

The President of Brown University advocates taking children at 2½ years old and educating them in public kindergartens.

The New York Advertiser alleges that in the West there are large rooms wholly papered with mining stocks that have proved worthless.

Corn is being very generally used as fuel in Central Iowa, the farmers claiming that the prevailing price would not pay the cost of husking and marketing.

The pastor of the Congregational Church at Flint, Mich., proposes to run an opposition to the saloons by opening his church as a sort of clubhouse on Saturdays, that the farmers and others may have a place to meet and warm themselves.

Imprisonment for debt seems to be becoming common once more in England, especially in the mining and manufacturing districts, 7628 persons having been sent to jail for that cause in 1894, while 7775 were sentenced for all varieties of crime.

New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey pay larger salaries to their Governors than any other States in the Union. The Governor's salary in each of the three States named is \$10,000 a year. New York also provides an executive mansion for her Governor to live in.

A scandal in English naval affairs is the bad treatment of boys on certain men-of-war. Several have so badly self-mutilated themselves by slashing or biting their muscles or making themselves deaf with salt in the ears that they have had to leave the service, which was the object they strove to attain.

Ex-Governor Shepherd says that eighty per cent. of the persons he saw tilling the fields in Germany last summer were women. The men were for the most part in the army, and splendid soldiers they make, according to Mr. Shepherd, who saw 4000 of them marching through the streets of Berlin. They remind him of the Western troops Sherman led up Pennsylvania avenue at the close of the war. "If William ever lets his war dogs slip at the hosts of France there won't be anything left of the latter," says Governor Shepherd. But there are others who think differently after looking at the French troops.

A writer in the Outlook says that some years ago a friend of his wrote a short story which a magazine accepted and paid \$50 for. The years went by and the story still rested snugly in the safe. Meanwhile the author of the tale had become an industrious man of letters and had achieved some little reputation. He one day met the editor, whom he had come to know, and asked him when he intended to print that story. The editor replied that he could not tell, but probably not in the immediate future. "The writer went home and thought the thing over, and then asked the editor for the privilege of buying the story back. The editor assenting to this, the author gave him \$50 and received back his story. He read it over, made a few minor changes in it, put a new title to it, had it typewritten, and then sent it back to the editor of the same magazine from whom he had just bought it. In a short time came a check for \$150 and a call from an illustrator who had received an assignment to make pictures for it. The editor intended to publish it immediately.

Miss Lilian Bell, the clever Chicago authoress, prints rather a caustic view of "The Man Under Thirty-Five" in the Ladies' Home Journal. She asserts that conversation with a man under thirty-five "is impossible, because the man under thirty-five never converses; he only talks. And your chief accomplishment, of being a good listener, is entirely thrown away on him, because he does not in the least care whether you listen or not. Neither is it of any use for you to show that he has surprised or shocked you. He cares not for your approval or disapproval. He is utterly indifferent to you, not because you do not please him, but because he has not seen you at all. He knows you are there in that chair; he bows to you in the street, oh, yes! He knows your name and where you live. But you are only an entity to him, not an individual. He cares not for your likes and dislikes, your cares, or hopes, or fears. He only wants you to be pretty and well dressed. Have a mind if you will. He will not know it. Have a heart and a soul. They do not concern him. He wants you to be tailor-made. You are a girl to him. That's all."

THE SUMMER OF THE HEART.

For all the wintry flakes of frost it's summer time somewhere—
Violets in the valleys, bird songs in the air;
The chilly winds have only blown the lily-lips apart—
It's summer in the world, my dear, and summer in the heart!
For all the gray skies glooming it's summer in the dells—
In the merry song of reapers, in the tinkling of the bell;
The sweet south-skies are brightening as with springtime's magic art—
But the sweetest summer, dearest, is the summer in the heart!
Still, still the birds are singing, and still the groves are green;
And still the roses redden, and the loyal lilies lean;
Love fades not with the season, when summer days depart,
It's summer still, my dearest, in the Eden of the heart!
F. L. Stanton.

