

The London Statist concludes that the chief trouble with the Americans is that they want too high a rate of interest on their money.

An Italian scientist who has written a book on "Female Crime in Naples" wherein he shows that there are more women criminals in Naples than in other cities of Italy, observed that there was little drunkenness among them, and that their criminal bent was due mostly to lack of education.

The Denver News says: Colorado has established a record for the largest relative plurality ever given to a Presidential candidate and for the largest pluralities ever given to Congressmen. The State gives about six votes to Bryan and Sewall for each vote given to McKinley and Hobart.

Arkansas justice has set a hot pace, exclaims the St. Louis Star. Will Howard stole a yoke of oxen at 2 o'clock a. m. He was arrested by the police, turned over to a Justice of the Peace, held to the Grand Jury, indicted, tried in the Circuit Court, convicted, and by 11:20 o'clock a. m. was wearing stripes behind the bars of the State penitentiary.

Rats have for years been a pest in Paris, but never more so than now. They teem everywhere, and are said to issue in thousands from the drains, while in outlying districts they scour the streets in hordes, affording fine sport to the policemen, who spit them on sword bayonets. The recent demolition of old houses and stables is supposed to be the cause of the sudden increase in the visible supply of the rodents.

Tree owners have some rights in the trees, even against corporations which string wires, announces the New York Post. It might be supposed that all interested people knew this fact, were it not that the employees of telegraph, telephone and trolley companies so often back and mutilate trees without so much as asking permission, and without incurring any penalty therefor. One tree owner in Pennsylvania refused to suffer in silence, and succeeded in having inflicted upon a gang of depredators a fine of \$50 cash. That was no compensation for the damage done, and even to inflict that penalty cost much effort and the following of the case from a lower court to the Superior Court, where the appeal of the tree hewers that the destruction of the trees was necessary to the operation of the telegraph line was overruled. In discussing the alleged need of more legislation on this subject the Philadelphia Press makes the interesting suggestion that individual proprietorship in trees extend to the trees upon abutting streets. The idea is a good one, as the trees thus situated are most liable to abuse from the stringers of wires.

The Atlanta Journal says: "It was predicted that illicit distilling would decrease as the mountainous regions in which it is most prevalent became more thickly settled and were opened up by railroads. The last report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue shows that this prediction has not been verified. On the contrary illicit distilling has increased steadily during the last twelve years. The Government's methods of detection have been improved and the difficulty of finding a safe hiding place for an illicit distillery has increased, but the determination of the moonshiner to pursue his life he's lived," and she jerked her thumb over her shoulder at the recumbent figure.

"You can tell Bill anything," she said. "Let him know if he's got to pass in his checks, and maybe he'll prepare for it. It's none too good a life he's lived," and she jerked her thumb over her shoulder at the recumbent figure.

"Well, then," I replied, "I may as well be frank. The fact is, I entertain very little hope of your husband's recovery."

"Ye hear that, Bill? Doctor says yer to pass in yer checks, so just yer git redly and do it!"

I was amazed at her cold-blooded tone.

"I know'd it, lass! I know'd it!" Bill replied. "Doctor!" I turned to the bed. "Sit down. Martha, bring the doctor a chair," and the old woman placed one close to the bed for me. When I had seated myself—for I thought it best to humor him—he looked round the room and said:

"Now, I'm a-goin' to make a confession. Don't any of yer git inter-rup-tin', 'cause I can't speak so well." He paused, and then went on:

"'Breath seems terrible short!" Then, turning his head to me, he remarked: "Ye remember that 'ere accident to Jem Barker nigh on a twelvemonth sin'?"

I nodded, for I recollected it perfectly. One of the drivers in the tunnel just outside the town had slipped and fallen on a rail in the dark. A load of earth had passed over his body, breaking his back, and death had resulted almost instantly. He was found shortly afterward, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "accidental death."

"Well," the injured man pursued, "that 'ere accident wor no accident! It wor summat else. I had better tell ye that Jem Barker and I wor mates; he wor called 'Guzzler,' 'cause he

TEMPTATION.
Sin is a gaudy insect on the wing—
A bright dream held to thrill a sense acute—
And in the bloom we do not feel the sting
Revealed at last in bitter, withered fruit.

