

Minister Woodford, our Minister to Spain, says he never wants to see another bull-fight.

The number of pupils in the schools of the United States last year was 16,415,197, an increase of nearly 5,000,000 since 1890.

Chicago is justly proud of her new public library. It has taken ten years to build and the actual cost was \$315.07 less than the \$2,000,000 originally appropriated.

The statue to Frederick Douglass, which the Park Commissioners will place in one of the public squares of Rochester, N. Y., will probably be the first public statue ever erected to a colored man in the United States.

Here is an opportunity for John Bull and his inevitable umbrella, though he may not covet it. A German professor, in giving his experience as an explorer in the wilds of Africa, says that the best protection against tigers and lions is an umbrella, as the beasts are especially afraid of one when opened suddenly upon them.

On all the new ships of the navy the American shield has displaced as a figure-head the designs carried on the older vessels. This is carved out of solid brass, with the stars and stripes and the shield proper fitted close around the slender bow, while scroll-work extends backward on either side for a distance of four or five feet. The New York, the Minneapolis and the Philadelphia have possibly the most elaborate designs, some having cost four thousand or five thousand dollars each.

Novelties in advertising are not limited to America. In some of the foreign cities enterprising firms watch the papers carefully for records of births and promptly send the mother presents of soap or toilet articles. One London house, keeping its records carefully, waits till the child is a few years old and then sends out—the sex being noted—the following: "Madame, as your little child's birthday approaches, and thinking that you may require some present for her in commemoration of the event, we enclose a catalogue of our toys."

A medical man in London lost his dog; it was not a beauty, but handsome enough to be stolen, and it was a great pet of his wife. He hit upon an ingenious device for recovering it at a cheap price. He put the following advertisement in the paper: "Lost, a small black dog from May Fair street. It is of no value even to the owner, but kind-hearted persons who may have been moved to take it in are warned not to do so, as the animal has been much experimented upon for scientific purposes, and may become involuntarily a source of great danger." The dog came back the same day, in time for afternoon tea.

A special service for old people was held in a Philadelphia Methodist Episcopal Church on a recent Sunday morning. The sermon was from the text, "Cast me off in the time of my old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth." A general invitation had been issued to the old folks of the congregation and others were asked to spread the word among the aged and infirm of the whole community. Carriages were sent for those who were unable to walk to the church, and special arrangements were made for their comfort throughout the service. Great, comfortable, easy chairs and rockers for the old people surrounded the pulpit, in a semicircle, and on two tables were several bouquets of fall flowers, which were afterward distributed as souvenirs of the occasion.

A "stereoptico-musical aggregation" from San Antonio visited a neighboring Texas town. To entertain the inhabitants they impressed an old grand piano which had lain long unused in the public hall. The "professor" opened the lids and found that the keys responded pleasantly to his touch. He launched into Wagnerian melody, and the pianissimo prelude gently awakened a colony of wasps that had built a nest in a recess of the instrument during the months of its idleness. The pianist plunged into fortissimo and was startled to find the rumble and roar of his basso-profundo notes accompanied by a strange, high, angry hum. In another second, with a vicious whir of wings, the yellow-jackets were out and upon professor, "aggregation," and audience. There was a howling stampede for windows and doors; and in current history it is written that the San Antonio train, which was flagged at the crossing that night, carried away a little band of men who looked as if they had had an unenviable encounter with a threshing-machine.

AN AUTUMN MORNING.