"A NICE BOY."

HE lives in a ladies' club," continued Dick, looking down at his boots.

"How nice!" sighed his sister, and forgot her immediate hatred of the lady in question.

"There's a beastly little buttons who thinks himself somebody, and he says he can't show me upstairs because it isn't guest day. Like to know when guest day is? I'm sure I've tried every day in the week, too."

"I fancy you have," she murmured.

"I thought, perhaps," said Dick, without heeding her comment, "that we might do a theatre one night, just we three, don't you know, Kit? She wants to know you awfully," he added quite as an afterthought.

"Oh, yes," said Kit sceptically, "they all do. Will she go in the pit, though?"

Her brother jumped out of his chair and said something not very softly.

"What's the matter? Have I done anything?" asked Kit in rather a harsh tone.

"Did you say pit?" shouted Dick, wrathfully. "I take Pauline in the pit? Pauline?"

"Well, you always take me in the pit, and I generally pay my share," complained his sister, taking an increased interest in her embroidery; "but, of course, I am not Pauline."

Dick, being at the stage when a man does not analyze any remarks except made by the one person, was a little mollified, and sat down again.

"No," he said gravely, "no, you're not; and you haven't met her, either."

"I have taken a box at the Haymarket for Thursday evening," said Dick presently, in rather a strained voice. He was lighting a cigar as he made this announcement, and he wasted two or three matches in the attempt and began talking about Bryant and May without the least occasion for it. Kit dropped her embroidery on the floor and stared at him.

"A box, Dick?"

"Yes, a box, Kit! You are very touchy, you are, this evening. I was going to ask you to come, too," he went on in an absent way as if he were thinking about something else.

"Yes, you will want a chaperon, of course," said Kit. "Who else is coming, Dick?"

"Who else?—oh, what?—who else? Why, Pauline, of course; I've told you that already, Kit."

"But besides Pauline?" she said patiently.

"Oh, I don't know. That's enough, isn't it?"

"I've no doubt that will be enough for you, but I don't want to sit by myself all the evening. You'll have to ask Charlie Weymouth, too."

"Oh, I can't ask Charlie Weymouth," said Dick, with great dignity; "we've had a row."

"That doesn't matter. You're always having rows, but they're never of the least importance. You ask him, Dick, or else I shan't go," and Kit spoke decisively. If there was any capital to be made out of the situation she meant to make it.

"But Pauline's coming," said Dick in a surprised tone, "and she really wants to know—"

"Yes, I've heard that before," said Kit, impatiently. "I mean, of course, I want to see her, too, Dick, but it will be all the nicer for you if I have somebody to talk to. I'll tell Charlie to come. Good-night; I'm going to bed."

When she got into her room she took her brother's photograph off the table and stroked it with her finger, with a queer little frown on her face. Then she jerked it back again to its proper place and went and stood by the open window and looked at the street lamps until a hansom cab rattled past with a man and a girl inside in evening dress. Then she shivered a little and laughed at herself and went back to the room which she had just left.

"Dick, I'm awfully afraid I wasn't a bit sympathetic," she began abruptly.

Dick hastily thrust something into his breast pocket and dropped two letters and made a plunge after them under the table.

"What's the row?" he said crossly, coming up again with a red face. "I wish you wouldn't disturb a chap so suddenly. I do like a woman to move about quietly. What's the good of being a woman if you can't do that? What do you want?"

"Oh, nothing; I forgot my book," said Kit, and went away without it.

On the day after this conversation Dick met Charlie Weymouth in the

Strand about 8 o'clock in the evening. Dick's mind was occupied with one subject only at that instant, so when Weymouth smote him on the shoulder and said, "Hallo, Dick!" it took him some moments to collect his thoughts sufficiently to reply in a suitable manner.

"Good business!" he said joyfully; "just the man I wanted to see."

His remark was not solely prompted by the exigencies of the moment, though Charlie Weymouth thought it was, and smiled cynically. Dick hailed a hansom and bade the driver take them to a restaurant.

