

A DEBUTANTE.

A puff, a frill, a bit of lace,
A patch of powder on the face,
A rounded arm, a slender neck,
White shoulders without flaw or fleck,
And—nothing more.

A row of teeth, an infant smile,
A glance quite innocent of guile,
A little head well packed with lore
Of frounce, fichu and proper gore,
And—nothing more.

A knowledge that the world is round,
Some dim idea of "time" and "sound,"
A phrase or two of French, you know,
Enough "rag-time" to make a show,
And—nothing more.

A sweet contempt for old-time ways,
For classic bards or modern lays,
A constancy much like the wind,
But scant regard for men who grind,
And—nothing more.

A mannerism not too bold,
A deep idolatry of gold,
A high resolve to play no part
Where one surrenders to the heart,
And—nothing more.

A puff, a frill, a bit of lace,
A patch of powder on the face,
A soul in which small interests lie—
A simple social butterfly,
And—nothing more.

—New Orleans Times Democrat.

“BEHIND TIME”

IN 1873 there wasn't a liker fellow on the line than George Kirke. He was the son of a poor man, and his mother was dead. His father was a confirmed invalid of the rheumatic order, and George played the dutiful son to him in a way that would astonish the young men of today.

Somewhat, nobody knew exactly how, George had managed to pick up a good education, and he had polished it off, so to speak, by a two years' course at a commercial college.

Kirke began on the Sandy Hill railroad when he was about twenty-one or two years old. First, he was a brakeman. This railroad business is a regular succession, and generally speaking, a man has to work his way up. It isn't often that he gets right up to the dignity of a conductor at one step with the privileges of helping all the good looking and well dressed ladies out of the cars, and letting the homely ones, with the babies and bandboxes in their arms, struggle out, as they may, while he is engaged in "talking to a man."

George did his duty so well that he was soon promoted to fireman, after he had learned the working of the machine, he was made engineer and given an engine.

This engine was one of the newest and the best on the line, and was called the Flyaway, and George was proud of it you may well believe.

The true engineer, who is out-and-out for the business, and feels his responsibility, takes as much pride in his engine as the jockey does in his favorite race-horse, and would sit up nights, or neglect his sweetheart, to keep the brasses and flangees of his machine so you can see your face in 'em.

There was another man wanted George's chance. There's generally more than one after a paying job.

Jack Haliday had been waiting for some time to be engineer of the Flyaway, and when he lost it he was mad enough to pull his hair. He was a brakeman, likewise, and had been on the road full two years longer than Kirke and he would seem that the chance really belonged to him, but he was quarrelsome, disagreeable fellow, with independence enough to set an order up in business and still have some of the original stock left.

When Jack realized that George had the inside track of him, his anger was a white heat. He cursed Kirke, and company, old Whately (the superintendent) and things generally.

There was more than one thing that made Jack Haliday "down on" the Kirke. George had been his in many respects, and particularly the fairer parts of creation concerned. George was a great one with the ladies, for he was some, generous and good-natured, and was sarcastic, always on the airy side, and the girls avoided as they always should such a

man. All expected that ill would come to George from Jack's bad blood, but just him, and we warned him more than once; but he always laughed, and reminded us of the old saying that "barking dogs never bite," which is true in the main.

And as the time went on, until two, three, four months had passed since Kirke's promotion, and nothing had occurred, we forgot all about our apprehensions of evil, and if we thought of the matter at all, we concluded we had wronged Haliday by our suspicions.

It was a dark night in November, with considerable fog in the air, and strong appearance of rain.

I was at Golosha, the northern terminus of our road, looking after some repairs on a defective boiler, and I was going down to New York on the seven-thirty train—Kirke's train.

About seven there came a telegram from Whately, whose summer residence was nearly midway between Golosha and New York, and the old fellow had not yet forsaken it for the city. The telegraph operator was at work, and read it to him. Kirke made a note of it, and put it in his pocket book.

"Pay train on the line—will meet you just west of Leeds—at ten-fifteen. Spurt on the siding at Deering's Cut, and wait."

Kirke's watch hung on a nail beside the clock. It was a fancy of his always to hang it there when he was off a train, so that he could make no mistake in the time.

He glanced at the clock, and from it to his watch. Both indicated the same hour, seven-fifteen.

