during a storm. The cure had often been asked by his people to reinstate this weathercock in his high station, and had always replied that he asked nothing better, if he could manage to do so without it costing him anything.

Jean Renard had an inspiration: "Suppose I propose to the cure to put back the weathercock for nothing, if he will give me the work that is to be done on the steeple."

But the cure was a miser, and he replied that it made no difference to him if the steeple was leaky, as he did not sleep there.

"Repair as much as you want to," said he to Jean, "but I will not give you a cent."

The slater found this too little, and gave up the affair, keeping, however, a grudge against the cure.

At about this epoch the mayor of Grenouilleville was revoked. The new magistrate inaugurated his rule by asking the cure to repaint the flag, covered with rust, which crowned the steeple.

JEAN HUNG FROM THE TOP OF THE STEEPLE.

"But, M. le Maire," objected the cure, "you do not ask me if I have the money to pay for this work?"

"Do not bother yourself about that M. le Cure," replied the mayor; "have the flag repainted, and the municipality shall pay."

"Very well then, since you wish it," replied the cure, none too happy at seeing the national colors float over his steeple.

True to his principles, the cure beat down the price, franc by franc, in making his bargain with Jean Renard; and when it was concluded, the priest added: "And it is well understood that putting back the weathercock is included in the bargain."

"O, no," said Jean, "that is not understood at all. That, you know, sir, doubles the labor; and also, the weathercock has to be put much higher than I mount to paint the flag. Placing the weathercock is a perilous job,—so perilous that it is my life you are asking me to risk for nothing. No."

"Yes, my friend," said the cure, with an unctuous smile; "you will do that for the love of God."

"Do you say masses for the love of God, M. le Cure? I consent to replace the weathercock, but you will add fifty francs to your price; it is worth that."

"Fifty francs!" cried the priest. "The deuce I will! How you run on! See here, Jean, once you are up there, it won't be much of an effort to go a few steps higher."

"But if misfortune befalls me, do you think you, for the love of God, will care for and bring up my children?"

"Come! come! No more talking. I'll give you ten francs."

"Ah, M. le Cure, you take advantage of my poverty. You know I must earn a living, and so you get the better of me. In short, I accept forten francs more."

The cure, delighted at his success, spread the good news through the town. At last the weathercock was going to be in place once more!

It was December, and the bad weather still persisted. Jean, therefore, was forced to wait several days before undertaking his dangerous ascent. At length the rain ceased; by night the clouds had gone, and next morning all the roofs were covered with frost.

"Clear weather," said the slater. "I can go to work to-day.

All the good folks of Grenouilleville were assembled in front of the church in the large square to see Jean Renard hoist himself to the top of the steeple. He had in his belt three bottles containing red, white and blue paint for the flag, and to his back was attached the weathercock, resplendent in new gilding. He entered the church to pass by a window at the base of the spire.

When he appeared, throwing one of his ropes over the first hook of the steeple, there was a murmur of consternation from the watching crowd; but terror became paroxysm when Jean, near the middle of his ascent, almost lost his equilibrium by the breaking of an iron eaten by rust. The upturned faces were pale with emotion, but the dexterous slater quickly grasped a higher hook.

Nevertheless, he was long in mounting. It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when he touched the base of the cross at the top of the steeple. He lashed himself fast thereto, feet and body, and began his first work—the painting of the flag. In about half an hour cheers and applause broke from the crowd; the national colors floated over the steeple.

The hardest part, though, was yet to be done: the weathercock had to go up. Two feet more to mount; and to crown the danger it was the cross that had to be climbed, that is to say, a mere bar of iron.

In December it is soon night; already the wa hers saw but a faintly outlined form amid the mists of twilight, and they began to grow uneasy. How would poor Jean Renard manage now? He could no longer see to work, and now in greater danger than ever.

Suddenly a small light showed in the darkening night. Jean Renard, being a careful man, had thought to carry with him a candle. Soon nothing more could be seen but that tiny light, gleaming on high like a star lost in the clouds, and the anxious crowd began to disperse.

