S. Kann, Sons & Co's

GRAND SPRING OPENING!

To-Day, (Saturday)

We open the Spring Season with a stock of NEW and SUPERB and POPULAR PRICED goods, such as has never been offered in this section. Having unlimited CAPITAL and UNLIMITED FACILITIES and direct and IMMEDIATE CONNECTIONS WITH THE LEADING COTTON and WOOLEN MILLS OF THE COUNTRY, we're enabled to offer you goods of every description—the finest as well as the medium and RELIABLE GRADES—at as LOW PRICES as MOST RETAILERS can buy them.

This season we start off with rare bargains in

Dress Fabrics,
Domestic Goods,
Notions, Carpets.

As a sample of the way we're going to sacrifice things generally, we'll submit a few figures for your consideration. Let us start with

CASHMERE,

ever popular, and more so this season than ever before.

☞We'll give you a 36-inch CASHMERE, HENRIETTA FINISH, at 25 CENTS. Just a quarter for a new and lovely Cashmere sold everywhere for 35 and 40 cents.

☞WE'LL give you something finer—something distinctly our own—at 50 CENTS. In Philadelphia and New York the same goods are sold at 65 cents.

☞And for a magnificent 46-inch Henrietta—something as rich as it is rare—will only charge for this week $1. You cannot buy the same anywhere else for less than $1.50, and we doubt if you get it at all.

☞In Trimmings of every description we're going to give you your own way. It's hardly worth while quoting prices—when you buy the Dress of us for a trifle you can have the Trimmings for a mere song.

☞We want you to call, if only to look around you and see what we've got. If you don't want to buy now you'll know where to come when you do want to buy. We want to meet you, and we assure you we'll treat you right—much better than any store in town. We have always done so and we shall continue to do so. Tell your friends who may not happen to see this that our SPRING OPENING takes place to-day, and be with us early and late. EVERYBODY is welcome.

S. KANN, SONS & CO.,

NO. 11 E. MAIN STREET,

WESTMINSTER, - - MARYLAND.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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Select Poetry.

WHAT HE SAID.

Oh, yes, I'll tell you the story—
The very words that were said.
You see the supper was cooking,
And I was slicing some bread,
And Richard came into the pantry;
His face was exceedingly red.

He opened his half-shut fingers,
And gave me the glimpse of a ring:
And then—oh, yes, I remember,
The kettle began to sing,
And Fanny came in with her baby—
The cunningest bit of a thing.

And the biscuits were out in a minute—
Well, what came next? Let me see—
Oh! Fanny was there with the baby,
And we all sat down to tea,
And grandma looked over her glasses
So queer at Richard and me.

But it wasn't till after milking
That he said what he had to say,
How was it? Oh, Fanny had taken
The baby and gone away—
The funniest rogue of a fellow—
He had a new tooth that day.

We were standing under the plum tree,
And Richard said something low,
But I was tired and flustered,
And trembled, I almost know;
For old Red is the hardest of milkers,
And Brindle's so horribly slow.

And that—let me see—where was I?
Oh, the stars grew thick overhead,
And we stood under the plum tree
Till the chickens flew up to bed;
Well, he loved me, and we're to be married—
And that is—about what he said.

Select Story.

A SUMMER VACATION.

BY FRANCIS LEE.

FROM DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.

Laura Thornley was washing the dinner dishes, while her sister Clara chased the flies from the dining-room with a green bough. The thermometer stood at ninety-two upon the piazza. In the kitchen it was twenty-five degrees hotter; and the dish-water!—well, we all know the degree at which water boils.

"One more dinner over!" said Laura, with a hot sigh, as she emptied the dishpan at last and filled the teakettle.

"Let's have a vacation as other folks do! What do you say?" cried Clara suddenly, giving her bough a final whisk and closing the door behind her.

Clara and Laura Thornley were twins, and whatever one said the other consented to. And so now Laura responded, "All right; where shall we go?"

"Go!" gasped Clara, sitting down upon the step that led into the milkroom to laugh. "What are you talking about? *Go!*" And she laughed again.

