Agriculture.

Egg Eating.

I wish to give your readers a little of my experience regarding egg eating. I once had a very fine lot of B. B. R. Games, and thought a good deal of them, but after all the care I gave them they were mean enough to eat their eggs as soon as laid. Day after day I went to my coop for eggs, but in vain; I did not get so much as a sight of one. I tried almost everything I could think of, but still in vain. At last I thought I would play a trick on them, so I got an egg and broke the butt open large enough to let out the inside. Then I mixed up some good strong mustard and filled it full, putting a piece of shell over the part broken. I went to my coop and put the egg in the nest. I had no sooner dropped the egg than one of my hens bounced on it like a cat on a mouse. She stuck her bill in it and dropped the egg on the floor (not waiting for me to retire). No sooner did it touch the floor than the rest of the fowls went for their share; they got it, all of them. They soon walked off, wiping their beaks against everything they came across. They left a little for manners' sake. It resulted (the joke), in my gathering my eggs the next day, and I have not had any occasion to repeat the experiment until last week, when I tried it with the same result, and since then I gather eggs every day.—*Poultry Yard.*

Salt Saving.

The New York *Tribune* makes the following pertinent remarks:

"Salt is healthy and necessary for animals when running to grass, but in winter we do not give them salt. They will eat it, it is true, but then it creates thirst and then they are apt to drink too much cold water, and bring on chills and fever, and perhaps inflammation of stomach and bowels. In Summer salt acts as a corrective to the laxity and flatulence which the succulent grasses may produce. A tight box under the cow shed, in whic the salt may be put, is the most economical way to feed it. A saving may be made by pouring all the old beef and ham brine into this box; the cows will take a lick or two every day, and this is better than giving them a heap on the ground twice a week as the common practice is; which is waste of salt, and besides makes a bare spot. Farmers study little economies the least of any class of business men. No merchant would think of throwing away a half barrel of brine and then turn right around and pay his money for a lot of salt to use in its place. He would use the brine and congratulate himself as Dr. Franklin did, that "a penny saved is as good as a penny earned."

Take Care of Your Fowls,

It is opportune just now, for those who take an interest in poultry, in connection with the farm, to look the matter over and see if the results of the season thus far are satisfactory, provided the fowls have had such neccessary care as to give them a fair chance to yield a profit to the owner. And here let us say that, no matter what business a man may follow, success is expected, he must be familiar with its requirements and give it necessary attention. Raising poultry is no exception to this rule.

It is hardly to be doubted that most farmers and farmers wives who keep poultry, neglect their fowls, and hence lose a handsome net profit on them, for none of the improved breeds or judicious crosses will fail to pay if properly cared for. We doubt if there is anything in the farm that pays better, considering the outlay, than a few hens well selected and well kept. But generally the small stock is overlooked in caring for the larger kinds—the four footed animals. But it should be borne in mind, that it is the small things that pay the best, when judgment and skill are employed in their management.—*Kansas Farmer.*

Bad Flavored Eggs.

Speaking of ill-flavor of eggs, the *Journal of Horticulture*, London, remarks that it is the result of one or two causes—either the food on which the fowls are fed or the substance on which the eggs are laid, and adds: This may be easily tested by shutting up a laying hen and giving her garlic or malted barley to eat. In a few days the eggs will taste of the food. We have tried this ourselves, and know it to be correct. Another theory is—but we cannot speak of it with the same certainty—that an egg laid on any strong smelling substance will contract it. This is explained by the fact that the shell, when the egg is first laid, is comparatively soft and impressionable, and only hard after contact with the atmosphere. Let your birds be wholesomely fed on plain food and your nests be made with clean straw. Hay nests have a tendency to make eggs taste. Follow nature and you will have nothing to complain of.

Big Head.

The malady known as big head in horses is a constitutional disease of scrofulous nature, the origin and cause of which are questionable, though the disease is generally supposed to be hereditary. It developes gradually and slowly, in the form of fibro-plastic degeneration of the bony structure, not only confining itself to the head, but it may appear in all parts of the skeleton. It consists of a gradual softening and enlargement of the bony structure, which becomes spongy and porous from want of proper nutrition, and ultimately ends in complete decomposition, necrosis and ulceration of the affected parts. If the disease is discovered in its early development keep the animal on liberal, wholesome and very nutritious food, mixed with plenty of cabbage and carrots, and, during the summer season, nothing would be better than to give the horse liberty on a rich pasture. Special treatment of big head is of no avail.