"Got something to tell you, Charlie, so come and have a chop," he began, as carelessly as possible.

Weymouth lit a cigar and smiled cynically again. It was not difficult to play the cynic to Dick's confidence.

"You need not tell me much, my boy; it's written all over your face," he said, dryly. "Who is she, eh?"

Dick pushed his hat on the back of his head and smiled vaguely.

"Oh, of course; there never is any news to tell you. You always do know everything before you are told, don't you? Perhaps you can better tell me? Oh, go on; don't mind me. I suppose Kit told you the rest as well, didn't she?"

"She told me about the box, yes. I'm coming on Thursday, of course. Now, who is she, please? Kit said her name is Pauline, but that's all she said."

Dick was quite sure at that moment that there was only one Pauline in the world, but he explained that her second name was Ducombe.

"Duncombe? Pauline Ducombe? Oh! I said the other slowly."

"You'll see her on Thursday, and then you won't wonder I was struck," Dick rattled on, happily. "I met her at the Academy conversations, you know. By Jove, isn't her 'Queen of Sheba' strong! Have you seen it? Can't think what she sees in me. Actually asked me to point out my picture to her, and didn't say a word about its being skied, and said there was tone in it? Have you got the cheek to say a woman can't criticize? But you don't mean to say you haven't heard of her? Pauline Ducombe? Why, all the world's talking about her picture. It's the hit of the season," Dick went on until he found that his companion was not listening and that his cigar had gone out.

"You're as bad as Kit," he grumbled. "I never can get any one to listen to me for five minutes together. Wait until you see her, that's all."

"I needn't wait, old man. I know her slightly by repute already. I have seen her, too. Is it really Pauline Ducombe?"

"That's what I'm always asking myself," said Dick, with a contented laugh. Weymouth drew away his hand abruptly.

"Here we are," he said, and paid the cabman in spite of Dick's remonstrances. "This is my show," he said, when they had selected a table in the restaurant.

"What for?" said Dick, hotly. "I asked you to come and dine with me. You think you're all there because you're going to walk on in the new piece next week. What on earth are you doing it for?"

"Because, I made you come here," said Weymouth, quietly, but he need not have trouble to explain, for Dick was staring straight at a table in the opposite corner of the room.

"We will have some soup," added Charlie to the waiter who was lingering for their order. "It's warm in here," he went on, selecting a sardine.

"It's Pauline!" said Dick, softly, still staring at the distant table.

"Yes? Not alone, surely? Ah—no."

"Father, I suppose," said Dick, making a feint of swallowing some soup.

"Oh, no, I should think not," said his companion, with the usual smile. "That's not her father. That's the Duke."

"Duke? What Duke?" asked Dick, resentfully.

"The soup is not so good as usual. What Duke? Oh, the one who always dines with here. They said they were engaged. Seems probable, as she is a decent girl enough."

When they had got their fish, Weymouth turned once more to Dick.

"Clear up, old man! You've only seen her once or twice, and you're well out of it. If you weren't such a maiden, this sort of thing would have happened to you before. It won't do you any harm, anyway. I'll get you a fourth for Thursday, and stand supper afterwards. Ah—have some Chablis."

But Dick had pushed back his chair, and motioned to the astonished waiter for his hat and stick. His face was rather set, but otherwise he did not seem disturbed, and he smiled as he held out his hand.

"I'm afraid I can't wait any longer. I promised Kit not to be late. If you really mean you can't come on Thursday we'll get some one else, only let me know in time, won't you? Goodby."

Charlie watched him, and forgot to curl his lip as he saw him make a deliberate circuit of the room in order to pass close by the table in the opposite corner.

"Who's the boy who bowed to you?" asked the Duke.

"Oh! that's Dick Hallett, a nice boy I met at Burlington House the other night, and have seen once or twice since. He'll paint rather well some day, but he wants a lot of teaching. We're going to the theatre one evening, Wednesday, I think; I expect it means upper boxes or something awful. He's a nice boy. Are you going to be jealous?"