"Yes, *go!* What is the joke? Didn't you say have a vacation?" asked Laura.

"Certainly, but it isn't necessary to go to the seashore or the mountain for that," replied Clara.

"What shall we do? Make a tent o' boughs out in the orchard and pretend we are in the Adirondacks?" said Laura, looking anxious to seem intelligent.

"Not so, not so, my child. I don't propose giving up my own luxurious husk-mattress. Come and lie down upon it now and we will make our plans."

"Well, I'll run out first and look for windfall pears to stem for supper. You go along and I'll follow," rejoined Laura, who was one that always dragged her duty after her like a chain.

Oh, the beauty and the delight of life on a farm! To own the whole sky and to have every night sunset colors hung upon one's walls! To have the right of plucking flowers upon a hundred hills and to eat peas and lettuce fresh from the garden! If only one had not to think "Why don't those seeds come up?" and "Oh, the weeds!" and "Oh, the drought!" Alas for the weariness of mingling the dew of the garden with the sweat of the brow, and alack for the slavery of the iterating care!

Mrs. Thornley, who had tired eyes and old-fashioned amber-co ringlets, sank upon her chair a tea-table with a sigh that was as ful as other people's smiles.

"Well, girls, your father thin shall finish haying to-morrow," she, fanning herself with her na

"All the better for us," retu Clara. "Your vacation will the day after; your's and fath

Mrs. Thornley curved her eye into interrogation points, and proceeded: "Laura and I have it all arranged. You and he are to be summer boarders for one week. You are to occupy the parlor or chamber, and sit there or in the parlor or on the piazza, as you please. You are to have a horse to drive all you like, and you are never to look into the kitchen, and only come to the dining-room when the bell rings. We shall use the best table-cloths and china, for you are high-priced boarders."

"You dear child, what a pretty plan!" said Mrs. Thornley, looking a trifle rested already; "but you couldn't spare my help in taking care of your high-priced boarders, and ja would't consent, either."

"The dear child has thought the pretty plan all over and planned it out. Fred agrees to take father's place, and Laura and I can do the rest," replied Clara. "But the best is to come. After your vacation week is over, Samantha Mote is coming to help you and make herself happy, while Laura and I retire to the parlor and have our vacation. We shall in this way save the expense of several journeys, and you know how the penny saved rolls up. There cannot be a more charming spot, as we often hear from other high-priced summer boarders, if we have the leisure to enjoy it. Then how delightful it will be when we all get home again!"

"The most delightful part of the plan. You talk like a dunce," rejoined her father. He smiled, nevertheless, for Clara Thornley was one of those persuasive persons who always have their own way, sooner or later—generally sooner.

Accordingly, the next morning but one, Mr. and Mrs. Thornley sauntered into the breakfast-room a little late, after the manner of city boarders. Mr. Thornley wore his best creaking Sunday shoes and Mrs. Thornley her prettiest blue-ribboned cap. They found Clara ready to take one head of the table and Laura the other. A white rose was lying on Mrs. Thornley's napkin and a field lily on Mr. Thornley's. Her coffee was served in an egg-shell china cup that had belonged to her great aunt, and he stirred his with a tiny spoon that used to perform the same office for his own grandmother.

"Your cakes are excellent; they taste as my mother's used to," said the gentleman-boarder.

"They *are* nice. I surmise you have churned this morning and have got some fresh buttermilk," added the lady boarder, who had not forgotten over night the condition of the larder. "Father and I have been thinking," she went on to say, "we would enjoy going over to Cousin Eastman's Sunday-school picnic if you can get along without us to-day."

Then they all laughed at the idea of a *boarder* being wanted for anything but her money, and after breakfast one of the farm horses jogged up to the door, and the summer boarders stepped gayly into the new "top-buggy" and soon disappeared down the shady road.

The sun was winking a good-night through the maple trees to a solitary katydid hidden among the thickest leaves, who was contradicting herself with unnecessary emphasis, when the top-buggy rolled briskly into the yard again.