'Tis nobler to withstand the sudden blast,
Then let it blow thee wheresoe'er it will;
And strength is added unto what thou hast
In toiling up, not sliding down the hill.

—R. N. Saunders, in the Nation's Magazine.

DARKIE'S CRIME.

A WOMAN is in the surgery, sir, and says she must see you at once."

I looked up from my paper at the speaker—Mary, the housemaid—with a weary sigh. The life of a doctor is not, to use a time-worn, and perhaps vulgar, adverb, "all beer and skittles," and certainly mine on that day had not been. Sickness was very prevalent in Colbourne, and the ill of 4000 inhabitants were in the hands of two doctors. Besides, there had been an outbreak of small-pox among the navvies engaged in cutting a new railway to join the Colbourne terminus, and of late we had had our hands full.

"Did the person send in her name?" I enquired.

"No, sir; she said I was to look sharp and ask you to come at once—she repeated 'at once,' sir; and, oh, there was an awful look in her eyes."

I rose and went to the surgery, and there found a young woman. She did not reply to my greeting, but at once plunged into the object of her mission. Her husband, Bill Crossland, had met with an accident on a cutting of the new railway, and had been brought home on a stretcher in a "bad way."

"I will be with your husband in a few minutes," I replied, seeing that the nature of the case demanded my instant attention.

The woman left me, and procuring what I thought necessary, I hurried to the squallid yard in which Bill Crossland lived. Colbourne, like many other small towns, had slums almost as bad as some of those which were told exist in the East End of London, where fevers and other pestilences thrive like weeds in an ill kept garden. The houses in this yard were rickety, and some of them filthy and abominable.

I found the injured man lying on a sofa, which had been improvised into a bed. An old woman was attending to his wants, and by the fireplace an elderly man—a navvy, stood. As I approached the bed, he left the house. My patient was a strong, lusty-looking fellow, with an almost black complexion, crisp black hair and mustache.

I speedily examined his injuries, and found them of a serious nature. His ribs had been severely crushed, and a portion of one had penetrated a lung. But he bore up with wonderful courage, and scarcely emitted a groan when I handled him. Having done everything possible for his comfort, I prepared to leave the house, at the same time beckoning to his wife to follow me, with the idea of warning her of the danger her husband was in. The injured man noticed the motion, and called me.

"Doctor," he said faintly, "there's one thing I want to know. Now tell me—am I done for?"

The question was so pointedly put that it quieted my equilibrium. I began to hesitate in my evasive answer to him, but he quickly stopped me.

"Look here, doctor," he said, in a most determined tone, "I'm a-going to hear the truth from you afore you go. I'll have it out of you, or I'll hieb it out, I will!" and his black eyes gleamed like burning coals.

Again I remonstrated with him, but he would not heed me, and at last his wife interfered.

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could swaller so much drink—like soap suds down a sough, as the sayin' is. I wor called 'Darkie,' 'cause—well, ye can see why if ye look at my physog. I could do a fairish drop 'o liquor at times, but the wust of it wor that we both wor fond 'o the same gell, that 'Liz 'o'er yonder," and he nodded in the direction of his wife, who was seated on a box which stood beneath a window. Her eyes were fixed on the speaker.

"Liz!" he suddenly exclaimed and with somewhat more energy than he had displayed in his narrative, for his breath had failed him several times, "Liz! Don't look at me like that! I canna bear it! I canna!" and he broke off into a long groan.

His wife dropped her eyes, but still sat like a statue, with her hands clasped in her lap. The injured man struggled for breath, and then went on:

"I know'd Liz wor fond 'o Jem, 'cause he wor fair and handsome, but I loved her the bestest. Ay, though we was navvies, doctor, we can love—only some people thinks as how we just pair off like! But they're wrong. Well, to be gettin' on wi' my story. Liz 'ere had no eyes for me when Jem wor about, and I got jealous. All the old friendship 'tween me and Jem wor gone on my side, and I begun to hate 'im. The crisis came one night when I meets Liz a-comin' from the tunnel, which wor then bein' bored. I wor on day duty, and Jem wor workin' at night, 'cause then we worked day and night in shifts. She had 'tween him down some supper, and I could see how things wor goin'. So I up and tells her of me love, and axes her to marry me. Liz treated me better 'an I thowt she would have; she just says, 'Bill, I don't like ye, but I like Jem better, and I've promised 'im.' I wor furious—thet's remember it, I desay, Liz—but she just turns on 'er heel and walks off, sayin' as when the drink wor in the wit wor out! I had to drink, thet's know't. I went down to the tunnel and meets Jem a-comin' out wi' a truck 'o muck—we call earth muck, thet's know't. I didna let him see that I wor angry, so I jist jokes wi' him like. As I wor goin' through the tunnel a thowt struck me; if I wor jist to come up behind Jem, and gie 'im a push in front of the truck, it would perhaps lame 'im, and then perhaps Liz would na be bothered wi' a lame chump. I left the tunnel and went home, but I didna sleep that 'ere night. Next day I took Jem's place driving, and 'twere then I worked out my plans. Thet's know't there be timberers, called side trees, on 'ach side to support the roof 'o the tunnel 'til the brickies take the work in hand, and I thowt as how, if I wor to hide in one of them jist in the darkest place, and when Jem comes on just put out my hand and gie him a push, it would do all I wanted. I shanna forget that 'ere day! The idea grew on me, and when I left work, I made up my mind to do it. So I walks down about 9 o'clock the same night, and jist as I reached the open cutting, I heard Jem wish Liz good night. I wor fair mad wi' jealousy. I had murder in my 'art. Keepin' out 'o sight 'o Liz, I creeps down jist in time to see Jem take the horses back into the tunnel to bring a load 'o muck up. I creeps down in the darkest part, and past the shed where Bob Dalton wor pumpin' air into the tunnel, wi'out bein' seen. I know'd every inch 'o the place, and I ad made up my mind where to hide. I soon 'found it, 'cause I ad put a big stone there. Besides, I ad picked out a spot which wor always vet, 'cause of a spring which we had tapped above, which wor always runnin'. Then it strikes me as how, if I wor to put the stone in Jem's path, he might stumble 'o'er it; so I puts it there. I 'adna long to wait afore em comes down the tunnel, which wor a bit on the incline.

"My 'art begins to thump until I wor afraid Jem might 'ear it, but jist then he comes up to where I had put the stone. He stumbled 'o'er it, and the horse swerved a little, but he nearly recovered himself, and so I puts out my hand and gently pushes 'im. He falls down on the line, and the truck goes 'o'er 'im, 'cause I heard 'im groan. I slipped behind the truck, and out again into the cutting wi'out bein' seen, and bunched off back to the town. I wor scared! Next mornin' I heard as how Jem 'ad met wi' a accident, and that he had stumbled over a stone, supposed to have tumbled from a truck afore him, and the truck 'ad broke his back. I wor a bit sorry at first, and then I begins to be afraid they might trace it to me. But I said nowt to nobody, and the inquest said as how 'twere a accident, and I didna trouble myself. Then Liz and I wor spliced, and though we havena pulled together both the same way, yet I would 'a done anything for her! Thet's know't it, dostina, Liz?"

The woman looked up. Her face was pale in the extreme; her black eyes blazed, and her fingers twitched. She rose and approached the bedside. "Murderer!" she hissed between her clenched teeth.

"Liz! Liz!" the man's voice broke in imploring sobs. "Forgive me! Forgive me! Doctor, and he turned with a piteous look to me, 'ax her to forgive me."

The woman was standing with her hands clenched, and her eyes gleaming—a statue of Fury. I then noticed, for the first time, that she was a remarkably handsome woman, though rather coarse. I went round the bed to her.

"Mrs. Crossland," I said quietly, "your husband may not live through the night. Do not let him go from this world to the next, whatever it may have in store for him, without your forgiveness. Don't you remember the old prayer, 'Father, forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us?'"

The fury gradually died out of the woman's face, her hands unclenched

and tears welled into her eyes. Her bosom heaved as if suppressed sobs were almost bursting it; then, as though the effort were too much, she dropped on her knees beside the bed and sobbed aloud.

Crossland was fast sinking; his breath came in difficult gasps, and his dark visage grew almost ashy pale.