Jean continued working.

On the morrow, at dawn, the early risers of Grenouilleville saw a frightful sight.

Jean Renard hung, head downwards, from the top of the steeple, his feet still held by his ropes.

The unfortunate man had doubtless lost his balance, and in falling his work apron had turned backwards, thus concealing his face. He no longer moved; dead, probably, some hours since.

The cure, who was at once apprised, expressed his sentiments in intolerable form:

"Unlucky fellow! Well, at least, he had put back the weathercock!"

"Yes," was replied, "but we cannot leave the corpse up there; it must be got down."

"That is true," said the priest; "it must be brought down, but who will do it?"

"That, M. le Cure, is your business. Get workmen from the city, if you must, at no matter what cost; the body of Jean Renard must not remain up there."

Get workmen from the city—that was very expensive, and the cure hesitated, but it had to be done. Just then it was learned in the village that the priest had pushed his avarice to the point of trying to get his weathercock repaired for nothing, and feelings of aversion for him developed in the breasts of his parishioners.

A subscription was opened for the orphans of the tiler, and the same day a hundred francs were paid in; little, but the people of Grenouilleville were not rich. A man had gone to the city, but they asked two hundred francs, and the cure found that ridiculously exorbitant. So the next day the corpse being still suspended from the steeple, funeral ceremonies were held in front of the great church door, draped for the occasion; and all Grenouilleville joined in the last prayer for Jean Renard.

But to inter the body, it had to be got down from its lofty perch. The fellow-citizens of the slater this time showed great decision. They would have the body, and, if necessary, would force the cure himself to go and get it.

When that person left the church, he found himself confronted by a threatening crowd.

"No, M. le Cure. He shall not stay up there; it is an outrage!"

"My good friends, I am quite of your opinion; so get him down!"

"You shall go yourself, since you refuse to pay some one else to go," and already the most audacious, the anti-clerical faction, pushed the cure backwards towards the church.

Thoroughly alarmed, he at length exclaimed:

"It is impossible; I do not know how to climb on roofs. I'll pay! I'll pay!"

"They ask two hundred francs to come from the city," cried the men on all sides.

"Oh!—but I'll give them!"

"Stop! stop!" cried a voice. "I'll do the job for a hundred francs," and a man forced his way towards the cure, through the amazed villagers.

"Jean Renard! Jean Renard!" burst from their lips.

It was indeed Jean. He explained in a few words how he had planned to trick the cure, who meant to get the better of him. After his work was finished he came down, entered the bell tower, and dressed a wooden figure in his clothes; he then remounted and hung his effigy from the steeple.

But effigy or not, it was a dishonor to Grenouilleville, suspended from their church spire, and must remain there no longer.

Jean Renard climbed up and unhooked the supposititious corpse, which

"I'LL DO THE JOB FOR A HUNDRED FRANCS."

fell upon the square beneath, amidst general cheers and laughter.

The cure thus got the worst of the bargain; his money, after all, paid for the weathercock.

This was not the end of the matter, however.

"I gave Jean Renard a first-class funeral service," thought the cure, "and he shall pay for it."

He then began suit against the slater, who, naturally, refused to pay.

"I did not ask you for burial service, Monsieur le Cure."

"None ask that, my son, and yet all finish that way. You were thought dead—"

"But I was not, happily; and also, in that case, it is never the customer who pays. Carry your bill to my heirs."

"To your heirs! You have none since you are not dead."

"Then why did you bury me?"

"But, unhappy man, I prayed for the salvation of your soul."

"The salvation of my soul! Pray for the salvation of your own, for I am not sure that I have a soul."

"Heretic!" muttered the priest.