"I never saw Jim travel like that. He must think he is taking a vacation, too," said Clara, coming to the door in a sea-green cambric with a cluster of cinnamon roses in her belt, and looking as leisurely and unruffled as though she had never thought of skimming milk for the calves and mixing batter for the next day's baking.

"Girls, you ought to have been with us," began Mrs. Thornley before her feet had touched the ground! "Uncle William was there and Aunt Sophie and Harriet and all her children. She has a very pretty baby. It looks as Laura did at the same age."

"They had a charming table set out in the grove. It was complete. Preston folks know how to cook when they lay themselves out," put in Mr. Thornley, as Eben, the hired man, led away the horse, leaving him quite free to sit on the piazza and enjoy the sunset clouds.

"Yes," pursued Mrs. Thornley, "they had a new kind of cake—new to *me*—that I thought Laura would like to try, so Sophie is going to get [redacted] who who road.

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"Philip has got a genteel woman for a wife," Mr. Thornley attempted, but Mrs. Thornley made no pause. "He is a fine-looking man, and he appears well, too; you would hardly know him," said she.

"I understand he is doing well and has made property—" attempted Mr. Thornley.

"And Philip's wife is a beautiful looking woman," went on Mrs. Thornley serenely. "She has hair and eyes very much the color of Clara's, and I am sure you will both take to her. I did and so did your father."

"She appears to be a likely woman; one of our sort of folks," supplemented Mr. Thornley.

So they went on till the katydid was only one in an orchestra, the sunset clouds had faded from scarlet and gold to palish gray, and the moon had sailed triumphantly up and touched everything with silvery fingers.

"It was a good night to sleep," remarked Mr. Thornley over his plate of brook-trout the next morning. "I don't believe even your mother kept awake to listen for mice."

"I did get a good night's rest; and I feel so smart that your father and I have been thinking about driving over to make a call on Cousin Peters to-day."

"We haven't heard from them since before planting time, and I don't feel right not to know how Amos is getting along," coroborrated Mr. Thornley.

Thus day by day one excuse made way for another. And every night the excursionists came home exhilarated and delighted, with a hundred entertaining stories of old friends, and hints of new ones; helping thus to widen the narrow lines of rural life. And so the week sped merrily away.

"I don't know when I have enjoyed myself so much," said Mr. Thornley at the end.

"It has been a real treat. But I expect to enjoy next week full better," added his wife. "It is the girls' turn now to be company, and to-morrow morning Samantha and I will show them what we can do.

"Do you know what I think of when I see the chopping bowl?" observed Clara, pausing at the kitchen door on the way to bed, "of the effect of a bunch of mint leaves painted on the side. Or would that have a practical suggestion?"

Mrs. Thornley had something on her mind. She was as transparent as a shallow brook, and the more she tried to seem innocent the more conscious she looked. The grand secret came out while Laura sat in the hammock under the elm tree swinging and making daises into old women in caps and frills with long strings.

A carriage drawn by a bright bay horse and containing one young lady and two young men, drove swiftly into the yard and up to the wide open door. Mrs. Thornley instantly appeared like a jack-in-a-box upon the veranada with both arms hospitably outstretched, while behind her Samantha Mote peeped curiously out with her apron full of bean-pods.

"Oh! that is what mother has been so intensely unconscious about, is it?" cried Clara, who was lying at Laura's feet on a couch of new-mown hay, reading aloud from "The Lady of the Lake." "Cousin Philip Reed and his wife, you may depend. We didn't say anything about choosing our own pleasures during our vacation, did we?"

"No, we did not; and you will be a mean girl, Clara Thornley, if you dampen your mother's enjoyment by suggesting such a thing to her."

"Do you take me for a crocodile? Or for Nero?" asked Clara, indignantly. "But I am not a mummy, and I must think my own thoughts. If the grass does not repeat what I said there will be nobody hurt by it, for I know *you* won't."