"Seven-fifteen," said Kirke, meditatively, "and we leave at seven-fifteen, and the pay train meets us at Deering's Cut, at ten-fifteen. Scant time to make the run in this thick weather, but it must be managed."

And he turned away to give some orders to the fireman.

Jack Haliday was there; he had been strolling in and out of the room for the past half hour, smoking a cigar, and swearing at the bad weather. The train did not leave until near midnight, so he had plenty of time to find fault.

We all went to the door and took a look at the weather, and unanimously voted it bad, and then walked up and down the platform and smoked our after-supper cigars, and when we were through it was time for the train hands to be getting into their places. Both the clocks in the engine-room and Kirke's watch indicated seven-forty.

Kirke was putting his watch in his pocket as he said:

"Garth, are you going with me on the Flyaway?"

"No, thank ye," said I; "I get enough of that sort of thing in every day life. I am to do a little swell business to-night, and take passage in a palace car. Want to rest my back. Good-night to you, and hold her well in going round Rocky Bottom Curve. The road's a little shaky."

"Yes, sir," responded Kirke, and he swung himself into position on the Flyaway.

The bell rang; I scrambled into my compartment on the Pullman, and felt horribly out of place among the silks and broadcloths and smell of musk; but I was in for a first-class ride, and made the best of it so effectually that five minutes after Gibson, who now fancies he owns all creation because he has a silver badge on his breast with "Conductor" on it, had shouted, "All aboard!" I was sound asleep.

What occurred in other quarters to affect the fate of Kirke's train I learned afterwards.

Old Whately, the superintendent of the road, as I guess I have already said, had a country residence in Leeds, on a mountain spur, which commanded a view of the surrounding country for more than a score of miles. The line of the railway could be distinctly seen in each direction for fifteen miles, and Whately was wont to say that his lookout was more to the safety of trains, than all the telegraph wires on the road.

Whately was a rich old buffer, kind enough in his way, but sharp as a kerf in looking after the road hands, and determined that every man should do his duty.

He had but one child, a daughter; and Floss Whately was the belle of the county. She was brave, beautiful and spirited, and more than once when her father had been away had she assumed the responsibility of directing the trains, and she had always acquitted her self with credit.

Old Whately was very proud of her, as he had a right to be, and kept all the young fellows at a distance, until it was said that he intended keeping his daughter single till the czar of all the Russias came on to marry her.

This night in November old Whately and Floss were out on the piazza of their country home, peeping through the gloom and fog for the signal lights of the Golosha train, which was nearly due.

"It's strange it doesn't come in sight," said Whately, laying down his nightgown in disgust. "It is hard on 10 now. They ought to show their light 'round Spruce Pond by this time."

"You telegraphed them, father? You let them know the pay train was on the road?" asked Floss.

"To be sure. And good heavens! There is the headlight on the pay train now! See! Not ten miles away, and running like the deuce, as it always does!"

He pointed with trembling finger down to the valley forge, where, far away, a mere speck in the gloom, could be seen a bright light, scarcely moving, but those anxious watchers knew that it was approaching at lightning speed.

Father and daughter looked at each other. The truth was evident. For some reason the train from Golosha was ten minutes behind time, and it could not reach the siding at Deering's Cut until the pay train had passed beyond the signal track. And then? Why, there would be another "horror" for the morning newspapers under the head of "Appalling Disaster," and a few more houses would be made to mourn.

Father and daughter looked at each other in dismay.

"Selim can do it," said Floss quickly.

"No, girl. It is too far, and too risky," replied the old superintendent.

"Yes, father; and if I can reach Leeds in five minutes before the train—yes, two minutes—all will be well. Do not stop me, father!" as he laid his hand on her arm.

"But you must not go! It is dark and dangerous! No, Floss!"

"I shall go, father! Selim knows

only me, and you could not ride him. I have ridden on darker nights. And he is the only horse in the stable. Don't you remember? The others were sent to town yesterday."

Before old Whately could stop her she had ordered the hostler to saddle Selim, and she was already buttoning on her riding habit with nervous fingers.

The horse came pawing to the door, Floss sprang into the saddle, leaned down and kissed her father's forehead. "Fray, heaven to spare me!" she cried, hoarsely, and touching her horse with her whip, he bounded down the sharp declivity.

