The World's A Fair.

All living things
We hear and see,
With fins or feet or winnowing wings,
Teach us to honor industry.
At the grand fair,
Not far away,
Thinkers and workers will be there-
The kings and pr nces of the day.

The busy hand,
The busy brain,
Bring honor to our happy land
And beautify our broad domain.
We must be fed
And housed and clad.
Toil linked with thought wins honest bread
And brings the peace that maketh glad.

The works of art,
In oil or stone,
Canvas touched with a human heart,
Marble genius hath breathed upon,
Silver and gold,
All wisely wrought
In forms and figures manifold,
Show the inventor's wondrous thought.

The world's a fair,
Workers are we;
Pray, what can we exhibit there
As proof of thoughtful industry?
At duty's call,
The poor and rich
Should work, great intellects and small,
Whether we ride or turn the switch.

The ships that sail,
The wheels that turn,
Engines that thunder on the rail,
Anvils that ring, forges that burn,
Cattle in herds,
And graceful steeds,
Speak better than our measured words
For toil that aims at useful deeds.

—GEORGE W. BUNGAY in New York Ledger.

A Raspberry Park Affair.

Harry Merriman was the best dressed man at Raspberry Park. Before the day of his advent was over he had created a sensation. Before the first week of his stay was ended half a dozen girls were at his beck and call. But one, whose name was Cora to her family and Miss Morton to the rest, did not yield before his assailing jauntiness. Therefore he fell in love with her.

After he had been at the Park a week another man appeared, who could be identified at once as the man who will never be popular. He was neither dressed well nor jaunty, and his air was that of a man who knows that he cannot talk well and has learned not to try. The hotel decided that he was an unfortunate who had been caught in the financial squeeze and left high and dry. He spent no money, never appeared at the hops and was as different as possible from Harry Merriman.

Perhaps it was a touch of sympathy that made Miss Morton nod to him and smile kindly. This made Harry refer to him contemptuously as "poor chap," and say that he had no doubt brought his troubles on himself.

In the meantime Harry was paying assiduous court to Cora. He pretty well monopolized her, leaving her little time for association with other men. But the few of her precious hours he was unable to take to himself she generally spent with the newcomer. When Harry considered this, he coupled with that gentleman's name in his mind such opprobrious epithets as "shabby cad" and others which I will not record.

Finally Harry proposed. He told Miss Morton first that he was very much in love with her, whereupon she raised her hand in deprecation and mentioned certain others of Raspberry Park's galaxy to whom her suitor had been attentive. It pleased him to see that she had noted the ease with which he had conquered her sex, and sought to impress upon her mind the honor that he was doing her by explaining that if other girls had fallen in love with him it was no fault of his. He simply could not keep them away. Then he declared that despite the many hearts in which his image had been inshrined, she was the first idol which had found a place in his.

Then he explained his prospects. They were very good, he thought. The head of his house had just died—he was with the importing line—and he was probably in the direct line of promotion. A new member of the firm was coming from abroad and on his action Harry's income in some measure depended; but although he had not even taken the trouble to learn the new partner's name he had heard that he was a "bit of a stuff" and he had little doubt of his own ability to jolly him into raising his salary. Cora talked with him some time about himself and got Mr. Harry Merriman's ideas of Mr. Harry Merriman's importance pretty thoroughly grounded in her mind.

It was with a pretty blush that she finally, in reply to his important question asked him if he would not call at their cottage the next afternoon. To this arrangement he finally assented, albeit with some hint of resentment—a feeling that she was taking big chances in asking him to wait. The next afternoon came, and with it Harry's call. He was even better dressed than usual, and marched into the tiny drawing room with the air of a conqueror. He was amazed and annoyed to find the shabby man there before him. He formed the determination that as soon as Miss Morton actually promised to be Mrs. Merriman that shabby man should be shut out.

He was gratified to have the maid bring a request from Miss Morton to have him see her in a moment in the garden. He did so. She met him with a sweet, sad smile, and firmly told him that she must decline to accept his hand and heart. Since her talk with him she had found that she loved another. It is possible that Harry's astonishment showed it plainer in his face than did his grief. At any rate, mingled with the soreness in both his heart and his pride, there was as he went out a distinct pity for the girl who had thrown away so good a chance.