Accordingly, when Mrs. Thornley came over the white clover and dandelions with Cousin Philip and Cousin Philip's wife, wearing a radiant expression that seemed to say, "*haven't* I made a good program?" she found the two young lady boarders entirely agreeable and apparently delighted to find themselves the entertainers instead of the entertained.

And indeed this time fate, chaperoned by their mother, had done better for them than they could have done for themselves; for Cousin Philip and his wife were the most charming company one could hope to meet on a summer's vacation, "with the world all before one where to choose."

Mrs. Philip showed a way to do their back hair, and she knew every kind of crochet stich and carried the latest patterns for everything in her head, after taking them by her eye. And Cousin Philip, from the first robin's chirp in the morning till the concert of katydid at night, was as unexpected and amusing as a sleight-of-hand man. He fixed Grandfather Thornley's eight-day clock so that it would tell the day of the month and changes of the moon once more, as it had not done for a quarter of a century; he put buttons on doors and put door latches in order; he mended Clara's cameo pin and made Mrs. Thornley's heart and lips sing for joy by fastening the arm on her favorite rocking-chair; all the time telling such funny stories that Mrs. Mote had to come in with the pan of apples she was slicing for pies to know what they were laughing at. When Cousin Philip laughed it was as refreshing as the sea breeze, and his laugh came like the sea at high tide when he heard of the Thornley's double vacation. After this he always spoke of Laura and Clara as The Boarders.

History repeats itself; and then again, history never repeats. She always finds out variations so that each event is as distinct from every other as separate blades of ribbon-grass.

The twins didn't go to neighboring picnics nor to visit near-at hand relatives; not this; but there is always one thing if there is not another.

"Buttercup nodded and said 'good-bye,'
Clover and Daisy went off together;
But the fragrant water lilies lie
Yet moored in the golden August weather."

In this case they were moored no farther away than "Sawmill Pond," and there the young people went on the second morning of their vacation.

"Halloa! If there isn't Sinclair Brown!" said Cousin Philip, as another boat shot suddenly from behind the water willows that bent down to kiss their own shadows, as though it had come out of the everywhere on purpose to meet them.

"Philip Reed, as sure as I am alive!" exclaimed the young man in the boat. "How did you get here?"

"I grew on a lily stem right out of the mud," answered Philip.

"So I supposed. Is Mrs. Reed with you? Ah yes, there she is, looking as much like a bunch of carnations as ever."

"We are staying a few days with a relative at the other end of this creek, or pond, or whatever you have a mind to call it, and these young ladies are summer boarders in the same house. Let me introduce you to Miss Thornley and her sister, Miss Laura. Mr. Sinclair Brown, ladies."

Clara looked up at this unexpected introduction—it seemed as though the harvest moon had just risen when Clara looked up—but Laura looked down, and then it was as though the moon went behind a half transparent cloud, as they bowed in return to Brown's salution. And at that very instant, fifteen minutes past eleven by Grandfather Thornley's old clock, Cupid, in the form of a gauzy-winged, wavering dragon-fly, hovered above the hats that Laura had braided of rye and straw and Clara had trimmed with seed thistles. We may be sure what followed: Mr. Brown's boat in the wake of the other, for one thing. When they had reached the landing, Cousin Philip, after a few words with the girls, said: "We are going to Hazel Glen to-morrow. Can you go with us?"

"Go with them! Go with those browneyed, dimpled Dryads! Indeed he could go to Hazel Glen. He never wished so to see a place in his life, though before that moment he had never heard of it. Were it to break stones at Sing Sing he would have desired to go all the same."

"Sinclair is a first-rate fellow," pursued Cousin Philip, after they had made arrangements for meeting on the next day, and parted. "His uncle is a tea merchant in New York, and is as rich as—O yes, *richer* than—mud; and odd as election day in winter, as my father used to say. He is as full of cranks and fidgets as a setting hen, and Sinclair has to back and fill just as he says. He is his uncle's bookkeeper, confidential clerk and general factotum, and they are devoted to each other. His parents died when he was a baby, or before he was born like enough, and his uncle has been father and mother and aunt, all rolled in one, so no wonder Sinclair wants to please him; but, poor fellow, he leads a dog's life, or would if he wasn't really fond of him."