"The cause is heard," said in his turn the justice of the peace, who gave judgment as follows:

"Considering that Jean Renard tricked the cure, but that the cure had first tricked Jean Renard;

"Considering that the trade of a priest is to pray for the salvation of souls, as it is that of slaters to set up weathercocks;

"But, whereas, the slater could no more have set up a weathercock that had not fallen down, than the cure could pray for the salvation of a soul that was not in peril;

"Whereas, finally, Jean Renard affirms that he has no soul, and in that case no use for prayer;

"We therefore, reject the suit of the Cure de Grenouilleville, and do condemn him to pay the costs thereof."

And all Grenouilleville laughs yet.

The cure's money was put to good use by Jean Renard. He no longer climbs steeples. He lives by the seaside now, from whence he frequently sends me a basket of fine oysters. So I owed him this story.—From the French of Raphael Lightone, in Overland Monthly.

The Clam and the Wizard.

A clam who had become very much disgusted with his station in life paid a visit to a well-known wizard who dwelt near the seashore and said:

"O, wizard, I am come to ask a great favor of you. As a clam I am an object of ridicule, and the funny man is always cracking jokes on me. I want to be transposed into a bird."

The wizard, who had disposed of his Santa Fe stock before the slump and therefore felt in good humor, waved his hand and the clam flew away. He returned in about an hour, however, to loudly complain:

"O, wizard, as a clam I had to put up with only ridicule, but as a buzzard I am the object of everybody's contempt."

"Well, then," replied the wizard, "being as you are neither satisfied to be a clam nor a bird I'll make a snail of you," and he forthwith gave him a shell and curled him up in a sandhill.

MORAL.

In trying to be somebody else we may come to nothing.—M. Quad, in N. Y. World.

What Napoleon Cost England.

The steward of Napoleon I.'s household at St. Helena received £1,000 a month for living expenses. Every fortnight there landed, for the table of his ex-majesty, 84 bottles of ordinary wine, 264 bottles of strong wine (Constantia, Teneriff, etc.) and 54 of porter. In all the period of his stay on the island is said to have cost England £2,080,000. Of course, there were no poor wretches starving either in England or in France at the time.—Notes and Queries.

Mysteries of Navigation.

Sweet Girl (in a rowboat)—What is this place in the back of the boat for?

Nice Young Man—That is to put an oar in when you want to scull the boat. Rowing requires both oars, one on each side; but in sculling one our only is used. This is placed at the back and worked with one hand.

Sweet Girl (after meditation)—I wish you would try sculling awhile.—Good News.

A Testimonial for Matrimony.

Jaylawn—How long has that young Mrs. Dodson's husband been dead?

Ireson—About six months.

"She was extravagant in her devotion to him, wasn't she?"

"Very. She is going to marry again next month as a delicate compliment to his memory."—Kate Field's Washington.

One for the Doctor.

Skeptical Caller—Doctor, can you cure me of the belief that I have these warts on my hands?

Faith Doctor (inspecting them)—Not until I can cure myself of the belief that your hands need soap worse than they do medical treatment. Good morning. This is my busy day.—Chicago Tribune.

A Sad End.

"How's that black and tan dog of yours?"

"Dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes. Swallowed a bunch of watch keys and they wound him up."—Brooklyn Life.

The Humblest May Follow.

Miss Wobbleton—How beautiful, professor, it would be to mold one's life, however imperfectly, after the ideas and practice of Emerson!

Prof. Grout—Well, you can make a start by eating pie!—Life.

The Modern Way.

Cholly—I—I—I—called to ahsk—er—er—

Her Papa—Yes, yes; you may have her! Take my blessing! This is my busy day!!! Get out!!!—Puck.

An Embarrassing Question.

He—My lips never uttered a word of love to any woman before.

She—How did you manage—speak through your nose?—Judge.

FIVE MILES FROM A SALOON.

Farmer Whiffletry—Hi, there! What are you doin' here?

Tommy Towcan—Ah, sir, I'm spoiling a most beautiful thirst!—Puck.

Their Respective Values.

Mrs. Meddergrass—Young Sassafras has run off with our daughter, Jerusha.

Meddergrass—Oh, he can have her.

"And he took the sorrel mare."

