

TURKEYS FOR MARKET.

Appearance Is Not Everything, of Course. Still a Great Deal Depends on Looks.

Too much can hardly be said in favor of appearance of turkeys when shipped to market. We shall not go so far as to say that everything, but we will say a great deal is in the looks, especially with turkeys, when sent to market. Great care should be exercised in having them in good, light, new, roomy coops that will permit them to stand erect, that will show all the birds separately as nearly as possible, so that the buyer can inspect them with but very little trouble. They should be in condition to attract the eye of any passer-by. If the turkeys are well fattened and in fine shape and appearance, then the commission man can almost name the price.

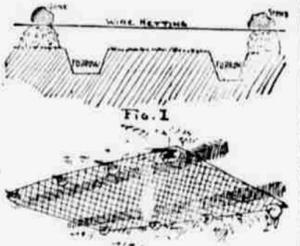
If turkeys are well fattened and are sent to market in a dirty, shabby, cramped-up coop they are apt to be left until late in the day, and nine times out of ten if the market is well supplied they will not sell at all, just because their appearance knocked them out. Again, if turkeys are placed in a close coop, so that they are compelled to sit or stand in a cramped condition, when dressed the breast and thighs will be very black and not fit for sale at any price. The people who buy turkeys for holidays are people who understand all these things and will not buy them at any price even if they are well fattened. Turkeys should not be fed for 24 hours or at least 12 hours before shipping, as when not fed they will not drift nearly as much and will be in better condition for dressing.

Another point should not be lost sight of, and that is to always try to put your turkeys on the market when the demand is likely to be good. A few days before Thanksgiving is usually a first-class market for turkeys. After that date the consumer is supplied and the market is dull. A few years ago we knew a breeder to market his turkeys just after Thanksgiving. He struck a bad market and he had a black eye for turkey breeding ever after that, while if he had known his business and marketed them at a proper time they would have been remunerative instead of a loss to him. There is as much in selling as there is in buying.—J. C. Clipp, in National Stockman.

GUARDING THE CHICKS.

Run and Coop Covered with Wire Netting to Protect Helpless Birds from Hawks.

Where hawks abound young chicks must be closely guarded. If shut up closely in pens, growth will be greatly retarded. A good plan under such circumstances is shown in the accompanying cut. Plow two furrows parallel to each other and just far enough



TO PROTECT YOUNG CHICKENS.

apart so that the distance from the outside of each shall be just six feet. Make the furrows 150 feet long. Stretch a roll of six-foot wire netting along the furrows, fastening the edges down with loose stones. This gives a long run on both grass ground and plowed land for the chicks, and hawks cannot molest them. The coop can be set at one end, the other end being stopped with sod. The plan is shown in the cut.—Orange Judd Farmer.

NOTES FOR BEEKEEPERS.

Windbreaks in winter are beneficial. Be sure that each colony has a good fertile queen.

Arrange so that no stock shall run in the apiary.

It will not do to confine bees on combs of pollen.

Bees must be kept very quiet if they are to winter well.

Do not leave on the hive any upper stories or boxes of any kind.

You can feed sirup only on warm days before cold weather sets in.

Division boards should be used in all weak colonies, thus contracting the space.

Chaff cushion divisions are preferable to boards alone, as they are warmer.

Bees may readily be wintered in a cellar if an even temperature can be kept up.

The cheapest and best way to protect the bees in winter is by using good chaff hives.

A good way to keep the extra combs is to hang them in a rack in a dry room.—Toronto (Ont.) Mail.

How to Stamp Out Roup.

If one of your birds shows signs of roup take it away from the flock at once and place it in warm, dry quarters. Rub the head with coal oil and squirt some up in the roof of the mouth, allowing the bird to swallow a small amount. Should the bird not be a valuable one it would be better to kill it at once and avoid spending more time with it than the bird is worth, and also keep the disease from spreading farther. Give the rest of the flock a good stimulant like capsicum or ginger and it may prevent them from getting it.—Iceland Post.

SYMPATHY.

As we mourn in our midnight of sorrow,
Alone in our crying and fears,
As the piteous face of the morrow
Appeals—with its visits of years.

As we shrink from the toll it discloses—
The unequal battle alone,
The thorns—where we waited for roses—
The music that erases in noon.

As we kneel with a heart that is broken
For loneliness, longing and dread,
And press in a passion unspoken
The answerless lips of our dead.

The Father in pity surprises
Our sight with a luminous star
That slowly and sweetly uplifts
And beacons this hope from afar.

That hearts which affliction hath blended,
Illumined by heavenly light,
Their discord and darkness have ended
And brotherhood shineth in night.

So even our midnight of sorrow
Foretells a joy from above—
A promise of beauty to-morrow,
When earth may be lighted by Love!
—Ernest Neal Lyon, in N. Y. Independent.

The SILENT CONVICT

AFTER the gaping three-inch gash in the head of Prison Guard Morgan had been dressed by the penitentiary physician and a nip of eye given the wounded man, he was escorted into the presence of the new warden to tell how it all happened.