The next morning the sun came above the horizon blushing like a school-girl, and the birds began the day with a full-dress concert, and then gave an encore.

"Fine day for the race. You think I mean the human race, but I don't; I mean the race between the the hare and the tortoise," said Cousin Philip, at the breakfast table, winking behind his napkin at his wife. He had confided to Mrs. Philip his desire to become a match-maker, never knowing, near-sighted mortal, that the dragon-fly had forestalled him.

Sinclair Brown had come to Croft for a few days to fish and to listen to the crickets and the locusts, and was staying at the village hotel; so there Mr. Reed and his wife and Mrs. Thornley's boarders called for him with the wide-seated carryall and Jim. The way to Hazel Glen was along a pretty country road, shaded by elms and vagrant apple-trees, and dotted with comfortable farm-houses, and the cattle that fed upon a thousand hills. The glen itself was a narrow gorge between steep rocky banks. Moss and ferns and wild wood flowers grew in the clefts and hung to the rough sides. Through the glen the brook tumbled and twisted on its uneasy bed of pebbles; and the best of that brook was that it had to be crossed and recrossed many times in going up the glen, and girls often needed a great deal of help in jumping from one slippery stone to another and in scrambling among rocks and tree-roots. Mrs. Thornley's boarders were not of that sort. It was Mrs. Philip who stumbled over a boulder and tore her dress, and slipped into the brook. And it was Laura who produced a needle and thread and a pair of dry stockings from her pocket.

"I wouldn't have taken you for a city born and bred damsel. You must have been educated in a gymnasium," complimented Mrs. Thornley's cousin Philip. "Now here is Nell floundering along as though she had never been off a velvet carpet before." But he cast a loving glance at his wife that showed he thought her blundering more charming than the adroitness of other people.

A shadow, however, fell upon the spirits of young Brown, but it passed like the shadows of the floating clouds in the bright sky above them.

Toward the head of the glen the stream collected from above for a mighty leap down the stony staircase, and down it came like the water at Lodore. Just below this cataract, whose thundering voice drowned every other, the shallow waters parted each side, an enormous flat-rock, and here the girls opened their lunch-baskets. The rocky walls that had closely hemmed in the water-fall, widened at this point and were covered with Virginia creeper, which in its turn was overrun with the parasitic dodder, twisting and turning about like tangled skeins of yellow yarn.

That they could not make themselves heard only added to their merriment, as with all their shouting they seemed only talking in pantomime.

But this hour of fun and romantic beauty came to an end, and, after a few more crossings of the brook where the water filled the glen, the party emerged on an uninteresting plain where golden-rod and life everlasting grew and cows fed in the most commonplace manner.

"We have been and taken the famed step which leads from the sublime," said Cousin Philip, as they plodded their dusty way to the other end of the glen by a monotonous country road.

The next day Sinclair Brown went back to his uncle and the tea store in Wall Street, taking the same train by which Philip Reed and his wife started for the seashore; and during the rest of the week Mrs. Thornley's boarders lounged in the hammock and on the hay mow without a feeling of blood guiltiness at every mouthful of home-made dainty.

"Mrs. Mote is as happy as a cow in her neighbor's corn, and your mother really enjoys 'making company' of us" said Clara.

"Yes. She is happier than she was last week even, of course," said Laura. "But all the same I shall be glad to get back home and wash dishes for her."

"Yes!" said Mrs. Mote, as she packed her belongings into a stout pillow-case to take them back to the little brown house under the elm tree where she lived with the late Mr. Mote's hat for company, when none of her neighbors needed her help over an emergency. "Yes! I don't know when all I've enjoyed myself better. I've enjoyed my victuals, too, and so has the company seemed to. I have had a chance to try a good many of my old stand-by's of receipts, and I'd been hankering for a chance. I have a heavy hand for cooking when I am where there is enough to cook for and enough to do with."