It was raining steadily now, and the gloom was intense; but Selim was used to the road, and the rider was courageous. She urged him at the top of his speed, up hill and down hill through Pine Valley, over Pulpit Hill, and then she struck upon the smooth road, which stretched away to Leeds, at least a mile and straight as an arrow.

She could see the headlight of the pay train far down in the valley distinctly now, and to her excited fancy it seemed but a stone's throw away. She even thought for a moment that she heard the grind of the wheels on the track, but it was only the sighing of the wind in the pines.

On, still on she went. Selim seemed to fly. One might fancy that he knew his mistress was on an errand of life or death.

The lights of the station were in view—nay, she even saw the station master's white lantern as he rolled up and down the platform—the white lantern which was to signal the approaching train—to tell them to go on for all was well. On to their doom!

She dashed across the track, flung the lines to an amazed bystander, and striking the white lantern from the hand of the astonished official, she seized the ominous red lantern from his hook, and springing upon the track, waved it in the very teeth of the coming train.

Two sharp, short whistles told her that her signal was seen, and a moment later the train came to a stop, and officers rushed forward to confer with the train from Golosha, which had not yet been telegraphed from the next station beyond.

The man waited fifteen minutes before Kirke's train slid on the siding, and it was then known that but for the decision of one young girl, the two trains must have collided four miles beyond Deering's Cut.

When told the whole story, Kirke looked at his watch. The man from the station looked at his. Kirke was ten minutes behind time.

You want to know how it happened? Certainly, you guess Haliday did it. A man was found next day who confessed to having seen Jack tampering with the timepiece in the engine house that night.

"Jack?" Oh, he left town, and was afterward heard of in Australia. His game was not a success.

And Kirke married Floss Whately, else this story would not have been told, because what would a story be worth that did not end in a wedding?—Waverley Magazine.

Criticism Not Liberal.

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court has sustained a demurrer entered by the publishers of a New York newspaper to a suit instituted against it by Professor Oscar Lovell Triggs, of the University of Chicago, for alleged damages sustained on account of editorial comments upon Professor Triggs' poetry. In the demurrer it was contended that the comments were not libelous. This demurrer, after being overruled in Special Term, is sustained by the Appellate Division. In its opinion, which is written by Justice Ingraham, the court points out that there is a wide difference between libel and good humored criticism, saying: "There is certainly a distinction between a publication which tends to make the individual infamous, odious or ridiculous, and a publication which relates to a person's opinions upon topics of public interest. Certainly, in no case to which our attention has been called has it ever been held that a publication which tends to ridicule opinions upon controverted subjects is libelous, as tending to make the individual who is responsible for these opinions ridiculous."

The Japanese Hell.

The Japanese language has no equivalent for our word "hell," but has the word "Jigoku" instead. Jigoku consists of first, eight immense hot hells, ranging one beneath the other in tiers. Each of these hells has sixteen additional hells outside its gates, like so many antechambers, so that there are in all 136 hot hells. Second, there are eight large cold hells, each with its sixteen ante-hells, making the same number of cold that there are of hot hells. Besides these 272 hot and cold hells for offenders of the common sort the wily Japs have twenty mammoth "hells of utter darkness," into which will be consigned the spirits of children who take the name of Dai Butsu, or Great Buddha, in vain.

Secret of Glamis Castle.

The death of Lord Strathmore has revived many of the fantastic stories about the mysterious room at Glamis Castle, the secret of which is only revealed to the heir on his coming of age and to one other person. Of course, most of the legends bear the stamp of invention on the face of them, and the generally accepted explanation is that which Sir Walter Scott advanced—that the mystery is nothing but a secret hiding place which was used in the past, and the secret of which is, in accordance with family tradition, strictly kept and handed on from father to son.—Court Journal.

Black Adventure.

A REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE.

CHARLES CARLSEN, the Robinson Crusoe of Clipperton Island, came back a few weeks ago to San Francisco and civilization on the steamer Peru. For fourteen months he lived all alone on the barren rock, his only companion during that time being a dog, besides a dozen chickens, the myriads of sea fowl and the big crabs that make their habitation on the flat island. Except for a rather fierce mustache and a cowboy hat Carlsen looked like anything but an exile as he stood on the Peru's deck.