The frost's gleam when the dew was dripping
Just in the space of a day ago;
The rose-deep edge of the sun is slipping
Through mellow mesh of the autumn dawn.
Song of neither the thrush nor the linnet
Rises and sweeps in a broken flow
Only the breeze on a sweetbrier spinnet,
Shivers a pensive adagio.
The frost's gleam on the path I follow;
Scarlet velvet the witch-hazel spreads
Adown the slope of the old mill hollow,
Where doddler tangles its lustrous threads.
What is there left of the summer's story—
The faded roses, the daisies lost—
What of her opulent glow and glory,
Quenched in the film of an autumn frost?
Deep in the fringe of its willow cover,
Where jacinth-points of sun are thrust,
The stream that sang to a summer lover
Echoes the song of an ended trust.
—Hattie Whitney, in Woman's Home Companion.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

STORY OF A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

HERE is a new daughter-in-law at the home of the Van Andens in the village of Islip, L. I. All agree that she is winsome and that young Frank Van Anden made no mistake when he fell in love with her, but that is about the only point upon which the busy tongues of rumor can agree in the pretty little village of country homes. If one should wait in the village long enough, he could hear almost any romantic story he chose, for every yarn in that quiet summer resort unravels with marvelous rapidity.

But the fact remains that the many friends of the Van Andens received a surprise when they heard that Frank Van Anden was married, and that without any announcement or cards the bride had been received into the home and hearts of the family circle. William M. Van Anden is Vice-President of the Eagle Warehouse and Storage Company in Brooklyn. He has a house on Pierpont street, on the Heights, in Brooklyn. In a place where ground is very valuable he has a large lawn surrounding the house and a summer house in the garden on one side. His four-story brownstone front is one of the most conspicuous in the block. He has retired from active business, but has an office in the Franklin Building, at Montague and Clinton streets, Brooklyn, for he still occasionally puts through some big deals in real estate.

The summer home of the Van Andens is at Islip. It is on Ocean avenue, six doors from the corner of the main street. The grounds are large, the lawns beautiful and the trees back of the house and surrounding the stable are as dense as those of a forest. Mrs. Van Anden and her two daughters, Misses Estelle and Louise, have always been leaders in the society of Islip, and in Brooklyn the family moves in the best circles. They come from the original Dutch Van Andens.

The family took a pleasure trip to Europe in June of last year. Frank Van Anden, a Cornell student, one of the handsomest boys who ever entered the freshman class and a clever athlete, went with them. In Cornell he was a member of the Psi Upsilon fraternity. While he was in Berlin Frank told his father that he would like very much to remain in Germany a year, so that he could acquire a speaking knowledge of German. He had made up his mind to go into business and thought that a knowledge of German would enable him to get a better place on his return. The family consented, and went on with the remainder of the trip in Europe with out the son. They traveled through Russia, and as they were about to return to America they went through Berlin to give the boy another chance to come home with them. But Frank told them that he had become acquainted with a young physician, who was an intellectual companion, and that he would therefore stay his year out.

Letters were received regularly by Mr. Van Anden from the young student. They came promptly in response to generous remittances, for young Van Anden told his father that the very best way to speak German fluently was to associate with people who knew how to speak it. He also said that he was getting a general knowledge of human nature which would prove invaluable when he returned to America.

He returned to America about two months ago. The family were then living at their town house in Pierpont street. Frank astonished his sisters with the fluency of his German. They had been to Vassar and had learned German from books. They had to think hard when they spoke in German, but Frank could answer them right off the reel so fast that it made his sisters dizzy trying to understand him. "It is easy to speak German," he said to his father, "but to write it is another thing. That requires a teacher. Now, father, if I could only write German I could get a much more responsible place in the office of the Realty Company than I now hold. Mr. William Zeigler has promised that when I can write German he will make me head of the German department. I think it would be a good idea for you to advertise for a teacher who could instruct me in German composition." Mr. W. H. Van Anden, the father, said to the Evening Sun reporter that no sooner did he hear the suggestion than he acted upon it. He ordered an advertisement put in the paper, asking for a competent instructor in German composition. He had ex-

pected to receive a reply from a man, but before he got home that night his daughters had engaged a young woman who presented herself in response to the advertisement. The young German woman had suggested that, in addition to teaching the young man of the house to write, she would be pleased to help the young women in their German conversation. That struck the girls as being a good plan, and the young teacher made herself so agreeable that she was engaged on the spot. When Frank Van Anden came home that night, and was informed that a young woman was engaged as his writing instructor, he pretended to be very much upset. He said he had hoped that a man would answer the advertisement, so that he could act with more freedom. But his sisters said that the young German woman was very sweet, and they begged him not to ask his father to dismiss her.