So this summer vacation came to an end, but the pleasure of each day was not all the days brought. On the way home from the seaside Mr. and Mrs. Philip Reed stopped in New York. It would not do to go back West without having seen Coney Island and Cleopatra's Needle, the Watts Collection and Riverside Park, and while in New York Mr. Philip looked in one day at the office of the tea store in Wall Street. He found his friend Sinclair serving tea in cups of Sevres china, as tests of its quality, to buyers, and succeeded in carrying him off for a moonlight excursion up the Hudson.

"Don't ask me to join you," Sinclair Brown's uncle had said. "With me every minute is a diamond, but I am glad to have Sinclair take his pleasure. The brain needs change of air as much as the lungs do, and I have a theory that it is through mingling among crowds that we get this change. We take from each other what we each need. This is my theory, and I like to have Sinclair moving freely among his fellows. But with me every moment is an ingot of gold and I must forego play spells—" He broke off his sentence to dart away alert and as lively as a chameleon and catch upon a possible customer who was pausing at the door. But queer as he was, dry as a grasshopper and yellow as his own Souchong, Sinclair looked after him with the loving admiration that befits the girlish bloom of eighteen.

"My uncle has the best and kindest heart in the world," said he, as their boat glided past the Palisades under the splendor of the full moon that evening, "I would suffer anything rather than make him unhappy, for I am all he has, nephew, brother and child to him. But he always has a theory, and everything has to coincide with that theory, or the thing is wrong. For instance, he has a theory that all city girls are frivolous and worthless; not, as he says, 'custom made.' So my wife, if I have one, as he wishes I shall have, must be country bred. I am lectured in season and out of season on this theme."

"That isn't a bad theory," remarked Philip Reed. "My wife was a country girl, and I never saw a city girl that I would change off one of Nell's old shoes for."

"That is likely enough, but everybody can't have your wife," replied Sinclair.

Then there was a long and exquisite silence, filled only by the creaking of the sail and the ripple the boat made as it sped over the gleaming water. They turned around as they came where the grounds of Sunnyside slope down from Washington Irving's old home to the river, and Sinclair began as though his thoughts had been going unbroken on the one subject: "I will confess to you I was dismayed when I found Miss Laura Thornley was a city girl, for I should have lost my heart to her had I dared let go of it," he said.

"Why, Sinclair Brown! Why not? Next to Nell, I don't know a better woman," cried Philip.

Sinclair's face showed a sickly smile in the moonshine. "If my uncle could only believe she is a country girl, I am sure I would please him," said he.

"Oh! Is that all!" Then Philip, who had forgotten the joke of the city boarders, laughed till the ghost of Rip Van Winkle laughed back in jovial echo.

My story draws to an end, but it does not take a prophet nor a prophet's son to forsee that the chances are that Laura Thornley will not spend her next summer's vacation in her father's door yard.

The Country Editor.

FROM BIRMINGHAM AGE.

"Generally speaking, the country editor is a man of some consequence in his community. His position, it matters not how precarious it may be from a financial point of view, is such as to command a certain social recognition. He finds himself invited to all the parties and balls and picnics and weddings. He is a mourner at every funeral, a guest at every public meeting, the receptacle of the confidence of all who aspire; his advice is sought by the young, and he is the esteemed protege of all the old. His trousers may be baggy at the knees, but the big man of the village, mindful of the power of the press, stops to talk with him in front of the post-office and shows him about town in his carriage.

"The Hon. John Quincy Adams Smithers, M. C., comes down from the city to look after his fences around Podunk, and he makes a bee-line for the editor's sanctum, where he cracks a chestnut and passes around fat-looking cigars that exhale the odor of luxury. The presiding elder also honors the editor's dingy den with his pious presence; the president of the local railway company sends him a pass—that is, he used to; all the farmers fetch him the biggest ear of corn, the first watermelon, the prize pumpkin, or the banner sheaf of wheat; and, more than all and better, the village beauties call in bevies to view the mysteries of the art preservative and flirt with the editor's assistant. That is the treat above all treats, and what wonder if the editor gets to dreaming dreams and weaving fancies with a woof of golden hair?"