"Depends on who is going to do the teaching," said the Duke.

"Pauline's not been altogether a

success, do you think?" said Weymouth to his companion, as they waited for a cab after the performance at the Haymarket on the following Thursday.

"What do you mean? I like her," said Kit, whether from conviction, or from loyalty to Dick it would be hard to say.

"Oh, yes; she's delightful," said Charlie, who never allowed himself to be snubbed for a moment, "but she's not going to marry Dick for all that."

Kit drew her hand abruptly out of his arm. "Can't you see further than that?" she said scornfully. "It's Dick who doesn't want her any more. Perhaps you know what changed him? I don't."

In another hansom, hurrying in the direction of Maida Vale, Dick Hallett was developing the situation he had made for himself three nights ago at dinner. When a man has spent all his life in being afraid of unimportant people, such as shopmen and post-office girls, it is difficult for him to realize that he is expected to take the initiative with the woman he loves. Yet this is what Dick was forcing himself to do as the hansom rolled along to Maida Vale, and Pauline Ducombe sat by his side.

"I don't believe you like me to lecture you on your work," said Pauline, breaking off suddenly in a dissertation on method, which she had merely begun by way of filling an awkward pause. There had been many awkward pauses that evening, and to Pauline Ducombe they appeared in the light of a novel experience.

"Oh, I don't mind in the least," said Dick, candidly; "you see, you know I never so much more than I do about painting."

"Only about painting?" she cried, piqued.

Dick thought carefully. "I'm not sure," he said, and he looked straight in front of him at the rain trickling down the glass.

"That's evasive," she said, shrugging her shoulders; and she repeated her question, "only about painting?"

"Oh, perhaps not," he replied indifferently.

"What else, then?"

"It doesn't matter, does it?"

"What else, I say?"

"How can I tell you what I don't know myself?" persisted Dick, and imagined that he was going to silence her.

"Why do I ask you, if I know already?"

"Well, I don't think you need exactly," he said, with simple directness, while she tapped her fan angrily against the window ledge.

"How insufferably serious you are this evening," she said contemptuously.

"I'm very sorry," said Dick; "what do you want me to do?"

"To be like you were the other evening," she answered quickly.

Dick drew in his breath and looked out the side window. "I'm afraid I can't," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because it isn't the other evening."

"No," cried Pauline in a mocking tone; "there isn't your picture to talk about, nor your aspirations, nor the sister you wanted me to meet."

"No, I don't want to talk about those any more. Are you tired? We are nearly there."

"Yes, and you are glad, aren't you?"

"Oh, no," assured Dick; "I am not in the least bit tired."

She leaned back in her corner and tried being disconsolate.

"I don't know what has come over you," she said with a sigh in her voice, "and I had so looked forward to this evening."

"Had you? Yes, it would be a change for you," said Dick with a laugh.

"I don't often get any fun," she went on, without heeding the insinuation. "I am all alone in the world, and people are not often kind. It was the kindness in your face the other night—"

"Shall we have the glass up?" said the inexorable Dick. "It's stopped raining, and it's so stuffy."

"As you like," she said, and the weariness in her voice was real. "I don't much care what happens, if you are going to be like all the rest."

"Then there are plenty more," thought Dick, bitterly. But he was finding it rather hard to hug his grievance.

"Why are you so strange this evening?" asked the complaining voice at his side.

"Oh, I'm all right. You needn't bother me," he said, brusquely. "Here we are, at last."

She said nothing while he dismissed the cabman and followed her up the steps.

"Are they waiting for you, or—"

"No; I have a key," she said, and held it out to him; and as he took it she caught his fingers in hers, and he broke out passionately: "Dick, what have I done to make you so unkind? How dare you treat me thus? What have I done, Dick? What have I done?"

"I am not unkind, Pauline," he said, in a perfectly spiritless tone, and drew the key and his hand away and unlocked the door for her.

For a moment they stood together in the shadow of the portico.