Whether or not that pity was increased by the note which he received a day or two later by mail from New York I know not. Thus read the note:

"Dear Mr. Merriman—I have the pleasure of announcing that from this date your salary will be increased as per your request to the late head of this house. It is only fair to explain that this action is in some measure due to the recommendation of Miss Cora Morton, in whose good judgment I have much faith. It will doubtless interest you to know that Miss Morton is soon to become my wife. Yours very truly, JOHN THURSTON.

And John Thurston was the name of the shabby man in Raspberry Park.—[New York Press.

Fakes at the Fair.

In the Midway Plaisance is probably the greatest collection of "fakes" the world has ever seen. The proprietors thereof rejoice, however, in the proud title of "Concessionaires." Whenever I grew tired of formal sight-seeing I would stroll down the Plaisance (which was so popular that everybody soon got the knack of pronouncing it correctly) to the Egyptian temple. Here was the greatest fakir of them all. I am proud to say he was an American. In Egyptian raiment he squatted in front of the temple, and delivered his speech as follows:

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the temple of Luxor, the tomb of Rameses II. You will find his mummy about [a most delicious inflection of the voice on this word] the fifth one on the right. On the left the mummy of King Solomon's father-in-law—also his sister in law. The sacred dances are about to begin."

To discover, after all this, that the mummies at which people were gazing so reverently were nothing but dummies was an unmitigated joy.

One evening after the Egypto-American above mentioned had delivered his speech about the temple of Luxor and the mummy of Rameses II., a man in the crowd turned to me and asked, "Is this the German Village."

The personnel of the Plaisance shows reminded me of Thackeray's inventory of passengers on the White Squall. There are innumerable Oriental dances—Turkish, Algerian, Persian and Egyptian, the latter in a theatre annexed to the "Street in Cairo." These dances are supposed to be very suggestive, but I think most people must find them simply ugly, and wonder if they really convey the Oriental idea of grace of motion.

Much more interesting is the dancing in the large Japanese village, and in the theatre of the South Sea Islanders. The former is really graceful; the latter is the best dancing in the Plaisance. It makes no pretense to grossness, but it is simply downright savage. There is a certain indescribable charm about the Plaisance with its varied life; and the crowd which it attracts is an added feature of interest. Not far from the Plaisance was Buffalo Bill's Wild West show with its Deadwood Coach, "which, ladies and gentlemen, has carried more royalty, and more royalty at one time, than any other coach in the world—Colonel Cody on the box." It costs about thirty dollars in dimes and quarters to do the Plaisance. But the fakes, including the Beauty show, are often seen in procession through the grounds.—[Century.

In the Vicinity of Mount Etna.

The very rain is strange; it is charged with obscure personality; is is the habitation of a new presence, a storm-genius that I have never known; it is born of Etna, whence all things here have being and draw nourishment. It is not rain, but the raincloud, spread out over the valleys, the precipices, the sounding beaches, the ocean-plain; it is not a storm, but a season. It does not rise with the moist Hyades, or ride with cloudy Orion in the Mediterranean night; it does not pass like Atlantic tempests on great world-currents; it remains. Its home is upon Etna; thence it comes and thither it returns; it gathers and disperses, lightens and darkens, blows and is silent, and though it suffer the clear north wind, or the west, to divide its veils with heaven, again it draws the folds together about its abode. It obeys only Etna, who sends it forth; then with clouds and thick darkness the mountain hides its face; it is the Sicilian winter.

But Etna does not withdraw continuously from its children even in this season. On the third day, at farthest, I was told it would bring back the sun; and I was not deceived. Two days it was closely wrapped in impenetrable gray: but the third morning, as I threw open my casement and stepped out upon the terrace, I saw it, like my native winter, expanding its broad flanks under the double radiance of dazzling clouds spreading from its extreme summit, and of the snow-fields whose long fair drifts shone far down the sides. Villages and groves were visible, clothing all the lower zone, and between lay the plain. It seemed near in that air, but it is twelve miles away. From the sea-dipping base to the white cone the slope measures more than twenty miles, and as many more conduct the eye downward to the western fringe—a vast bulk; yet one does not think of its size as he gazes, so large a tract the eye takes in, but no more realizes than it does the distance of the stars.—[Century.

Cast-off Clothes of Kings.