Scrofula in Cows.

In the advanced state of this disease, treatment of any kind will be entirely useless. The disease, like consumption in man, is invariably fatal. But its most serious feature is the considerable period that often elapses before the result is reached, and during which the animal becomes less valuable. Milk from such a cow is apt to produce phthisis or consumption in man; and i would be suicidal to consume it, knowing it to come from such an animal.

It is said by a farmer who has tried the experiment so often as to be sure of his ground that buttermilk poured over the back of a scurvy pig will entirely and speedily remove the scurf. The remedy is simple. Almost every farmer can boast of one or more scurvy pigs, and if the buttermilk will cure it, it should not be spared.

A commission in a town of Scotland being appointed by the authorities to inspect the milk that was dispensed among the inhabitants, reported that they were "unable to decide as to whether the milk was diluted with water, or the water with milk," it was so near 'alf-and-'alf.

Young pigs should be fed little at a time and often—this is the secret of rapid growth. If allowed all they will eat, they will gorge themselves and bring on colic or become pot-bellied and stunted, when if the feed was divided into two or three feedings, they would digest it all without derangement of the stomach and grow well.

Domestic.

Scalding Milk for Butter.

As great as is the improvement in cream-raising by the use of deep vessels set in ice-water, for large dairies, quite as great, in my judgment, is that of scalding the fresh milk before setting it in small pans, for dairies where only a moderate number of cows are kept.

METHOD OF SCALDING MILK.

Though it has long been known that scalding milk hastens the rising of the cream, while prolonging the period of sweetness in warm weather, it is only lately that this method has been reduced to a system, and to a considerable extent popularized, through the efforts of Mr. Ellsworth, of Massachusetts. By experiment he has ascertained the precise temperature—136 degrees—for securing the best and most uniform results. I have, myself, tested his practice, and found it excellent. The milk is strained into a brass or copper kettle, large enough to hold a single milking, and the temperature slowly and carefully raised to the proper degree. It is maintained there for about half an hour and then poured into pans and set upon the racks of the milk room, which should always be well aired, so as to remove the vapor arising from the milk, and prevent its being deposited on the walls and wood-work. The cream rises with astonishing rapidity, and is of a firm consistency, which admits of its removal in from 12 to 24 hours, leaving the residue quite sweet.

It is desirable *not* to have a skin form upon the milk. This "skin" is made of the coagulated albumen of the milk, and when the milk is scalded in the pans, in the way sometimes practiced, it is entangled in the cream, removed with it to the churn, and remains in the butter. When the butter is sold for immediate use the evil thus caused is not noticed, but it seriously impairs the keeping, when the butter is put down for future use or sale. I think it is best to strain out of, as well as into, the scalding kettle, to insure the removal of all coagulated matter.

This method of scalding secures perfect butter, not only during the hot months of summer, but also during the cold weather of winter, when quite as much difficulty is experienced in making good butter in the old way, as in the summer. It prevents alike the hasty souring, before the cream is up, in summer, and the bitterness so often developed by the long setting of winter. By its effect of hastening the rising of the cream, all the inevitable evils and losses of delay are avoided, and a uniform make secured at all seasons.

I have been interested in studying into the philosophy of both this and the cold method of setting milk for cream, and I think I have reached its rational explanation. It is well known that large globuled milk throws up its cream quicker and more perfectly than that which holds its fat more finely divided. Now, the effect of scalding is simply to enlarge the globules by coalescence, or running together. At the temperature of the milk when drawn from the cow—about 98 degrees—the butter-globules are not perfectly fluid, but when it is heated to 135 degrees, the globules which come in contact will unite, forming larger globules. These enlarged globules not only rise quickly, but by their superior attractive power draw up, so to speak, the smaller globules, and thus hasten the rising of all the cream.