"No, I don't believe you are," she said under her breath; "you despise me. Oh, yes; you despise me." And then, seized with another paroxysm of anger, she cried: "Who are you, to judge me like this? Do you know that if I like, to-morrow I could?"

"Marry a duke? Oh, yes; I know," he said, and stood aside to let her pass.

"No," she said, stamping her foot in the hall within, and bewitching him all over again by her mere personality. "No! You were a little too quick that time, Dick. Not marry

a Duke; but why not refuse one! Au revoir!"

He sprang into the hall just as the door was closing and caught her in his arms.

"Pauline! One moment. What an awful ass I've been! But to see you dining with him, when I had believed in you so thoroughly; and to find that every one else had known it; and, Pauline—"

"What a thing it is to be a good boy!" she said, with a pout. Dick bestowed something in the neighborhood of the pout that dispelled it, and sprang back into the cold again, while she slowly shut the door.

"I have dined with him lots of times," she said through the chink; "and I've no doubt he thinks now—"

"What?" shouted Dick, furiously, although the policeman was within hearing.

"What I shall tell him to-morrow is all nonsense," she said softly, and shut the door in his face.

"Did you go on teaching that nice boy of yours last night?" asked the Duke, when he strolled into her studio the next afternoon.

"No," said Pauline, measuring her model's chin with her brush; "no. He's a nicer boy than I thought. And he's been teaching me."

The Duke looked as though he found this piece of information rather disquieting. "Anyhow, you'll come and dine to-night?" he said, a little sulky.

"To-night? Let me see—to-night—oh, I can't. I'm going to have a high tea with Dick and his sister."

"Good heavens! High tea with a man's sister!"

"Yes," said Pauline, with a peal of laughter. "Do you know, I really believe it is going to be serious this time. I always told you he was a nice boy!"—St. Paul's.

WISE WORDS.

When the last sunshine of expiring day in summer twilight creeps itself away, who hath not felt the softness of the hour sink on the heart—as dew along the flower?—Byron.

The press was not granted by monarchs; it was not gained for us by aristocracies; but it sprang from the people, and with an immortal instinct, it has always worked for the people.—Disraeli.

The great high road of human welfare lies along the highway of steadfast will-doing, and they who are the most persistent and work in the truest spirit will invariably be the most successful.—S. Smiles.

Who swerves from innocence, who makes disuse of that serene companionship, a good name, recovers not his loss; but walks with shame, with doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse.—Worsworth.

It is a high, solemn, almost awful, thought for every individual man that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never, through all ages, were he the very meaneast of us, have an end.—Carlyle.

It is no man's business whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced results of such work will be always the thing God meant him to do, and will be his best.—Ruskin.

Though we do nothing, Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue. But the difference which follows upon good actions is infinite from that of ill ones.—Feltman.

It is in the most part in our skill in manners, and in the observance of time and place, and of decency in general, that what is called taste consists; and which is in reality no other than a more refined judgment. The cause of a wrong taste is a defect of judgment.—Burke.

Old Tom Logan's Jest.

Old Tom Logan, who stood at the head of the Oregon bar for a great many years, was an inveterate wag as well as a most brilliant and able lawyer. Most of the anecdotes told of Logan's court room encounters will not bear publication, but here is one that will:

One day Logan was arguing a case before Chief Justice Greene, of the Supreme Court of what was at that time the Territory of Washington; opposed to him was a backwoods lawyer named Browne. Logan continually referred to the counsel on the other side as though his name were spelled "Brown," to the evident annoyance of that gentleman. At last the Judge interferred, remarking:

"Mr. Logan, the gentleman's name is spelled 'B-r-o-w-n-e,' and is pronounced 'Brown,' not 'Brown.' Now, my name is spelled 'G-r-o-o-n-e,' but you would not pronounce it 'Greany,' would you?"

"That," replied Logan, gravely, but with a merry twinkle in his eye, "depends entirely on how your Honor decides this case."—New York Mail and Express.

Latest Feat in Photography.