About the Rye.

When the green rye you are feeding to the stock becomes tough, run it through the cutter and mix with meal and bran, and it will all be eaten. If any of the crop can be spared for housing and cutting up next winter, cut it before any grains are formed to tempt mice or rats. Plow under the stubble without delay and again lay the ground under tribute for a crop of corn, but not without assisting it with a liberal allowance of manure. Then you may expect a goodly increase at the harvest. The land will not tire if it is fed well—it tires only when starved.

An ounce of generous praise will do more to make a man your friend than a pound of fault.

Crops and Profits.

FROM FARM, FIELD AND STOCKMAN.

There is but little question that in raising small crops farmers lose the larger part of the profits that might be secured. The raising of a crop of wheat that only yields ten bushels, can hardly be made to pay expenses, if indeed it does not prove a loss, while if the yield is increased to twenty bushels per acre a profit may be realized. This holds good with nearly all kinds of farm products. To this may be added the fact that small yields almost invariably imply low quality, and this in turn generally means low prices that still further cut down the profits. If a certain number of bushels are necessary to pay running expenses in raising the crop for market, the difference of a comparatively small quantity in the yield and quality will make the difference between raising the crop at a profit or suffering a loss.

In a majority of cases a better result can be secured if we are more careful to make the soil richer; to properly prepare in a good tillable condition; to use the best quality of seed and to give more thorough cultivation. Each of these affect the yield and the quality more or less, and if all are given in a thorough manner, it will only be in exceptional cases, when a sufficiently large yield will not be secured to make the crop profitable.

In very many cases the work of preparing the land, securing the seed, planting and cultivating, is very little less when a small yield is secured than it is with a good crop, and often a small amount of additional work will very materially increase the yield.

A little more time spent in harrowing, or an additional working with the cultivator, will often make a considerable difference in the yield; better a less acreage of almost any crop, with a thorough preparation of the soil, careful seeding in good season, and with thorough cultivation given at the right time and in a proper manner, than a larger acreage less thoroughly prepared and less care taken in the selection and planting of the seed, and with the cultivation less thorough. It is an important item with all crops to have the seed sown in good season. But when you are attempting to plant a larger acreage than you can be able to properly manage, there is considerable risk of at least a portion not being planted as it should be. Decrease the acreage and increase the yield, will, in a great majority of cases, increase the profit.

How to Make Good Butter.

To make good butter in warm weather, you ought to churn every other day, and at any season once in three or four days. The way to manage, when you have but one cow, is to save strippings and mix with the cream. If you save a quart at each milking it will give you a gallon in two days, and this, added to the cream, will make enough to churn. In addition to this, stir the cream thoroughly morning and night. If you will do this, you will have no trouble with the bad flavor you speak of. If you have a well of good cold water, set your milk in deep cans. Have small ears or handles to lift them by. Set these cans into a box or tank, and pump fresh cold water around them until it comes nearly to the top, and then drop the cover over them, and there they stand sealed up air-tight. After standing an hour or so, draw off the water and fill the tank again with fresh water. This cools the milk thoroughly, and all the cream will rise by noon; then skim the morning's milk. Let the night's milk stand until the next morning. If you reduce the temperature of the water with ice to below 40 degrees, all the cream will rise in three hours. Churn the cream just slightly sour, or what dairymen call ripe. Keep it where the temperature is near 60 degrees.

Gapes.

BY FANNIE FIELD.

Put the chicks in a box or barrel, tie a piece of cheese cloth or burlap over the top, spread air-slaked lime over the cloth, then shake or jar so the fine particles of lime will sift down among the chicks. The chicks inhale the lime dust which paralyzes the worms so that their hold on the windpipe is loosened, and they are coughed up. Repeat the operation in three or four days. Treat all the chicks, whether they show symptoms of gapes or not. Whitewash the inside of the chicken coops, and if the coops have floors, cover with an inch or two of dry earth, sand, or gravel, and scatter over a little air-slaked lime. If the coops have no floors, move to a fresh spot of ground, spade up where the coops stood, and scatter the lime freely.