I will mention, in this connection, another matter which perhaps I ought to have treated in my article on "Dairying Fallacies;" It was for awhile asserted that, when the cream of large-globuled milk is churned with the cream of small-globuled milk, the former will "come" first, and that a second churning of the residue will give a second mess of butter. But careful experiment entirely disproves the assertion, and the reason is plain when we understand the attractive power of the large over the smaller globules. I recently, in a course of experiments upon this point, carried it a little further, as follows: After churning a quantity of cream, sufficient to about half-fill the churn, until the united globules began to be visible to the naked eye—i. e., until the butter had begun to "come," I poured in several quarts more of cream, and in five minutes more, when the butter was "gathered," I had all the butter from both messes of cream. The attractive power of the pin-head masses of butter had, in that brief time, gathered in all the globules of the added cream. To insure the success of such an experiment, the temperature of the cream in the churn and of the added cream must be just right—from 60° to 65°—and the final churning rather slow than rapid.—*T. H. Hoskins, M. D.*

CARE OF BROOMS—A friend of my early days used frequently to say, "Show me a housekeeper's broom, and I'll tell you what she is." I am reminded of the force of the saying, when I see the too common misuse of that very necessary article. There are housekeepers who never have any particular place for their brooms, but leave them where they were used last, while others use the same brooms for parlor and kitcken, and when worn out they are thrown into the cellar or back yard to remain indefinitely. Some are in the habit of resting heavily on the broom while stooping to pick up pins, thread, etc, which one finds while sweeping. The result of this is, that the splinters are bent upward and broken and the broom soon becomes worthless. When a new broom is purchased, provide a way for hanging it up in this wise: With a small gimblet bore a hole through the handle about an inch from the top; draw in a piece of strong, waxed twine, long enough when tied in a hard knot, to form a loop three or four inches long. If brooms be dipped in clean, hot suds once every week and drid quickly, they will last twice as long. When too much worn for the house, they will answer for a time at the barn. When too old to sweep with at all, take off the wire for future use; cut the handle into kindling material; pull apart the straws, and add gradually to the fire, and you are rid of a useless article for "good and all."

HOME, THE NUCLEUS OF SOCIETY.—More than 1,800 years ago, Plutarch said, "The art of governing cities and commonwealths is the chief excellence of man: and the art of governing a family is no small ingredient in that excellence; for a city, which is only a collection of families, can not be prosperous in the whole, unless the families that compose it be flourishing and prosperous."

The parts of societies and nations are equal to the whole. If the individuals and families of which a nation is composed, sin or suffer, the nation can not be in a flourishing and moral condition. So the work of reform must begin at the hearth-stone. There, the love of liberty must be impressed upon the child; and he must be taught a ready obedience to household laws, and a just recognition of the rights of others, with such morality as will secure to him his freedom, while engaged in the pursuits of life, liberty and happiness. If financial mislegislation has beggared one quarter of the people, a lack of family government and moral restraint has made outlaws of another quarter. The nucleus of society being disordered, its radiations reach out and touch the borders of the land, infecting the body-politic. So between enforced poverty and family neglect, the nation is corrupted, demoralized and dangerous.

THE VIRTUES OF OATMEAL.—In Great Britain children of all ranks are raised on oatmeal diet alone, because it causes them to grow strong and beautiful, and no better food can possibly be found for them. It is also quite as desirable for the student as for the laborer, and for the delicate lady and her hard-working sister; indeed, all classes would be greatly benefitted by its use, and dyspepsia, with all its manifold annoyances, can be kept at a distance. Oatmeal is more substantial food, it is said, than veal, pork or lamb, giving as much or more mental vigor, while its great desideratum consists in one's not becoming weary of it, for it is as welcome for breakfast or tea as in wheat or grain bread. It can be eaten with syrup and butter as hasty pudding, or cream and sugar, like rice. It is especially good for young mothers, upon whose nervous forces too great a demand has been made, and they lose the equilibrium of the system and become depressed and dispirited. Oatmeal requires to be cooked slowly, and the water should be boiling hot when it is stirred in.

SLEEP AS A TONIC.—The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry any thing through is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only actual recuperation of brain force; because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which takes the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain-substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during the state of rest, of quiet, and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to take up a fresh supply.

Scientific.