Photography has had many triumphs. One of the latest is associated with the name of Professor Macey, famous for his feats in instantaneous work. He has just succeeded in photographing a dragon fly on the wing—an operation which necessitated an exposure of only one-twenty-five-thousandth of a second. The photographic part of the performance is wonderful enough, and surely, as the Photogram says, some credit should be awarded to the man capable of accurately dividing a second in 25,000 parts. Certainly a man who can compute the twenty-five thousandth part of a second can compute anything.—Westminster Gazette.



CULTURE OF GINSENG.

Ginseng has not been successfully grown under ordinary cultivation. It is of so wild a nature that when removed from the natural beds in the woods it refuses to grow, just as some wild animals refuse to eat in confinement, and starve. It may, however, be propagated by culture in woodland of the right kind, that is, with a moist soil, shaded by a northern exposure, and having a good depth of black vegetable soil. It grows from cuttings of the roots with ease, but so far the sowing of the seed has not been found successful. It may be, however, that by choosing the right soil and locality, the seed will grow.—New York Times.

THE COLT'S TEETH.

In the colt the incisor and the first three molars on each jaw are always temporary and replaced by permanent teeth sometime during the animal's life. The last three molars are always permanent and are never replaced. The teeth make their appearance as follows: The two middle incisors and the first three molars make their appearance before or some days after birth, the first laterals four or six weeks after birth, second laterals or corner teeth, six or nine months after birth, the fourth molar (first permanent ones) is cut at from ten to twelve months of age.

At two and one-half years the middle incisors and the first and second molars are replaced. At the same time the fifth molar is cut. At three and one-half the first lateral incisors and the third molar are replaced. At four and one-half the corner teeth are replaced, and the sixth molar is cut. In case of a male the canine teeth are also replaced at four and one-half.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

A NEW FEED PLANT.

One of the new plants about which there has been considerable inquiry of late is cassava, a plant which grows chiefly in the West Indies and Africa.

The plant closely resembles the castor bean; the leaf is like that of the bean, but not so large. The seeds form a smooth pod, and, when ripe, resemble the castor bean seed, though hardly so large nor dark. They ripen in about eleven months.

The stalk will stand thirty-two degrees of cold, and where the mercury does not fall lower than this will live and grow for years. If the soil is rich, and it has sufficient distance, it will grow almost to a tree in one year.

The Southern Cultivator gives the following description of the plant: A cultivated field of this queer shrub looks like a nursery of young peach trees. The plant grows about five feet high, the stem of each being isolated, with a few long, pointed leaves at the top, and a bud or projecting nucleus of a sprout at nearly every inch of the otherwise naked stem. Dig down a bit, and you will find a cluster of irregular-shaped tubers, resembling very large, long parsnips, five or six to the plant, weighing twenty-five or thirty pounds. The roots only are eaten. When a field has been harvested the stems are chopped into pieces about four inches long, and these are planted. They take root at the nodes, or joints, and sprouts appear above ground in two or three weeks. The bitter kind used in Brazil (manihot utilisissima) requires two years to perfect a crop, while the sweet variety grown in Florida (manihot api) will make a crop in seven or eight months.

According to the journal quoted, for horses, mules, cows, hogs, etc., there is no root that will compare with it. No stock, however, will be apt to eat it at the first trial, but when offered them two or three times, when hungry, before food they like is given, they begin to relish it, and no further trouble is known. It should be pulled up and thrown to hogs, as they waste it if turned on the patch, for it very soon spoils, crude, in the open air. For other animals, it should be brushed clean and washed well. All the peeling may be left for the stock, but not for human food.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Make a note of desirable beauties for next season's planting.

Pot a few more bulbs for succession of bloom in the window garden.

Cacti should be watered sparingly from now on, allowing them to take their winter's rest.

It is not well to give the calla too much pot room, for foliage may thus be produced instead of flowers.

Give the window plants as much air as possible on warm days, and make arrangements for protecting the outdoor plants on cold nights.