After that the young woman, who said that she was Miss Ida Kessberg, recently from Berlin, went to the home of the Van Andens about three nights every week to give the son writing lessons in German. Chivalry required that some one should take her home after the lessons, but Mr. Van Anden senior always pleaded that he was too tired, and urged Frank to go home with the teacher. Frank always returned promptly from his mission and the lessons went on. Miss Kessberg seemed to be a little older than her pupil, and the suspicions of the family were not aroused.

While the summer home was being put in readiness Frank Van Anden decided to discontinue his writing lessons. Besides he had made such rapid progress that there was little use of continuing them. He took up his residence at the old Domine House at Bayshore, the next station to Islip on the Long Island Railroad coming toward this city. The family moved into the Islip house about a month ago. They had not been there long when Mr. Van Anden was passing through the village and met an old friend. She said to him, "Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Van Anden."

"You are very kind," Mr. Van Anden says he replied, thinking that she was congratulating him upon having recently recovered his country home by means of a foreclosure. He had sold it two years ago, but the purchaser had not paid up and Mr. Van Anden had been able to get his old country place back only by foreclosing the mortgage. He had already received the congratulations of half the villagers at being once more back at Islip.

"Frank certainly showed good taste," the friend went on to say. "She is a nice girl."

"Who's a nice girl?" said Mr. Van Anden, taking a renewed interest in the conversation.

"Why, your new daughter-in-law," "I have no new daughter-in-law."

"Then Frank must be joking, for yesterday he introduced me to a charming young German girl who, he said, was his wife. He told me not to tell papa, and, of course, that is exactly why I drove over to tell you."

Mr. Van Anden lost no time in getting over to Bayshore. There he met his son. Explanations were in order. It turned out that Frank Van Anden had married Miss Kessberg in Berlin. She was two years older than he was, and he had not asked his parents' consent. He was not yet in receipt of a salary of any kind, but he did not intend to lose such an excellent opportunity.

There were girls in America, but there were none who talked such sweet German or who played the piano or sang exactly to suit him. When his father wrote for him to come home and fill a place in a real estate concern which had been secured for him he had jumped at the chance. He felt that if the family could only once get acquainted with his wife they would learn to love her. But it took money to keep up a home in Brooklyn. By getting his wife a place as his German instructor he accomplished a double purpose. He had quietly introduced her into the household and at the same time she received good compensation for teaching him and his sisters.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" asked the father.

"Well," answered the young man, with American independence, "I wanted to wait until I was making enough to snap my fingers at the world and separate from home if they didn't like my choice."

BULLETS OF PURE GOLD.

AN OLD WHALER'S EXTRAORDINARY STORY OF ALASKAN RICHES.

Captain John Reynolds, of Omaha, Gives an Account of a Native Who Used Gold Bullets for His Rifle—A Very High Ledger Full of the Precious Metal.

Captain John Reynolds, of Florence, a suburb of Omaha, Neb., has contributed a story of Alaska riches that is more extraordinary than are the startling reports from the Klondike. The captain, writes a correspondent of the Chicago Record, is a Nebraska character of much fame. He is an old whaler who has sailed all over the globe and in his wanderings made two expeditions through Bering Straits into the Arctic Ocean. On the first of these he met with an adventure which is replete with romance and which reads like a tale from Mexico or Peru in their balmy barbarian days of gold and silver.