An Old Farmer's Advice.

In early days, when land was cheap, produce of small value, expenses light and wants few, the "cut-and-cover" process was tolerable; but in modern times, when land is dear and largely sapped of its virgin fertility, taxes, labor and living high, and produce low, old methods lead to a precarious existence. It is possible to make the average farm yield double what it does now, and turn off just as much profit as usual while bringing it up to this condition. Then with land at $100 an acre the man with fifty acres is doing annually $500 better than one with 100 acres, for he saves this much in interest. Till less land, till it better, do not spread a little labor over a great deal of land and manure in proportion. Remove old stumps, roots and plow-destroying boulders. Uproot briars and bushes in fence-corners and foul weeds all over the farm and plant fruit and forest trees in waste places. Keep less and better stock and care for them with wise liberality; it costs no more to raise a good animal than a scrub; the average dairy cow makes 150 pounds of butter; it is easy to increase that to 300 pounds. Keep all stables, pens and poultry-houses warm and clean; keep buildings and fences in repair and tools housed and painted. Keep some sheep on most farms; they consume rough forage which other stock will not eat; lambs and mutton are marketable any time of year; sheep do more good, less harm and are more profitable weight for weight than other stock. Acquire the reputation in market of always having excellent products in attractive packages and all holding out equal to the sample on top; and always tell the truth.

It is not economy to sell off the young stock, for the purchaser gets all the benefit; nor to allow straw-stacks to rot down; these should be fed to stock and used in stables for litter and absorbent. Do not seed permanent pasture land with only one or two kinds of the grasses; various kinds should be sown, those that mature early, late and between, and such as are adapted to the soil and locality and then the surface will be all covered continuously. Do not sell hay, straw or much grain off the farm; better feed it at home. The reason the soil of England is so productive is because she not only consumes all she raises but imports large quantities of meats and cereals and as it is a law of Nature that not a particle of matter is ever lost the "balance of trade" in plant-food is largely in her favor. A thoughtful farmer stood on the dock at New York when a foreign vessel grain-laden swung out into the river. "There," said he, with much truth, "America has robbed her soil of another cargo of manure to enrich the Old World." It is a mistake to permit the soil to remain bare any length of time. Nature proves that. She abhors a nude surface as much as a vacuum and proceeds to cover it with some kind of vegetation in her own slow but sure way. She can be anticipated by sowing seeds of useful plants; rye answers an excellent purpose sown after potatoes, corn, garden vegetables and other crops which leave the surface exposed. And, finally, it does not pay to make personal use of narcotics and stimulants.

A Superstition.

The present year is the fifth year of modern times in which the aggregate of the figures is 25, and there will be but five more years in which such a combination is possible, prior to the year 2598. Probably but few have ever heard of the old prophesy, which runs as follows:—

In every future year of our Lord,
When the sum of the figures is twenty five,
Some warlike kingdom will draw the sword,
But peaceful nations in peace shall thrive.

Students of modern history will readily recall how faithfully this prophesy has been fulfilled in the four previous years to which it applied.

In 1699 Russia, Denmark and Poland formed the coalition against Sweden which inaugurated the great war which ended in the disastrous defeat of Charles the XII. at Pultowa. The year 1789 will ever be memorable on account of the breaking out of the French revolution.

The year 1798 witnessed the campaign of Bonaparte in Egypt, and the formation of the second European coalition against France. In 1879 war broke out between England and Afghanistan, followed by the invasion of the latter country by British troops. In what manner the prediction is to be verified in 1888 remains yet to be seen, but the prssent condition of Europe seems to promise an abundant fulfillment of the prophesy.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—To three pints of flour add two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda or two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half cup of butter, a little salt, one tablespoonful of sugar; mix with one pint of milk and water; roll to an inch in thickness; bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. When done split open, butter well and cover with strawberries and sugar; beat the white of one egg with one-third of a cup of sugar and place on top of the cake; serve with or without cream as desired.

Too much corn or corn-meal causes chicken cholera.

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