The hardy chrysanthemums outside may be made to bloom until after several hard frozings, if the blossoms are slightly protected at night.

Carefully inspect every plant brought into the house to discover any lurking insects, and give each plant a thorough syringing before setting on the plant shelves.

Jasminum grandiflorum is a beautiful vine for the window garden, and sure to give satisfaction; give it a light, sunny situation, and occasional applications of liquid manure.

Have you laid in a supply of cabbage for the hens this winter? A cabbage head hung up in the scratching pen will furnish employment for the hens, and will do them good. Cabbage is cheap too.

have been kept. The best solution is one ounce of corrosive sublimate in eight gallons of water, applied with a broom or mop, after standing twenty-four hours. It is very poisonous, and loses its virtue in proportion to the amount of dirt present, hence the house, woodwork, etc., should be cleaned before applying the disinfectant, and the manure covered with lime. The report contains an interesting paper on three outbreaks of fowl cholera and a hog-cholera-like disease in pigeons.

The most important feature is the report on diphtheria in fowls. Dr. Moore holds that the so-called fowl roup, influenza, and sometimes cholera, are one and the same. In the early stages of this disease, the exudations are frequently of a serous or mucous character, and often fowls die before the diphtheritic condition appears. The disease usually runs a slow, chronic course, from which the majority of afflicted fowls recover, although it may run a rapid, fatal course. Treatment consists largely in disinfecting the premises, letting in sunlight, and giving the fowls plenty of exercise, pure drinking water, dry quarters and a good food; also in removing the mucus in advanced stages. This trouble can probably be prevented entirely by such sanitary methods, if precautions are taken not to introduce the disease by buying affected fowls. The diphtheria germ in fowls is in no way like that in man, but it is claimed to be possible for diphtheritic fowls to transmit the disease to children, and vice versa. This disease is not to be confounded with true fowl cholera.—American Agriculturist.

After every large corn crop there is always a brisk demand for young pigs the following spring. Farmers who have witnessed many such times in their lives always calculate to save a goodly number of breeding sows to be mated early in December, and farrow the last of March or first of April. The period of gestation in a sow is about sixteen weeks, though it sometimes overruns that two or three days. Whether pork is cheap or dear, breeding sows will always be a source of profit when their pigs are sold while still small. The most rapid growth of the pig, and that which costs the least, is made before it is 100 pounds weight. Such pigs will also sell for more per pound than those that are larger. It is not uncommon when pigs are dear for purchasers to pay very nearly as much for the growing pig as it will sell for when fattened. The sow that is bearing pigs will also sell for much more than her value for food.

The large, coarse sows are best for breeding, but they should be mated with a small and fine boned boar. By thus breeding the pigs will be kept easily, and grow to a larger size than pigs that are pure bred on both sides.—Boston Cultivator.

The symptoms of milk fever are as follows: The animal suddenly becomes unable to stand, and lies in great pain, moaning; in a short time the pain increases until the animal becomes frantic, dashing the head from side to side, sometimes breaking the horns, and bruising the face seriously. Then stupor occurs, and the animal lies with the head on the flank, the neck being stiff and rigid. It occurs about the second day after calving, and comes on suddenly, without any warning. If the third day after calving passes without an attack the cow will escape or recover, but death usually occurs the third day after the attack. The treatment is to apply pounded ice in bags to the head and neck, to place plenty of soft straw about the animal, especially about the head; to give a powerful purgative, as two pounds of Epsom salts, with half an ounce of carbonate of ammonia, and the same of nux vomica. The body should be covered with sheets soaked and kept wet with cold water, the water being permitted to run under the body. When there is no frenzy, the ice to the head is not needed. As soon as the bowels operate freely danger is passed. This disease is most frequent with cows either in poor or too high condition, and perfect quietness and very light feeding for a few days before the calving will generally prevent it. For this reason it is advisable for every dairy to have a retired, half dark, quiet place in which to keep the cows for a few days before and three days after calving. With moderate feeding before this occurrence, and this quietness, this disease very rarely happens.—New York Times.

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