A Nail Gun.—Respecting an implement on view at the Wellington Industrial Exhibition, the *New Zealand Times* says: "One of the most simple and at the same time most ingenious implements on view at the Exhibition is an invention of a young man in this city, a Mr. F. Falkner. It is called a 'nail-gun,' and is used for nailing down flooring boards. We have seen the implement in use, and as far as we are able to judge it is quicker in its work and insures greater cleanliness than hand nailing could do. The apparatus is not unlike a gun in shape, and is about the same length. It is kept in position with the foot and knee, and the nail to be placed (point down) in an aperature at the top of the concern. It slides down to the bottom and then the operator draws up a rod, and by one downward stroke of this the nail is cleanly driven into the boards beneath. A practiced hand by this simple contrivance, could do the work of half a dozen men. We believe that Mr. Falkner is now improving upon his invention, and is making a 'nail-gun,' which will be self-feeding. We have no doubt, that when the implement comes to be generally known it will be brought into general use."

Edmund's Phonoscope.—Mr W. Ladd read a paper with this title at the Dublin meeting of the British Association, of which the following is an abstract: "This little instrument, the phonoscope, is for producing figures of light from vibrations of sound. It consists essentially of three parts, an induction coil, an interrupter, and a rotary vacuum tube. The action of the instrument is as follows: Sounds from the voice or other sources produce vibrations on the diaphragm of the interrupter, which, being in the primary circuit of the induction coil, induce at each interruption a current in the secondary coil similar to the action of a contact-breaker or rheotoine; therefore, each vibration is made visible as a flash in the vacuum tube. This tube revolving all the time at a constant speed, the flashes produce a symmetrical figure like the spokes of a wheel, as in the Gassiot Star The number of spokes or radii is according to the number of vibrations in the interrupter during a revolution of the tube, and the number of vibrations being varied to any extent, according to the sounds produced, the figures in the revolving tube will be varied accordingly. The same sounds always produce the same figures, providing the revolution be constant. In case of rythmical interruption being produced in a given sound, as in a trill, most beautiful effects are noticeable, owing to the omission of certain radii in regular positions in the figure. The uses of this instrument are the rendering visible of sounds, and showing the vibrations required in their production, and it forms a mode of confirming by sight an appeal to the ear."

The Buzzing Insects—Some Interesting Investigations into its Causes—Two Distinct Sounds.—The old naturalists thought, generally, that the buzzing of insects was produced by the vibrations of the wing, but they had scarcely attempted to analyze this phenomenon, and their opinion was abandoned, when Reamur showed that when the wings are cut a blow-fly continues to buzz. Other explanations of the phenomenon have been advanced by various naturalists, but none of them are satisfactory. M. Jousset de Bellesme has been making some investigations on the subject, and, after proving that previous theories are unsatisfactory, he describes the result of his own researches. To avoid confusion it should be distinctly understood what is meant by buzzing. In the scientific acceptation it means to imitate the sound of the bumble-bee, which is the type of buzzing insects. But the bumble-bee gives out two very different sounds, which are an octave of each other—a grave sound when it flies and a sharp sound when it alights.

We say, then, that buzzing is the faculty of insects to produce two sounds at an octave. This definition limits the phenomenon to the hymenoptera and the diptera. The coleoptera often produce in flying a grave and dull sound, but they are powerless to emit the sharp sound, and consequently do not buzz. There are two or three ascertained facts which will serve as guides to the interpretation of the phenomenon. First, it is indisputable that the grave sound always accompanies the great vibrations of the wings which serve for the translation of the insect. It is easily seen that this sound commences as soon as the wings begin to move, and that if the wings be cut off it disappears entirely. The sharp sound is never, on the contrary, produced during flight; it is only observed apart from the great vibrations of the wings when the insect alights, or when it is held so as to hinder its movement, and in that case the wing is seen to be animated by a rapid trembling. It is also produced when the wings are entirely taken away.

From these two remarks we may draw the conclusion that the grave sound belongs properly to the wings, that it is caused by their movements of great amplitude. There is here no difficulty. As to the sharp sound, it is certainly not produced by the wings, since it survives the absence of these. Yet the wings participate in it and undergo a particular trembling during the production of this sound. To discover the cause it is necessary to go back to the mechanism of the movement of the wing. It is known that among nearly all insects the muscles that serve for flight are not inserted in the wing itself, but in the parts of the thorax which support it, and that it is the movement of these which acts on the wing and makes it vibrate. The form of the thorax changes with each movement of the wing under the influence of the contraction of the thoracic muscles. The muscular masses intended for flight being very powerful, this vibratory movement of the thorax is very intense, as may be proved by holding one of these insects between the fingers. But as the vibrations are produced two or three hundred times per second, they give rise to a musical sound, which is the sharp note.