"In August, 1879," he said, "we sailed from New Bedford on a long voyage. Our vessel was the first to pass through Bering Straits into the Arctic Ocean. We went first to the Azores, then to Tenerife, the Cape Verde Islands, Falkland Islands, through the Straits of Magellan to Juan Fernandez and the Sandwich Islands, and thence up into Bering Sea. "During the whaling season as many as thirty men deserted the ships for the gold fields of Alaska at the Yukon. Our ship was beset with ice at Cape Prince of Wales and while we were there an old native came aboard. We were breaking up some boxes that day and he asked us for the leaden labels which were on them. We asked why he wanted them, and he showed us an old-fashioned Russian gun which he treasured very highly and said he wanted the lead to make bullets for it. In our idle curiosity, having little to do while lying there, we questioned him as to where he usually got his bullets for it, and he told us there was a place 'one sleep' (one day's journey) away where he found the material for bullets. We were anxious to make a little trip out into the interior and one day started off with him as our guide.

"We traveled about forty miles up the country through a valley easy to traverse, and at length reached a ledge at which the native stopped and began picking up pieces of gold. The ledge was full of it and crumbling away. Here was the old fellow's bullet field. He was shooting gold bullets from his old Russian gun. The party of us carried away thirty-nine pounds of the ore and when we had it assayed in San Francisco, it turned out \$500 a ton.

"Captain J. N. Knowles, a wealthy resident of San Francisco, fitted out a ship and sent it back in charge of one of my crew, a Swede, to investigate. As near as we could learn he loaded his schooner with sixty or seventy tons of the ore and started back. That was the last heard of him, and it is supposed that his ship went down in a heavy gale. Since then no one has visited that place and yet it is as rich as any mine discovered in Alaska, and far easier to reach than is the Klondike. The ledge was 800 feet high and was crumbling away when we were there. It is only forty miles from the coast and there are no difficulties whatever in reaching the place."

Ginseng Culture.

The secret of raising ginseng has been discovered at last. It is being grown on Missouri soil and cultivated by a Missouri farmer. China has an unlimited demand for the ginseng root, and because of its scarcity, pays the handsome price of \$2.50 for a single pound of it. Heretofore the market has been supplied from certain sections where the herb grows wild. Repeated attempts to cultivate it have proved a failure. But, according to Waldo Parks, a guest at the Laclede Hotel, Spencer Brown, a farmer down in Texas County, is cultivating a acre of ginseng. It matures in six years. From the product of that acre he expects to realize the modest sum of \$20,000. He will limit the product so as to keep the price up.

Mr. Brown says that the ginseng flourishes in rich limestone soil, shaded from the sun. It requires eighteen months to germinate and six years for full growth. He is making no secret of the discovery, but explains its mystery to any one.

By the Chinese ginseng is considered a medicinal ingredient of wonderful powers. A liquor is distilled from it which is supposed to cure all diseases. They have never been able to find the secret of its culture, and have depended upon the wild roots found here and there for their supply.—St. Louis Republic.

The Oldest Plow-Maker.

Chicago has the oldest plow-maker in the United States. His name is David Bradley, and he is at the head of a big manufacturing company on the west side. Mr. Bradley first worked at the business in Syracuse, N. Y., in 1832. In 1835 he came to Chicago, which then numbered about 2500 inhabitants and a camp of several thousand Indians, to help erect the first iron-foundry established here. Mr. Bradley was the first man to bring pig-iron into Chicago. In connection with the foundry which he helped build was a machine-shop, and the establishment soon began along with its other business the manufacture of plows. Mr. Bradley, by the growth of his business, was finally forced to build a little town of his own, which is known as Bradley, Ill. Mr. Bradley has passed his eighty-fifth birthday, but is still hale and hearty, and thoroughly enjoys the prosperity which hard work has brought him. The active business has been surrendered to his sons.—Chicago Tribune.

Vibration on Railways and Its Effect on Health.