"What's that? Get me my gun! I'll go after the scoundrel right away!"—Epoch.

An Unexpected Answer.

"Our neighbor, Mrs. Comfort," said Mr. Jones, "is greatly praised by her husband for her economical management of her household."

"I don't blame her for being economical," replied Mrs. Jones, tartly; "she has plenty to be economical with."—Cape Cod Item.

At the Ball.

"What do you mean, sir, by your insolence?"

"What insolence are you talking about?"

"Your insolence, sir, in permitting my daughter to cast loving glances at you."—Texas Siftings.

VERNE IN HIS STUDY.

A Visit to the Great Novelist's Home in France.

A Chat About His Methods of Work and the Beginning of His Labors in the Realm of Adventurous and Marvelous Literature.

"Is this the residence of M. Jules Verne?" I asked a little boy at the garden gate of a stylish villa in the suburbs of Amiens.

The little curly headed boy nodded. "Do you wish to see papa?"

"Yes, if he is at home."

"He is snoring."

"Then I had better come another time."

"Go away; what do you know?" cried another little Verne, pushing his younger brother aside and then turning to me. "If you wait a few moments I believe you can meet M. Verne." Then they both ran off.

I strolled slowly through the garden to the veranda, continues the writer, a New York Herald correspondent, where a heavily-built man soon appeared and greeted me cheerfully.

"Thank you for the trouble of coming all the way out here. It is seldom that strangers go to the inconvenience of seeing me in a little town."

He led me into his study, crowded with all sorts of instruments, such as a quadrant, an electrical machine, a thermopile, batteries, etc., globes of different sizes, maps, calendars, charts and bookcases. Heaps of books, magazines, pamphlets, etc., lay on the floor and the writing desk, causing it almost to disappear from view. The room was in great disorder; it seemed as if everything had been laid down where it was last used. A skeleton stood in the corner among stuffed animals and made the room look like a museum of natural history.

"How did the idea of writing in your peculiar style first suggest itself to you?" I inquired.

"Oh, as a boy in reading the story of 'Baron von Munchausen.' His fabulous, ridiculous adventures made me think whether they could not be written in a

JULES VERNE.

serious manner, so I set to work. 'Le Tour du Monde' was my first great success, so I pursued the chosen path"—

Then his wife, in apron and cap, entered and served some cider, with a friendly smile. But before she could speak a child was heard crying and she had to excuse herself.

"As you see, we live quite like the bourgeoisie—simple but comfortable! I would not live in Paris for anything in the world—

"Look, here is one of my latest books, illustrated. It is always a great pleasure to me to see my ideas taking form and shape."

"How do you make the enormous material that is necessary for your novels?" I asked.

"Why, I read all the scientific books that are published—in short, everything in the book market of any interest to me. I am also a subscriber to all scientific journals, as you see," making a sweeping gesture with both arms and looking around the overcrowded room with a humorous expression.

"Besides, I have connections with many of the leading conservatories, museums, etc. Also that I know German is a great help to me. The Germans are remarkably clever, but only theoretically, while the Americans are undoubtedly the most practical, but they sorely lack taste. Only look at their public buildings! Colossal, expensive, but no architecture."

"And the Frenchmen?" I asked, politely.

"Nobody can deny them the supremacy in matters of art. But to return to the subject from which I started, my actual experience for the 'Clipper of the Clouds' was one balloon ascent, while I had to look over about five hundred books on aeronautic inventions."

"Then you do not deem actual experience necessary?"

"I think a careful perusal of books from the best sources on any new subject is better at least for the purpose of writing books. A good book on the customs and manners of a country can only be written after a sojourn of years, while I, at the very best, could only devote a hasty trip to it, and at that rate my books would dwindle into a very limited number of volumes."

"I think it must be time for me to go." But he continued in his jovial way, as if he had not heard me:

"People should always remember that Jules Verne is neither a mathematician, nor an astronomer nor the author of scientific handbooks, but a novelist, who scatters his knowledge here and there in the manner of a conversationalist."