There is one thing about the life of the average prince in which respect he is better off than most boys. It rarely, if indeed it ever happens that a prince has to submit to having his father's old clothes cut down for him. It rarely happens also that kings part with their old clothes while they live, so that when they come to die their wardrobes usually show a vast accumulation of good, bad and indifferent costumes, which are, as a rule, sold at public auction. When the eminent dandy and monarch, George the Fourth, died, a most wonderful display of garments was made upon the auction table.

The King was lavish in his expenditures on clothing, and seldom parted with anything he had once worn. A famous historian of his time, Greville, says that the King's memory was so particular that he knew he could name any article of clothing he possessed, no matter how old, and would often embarrass his pages by inquiring for some coat or other garment of days gone by. When he died there was brought to sale every coat he had had for fifty years before.

There was a dozen pairs of corduroy breeches which he had made to hunt in; splendid furs, uniforms, pelisses, breeches, costumes, orders in wonderful variety; boots and shoes of every kind, which were sold at five shillings a pair all round; handkerchiefs which brought a guinea each, stockings without number, canes in equal profusion, 300 whips and 500 pocketbooks.

Among his effects were found, too, all sorts of trinkets that had been given to him, and old gloves and locks of hair, which represented conquests at balls and assemblies. Something like £10,000 was found in cash in odd places, in boxes or pocketbooks. And there was, moreover, a whole cellarful of his favorite snuff—no less than sixteen hundred weight—and this was sold by private treaty for £400.—[Harper's Young People.

Petroleum to Cure Diphtheria.

Paris medical men continue to give their opinions vaguely on the treatment of diphtheria by petroleum as carried out by Dr. Flahbut, a provincial physician. All unite in testimony as to the fact that such a treatment is by no means original. Dr. Fauvel, a celebrated throat specialist, says that in pulmonary maladies the application of pure petroleum has produced splendid results. Moreover, during the American war of secession, wounds were dressed with the oil. The doctor however, counsels mothers whose children are affected by the dreadful malady of diphtheria or croup to put their trust for the present in pure lemon juice, which should be sponged or brushed over the throats of the sufferers.—[London Telegraph.

Reward of Wickedness.

"I never robbed a man but once," said the honest tramp, "and then I was starving. He would not give me a penny, and I couldn't stand the gnawings in my stomach any longer. So I knocked him down and went through his pockets. What kind of a haul did I make? Just one little bottle that read on the label: 'Pepsin; for that full feeling after eating.'"—[Philadelphia Record.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

BE TENDER WITH LITTLE CHICKS.

Chickens when first hatched, should not be hurried out of the sitting nest. For twenty-four hours at least from the time when the earliest commence to show themselves it is better to leave them under or with the hen mother. They need no food for from a day to a day and a half usually. When they get strong enough to venture from beneath their mother's wings it is time to move the brood.—[The Poultry World.

OATS AS FEED.

The value of oats as feed depends largely upon the cutting and curing. They should be cut before the seed is fully matured. If allowed to ripen, the stalk and leaves turn to woody fibre and the straw possesses but little nutritive value.

The oats should be bound in medium-sized bundles to help in curing out. This should be done after they have been exposed to the sun for several hours. Ten or twelve bundles are enough to put up in a shock, and three or four days are sufficient to cure them properly if the weather be favorable. They must be dry when stored away. To feed them, run through a cutting-box, add a small quantity of wheat bran and dampen slightly.—[New York World.

WINDGALL ON A MARE'S LEG.

Windgalls are usually the result of a dropsical condition of the joints or the tendons leading from them; consequently they may appear at the joints or almost anywhere along the line of the main tendons of the legs. The puffs, or galls, appear in the form of soft and somewhat roundish tumors, varying greatly in size according to the amount of secretion they contain. As the foot is raised they seem to relax, or become softer than when the animal bears his weight on the foot. Sometimes, however, windgalls are caused by severe labor and pulling of heavy loads, or by fast driving. They rarely produce lameness at first, but may if neglected until inflammation sets in, or where there is a tendency to chronic dropsical affections. In ordinary cases of windgall apply alcoholic liniments, spirits of camphor, extract of witch hazel, with a bandage with slight pressure at first, increasing it as the galls recede. In applying the liniment always use the bare hand, rubbing carefully, but sufficient to cause friction; then put on the bandages and wet them to saturation over the galls. Change the bandages three times a day, with hand rubbing each time. Should this treatment fail to effect a cure in the course of a week or ten days, then apply stronger liniments, or even a mild blister may be required, but these will be rarely needed with simple windgalls on a young horse.—[New York Sun.