"You see, it was this 'ere way, warden," he began, after he had saluted his chief and dropped into a comfortable position on the sofa in the private room of the penitentiary office. "Six of us were out there by the broom-shop cleanin' up the yard a bit. Kid Sly and Shorty were comin' the rake act. I told Green to take a spade and throw some loose dirt up agin the tool house. He was standin' in one of them cat fits of his'n and paid no attention to me. He just rolled his eyes and worked his arms."

Morgan paused and pressed a huge gnarled hand against his bandaged cranium.

"Take it easy," said the warden, sympathetically.

"Then," continued the guard, "I caught him by the shoulder and gave him a push toward the tool house, at the same time tellin' him to get a military move on himself. He reached down, grabbed the spade and whacked me across the noggin with it. When the stars scattered out a little, I saw that Kid Sly and two of the other boys were holdin' him. I whistled for help and him yanked back to his cell."

Warden Hill reached for the huge centrifugal volume in which the daily details of the prisoners were recorded. The page allotted to Convict 6112 imprisoned for life, was blank, save for the entry made in a neat, round hand, stating that all attempts to make the prisoner talk since his incarceration had been unavailing. Murder was the crime and the date of the commitment papers showed that eight years of the life sentence had been served. The warden looked perplexed. Recently appointed, he had not yet had time to look at the majority of the prisoners in his charge. Besides, more important matters awaited his attention. He closed the volume and turned to the deputy warden.

"Give Convict Green five days in the dark cell on bread and water," he said. Ten minutes later, Convict Green, closely guarded, was escorted to the half-walled niche beneath the tier of cells commonly known among the prisoners as "the hole," the door was unlocked and Green thrust inside. The bolts were shot and the guards retired.

With inky blackness on all sides of him, Convict Green pressed his sweaty palms against his throbbing forehead and tried to think. Dull, agonizing pains seemed to hover between his temples and dart toward each eye. He arose from the oaken plank upon which he had been crouching and extended both arms. His hands touched a stone wall on either side.

With a groan he sank back on the damp stone floor of the dungeon and tried to think. For a time he was conscious of only pain and anguish, but at last the darkness which hung like a pall over his clouded intellect began to clear away. The red spots had come again. What they were, Green had often tried to find out, but he never could. The huge patches of lurid red came and danced before his eyes. After a time they left, but terrible pains remained behind torturing him almost beyond endurance. If he tried to find out what the red spots were they always came back so much the quicker.

The convict crept nearer the wall of the dungeon and laid first one burning cheek and then the other against the damp stones. The mental anguish of the man became less wracking; periods of intellectual calm followed in which detached sections of consciousness became clarified. Now and then he caught blurred glimpses of the past. A few faint, half-observed recollections of his childhood days actually made the miserable inmate of the cell smile with delight. Names he no longer remembered, but familiar faces wearing pleasant smiles so different from the scowling visages which he now saw every day seemed to brighten up the cell. But finally one face, smiling, coquettish, with dimpled chin, and gracefully curving lips, remained. Her he had worshipped throughout his childhood and courted in his youth. Like a flash came the memory of the joyous wedding trip, the farm on the outskirts of a Nebraska village, his valiant struggle for fortune.

Then the scene shifted to a vast field where withered corn rustled harshly in the scorching breeze. There was a

burn his very blood. The crop was ruined. That was sure. The quarter section was mortgaged and in the cottage near the village his wife was scowling at the prospect of poverty and loss of social prestige. Already she was bemoaning the monotony of the western country. Once she had actually told him that he was a brute and at the same time hinted that Dr. Scott was such a dashing, handsome fellow. Then the red spots came for the first time. Nothing ever was so very clear after those horrid, carmine-tinted disks began to dance vindictively before his eyes.

One day, and this he remembered with vivid distinctness, some men took his away. He did not resist, because they represented some vague, undefined power which he had always respected. Then followed a period of solitude in a padded cell. The red spots came with greater frequency now. A gray-clad young fellow was always watching him. One day he eluded his keeper and made his escape. For a whole night he wandered about. The next day he hid in the timber near a stream. That night he found himself on the threshold of his cottage. He opened the door. There was a scream and an oath. Dr. Scott, the man he hated, seized him. Green remembered that his wife hid her face in terror. Then the red spots danced mockingly.

For a long time he was the center of a gaping crowd by day. At night he was chained in a reeking cell. Harsh, unemotional voices discussed the protection of society and other topics which he could not understand. Only once did they say anything to him. Then he comprehended clearly what they meant. Had he killed Scott? Of course he had. And he was so glad of it that he laughed loud and long. The spectators stared. Some of them nudged each other. Finally the judge began talking of some awful penalty. A sudden loathing seized him; he hated all mankind. Springing to his feet he defied the entire assembly and vowed never to speak to anyone again. His only fear was that this pledge might some day be broken.

A key grated in the lock. The door was flung open; a flood of subdued light filled the cell. The convict pressed his hands over his closed eyes and almost screamed with pain. But no sound came from his tightly compressed lips. In silence, he was partly led, partly dragged to his own quarters at the extreme end of the line of steel cages.