The Harvest Moon.

It so happens that the position of the moon is such that the full moon preceding the autumnal equinox for several successive nights, in the latitude of London, rises only nine or ten minutes later each succeeding evening. This phenomenon is called the "harvest moon" from a notion that it is a provision of all-wise Providence calculated to enable the husbandman to take care of his grain at night if there is so much of it that it cannot be handled during daylight.

Another Case.

Frances—Is it that tiresome Mr. Cobalt, with his everlasting gabble on art?

Laura (hotly)—I think he amounts to a good deal! He is quite wedded to his art.

Frances — A case where marriage seems to be a failure.—Life.

A New Industry.

Prof. Wetthedust (a few years hence)—Good morning, Mr. Tiller. Anything in my line to-day? I have brought my balloons and explosives along.

Mr. Tiller (American farmer)—Well, I dunno. What's the price of rain now?—N. Y. Weekly.

An Artful Maid.

Mother—Why, Rosalie, I thought you were going driving with Mr. de Riche. What are you wearing black for?

Rosalie—You know the poor fellow is in mourning for his wife, and I want to show my sympathy.—Judge.

Unable to Prove It.

"You are a grasping man," said Sumway to a creditor.

"I don't know how you know that," replied the latter. "You never gave me a chance to grasp the money that you owe me."—Detroit Free Press.

Very Mean.

"Gould is awfully mean with his autograph," said Bobbie. "I sent him a blank check and asked him to write his name at the bottom of it, and do you know he wouldn't do it."—Brooklyn Life.

REGARDING CONCRETE.

It Can Be Used in Many Ways About Farms and Houses.

Concrete may be turned to many valuable uses about farms and rural dwellings, and any ordinary workman can manage it. It is made up of the common hydraulic cement or waterlime, one part; clean and sharp, rather coarse sand, three parts, and broken stone or coarse gravel, five parts. The lime and sand are mixed dry and evenly as possible; this is necessary, because if mixed wet it will quickly harden and be spoiled. A mixing-board or table is made and the cement and sand are spread on it. Water is then added to make a thin mortar. The broken stone or gravel, which should be clean and free from earth, is kept wet, and the required quantity is added to the mortar, the whole being shoveled over and over until each fragment is completely covered with the cement. This is important; the strength and solidity of the concrete depend upon it.

To lay a floor, the bottom is first graded and made level, and should be well rammed to get a solid foundation. As much of the concrete is then mixed as can be spread while a second batch is mixing, and is spread on the floor and beaten drown. More of the concrete is then spread and a clean joint is made, so that no cracks will be left in the floor.

The whole floor is thus laid and made as smooth as possible by a rubber of plank with a handle, by which the surface is smoothed and leveled. After the floor is laid it is covered with a finishing coat of the cement and sand mortar alone, and this is well rubbed, as before, to get a good surface.

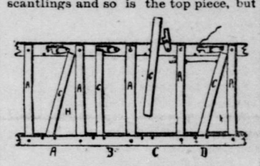
It must be left a few days to harden before it is used. It will be impervious to rats, and if coated with hot gas-tar or asphaltum, it will be perfectly waterproof. The floor should be at least three inches thick, and the finishing coat need be no thicker than is necessary to make the surface smooth. This is the best floor for stables and dairies.

The quantities of materials required may be calculated on this basis: A barrel of the cement and three of sand will make 12 cubic feet of mortar, and the 5 barrels of stone or gravel will make 20 cubic feet. This quantity of concrete will make 120 square feet of floor three inches thick. To find the quantity required, the length and width of the floor are multiplied together, this giving the number of square feet in it.—N. Y. Tribune.

CATTLE STANCHIONS.

A New Kind Invented by an Ingenious Western Farmer.