KEEP YOUR SHEEP THRIFTY.

The farmer who permits his sheep to largely look after themselves must be content to put up with light, uneven fleeces of wool that, when sent to market, will sell at reasonably low prices. It is very important in growing a good, even fleece of wool to keep the sheep in a good, thrifty condition, and while so long as there is good pasture little or no extra feeding is necessary, at the same time they must be looked after sufficiently often to make sure of this. As with the other stock on the farm, it is best to look after their supply of feed for them, as well as their shelter, in good season. While it is best to allow sheep to run out as long as the weather will permit, it is also essential that their shelter should be ready for them, and that the feeding can be commenced at any time, that is necessary to keep them in good condition.

There is no advantage in keeping the stock or breeding sheep fat, but they should be kept thrifty, and the more fully this is done the better the growth and the quality of the fleece. By changing the pasture and by having a patch of rye that can be allowed to grow until reasonably late in the fall full feed will not usually be necessary until early in the winter. Sheep will keep healthier and will thrive better if they can be allowed to run out, and good pasturage will help materially in permitting this.

Use all reasonable care to keep sheep thrifty, sell off any and all that with good treatment will not keep thrifty, and the quicker they are marketed the better.—[Chicago Times.

FATTENING FOWLS.

It is a prime requisite in fowls brought to the table that they should be suitably fat, and the lean bird is neglected in the market and refused by the epicure. But unless some attention is paid by breeders to make their fowls fat it will be found to be extensively true that when left to themselves they will be rarely fitted for the purposes for which they are designed. The great desideratum seems to be to produce fowls which shall at once be healthy and likewise fat. Overfeeding is a sure cause of disease and similar effects follow when the unfortunate fowls are too long and too closely confined. It may be well, therefore' to give some brief description of the nature of the substance called fat, and of what the process of fattening consists.

Fat is not a necessary part of any animal body. It is the form which superabundant nourishment assumes, which would if needed be converted into muscles and other solids. It is contained in certain membranous receptacles provided for it, distributed over the body, and it is turned to use whenever the supply of nourishment is defective, which should be provided by the stomach and other great organs. It is in such emergencies in the animal economy taken up by the absorbents. If the absorbents from any cause act feebly the health suffers. When, however, nourishment is taken into the system in greater quantities than is necessary for ordinary purposes, the absorbent vessels take it up. The fat thus made is generally healthy, provided there is a good digestion. Nothing would seem to be plainer than the best manner of fattening poultry. To feed fowls with regularity and plentifully on the best food is the obvious mode.—[American Poultry Yard.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Keep the top soil open.

Turn over and mix the compost heap.

Be careful not to overstock your pastures.

Animals need as clean water as human beings.

New varieties of fruits are constantly appearing.

In cooling cream or butter only use perfectly clear and pure.

Sheep require less pasture than cattle, because they bite closer.

Care for your animals if you expect them to make money for you.

A creamery should not be started until 300 cows are guaranteed.

Set a bed of lily-of-the-valley and keep it well watered and shaded.

Turnips and rape, with a little oil meal, will make mutton juicy and tender.

Why not study the market report, and raise the kind of stock that is in demand?

If pastured in the fall the droppings of stock should be scattered early in the spring.

It is a good plan to keep a good milking cow in the dairy as long as she is a good milker.

Thoroughly whitewashing the sheeps quarters will help materially in getting rid of the sheep ticks.

It costs more to bring a cow back to full flow of milk in summer than it does to keep her up to it.

Comb honey sells better and at a higher price than extracted, and therein lies the advantage of feeding back.

W. Z. Hutchinson says that on an average he has secured two pounds of comb honey from the feeding of three pounds of extracted.

Salt is said to be a good cure for cabbage worms. Apply in the morning before dew is off, or stir in water and sprinkle at night.

The milk tester and the separator are important factors in dairying. The milk tester in the near future will be a sine qua non in dairying.

Some beekeepers seem to think that it is better to allow the bees to build comb than to have them plaster the woodwork of the sections with comb.