Annoyance and temporary discomfort are small items in the schedule of ills chargeable to vibration and noise on railways and the unceasing and terrific racket of many of our cities. The noise of the elevated railways has caused convulsions in children and what is equivalent to nightmare in adults. One lady of somewhat delicate organization has frequently sprung from her bed on the approach of a train, and found herself standing upright in the middle of the floor when she awakened. It seemed that the engineer on this train had a sweetheart living in that neighborhood, and he managed so that the locomotive made a series of peculiar noises whenever he approached the dwelling of his innamorata. This was the only train that so affected the sufferer, and she was obliged to leave the neighborhood on account of it. In ordinary railway travel speed is the most important item to be looked after, and the noise attending the great rapidity with which the train moves is really a secondary consideration. Medical scientists who are giving attention to this subject are beginning to demand for their patients, especially those who find it necessary to take long journeys for their health, accommodations in which due regard is had for quiet and freedom from that vibration which affects the nervous system. Special routes are mapped out, and certain lines are avoided because of the irritation by the clatter and swinging of the trains.—New York Ledger.

Peaches Without Down.

Mr. William P. Winter, a retired carpenter, has entered heart and soul into the wizard business with remarkable results. In a cosy little yard back of Mr. Winter's home grows a peach tree that has produced annual crops of luscious fruit for a number of years. Two years ago Mr. Winter grew tired of the conventional covering of the peaches in his limited orchard, and determined at least to produce a peach minus that objectionable nap or down.

He began a series of experiments, and that year produced a peach clothed in the ordinary raiment of the banana; but, not satisfied with the result of his startling assault on nature, he has succeeded in producing a crop that looks for all the world like a tree of apples. The skin of the fruit is perfectly smooth and of a dark red hue, shading gradually into a yellow that Mr. Winter claims is a remnant of the banana skin.

"Next year," said he, "I will have an orange skin on them."

Irrigation in Africa.

When the River Nile is high enough, at the time of its annual overflow, dams in its banks are cut, allowing the water to flow in canals which carry it into the country. From the canals ditches and gutters distribute it among the farms, which are divided into squares by ridges of earth a few inches high. The peasant regulates the flow of water with his feet. By a skillful use of his toes he makes an opening in a ridge or closes it up, and thus causes the water to go where it is needed.

This was a very ancient way of irrigating the land, and Moses probably refers to it when he contrasts the rains and dews of Palestine with the artificial watering of Egypt. "For the land where thou goest in to possess it is not as the land of Egypt from which ye came out, where thou sowest thy seed and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs; but the land whither ye go to possess it is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven." Deut. xi, 10-12.—Mission Band Lessons.

This Tree Sleeps.

Near the western border of Dupont Circle, in Washington, D. C., stands a tree that goes to sleep promptly every night at 7 o'clock. The tree is known as the Albizzia Julibrissan, having been christened so by an Italian botanist in honor of the Albizzi family in Florence. The tree, however, is an original of Japan, and is known there as the Japanese silk tree, probably on account of the silky appearance of its blossoms. Soon after 7 o'clock in the evening a general motion is noticed in the foliage, a quiver or trembling of the bipinnate leaves. Each leaflet begins to stand up on edge and pairs with the one opposite. They clasp each other tightly and then close up with the other on the petiole, so that each becomes a coverlet over half of the preceding one. The entire transformation takes place in about twenty minutes, and usually at about 7.30 the respiratory organism of this tree hangs limp or droopy on the branches.

A Curious Superstition.

Among the superstitions of the Seneca Indians was one most beautiful. When a young maiden died they imprisoned a young bird until it first began to try its powers of song; and then, loading it with caresses and messages, they loosed its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it would not fold its wing nor close its eye until it had flown to the spirit-land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost one.—St. Nicholas.



Profit in Squashes.