Some improvements on the common stationary stanchion are herewith shown. They are in use in the stables of a Minnesota subscriber and give good satisfaction. Being cheap and easily made, they are adapted to the wants of those who feed cattle in the winter and during the summer or who another year want this space for something else. The stanchions are made of two by four inch scantling and, being put together with wooden pins or bolts, they may be readily taken apart and stored away when necessary. The bed piece is made of two by four inch scantlings and so is the top piece, but



IMPROVED CATTLE STANCHIONS.

in the illustration one is removed to show how they are fastened. A A are the stationary parts; C C the movable sides that hold the cattle in; E E are automatic fasteners which hold the stanchions shut. In stall A the stanchion is shown open. The space H is filled with a triangular board to keep the animal from putting its head in the wrong place. When the animal puts its head in place a push on C closes the stanchion. E drops automatically in place and holds it shut, as shown in stall B. As seen in the engraving, the movable part C has no pin in the lower end to hold it in place, but one on each side of it. A pin at the top keeps it down when it is shut. In stall C is shown how the movable part is taken from its place when taking the stanchions apart. Stall D shows a simple contrivance by which the cattle can be shut in if they know their places and let out, too, without going in between them. A strong string S is tied to the staple N, passes through the staple I and to any convenient place. Pulling on this will close them, and on the one attached at W and E will open them and let the cattle out.—American Agriculturist.

Excellent Tonic for Fowls.

Iron in any shape is beneficial to fowls. Copperas is sulphate of iron, and if a little copperas is added to the drinking water or ground fine and mixed with their food, the benefit will soon be seen in the reddened combs and healthy look. If an old iron pot is used in which to keep the drinking water gradual oxidization of the iron by the water will cause particles of oxide of iron to be given off, which will be taken up by the fowls when drinking. A handful of nails or other pieces of iron, iron fillings or even iron cinders, if placed in the vessel containing the water, will more or less afford iron to the poultry. Iron is invigorating, stimulating and assists in guarding the system from disease. Iron is in the system of every living creature, and any deficiency thereof causes weakness and debility. The use of copperas is beneficial in another respect. It is a remedy for a great many diseases; it is a good disinfectant and a sure remedy against contagion of a certain character. Do not be afraid to use it. A tablespoonful of solution of copperas in the drinking water for a dozen fowls is sufficient, and it is cheap in price; the expense of its use is but a trifle.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

THE hen hasn't much of a voice, but her lay is sweet.

Look Out for the Farmer.

Tough—I tried the bunco game on a Kansas farmer yesterday.

Another Tough—How did you come out?

Tough—He got my dollar and a half.—Judge.

Of Course Not.

She—Why do they always refer to music as a woman?

He—Well, you couldn't conceive of music as existing in silence, could you?—Life.

In the Restaurant.

Mr. Feeder—What's that awful thumping out there?

Waiter—Dat's de cook. Yo' ordered a tenderloin steak, didn't yo', sah?—Puck.

Not That Kind of a Relic.

The widow of a distinguished professor was visited by a rather shabby-genteel sort of a gentleman, who expressed great admiration for her deceased husband and who finally said:

"I revere the memory of your husband, and would like very much to have some relic to keep and cherish."

"The only relic I can offer you," replied the disconsolate widow, sighing heavily, "is myself. If you will love and cherish me for his sake you may for I am of an affectionate disposition and—"

But the relic hunter had silently stolen away before she could finish the sentence.—Texas Siftings.

PROFITABLE HOGS.

Excess in Fat Is Usually the Source of Considerable Loss.

When the farmer is feeding for his own meat he has no one but his own taste and that of his family to consult, but in feeding for market, if he expects to realize the best price, he must supply what the market demands. With hogs there has been a considerable change and the farmer must breed and feed so as to supply what is needed as fully as possible. Instead of a hog made extremely fat, a proportion of fat and lean and not so large an animal is wanted, and sells at a better price a pound than the fat animal, while in nearly all cases it can be placed on the market at a less cost.