"Liz! Liz!" he murmured faintly, "do you forgive me?"

Still the woman sobbed on. Her grief was poignant—was it for the selfishness of her husband or for the memory of her past love? I asked myself. At last the paroxysm of tears spent itself and the woman became calmer, though she still knelt with her face hidden in her hands. I bent over her and whispered:

"Mrs. Crossland, one word to make him happy. He's dying! Remember the prayer, 'Forgive us our trespasses—'"

She raised her head. There was a new light shining on the tear-stained face.

"Yes," she returned, "we should forgive. Year ago, when I went to a Sunday-school, I was told that! But 'tis hard, sir—so hard—'cause I loved Jem so, and 'im I didna care—"

"Hush!" I raised a warning finger. "His life is ebbing away. Come, Mrs. Crossland."

The name came very faintly. Crossland's hand strayed over the coverlet, and I took hers and placed it within his. She rose, and bending over his forehead, she opened his eyes and met hers, and there he read his forgiveness. A smile of peace and contentment illuminated his features; he slowly closed his eyes and sighed, and on that sigh the stained soul of Darkie Crossland floated over the border to that land from which no traveler returns.—Household Words.

A Washington Story.

It is one of the stock Washington stories, but it is many moons since it has been in print. It is "voiced for" as a perfectly true episode in the career of Mr. Stratford Canning, Minister to our country in the '20s. He was the famous Prime Minister Canning's cousin, and afterwards won the title of Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe.

On a raging, pouring January night the British Minister was about stepping into his carriage for a state dinner at the White House when the axletree snapped like a match. There was no time to lose, and away trotted the coachman with the horses to the nearest livery stable with orders to return at once with any kind of a vehicle. The stableman had sent out everything he had on wheels—carriages being in demand that night—except his hearse. It did not take long for the coachman to make up his mind, so the horses were clapped to the hearse, and in five minutes it dashed up to the Minister's door.

There he stood, watch in hand, waiting in agony for the vehicle, and when the hearse rattled up, in he stepped, with a sigh of relief, and lying down flat on his back was bowled along at a slashing gait to the White House. When the hearse rolled up to the door, naturally it made a sensation, which was increased when a live man crawled out of it. The climax came when the dinner was over, when the departing guests were assembled in the White House lobby. The carriages were called in a stentorian voice. "The Secretary of State's carriage! The Secretary of War's carriage! The Attorney-General's carriage! The British Minister's hearse!"

And up rumbled the hearse, and in he climbed the Minister, and off fared the equipage, the Minister lying on his back with British calmness.—Illustrated American.

Horrible Exhibition of Turkish Brutality

From "A Bystander's Notes of a Massacre," by Yvan Troschne, in Scribner's, we quote as follows:

"One horrible occurrence took place while I was crossing the bridge about half past twelve on Thursday. An old gentleman, an Armenian, stood at the ticket office of the steamboat company, buying his ticket to go to the upper Bosphorus. A policeman came up and rather roughly searched his person. The old gentleman naturally remonstrated with some warmth. The policeman instantly knocked him down, and the policeman knocked him down again. Upon this a Turkish army officer came of a coffee shop, and rebuked the policeman for his brutality to an old man. To justify himself the policeman declared that the old man had cartridges in his pocket. Then some one yelled, 'Kill the Giaour!' In a moment a crowd of ruffians sprang forward from, no one knows what lurking places and in less time than it takes to tell they had beaten out the old man's brains on the planks in front of the steamer wharf. Two small Armenian boys stood by, paralyzed with terror at this sudden exhibition of passions of which they had no idea. One of the bludgeoned men noticed them and shouted out, 'These also are Armenians!' In a moment more the crying, pleading boys had been beaten to death before the eyes of the officers and of the horror-stricken passengers who were waiting for the steamer. But neither officers, nor police, nor passengers, had aught to say to the murderers."

A Rabbit Pest.

The rabbit, introduced into Australia, has now overrun that continent to such an extent as to demand special legislation for its suppression. Some 2000 men are employed in New South Wales alone in the destruction of this rodent. Since 1870 Victoria has voted considerably over \$500,000 for the destruction of the rabbit.

A revival is noted in the phosphate industry at Fort Ogden, Fla.