In fact, the air which surrounds the thorax is set in vibration by that directly, and without the wing taking part in it. Then there are two simultaneous sounds, one produced by the vibration of the wings, and the other by the thoracic vibration, the latter twice as rapid as the former, and therefore an octave. This is why in flight only a single grave sound is heard. When the thorax moves alone a sharp sound is produced. This, M. de Bellesme believes is the only explanation that can be given of the mode of production of the two sounds which constitute buzzing.—*London Times.*

Humorous.

—A tomcat's first song is generally received with great *he claw.*

—Parlor matches don't go off any better, though they make more fuss, than those made over the front gate.

—When a woman makes an effort to whistle, the great glory of her mouth is seen without being heard very much.

—An old bachelor said he once fell in love with a young lady, but abandoned all idea of marrying her when he found that she and all her family were opposed to it.

—Don't be old fashioned enough to speak of a verbose man as 'a gas-house.' Refer to him in more contemptuous and progressive style as 'an electric-light' generator.

—Enamored swain (to his stage-struck idol)—"Kate, if—"

"Caitiff! thyself! Now, by my halidom! how darest thou call me, whom thou professeth to love, a caitiff? What ho! without there! my geeyard!"

—The most beautiful object exhibited at Paris by the United States are two bales of Louisiana cotton—as clear, as white and as pure as snowdrifts done up in sky-blue silk. This is pretty and patriotic. But who in the great American nation ever saw snowdrifts done up in sky-blue silk?

—"What a piece of work is Man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god!" And yet, somehow or other, he never looks that when he is backed up to a peanut-stand, taking in a tail-pocket cargo of peanuts.—*Hawkeye.*

"Dovey," he said, "I think I was telling you after I came home last night about the necessity of some retrenchment in our expenditures—was I not?"

"Well, really I've forgotten, John," she answered nonchalantly, "turn to the phonograph and see."

He turned it on, and all it said was: "Whazzer mazzer—(hic)—mazzer? Whazzer mazzer?—*Andrew's Bazar.*

—If signs don't fail, the coming winter will be the coldest experienced in this latitude since the country was discovered by a man named Mr. Columbus. The squirrels are laying in their winter coal, the beavers are putting heaters in the basement of their lodges, the bees have killed off all the drones and lined their hives with sheet iron, the muskrats are flying South, wild ducks are committing suicide, the goosebone is black sixteen inches deep, Western editors are soliciting wood in exchange for subscriptions, poor families are buying an extra dog, and we have had a new collar put on our overcoat.—*Norristown Herald.*

REGISTER'S LINIMENT is unequalled for man or animals.—See advertisement in another column.

HAND LABOR AND MACHINERY.

It is a somewhat popular idea amongst what may, perhaps, well be called the "dissatisfied class" of laborers, as well as amongst some people supposed to be intelligent, that much of the present trouble is caused by the extensive use of machinery. Recently there have been riotous demonstrations against agricultural machinery, especially against harvesters and self-binders. The idea is, that for every machine an equivalent number of laborers are displaced, and reduced to enforced idleness. It is a very plausible idea, but to show its utter untruth is far from difficult. The facts which exist everywhere prove its falsity. Without entering into any argument or discussion, we may just now refer to a few pertinent facts which are so plain, apparent, and widely known, that nobody can deny them.

It is well known that there is more machinery used in every department of labor or industry in the United States than in any other country. People even go up stairs by machinery (elevators); barbers brush their customers' hair by machinery; there are type-writers to save labor in copying, as well as all sorts of labor-saving machinery; and from these light labors up to the heavy works of hoisting ships' sails and anchors, puddling iron, drilling rocks, and mining, human labor is displaced by machines. For human labor, everywhere it is possible, we use horse-labor; and horses, in their turn, are pushed aside by steam. Indeed, steam itself is probably on the eve of displacement by some cheaper and more effective power, and, if ever this happens, we may be sure it will begin in this country. At the same time there is no other country in the world where wages and, in fact, the rewards for all sorts of labor, are higher than here; nor is there any place in the world where there exists more comfort and ease in the circumstances of the people.