One of the principal causes of the excess of fat with hogs is the exclusive feeding of corn. So many rely almost entirely upon corn as a food for their hogs, not only in fattening or finishing for market, but also in feeding for growth, and as corn is very fattening food the natural consequence is a carcass with a large proportion of fat. The selection, feeding and breeding have all been to this end, and with a predisposition in this direction, and a ration that is well adapted to its development, a large proportion of the hogs marketed have contained an excess of fat.

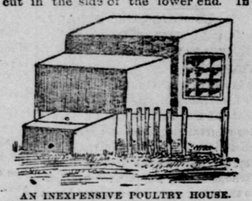
While breeding is a factor in securing a better proportioned carcass, the feeding is still more important. By supplying a good variety and using such materials as are well adapted to a development of lean as well as fat meat, such as alfalfa, peas, barley, sugar beets, squash or other flesh-forming seeds, a better animal can be secured, and while ordinarily corn is one of the cheapest hog feeds, other material can be used in connection with it that will still help to reduce the cost.

Especially during growth is it important to feed properly. Keep in a good, thrifty condition, but not fat, using alfalfa steamed in winter or green in summer, bran ship-stuff, oats, barley or other material to secure a good growth of bone and muscle. You need not discard corn entirely if you can grow it easily, but using in connection with other materials rather than making it an exclusive food. After an animal has reached a certain stage, any gain beyond this is secured at an additional cost. This, of course, lessens the profit, and when the lower prices are considered it is certainly not advisable to feed beyond a certain weight. In a majority of cases hogs that are well finished for market, weighing from 175 to 200 pounds, not only sell at the best prices but cost less to feed than those that average 300 pounds, as the additional weight is generally largely fat and is not what the consumer wants.—Colman's Rural World.

STORY OF SIX HENS.

The Experience of an Enterprising New England Woman.

Living in the city, yet longing for some of the country privileges, I determined to at least keep a few hens, so about the first of October, 1889, I bought six brown Leghorn hens. They cost me $3.00, the expressage came to $1.25 more, 100 feet of wire netting for a small yard cost $1.00, and twenty-five cents was paid for boxes of which the house was made, so I began with an outlay of $5.50. In our small back yard a henhouse was constructed of packing boxes as shown in the illustration. The front or the largest part was removed and old glass that we had on hand was substituted after the box had been raised on two light sticks so that the top sloped sufficiently to shed rain. Here the fowls took their dust and sun baths, and were fed on cold days. The next part, which was smaller, was a complete box, raised in the same manner as first part. The entrance from the other box was through a small hole cut in the side of the lower end. In



AN INEXPENSIVE POULTRY HOUSE.

this were two poles for roosts and the under part formed a shed. The smallest box was for the nest where my favorites deposited 246 eggs during the seventeen weeks of my ownership. The top board on this box could be raised and the eggs taken out. I sold ten dozen at thirty-three cents, besides using all we wanted in our family of two. Then, too, there was the satisfaction of knowing they were fresh, not limed as most eggs are that we find in market in winter. The food, corn, bran and cracked shells cost only $2.00. Circumstances forbidding me to keep them longer I sold five at fifty cents each and cooked the sixth, so she was worth as much or more than the average one sold. Setting aside the pleasure of the pursuit and satisfaction when using the products, and looking at the money view only, I cleared in the transaction $2.25, considering the eggs and fowl used were worth market price. This for so short a time and with only six hens was an excellent return. When I gave up my fowls I had on hand a quantity of the feed I had bought, and had I kept them five weeks longer the percentage of profits would have been greatly increased.—American Agriculturist.

An Asserted Discovery.

It is asserted by a California paper that a Swiss savant has made a discovery which seems almost to reverse known natural laws. He reduces milk to a dry powder in such a manner that by the addition of water it at once assumes all its natural properties. It is claimed that milk in this form is much better than canned or condensed milk for one reason—it has no sugar in it.

THERE is no positive way to tell the age of fowls. An experienced person can judge something from the general appearance, but not always correctly.

Corroboration.

"Lighthouses are very expensive," remarked Mrs. Dimling, looking up