Carlsen took the position of lone watchman on Clipperton Island from the Pacific Islands Company, which has a concession for the rock and its guano deposits. On February 4 the schooner Una called at Clipperton, and Carlsen, accompanied by his dog, embarked for Champerico, where he caught the Peru and came directly to San Francisco.

"I knew what to expect when I went to Clipperton," said Carlsen. "The men who had been there as keepers before me had always had companions. I was the first to volunteer to stay there alone. Time passed slowly, but I busied myself in working here and there, and I read and wrote a great deal. My dog was companionable, and I grew so attached to my chickens that not one of them served me for a meal."

"I saw only one vessel in the fourteen months, and that was the British war-ship Shearwater. She passed close to the island and a boat was lowered. I hailed from the reef, but the boat did not come in. When the Una picked me up I was getting tired of the job. Three men are now on the island to keep each other company. My health was improved by the experience."

English annals show many fine examples of discipline in disaster at sea, and both the army and the navy share in the credit of them. Most persons remember the magnificent courage and coolness displayed by the men of the ill-fated Victoria, which was rammed by the Camperdown, in 1853. Many remember, too, how the model of the vessel at the World's Fair in Chicago was draped with black when the news came, and how for long afterwards the great crowds of Americans that filed by talked little and gazed gravely, the women often with dim eyes, in tribute to the tragic and noble page newly written in the history of the mother race. Lord Walsley, in his recent autobiography, tells how he once came near sharing such a fate with his men on board the Transit, bound for India, when she struck a rock in a dead calm. He was a young lieutenant then, but his vivid recollection of the event has not waned in nearly half a century.

"The bugles sounded our regimental call, and we all ran down to our men, who were still below, cleaning up after their breakfast. All the troops were carried on the main deck, except one company, which was on the deck below, and situated well forward. It was a horrible quarter, below the water level, and lit only by one solitary candle lantern. Each company took it for a week in turn, and it was my company's luck to be the unfortunate occupants when the ship struck. Upon reaching the headland lower region, I formed the men, half on one side, half on the opposite side of the deck.

"There we stood in deadly silence, and I knew not for how long. The abominable candle in the lantern sputtered and went out. We were in almost absolute darkness, our only glimmer of light coming down through a small hatchway which was reached by a narrow ladder. The ship began to sink by the stern, so it was evident to all that we hung on a rock forward. The angle of our deck with the sea-level became gradually greater, until at last we had to hold on to the sides of our dark submarine prison. My predominant feeling was of horrid repugnance to the possibility, which became the probability, of being drowned in the dark, like a rat in a trap. I should have liked to have a swim for my life at the last, the supreme moment; but that would be impossible, if the abominable ship should slip off the rock."

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All found refuge on a coral island, whence in due time another vessel carried them to their destination; and the future field-marshal proceeded with a lighter kit, but the richer for a precious experience in the value of discipline.—Youth's Companion.

Eggs as a Tribute to the King. Formerly, at the approach of Easter, all the hen roosts of France were ransacked for the largest eggs, which were brought as a tribute to the king. At the conclusion of the Easter high mass in the chapel of the Louvre lackeys brought into the royal enbree pyramids of gilded eggs, placed them in baskets adorned with verdure; and the chaplain, after having blessed them, distributed them in the presence of his most Christian majesty to all persons about the court.

The One Failure. These schools for journalism are great things. Final examinations were recently held for the students at Kansas University who are taking the course in journalism, and only one student failed to pass. He was an experienced newspaper man.—Springfield Republican.

HUNTING OPHIS'S LIONS.

When Dr. Karl Peters made his famous journey, during which he discovered what he says positively is the Land of Ophis of the Bible, he had some thrilling adventures with lions and leopards.

He tells this story about one of these encounters:

"A negro came into camp and reported that three lions had been seen entering a thicket near the river. My companion, Bloeker, and I took our stations near it, being posted down the river and I taking my position near a great tree.

"The blacks circled the thicket with howls and yells and fired shots into it. Almost immediately the bushes parted and with a tremendous, thundering roar a magnificent lion bounded out. He came galloping straight toward the tree and I fired without having the opportunity to take careful aim.

"My shot was a clean miss. I prepared to give him the second shot out of my double-barreled rifle and waited in order to get a good chance. But he changed his tactics at the same moment that I gave him my first shot, and sprang at me.