A LITTLE GRAIN FOR YEARLINGS.

The first winter of any young animal, either colt or calf, it has a hard time. In most cases it shows the fact plainly by rough, staring coat, indicating disordered digestion. A little grain with the coarse fodder, if only a quart of oats daily, or its equivalent in meal or bran, will give much more gain than its cost. A quart of oats a day is less than a bushel per month, or only four or five bushels until the animal can be put on pasture again.—Boston Cultivator.

STOCK WITH GOOD LUNG.

In selecting breeding stock of any kind, a deep chest and broad nostrils are prime requisites for animals that are sure to give satisfaction. These are the indications of naturally good breathing apparatus. If this has not been impaired by disease or misuse the animal, other things being equal, is reasonably certain to be profitable. Horsemen understand this. Any injury to the lungs of a horse detracts so much from its value that, if the animal would otherwise be valuable, it becomes almost worthless. Of course, the lungs of a horse are especially tried in hard driving. But without good lungs there can be no good digestion, nor can life be vigorous in any of its functions. We do not race cows, but if the cow have a small, thin chest, showing weakness of lungs, she will be a delicate feeder and can neither fatten nor excel in the production of milk or butter. It is the same with all other domestic animals. The nostrils and chest, indicating character of the breathing apparatus, are always the most important points to be considered.—American Cultivator.

CALCULATE FOR THE PROFITS.

As this paragraph is being written, load after load of wheat "seconds" are being drawn past by the dairymen for winter feeding at \$10 a ton. With corn the cheapest in years—and that means all other grain as well—one would think that these men would buy the corn, but the fact is this: These men have corn by the 100 bushels and oats galore, and yet they find by experience that they can sell oats and corn, even at present prices, and buy fine bran at \$10, and get the difference in weight as a gift for the drawing, and not only is more milk produced, but the manual supply is augmented and a gain is made in two or three ways. The writer sold his oats at twenty-five cents—last year's carried over for the rise—and exchanged them for bran seconds at \$10 per ton, making 1200 pounds of seconds clear on each ton of oats, and the seconds will make as much milk, pound for pound, as the oats, the ration has been consequently cheapened as well as increased by something over one-half.

Then cornmeal manure is not so valuable as that from wheaten shorts, and the animal is better nourished as a result of the feeding more nitrogenous matter. Here is a great field for experiment and practice, and one in which much can be done to cheapen the cost of producing a thing. Four cents saved a day in the feeding of a cow is the same as the rise of like amount in the price of butter, and if the stars of fortune should again shine and we see twenty-five cent butter, the man who has cheapened the ration four cents a day to the cow and gets the rise on butter as well, will soon be a millionaire, and his daughters wed foreign counts, i. e., fellows to help him count his cash.—Practical Farmer.

FEEDING POULTRY.

On winter mornings, to one hundred hens give four dozen ears of corn which have been heated in the kitchen oven for ten minutes or more, if somewhat charred the better. The necessity to work for their breakfast, gives them the desired impetus to exercise, while the hot, dry corn, gradually worked off, furnishes warmth without heaviness. Never feed shelled corn to laying hens—it is too fattening. But on the ear they will not trouble to pick off more than is actually required to satisfy hunger. At noon scatter four quarts of wheat through the straw. Keep poultry working and scratching busily and hungrily all day.

At night give all they will eat, which in winter should be a hot mash. For this keep a large kettle in which put the parings, refuse leaves and scrapings, with the water in which vegetables are boiled. Season moderately with salt, liberally with pepper, red being best. Boil for an hour in the morning, then thicken with bran or oats, but when oats are used they should be boiled with the whole mess. Boiled oats are excellent egg food. Dry and uncooked their sharp prickly points are more or less dangerous to the crops of fowls but boiling obviates this, besides making the oats more digestible. In summer, instead of the hot mash, give oats which have been soaked first for an hour or more by having boiling water poured over them in a pail; also give them the refuse matter cold, in their troughs.