If horsemen would give a teaspoonful of saltpeter in a pail of water twice a week, they would find a great improvement in the appearance of their horses.

Combs near the centre of the super are drawn out quicker and finished sooner than those at the outside and corners. This being so, it is best to place the sections least filled at the centre.

The appearance of an animal goes a great way in the market, and a smooth, sleek, and fat steer sells more readily and at a better price than one equally as fat, but rough looking. This is a point for consideration.

If animals do not respond to a fattening food, something is wrong either with the animals or the food. If you cannot ascertain the cause, it is a loss to continue to try to make an increase in weight, and the best scheme would be to dispose of them.

Ode to the Hen.

Of robin and blue-bird and linnet,
Spring poets write page after page,
Their praises are sounded each minute,
By prophet, soothsayer and sage,
But not since the stars sang together,
Not since the creation of men,
Has any one drawn a goosefeather
In praise of the patient old hen.

All honor and praise to the singing
That cheers up the wildwood in spring,
The old recollections oft bringing
Joy, childhood and that sort of thing.
But dearer to me than the twitter
Of robin or martin or wren,
Is that motherly cluck when a litter
Of chickens surround the old hen.

And her mid-winter cackle, how cheery,
Above the new nest she has made;
It notifies hearts all aweary
Another fresh egg has been laid.
And when the old bird, aged and lazy and fat,
Is well cooked with light dumplings and gravy,
There's great consolation in that.

—American Poultry Advocate.

HUMOROUS.

The hen is not a cheerful fowl. She broods a great deal.

The girl who had a falling out with her friend will not try the hammock again.

"How pleasant it is to be tall." "Pleasant?" "Yes; everybody looks up to you."

When a man comes to ask you for your opinion he really asks you for your confirmation of his own.

Miss Fosdick—"You say Mr. Skidds is a peddler. What does he peddle?" Miss Keedick—"He pedals his bicycle."

Someone has asked: "Where do flies go in the winter?" We don't know, but we wish they would go there in summer.

Van Belt—"When my wife gets hysterical and begins to cry, how can I stop her?" Invalid's Wife—"Tell her it is making her nose red."

An Ohio man has put up a factory for the production of vases to hold the ashes of cremated persons. He must expect to do a good deal.

Butcher—"Didn't you like that ham? Why it was some that I cured myself." Customer—"Well that ham cured? Why, man, it wasn't even convalescent."

Maud—"Why did you break off your engagement with Charley?" Ellen—"Well, you see he would wear shirts and neckties which didn't become my complexion."

Judge—"Three months and ten days." Prisoner—"Can't you make it a shorter sentence, yer Honor?" Judge—"I can." Prisoner—"Thank you, yer honor." Judge—"One year."

"Now papa, tell me what is humbug?" questioned the ten-year old son of a friend of ours. "It is," replied the father, "when your mother pretends to be very fond of me and puts no buttons on my shirt."

"Johnny," said his teacher, "if your father can do a piece of work in seven days, and your Uncle George can do it in nine days, how long would it take both of them to do it?" "They'd never get it done," said Johnny. "They'd sit down and tell fish stories."

The Cost of a Slack Wire.

In the course of recent discussion on the propriety of spending public money for repairs, a certain vote was opposed. One of the advocates of the expenditure related the following incident: A few years ago there was a serious accident on the Lachine Canal at Montreal. The wire from the deck to the engine room of a certain steamer that was passing through the canal had become slack. The officer in charge on deck pulled the wire to ring the bell in the engine room and stop the steamer as she entered one of the locks. The wire being out of order, the bell did not ring, the steamer kept on at full speed, the lock gates were smashed by the collision, the waters were suddenly let out, and many vessels inside were greatly damaged. There was also an obstruction to business for several days at a crowded season of the year, and a great fleet of upward and downward bound craft were detained with very great detriment to their cargoes.

Indeed, the whole loss was estimated roughly at scarcely less than one million and a quarter dollars. The speaker asked his hearers to consider how much would have been saved by spending a quarter of a dollar in having that wire tightened before the catastrophe occurred.—[Christian Herald.

Little Dick's Economy.

Little Dick—"Papa, didn't you tell mamma we must economize?"

Papa—"I did, my son."

Little Dick—"Well, I was thinking that if you'd get me a pony I wouldn't wear out so many shoes."—[Good News.