"Four blacks stood between me and the beast at this moment, they having rushed into the way at the critical mo-

ment. Hardly had they appeared in his line of approach, before they were down, struck low by the terrible fore-paws, with which he swept through them like a reaper using a scythe.

"Barely had they gone down before he leaped straight to my side and fell on a fifth negro, who had stepped from behind the tree. He pulled the man to the ground, ripped his talons into the body, seized his victim by the shoulder with his mighty teeth and shook him as if he were a mouse.

"I sprang aside far enough to get into line to shoot; the lion was only three feet from me now. At this short range I sent my second bullet into him. I had to aim a bit too high, as I feared to hit the man under him. At the same time I dared not aim high enough to smash his backbone, as I feared that I might miss, owing to the frantic motions of the furious beast.

"As soon as I struck him, the lion dropped his prey and turned at me. For a moment we stood face to face. He looked at me with his eyes green with rage. At this moment I saw, from the corner of my eye, that my gun bearer was running away and with him went my cartridges. I clubbed my empty gun on the instant to fight for my life, but little expecting to save it.

"The lion crouched, roared and fell in his tracks. Before I realized it, he crawled toward the high grass and disappeared in it.

"He was dying, and a little later we found his body, only a few feet away; but dying as he was, he still managed to cripple another negro for life; for as he crept into the grass, one of the beaters ran directly into him, and with one blow of his paw he tore the man's left hip clean off."—New York Press.

A TEST OF DISCIPLINE.

English annals show many fine examples of discipline in disaster at sea, and both the army and the navy share in the credit of them. Most persons remember the magnificent courage and coolness displayed by the men of the ill-fated Victoria, which was rammed by the Camperdown, in 1853. Many remember, too, how the model of the vessel at the World's Fair in Chicago was draped with black when the news came, and how for long afterwards the great crowds of Americans that filed by talked little and gazed gravely, the women often with dim eyes, in tribute to the tragic and noble page newly written in the history of the mother race. Lord Walsley, in his recent autobiography, tells how he once came near sharing such a fate with his men on board the Transit, bound for India, when she struck a rock in a dead calm. He was a young lieutenant then, but his vivid recollection of the event has not waned in nearly half a century.

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Use Plenty of Seed.

It is advisable, in order to start a pasture, to first plow the land deep and narrow well, thereby rendering the earth fine and in good condition for the seed. In selecting seed it is best to choose the varieties of grasses that are known to be adapted to the soil and climate, but be careful to use enough seed. Economy in seed is extravagance, a loss being the result in the end. When land is plowed in the fall sow lime on the surface and leave it there. A good start is everything, and the greater the variety of grasses the better the variety of pasture. As some lands have been laid to grass for permanent pasture, it is important to warn farmers against the practice of turning stock upon new pastures. Nothing is more injurious, not so much by the cropping of the grass as from the constant treading of the animals, and, though a few months' deprivation of the field may be a little inconvenient at first, the ultimate benefits to the field will be permanent and lasting.

High Class Eggs.

I do not think it would be possible to get as good an egg yield as I report without the best of care in feeding. My poultry have been fed three times a day, just as early as possible. A duck ten weeks old will cost less than half what one will four months old, and will bring just as much money. Early chicks no larger than quail will often bring more money than those that are kept twice as long. During nearly the entire four months in which my eggs were sold, as reported, the hucksters were paying but seven cents per dozen in cash, and the grocers eight cents in trade; but by contracting my eggs to a large boarding house, warranting every egg to be fresh, and seeing that it was so, I received always two cents or more above the market price. When no nest eggs are left in the nests, and one person gathers the eggs every day, keeps them in a cool place, and markets regularly on a given day each week, it is perfectly safe to warrant the eggs, for they cannot be otherwise than perfectly fresh and good.—Southern Farmer.

Beginners in Gardening.

As there are a hundred and one details in gardening, and several different varieties of each vegetable, the beginner should procure books on gardening, which can be had of any seedsmen, and also permit the seedsmen to select for him the varieties most suitable for his location, as an inexperienced person will easily make mistakes in selection. The seed catalogues describe methods of planting, but some varieties of vegetables are better adapted for stock feeding than for the table, while some are early in maturing and others are late. Frequently two crops may be had on the same plot during the year, such as early peas followed by late cabbage, or turnips follow onions, but the soil must be rich and well supplied with manure or fertilizer. One advantage with a small garden is that during very dry periods some of the crops can be watered by the use of a hose and sprinkler. Inexperienced persons should not expect complete success the first year, but there is nothing too difficult to learn, and the second season will prove satisfactory if the weather does not become too dry.—Philadelphia Record.