Theorists say not to feed corn for eggs, but in cold climates corn is an absolute necessity. A diet of wheat and oats never brought eggs for me. It is too light—neither rich nor heating enough for cold weather. As warm weather approaches, lessen the quantity of corn, substituting wheat or oats. Six pounds of out green bone,

in place of the noon grain, should be fed twice a week in winter. It tends greatly to keep poultry in fine condition. A pan of coarsely ground oyster shells must also be supplied—unless you would awake some fine morning to find your fowls eating their own eggs. Have sharp gravel handy for necessary grit.—American Agriculturist.

THE IMPROVED NAVY BEAN.

This truly successful bean is a cross between the California Navy and the Washington. It is a little larger in size than the Navy and in appearance like the white pea bean of the Middle States, white and glassy; cooks sooner than the Navy; has a good flavor and is in many ways superior to the original. The bean as a plant grows very vigorous, and yields large crops on sandy loam, as large as two tons per acre. On common wheat lands twenty bushels per acre is an average crop. This bean will mature in ninety days from time of planting in this high latitude (forty-six and one-half degrees north), where corn is a failure four times out of five. If planting is done the first week in June the bean will be in the sack the first week in September in spite of cool nights. The greatest advantage of the bean is that it will ripen evenly. When it commences to ripen it gets all ripe, causing no delay and least loss in harvesting.

I found the best way to cultivate in rows two and one-half feet apart and plant within the rows at a distance of one foot to eighteen inches, and from three to five beans in a hill. This system makes cultivation and cleaning of weeds very easy. If pulling is done by hand, the fact of having them planted in bunches expedites work. I use a Michigan bean harvester, successfully pulling, with two horses and one man, fully ten acres per day, with little or no shelling. A man follows up with a pitchfork and places the beans in little shocks to cure up for a few days, when they are hauled to a threshing floor and four horses are used to stamp them out. It only took two men for ten days, and the horses, to pull, shock, haul, thresh and sack three hundred bushels of beans, raised on fifteen acres. By this process they are kept clean and bright, not cracked, but glossy, and a common grain fanning mill will clean them as thoroughly as a hand-picked bean. I sack them in hualap sacks weighing between one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty pounds each, and they are ready for the market.

If any bean raiser desires to try these beans, he will find them to be preferable and more satisfactory than any other. They outsell the others. I have introduced them to a few growers here (after propagating them) and they have given the best of satisfaction. This bean should be a success in cool Northern climates like Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin and the Dakotas, and I presume also in the commercial bean-growing sections of New York and New England.

POULTRY WARE.

When fowls are rightly fed, made to take exercise and their quarters kept clean and free from lice, there is scarcely any trouble with disease.

When the beginner in the poultry business makes this his motto he has made a good step towards success.

When the combs and wattles of the fowls are of a bright red color it indicates a good healthy condition.

When the hens are busy scratching, lying and singing and the cocks almost continually crowing, you may feel sure your fowls are not unhealthy.

When you enter the hen house after the fowls have gone to roost and hear no sniffling or wheezing, rump has not a hold on the flock.

When the droppings are rather hard and partly white it proves that they are not bothered with indigestion.

When you go into the poultry house at night and feel draughts blowing through make sure rump and colds are near at hand.

When the fowls stand on one leg with their heads drawn in or tucked under their wing, you can depend upon it that something is going wrong and should be righted at once.

When the edges of the comb and wattles are of a purplish red and the movements sluggish, something has gone wrong.

When they lie around indifferent to their surroundings, then they are too fat, and death from apoplexy, indigestion and liver complaint will be sure to result unless the trouble is quickly prevented.

When fowls are restless and keep constantly picking among their feathers, look for lice at once.

When the little chicks keep crying and standing around refusing to eat, lice are troubling or they have been chilled.

When chicks get bowel disease it is usually caused by being chilled.

When you get too lazy to care for your fowls sell out to your wife and quit the business.

When you think that hens will lay well on a diet of corn and water you'll change your mind sooner or later.

When you see the value of green bone and cut clover you will be sure to use them as a food.

Prince Dimitri Khilkov, a Russian nobleman, has followed the advice of Count Tolstoi, and divided his estates among the peasants, reserving but seven acres for his own cultivation.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

GUM STARCH.

Pound two ounces fine white gum arabic to powder, put it in a jug and pour over it one and a half pints boiling water; cover the jug, and let it remain all night. On the following morning pour the liquid carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it and keep for use. A tablespoonful stirred into a pint of starch made in the usual manner will give a splendid gloss to linen.