Confusion reigned supreme that night within the prison walls. Shortly before the guards were changed at midnight, the deputy warden detected a dense cloud of smoke that seemed to be pouring up from the inner cell house. Gaining admittance to the prison yards he was almost struck dumb with amazement. Flashes were bursting from the roof of the building. As he looked, the cupola, a mass of fire, fell outward upon the upper gallery, disclosing the fierce headway the flames were making. Even as he listened shrieks of terror and yells of alarm came from the imprisoned convicts in the cells.

Coolly he hurried to the prison gong and gave the danger signal to the guards. Next he signaled the penitentiary fire corps. The warden now arrived on the scene, and took personal command. At a sign from him the guards rushed forward and unlocked the doors, allowing the frightened, half-clad convicts to escape into the prison yard where other scantily-attired employes stood with threatening rifles ready for instant use.

In order to save the penitentiary and the lives of its inmates, the fire must be confined in the cell house, which communicated with the remainder of the prison by a narrow arch. Two men sealed the wall and directed streams of water on the flames raging within. Overcome by heat, one of these faint ed, and his companion bore him from the wall. The flames were gaining now at an alarming rate. With a word of caution to the guards, the warden mounted the wall. He had scarcely directed the stream of water on the flames when he perceived that he had a companion in a striped suit who was bravely fighting the fire by his side. The flames began to grow weaker; the lurid glare was dying out. Exhausted, the warden turned to his companion and commanded him to retire. Then he started to descend.

No sooner had he reached the earth than a cry of horror arose from the guards and convicts. A cloud of smoke had enveloped the prisoner and in his confusion he had fallen from the wall into the smoking ruins of the cell house.

In the gray dawn of the morning the prison clerk called the roll. Convict Green did not answer.

Blackened, lifeless, still clutching the hose nozzle, Convict Green was discovered soon after when the heated ruins cooled sufficiently to allow a search to be instituted.

Suffocation had apparently caused his death, for, although one foot was burned to a crisp, the clothing of the victim was only scorched here and there. His face had been cruelly disfigured by a falling stone. Beneath his prison jacket the officials found a faded photograph of a smiling woman with dimpled chin and lips with a drooping, scornful curve, yet parting in a coquettish smile.

Of course the newspapers blazoned the deed of Convict Green to the world in all the somber murkiness of scare heads. One enterprising Omaha journal placed the picture of the woman beside that of the prisoner and hinted at a dark tale of a wife's unfaithfulness. Vague as was the suggestion a superannuated society woman of that city still fears that some of her friends or discarded admirers will detect the unmistakable likeness between a faded society barnacle and the unfaithful

WORKING MEN AND WOMEN.

Eight hundred organizers of the American Federation of Labor are now actively at work in the United States.

There are now nearly a thousand trade unions in Canada. Less than three years ago there were less than 400.

Nearly 5,000 colored workers employed in the southern tobacco factories are members of the Tobacco Workers' union.

The average weight of a British artisan 30 years old is about 10st. 9lb. A farm laborer of the same age averages nine pounds heavier.

Some of the South Wales miners' leaders are of opinion that if something is not done before the present sliding scale agreement terminates next year, there will, in all probability, be another great strike in the Welsh coal fields.

Akron (O.) Central Labor union has resolved against further lobbying for labor laws, and is in favor of inaugurating an aggressive campaign of education and agitating for the election of union men to all offices, law-making and executive, in the state and nation.

The Italian bakery workmen of Boston, Mass., who recently organized a union, have raised their wages two dollars a week, reduced their working week from seven to six days, and gained the concession to have pay day every week, instead of every month, as formerly.

Los Angeles, Cal., is certainly well organized, having a central labor union, a free labor bureau, county council of labor, a building trades' section, allied printing trades' council, a woman's label league, 61 local and a good paper, the Union Label News, to take watchful care over them.



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Major J. W. Woodcock, one of the best known oil operators in the country dropped dead from heart disease recently at his home in Portland, Ind., while mowing his lawn.—The Free Press.

Mrs. M. A. Birdsall, Watkins, N. Y., whose portrait heads this advertisement, says: "I write this through gratitude for benefits I received from Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. I had palpitation of the heart, severe pains under the left shoulder, and my general health was miserable. A few bottles of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure cured me entirely."

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Second Traveler—You'll have to excuse me. You see, I'm going to be out this train only 17 hours.—Leslie's Weekly.

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"Is it true that you have been cured of it by taking six bottles of Dr. Rybold's celebrated Extract of Umpy-gump?"

"Well, that's partly true. I've taken the six bottles."—Chicago Tribune.

Retrospect. With Miss DeVine I played to-day on Brassyway links.

And as we played my memory sped to roller-skating rinks.

Where I went with her mother more than twenty years ago.

Then further did the current of my reminiscence flow:

It took me to the days when I, a happy swain, did play
With Miss DeVine's dear grandmamma,
The game of lawn croquet.
—Brooklyn Life.

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