Sheep on the Farm.

A number of years ago every farmer kept a few sheep, through an absolute necessity of supplying the family with wool for making winter clothing and stockings, regardless of any other value they were to him. How cheerful it was to the farmer to hear the hum of the spinning wheel as his good wife manufactured the wool into yarn, and the girls of the family were busy knitting stockings for the family instead of reading worthless novels, as a great many do at the present day. These clothes were not so fine as now-a-days, but they were thick and warm, and wore two or three times as long, as the present machine articles. But since the introduction of machine made clothing, sheep are not appreciated as they deserve. Of course a great many farmers keep a few sheep, but in many cases they are not kept and managed to make the most profit. It is much the practice with farmers, as soon as they are sheared to turn them out to the woods or distant pasture, and very seldom see them, and when they are brought to the barn they look like a bunch of burrs. The value of sheep in cleaning and renovating old fields is too great to be overlooked by the farmer; especially when so many have poor, briery and bushy farms. The farmer must bear in mind that sheep to be of the most profit must be well cared for at all times. The demand of the manufacturers will likely never decrease, and a ready market will be found at good prices at all times, so that wool-growing is and always will be one of the most valuable farm industries. A good flock of sheep is the best helper, not only in filling the purse, but in keeping up the condition of the land without really any extra expense, that is within the reach of all. One thing should be remembered that they make a very great mistake, and submit to annual loss of more importance than they imagine, in the absence of a good flock of sheep.—An Ohio Farmer, in the Epitomisist.

Provide for Early Vegetables.

Give directions about making a simple hotbed, so that a woman who is ambitious to have a better vegetable garden can make the bed herself, and make the garden, too. I am tired of having to use inferior vegetables, simply because the men folk "have no time for truck." In my judgment the first essential to a decent home in the country is a good vegetable garden. This ought to include room for such luxuries as will make the farmer's table the most inviting in the world. A simple hotbed can be made by taking horse manure with the straw or litter that is used for bedding, half and half, or two-thirds manure, and piling in a heap, four or five feet high, with the top level. This will ferment probably, without applying water—possibly not. Now turn this heap three or four times, mixing it very thoroughly each time. When it is well fermented, make your bed. This can be in the ground, or on the ground, as you please. It is well to build it of brick, for then it will remain permanently; but if not build of thick boards. If you dig out a foot of soil fill in litter or any coarse stuff, for a sort of bottom drainage; on this pack two or three feet of manure you have prepared, treading it down in layers. On top of this spread on inch or two of leaf mould, and on top of that four or five inches of fine garden soil—just as fine as you can get it. Some people prefer to build on the top of the ground, as that saves digging, and insures good drainage. The frame, when done, should slope toward the south or southeast—about six to eight inches higher at the back than at the front. The glass in the sash should be so laid as to shed rain. When the soil in the hotbed is warm enough you can tell by feeling of it. Look out to open your hotbed in the sunshine, or it will be very quickly burned. The sash should lie within four or five inches of the dirt. Another point to look out for is sowing seed too thickly, and in rows too close together. Better get your carrier plants transplanted, and then fill in the spaces with other sorts. Thin sowing gives stout plants; others will not be worth setting out.—E. P. Powell, in Tribune Farmer.

Dairy Notes.

If possible, milk the cow you intend to buy at least once before making up your mind. No fair-minded man can object to your doing this; if he does, look somewhere else for your cow.

It is worth a good deal to be able to tell a good cow when we see one. Many rules have been laid down for the guidance of the man who sets out to buy but after all the best and safest guide is the word of an honest man, the man who wants to sell.

It is not true that any kind of salt will do for dairy butter. Salt has a great deal to do with the quality and keeping properties of butter. Only the best should, therefore, be used. It may cost a trifle more to buy it, but the return will make up for that in a short time.

I read the advice you gave to milkers about holding the cow's tail with the knee against the pail. Try a weight, one or two pounds, with a wire to it for a hook; hang it to the brush while milking, or a string with a wire hook. Tie the string to the ceiling behind the cow, then hitch the hook to the brush of the tail.