SOMETHING GREEN FOR THE TABLE.

"Better a dinner with herbs," etc., you know the rest. Better a dinner with greens than a dinner table cut down a green thing on it. Better cut down a little somewhere and have a flower on the table, than have snowy damask and glittering glass and never a green leaf on the table. Can't afford it? Get a sponge and put it in a saucer of water and sprinkle it with fine grass seeds. Your florist will tell you the best kinds. Get a crock, hollow out the root, hang it upside down in the window and keep its hollow root full of water. Its feathery plume of leaves will give you something green. Cut a long spray of ivy and keep it in water in a warm room. Do anything, do something, but have some sweet, living, growing thing on your table every day this winter.—New England Homestead.

A BOY'S ROOM.

Many a mother's heart is saddened by the knowledge that her son prefers corner lounging with rough if not vile associates, instead of the family fireside. In some instances, parents are themselves to blame for this state of things. They do not make home pleasant for their boys. Father wants to read his paper, mother has company, or the girls object to Ned's noise, so poor Ned has his choice between reading a book or going to bed. Can it be wondered that he forms the habit of slipping out after supper and hunting up Jed and Ted, who have likewise stolen out? Would it not be a good idea for mothers to give their boys a room which they may consider wholly their own, and for the good order of which they shall be responsible? The floor should be uncarpeted, of oiled wood; the furniture strong and substantial, but plain. Let it be papered, curtained, decorated according to the boy's fancy; if the taste is bad, they will be interested after a while in correcting it. There should be plain bookcases, a big, solid table in the centre, by all means an open fire, and a room after that for Harry's printing press, or Henry's box of tools, or Harley's cabinet of minerals; for chess and checker boards, or any other game which is deemed proper. To this room the boys should be allowed to invite their friends, and learn how to be hospitable hosts, even to the extent of an innocent feast now and then. Father, mother and sisters should refrain from entering it except as guests, and, my word for it, they will be doubly honored and welcomed when they do come. It may not be practicable always to carry out the plan in its full detail, but the idea is a good one. Where is there a boy who isn't better for a little latitude in this direction? A room of his own, and freedom to use it as he pleases in all proper ways, has a mighty effect in making him contented and preventing him from seeking pleasure, often harmful, elsewhere.—American Agriculturist.

RECIPES.

Venison Sausage—Every family should possess a small meat grinder. Through this put one pound of venison steak and one-half pound fat, fresh pork. Season with one and a half teaspoonsful of salt, two-thirds of a teaspoonful of powdered sage. Make into fat cakes and fry until a rich brown.

Roast Goose—Choose a large young goose which can be held by the pliability of the end of the breast bone. Clean and wash the goose, not forgetting to put soda in next to the last water. Stuff the body and crawl and sew up. Rub one teaspoonful of salt and half as much pepper over goose. Cover the breast with white paper until half done. It should last two hours with a brisk fire.

Stuffed Potatoes—Bake good sized potatoes. Cut off carefully the top, and scoop out the potato, leaving the shell in the shape of a cup. To every pint of potatoes add six tablespoonfuls of milk, a half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, one teaspoonful of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of butter, one egg, well beaten, and a pinch of baking powder. Beat very smooth, fill the potato shells, and bake until a delicate brown. Serve covered with a napkin.

Consomme a la Royale—Make consomme as usual. For the royal custard to be served with it mix one gill of the consomme with the beaten yolks of two eggs, season with a pinch of salt and pepper, and bake in a well greased cup set in hot water. Take it out as soon as it is firm, which should be in about fifteen minutes. Set away in a cold place until wanted. Just before dinner cut into diamonds and lay in the bottom of the tureen. Pour hot soup over them, and serve at once.

1776 Griddles—Buckwheat is objectionable to many. To such wheat middlings is an excellent substitute; in fact, it can scarcely be distinguished from buckwheat. In the evening take one pint of water and one pint of milk, in which dissolve one-half cake compressed yeast. Make the mixture lukewarm, then add one and one-half pints of middlings and beat long and thoroughly. In the morning add one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of water, half a teaspoonful of salt, and bake on a hot griddle.