Now, let us look at the reverse of this. In China, everything is done by manual labor. Horse labor even is unknown. Men carry the chests of tea from the interior to the sea-board, over mountains and valleys, for hundreds of miles, frequently occupying three months in a journey, the chests being balanced in pairs upon the ends of long poles, which are supported upon men's shoulders, in the way so commonly figured in Chinese drawings and upon the old-fashioned "delf" ware. Passengers are carried in carriages slung upon poles, in a similar fashion. Men pull the boats upon the rivers or pole them along slowly and laboriously. In short, machinery of any kind is unknown, and its use forbidden, lest it might displace manual labor. In fact, an experimental railroad was recently torn up and destroyed as soon as it was built, for this reason. There a man employs a hundred days in a work which we would finish in a few hours in a lathe. There a man supports himself and family for a month in comfort for two dollars, and labor is worth from three to seven cents a day.

Let us take an intermediate example. In England most of the agricultural labor is done by hand. The traveler will see men, women and children at work in the fields weeding, hoeing, planting, sowing, reaping, mowing, raking hay, and doing all those things which we do here by machinery, by hand labor for a wage of two and a half to three dollars a week for men; a dollar a week for women, and twenty-five cents for boys and girls. A few years ago a mowing-machine could not be seen in England, and even now reapers are rarely seen; in fact, many farmers dare not use them lest their barns and stacks might be burned by enraged and jealous laborers. Men laborers were thought well paid at less than two dollars a week, and it is only since machines have come into use that farm wages and the value of horses have risen to nearly double former rates. Do not these facts proclaim a truth so plain that any man can understand it who is not blinded by ignorance or prejudice?

Facts are stubborn things; and these are too stubborn to be twisted or turned in any way from the purport which they should carry to a mind gifted with the most ordinary measure of intelligence. It may seem to be strange that this should be thus, but it seems equally strange to one ignorant of the facts, that the sun is stationary and does not rotate around us; and yet we all believe it, because of the evidences of it which appeal to reason and contradict our very sight.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

1. That fish may be scaled much easier by dipping into boiling water about a minute.
2. That fish may as well be scaled, if desired, before packing down in salt; though, in that case, do not scald them.
3. Salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.
4. That milk which is turned or changed may be sweetened and rendered fit for use again, by stirring in a little soda.
5. That salt will curdle new milk, hence, in preparing milk-porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.
6. That fresh meat, after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool over night.
7. That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.
8. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also, from the hands.
9. That a teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will aid in the whitening process.
10. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm, or a little salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved.
11. That beeswax and salt will make your rusty flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with suet.
12. That blue ointment and kerosene, mixed in equal proportions and applied to bedsteads, is an unfailing bedbug remedy; and that a coat of whitewash is ditto for the walls of a log house.
13. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new.
14. That kerosene will make tin teakettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from clean varnished furniture.
15. That cool rain-water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

NINE RULES FOR POULTRY NOVICES.

I. Wait until the moon goes down before purchasing your chickens. Pullets are always cheaper in the dusky hours that precede the dawn.

II. If you buy fancy eggs for hatching, do not buy any that were picked last fall. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," but an egg stays right by the date of its birth, and is twenty-four hours older and poorer at each succeeding sunset.

III. Always consult the hen's convenience in the matter of setting. Do not insist on her breaking any other engagements, or putting off baking or ironing day, for the purpose of taking charge of thirteen eggs, of unknown sex or quality. Better, far better, that you should give up society and set on those eggs yourself, rather than entrust them to a reluctant and dissembling hen. You might break the eggs, but the fickle hen would break for the verbena bed, the first thing in the morning.

IV. Build your nests wide enough for a cow to turn around in If the nest has an all-out-door, illimitable-waste kind of a look to it, where one hen will feel so lonesome and lost that she will wail and squawk with terror every time she looks around and feels the burden of her loneliness upon her, all the wealth of the Indes couldn't induce another hen to go in and keep her company or gossip with her until bed time. But if you make a nest just big enough for one lean hen to squeeze into without breathing, the nine biggest hens in your flock will fight for that nest, and all crowd in at the same time, flatten out all the eggs, and then with gloomy but patient countenances, and their several heads turned in nine different directions, they will sit on the cold ashes of shattered ambition and wrecked dreams for the next four months.