H. A. Wilcox, of Uxbridge, has for several years made a specialty of squashes. He says: "In 1894 I thought I should not be able to attend to them, so I did not send for seed until June, and did not finish planting until July 1. On September 25, after a light frost which killed the vines, I harvested from forty-eight hills of Hubbard and Essex Hybrid, three one-horse loads in bulk—from one and one-half to two cords in all. Single Hubbards weighed twenty-one pounds, and Hybrids as high as thirty-one pounds, in eighty-six days from seed. This crop was raised on old pasture, which had not been ploughed for thirty odd years, and which I considered worn out. It was manured with fresh, coarse horse manure, broadcasted and ploughed under, and about a pint of high grade phosphate worked into each hill. I consider the Essex Hybrid the best main crop squash, although some consumers and some dealers will have nothing but Hubbard. The marrows for fall use, and the Fordhook, Cocoon and Low's Bay State have been satisfactory. With me the Essex Hybrid is the best cropper, and the Hubbard next. As most of this crop was retailed from a milk wagon at from two to three cents a pound, I found it profitable."—New England Farmer.

The Shepherd's Dog.

The training of a sheep dog is a matter of considerable importance to the shepherd. The American Sheep Breeder gives the following hints: "Begin training in the most cautious, natural way at two months old, or as soon as the puppy is able to follow you among the sheep. If he comes of good stock he will take naturally to sheep, as a duck does to water, and will be very quick to interpret your wish and ambitious to execute it. Your main trouble will be to restrain and teach him moderation. Like all puppy-kind he will be impetuous and inclined to hurry and worry the sheep too much. Deal gently with him. Don't whip him or straddle him, and threats."

"If of the right sort the young dog will catch your meaning with a word, motion of the hand or head, and even the expression of your face. The young collie is intelligent, tractable, and impressionable to a wonderful degree, and anxious to please beyond any other animal. Common sense, patience, and moderation on the part of the shepherd, will soon make his charge a valuable shepherd dog."

"Especially do not allow different persons to be mixed up in his training. Do that yourself, and the little fellow will soon come to understand you and your flock. Good blood in the puppy and good sense in his management are the main things to consider."

Grafting the Apple.

Grafting the Apple is the subject of Bulletin 65 of Kansas station, which contains many photographs of trees, one, two and three years from the graft, taken up with all their roots intact, showing the root systems and unions resulting from various methods of grafting.

The controversy which arose several years ago over the relative merits of whole roots and piece roots, and long or short root pieces, long or short scions, and grafting low or high on seedling stock, etc., led the Kansas station to enter upon a series of elaborate experiments, which have been carried through the intervening years. Judge Wellhouse, of that State, the most extensive apple grower in the world, has also experimented for many years in the same line, and this bulletin gives the results reached by him also.

The conclusions arrived at are as follows: Whole root grafts possess no advantage over piece roots. On the contrary, unless the whole root stock is very hardy, a severe winter freeze or drought may kill it. Especially is this true where the graft is set above ground on the seedling stock. In the colder, extreme Northwestern States the hardest trees are made by grafting a hardy scion of ten inches long upon a short bud. The short root piece keeps the hardy scion alive until it throws out a good root system of its own, like a cutting, and these roots strike deeper than the lateral systems of whole roots. Judge Wellhouse finds the two-inch root piece best, but at the station pieces five inches long gave slightly better results than those half that length.

The longer the scion, up to two feet, the stronger the growth, probably because of a larger leaf surface; but the difference is not sufficient to cover the extra expense on a large scale. Probably eight to twelve inches are best.

Lime.

The proper and judicious use of lime is often an item of profit on the farm. Lime enters into the composition of plants and is an element necessary to their growth. The fact, however, that there is nearly always a sufficient supply of lime in the soil to serve as plant food proper, renders it seldom if ever necessary to apply lime to make up a deficiency. On the other hand, the aim in giving the soil a dose of lime is usually to improve its physical condition. If the soil is sour, lime will sweeten it; if it is light, lime will make it more compact, if it is too compact, lime will loosen it. An object lesson as to the effect of lime upon soil is illustrated in the following simple experiment. If two pieces of heavy clay

soil, one of which has had lime sprinkled over it, are placed side by side, and allowed to dry in the sun, the one which has no lime on it will bake, become hard and crack, while the other piece on which lime has been sprinkled will become more porous and friable and crumble easily when submitted to a slight pressure. The lime has permeated the pores and brought about this condition, which is desirable in soils and which adds so much to their productive capacity.