V. Sprinkle sulphur in the nests before the hen is allowed to enter upon the performance of her incubation contract. The smell of the sulphur will prevent the hen from imbibing the pernicious doctrines of Ingersoll, and will keep her from assuming too much, under the impression that a hen that can produce a diurnal egg, and from that evolve a living, breathing, scratching chicken, could, if she would give her mind to it, create a universe and people its planets with races of lying, thieving, swearing men.

VI. Boost the hen off the nest once a day for exercise. Too much sentiment and reflection, an excess of self communion, is apt to make the hen moody and low spirited. Point her to the dreadful effects of too long continued and unbroken exertion of the brain.

VII. About the time the young chicks are coming out, borrow a shot gun, and tell your neighbor some scoundrel is shooting cats, and last night he killed a cat that belonged to your wife that you wouldn't have taken fifty dollars for. This will pave the way for future developments. A successful hennery is fatal to cats. A brood of thrifty, contented young chicks is an infallible evidence that you can't shut your eyes and stick a spade in the ground anywhere in that precinct without disturbing the eternal rest of some cat that has taken parlors on the ground floor of the windowless palace of rest.

VIII. If you have no grass plots or kitchen garden or pansy beds for your chickens to range in, cut a hole low down in the fence so as to let your chicks in on your neighbor. It will be perfectly safe since the loss of his cat. If he says anything about chickens, tell him you told Forsman (the other neighbor) that if he wanted to raise chickens he must do as you do, and keep them shut up. Do not give your chicks unbridled liberty, for sometimes a brood of healthy chicks go out in the morning when the dew on the onion tops glitters in the sunshine, and like the baseless fabric of a vision they pass away, and like the stuff that dreams are made of leave not a track behind, and all the tears your burning eyes can shed over the legs and claws and heads you find in the alley will not call them back.

IX. In raising fowls for the market, remember there is the greatest danger of sending them out in an immature state. Chickens are not healthful food; nor do they contain any of the perfect elements of nutrition, until they are fully and completely developed physically. Keep them about you then, while panting time toils after them in vain. Life is at best but a walking shadow and your chicks should have at least eleven years of home care and training before they rest their heads for one brief second on the chopping block, and go to grace the table of the happy boarding house. For any further and more specific information on this subject send three cent stamp and your address.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

AN AUTUMN PICTURE.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

Sky deep, intense, and wondrous blue,
With clouds that sail the heavens through;
And mountain slopes so broad and fair,
With here and there, amongst the green,
A maple or an ash-tree seen
In glowing color, bright and rare.

Green fields, where silvery ripples fade,
With cattle resting in the shade;
Far mountains, touched with purple haze,
That, like a veil of morning mist,
By gleams of golden sunlight kissed,
Seems but a breath of by-gone days.

And clover which has bloomed anew
Since shining scythes did cut it through,
And corn-fields with their harvest fair,
And golden-rod upon the hill,
And purple asters blooming still,
And sunlight melted into air.

—*Scribner for November.*

—"Manda, is you got dem chickens shut up in de smokehouse like I told yer?"

"No, an' I like to know what's de matter wid you, dat's you's so mighty tickler 'bout dem chickens all at once?" she replied.

"Nebber you mind. I know what's de matter, an' dat's nuff till dem chickens is housed. When I hears dat dem niggers ober dar in the next yard's gwine to hab a party to-morrow night, I wants to be shore dat my chickens doesn't 'tend it. You hear me?" The chickens were at once locked up.

Begin with your friend as you mean to go on, and let him know very early that you are not a man made of putty, but one who has a judgment of his own, and means to use it.

—"Don't give it a whey" is a parallel expression to "cheese it."—*Reynold's Herald.*

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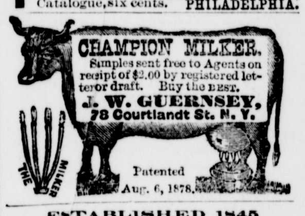

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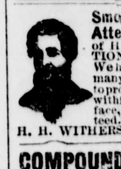
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