On an average it will be found advisable to apply lime about once every five years. From thirty to forty bushels per acre of air slaked lime would be a sufficient quantity. It is best to broadcast the lime over the plowed surface of the field. Do not work it into the soil, as it will soon permeate of its own accord.

Besides its action in improving the physical condition of the soil, referred to above, the lime also liberates some plant food, notably potash. If potash previously existed in the soil in an insoluble state, the lime will make it available as a plant food. It would be poor policy though, to continue to apply lime alone, since the soil would soon become exhausted of its natural supply of plant food which the lime has liberated. An economical plan, therefore, would be to keep up the soil's natural supply not only of potash, but also of phosphoric acid and nitrogen as well, since these are the elements which usually become exhausted first, and which the farmer has to renew in the shape of manures, etc.—M. J. Shelton, in Home and Farm.

Poultry Notes.

It is not luck, but pluck and persistence, applied concentration to all the minor details in the care of poultry that brings success.

Don't give vermin a chance, and the only way to prevent their getting a start is to use remedies that are known to be beneficial in ridding a place of their presence.

Turn all old nesting material and replenish with clean, new hay. Then see that the nests are saturated with coal oil or kerosene which is strongly impregnated with carbolic acid.

Put the brood coops you are through with in complete repair some rainy day, whitewash them or give a good soaking with kerosene oil, and then store away under cover for use next season.

Give the late broods a chance to run by themselves. They will not get their share of food, nor will they amount to much if they are jostled around by the older and stronger chicks and fowls.

If a poultryman does not get the most good, the most profit, out of his market fowls, it is because he lacks knowledge of feeding for best results. Right feeding is a science. Poultrymen should study how to feed for best results.

Keep the turkeys and geese growing by not overfeeding them, and giving them plenty of exercise in seeking after insects, grubs and worms. In another month begin to feed corn meal dough mixed with milk and fat scraps and corn, and they will then put on fat quickly.

For a breeding pen of ten or twelve fowls, a room 8x12 will be large enough for perching, and a laying room, attached to which should be a yard the same width and from twenty to thirty feet long; a number of these breeding pens may of course be made under the same roof of a poultry house, and for the most successful treatment of this breeding stock, the grounds should be so arranged with a grass plot adjacent, that each yard may alternately be turned upon it for exercise, green food and the search for insects.

The supposition that common fowls are harder than pure breeds is not borne out by the facts. Those who hatch chicks of the common kinds lose a large number of them, only the strongest surviving, and every year they are more and more inbred. The pure breeds suffer from being pampered by their owners in many instances, in which cases they do not compare favorably with common fowls; but common are of but little value compared with the pure breeds, which have been found to be more profitable in every respect.

To prevent roup is something not very easily done, as the fowls are affected by the weather. In cold, dry seasons, the roup does not prevail as much as in the fall, when the rains are frequent, the ground wet, and discomfort exists in the poultry house. To guard against the disease, the windows should be so arranged as to permit plenty of sunshine in order that the floor and walls may be warmed and moisture evaporated. While the pure air may be admitted when desired through the doors and windows, it should not be overlooked that draughts of air on the birds are liable to hasten an outbreak of the disease. By keeping the floor well dusted with fine air-slaked lime, the disease may be checked in the beginning and the room made dry.—Poultry Keeper.

Anti-Squeak Shoes.

Boots and shoes are prevented from squeaking by an air channel placed between the filling pieces at the sides of the heels and extending forward in the sole of the shoe, the air chamber being fitted with a valve for inflation.