TARM.

THE PLOW, The plew, the plow, the regal plow Holds on stalkingly sway, Alike where royal turrets rise Or humble hamlets lay.

The earth, the earth, the teeming earth, God's storehouse here for man. We go to Ged's own bank and draw Gifts from the generous land.

Labor, the key God gives to man, To bring these treasures forth ; We take God's key and boldly come And claim our charter's worth.

Ho! ho! for help to drive the plow To break the virgin sod; No longer strive in man's employ, Come take your pay of God.

SALT FOR COWS.

Cows should never be permitted to get hungry for salt in summer or at any other season of the year, for that matter. But in summer, especially, so much fresh and succulent grass calls for salt, and cows require it in considerable quantities-for, be it understood that common salt is one of the constituents of milk. It may not be in the soil, and consequently not in the grass grown from it, to any considerable extent. Then how is the cow to get it if it is not fed to her? How can it enter into the composition of the milk unless it is drawn from what is already stored up in the blood and tissues of her system? The system must contain a proper amount in order to maintain health. So there can be no serious privation of salt without injury to both the cow and her product. Milk lacking salt is believed to raise cream hard to churn.

STOCK NOTES.

The man who forces his dairy cows to drink the water of filthy sloughs or stagnant pools may not kill his cows, but may kill those who use the milk, butter or cheese.

It pays to be clean in the stables as well as in the house. A good dose of carbolic acid in all stables, cow pen and fowl houses will be found very beneficial. It is not expensive and may be had at any drug store.

About the surest way to spoil a spirited horse is to urge him by frequent taps or words until he finds that he can never satisfy his driver, then he will always remain a slow-poke, says the Husbandman.

Remember that a cow will stand a great deal more suffering for want of water rather | But you must remove all your other things. than make a long journey through the hot boiling sun to a pond or stream of water. See to it that your cows have easy access to water.

Buttermilk, or skim milk thickened with middlings, makes an excellent food for young pigs after they have been weaned, but they should also have grass. Avoid And you feel like a lobster, or maybe a crab. feeding much corn. Growing pigs should not be made fat, but kept in a thrifty growing condition.

POULTRY NOTES.

To produce the best results poultry should be fed as regularly and intelligently as are cattle and horses.

At least one poultry ration a day—in the

morning - should be soft food - ground grain mixed with water or milk. Boiled potatoes, meat, scraps, table

crumbs, etc., serve a better purpose in the hen house than in the swill barrel. Coal ashes are not fit for the dust-box until the cinders have been sifted out. A

hen cannot throw coal cinders on her back They are too heavy; besides they hurt her And everything in the whole arena

Fatten poultry rapidly, and have the process so timed that proper condition of flesh and the best market seasou shall arrive simultaneously. Very fat fowls contract disease readily.

Where a person is raising poultry for market purposes alone, ducks will be found more profitable provided they are good stock They grow more rapidly, weigh more at the age of three months and are in greater demand during the summer when chicks ars cheap. A pond is not necessary for duck and in reality the young should not be given a swim until about eight weeks old. The water very often chills them which is almost sure death .- Farmers' Home Jour-

After the strawberries have all been picked, the plants usually need a rest. This can be afforded by mowing off the tops of the plants. In some sections straw is scattered over the plants, and after thoroughly drying, is set on fire, burning off the tops of the vines. This plan is more risky than to simply mow off the tops of the plants.

Even the most enlightened Mexican farmers still persist in using oxen of one color in the morning and oxen of another color in the morning, and oxen of another color in the afternoon. They don't know why they do this, but they know that it must be the right thing to do, because their forefathers did it. Farm laborers are paid eighteen cents a day, and are always paid on Sun-

With the full supply of fruit, every family should supply a full supply for use next winter. Drying, canning, preserving, making jelly or butters will enable us to secure a good variety, and at a com a itively small expense. Care should be en to do the work thoroughly, and to sure in a cool, dark place, as it will hardly pay to run the risk of loss after taking the trouble to secure.

A Brave Woman.

Sister Marie Theresa, a French nun, who has lately been decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor for forty years' service in the army ambulances, seems to be not only a brave but a merry woman. During a time of hard fighting in Tonquin, a bomb fell into an ambulance full of wounded men. Sister Theresa seized the bomb and carried it to a distance. When she set it down it ly touched her cheek with his white mus- whole, the outlook for the settler on the did not end his troubles. taches.

GEMS OF POETRY.

WHEN SHE COMES OME. When she comes home again! A thousand ways I fashion, to myself, the tenderness Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble—yes; And touch her, as when first in the old days I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet dis

Then silence : And the perfume of her dress ; The room will sway a little, and a haze Cloy eyesight—soulsight, even—for a sight: And tears-yes; and the ache here in the throat, To know that I so ill deserve the place Her arms make for me ; and the sobbing note I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face Again is hidden in the old embrace.

THE PARTING HOUR. There's something in the " parting hour" will chill the warmest heart -Yet kindred, comrades lovers, friends, Are fated all to part ; But this I've seen—and many a pang Has pressed it on my mind— The one who goes is happier Than those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be Adventurous, dangerous, far, To the wild deep or bleak frontier, To solitude, or war-Still something cheers the heart that dares In all of human kind, And they who go are happier Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home With doubtings and with tears, But does not hops Her rainbow s, read Across her cloudy fears? Alas! the mother who remains, What comfort can she find, But this—the gone is happier Than one she leaves behind?

Have you a friend-a comrade dear? An old and valued friend? Be sure your term of sweet concourse At length will have an end! And when you part-as part you will-O take it not ankind, If he who goes is happier Than you he leaves behind !

God wills it so-and so it is: The pilgrims on their way, Though weak and worn, more cheerful are Than all the rest who stay. And when, at last, poor man subdued, Lies down to death resigned, May he not still be happier far Than those he leaves behind?

A TURKISH BATH.

Has any of your wandering paths Ever led you to the Turkish Baths? They're the finest of all things, never doubt it; Just sit down, and I'll tell you about it.

First of all, you are shown to a cell; Then you proceed to take off-well; You may retain your hairpins and rings, Then, you wrap yourself in a sheet, And fold it around you from head to feet; (And you'd better take one of your own, If you chance to be large and pretty well grown, For you'll find, and your modesty 'twill harrow, That those provided are rather narrow.)

Then you follow a girl, in solemn procession, Like a white-robed nun going to confession; And she lays you out on a marble slab,

To state that the room is extremely hot, The bounds of truth oversteppeth not, Pretty soon you begin to melt, And you wonder how Shadrack and Mesheck felt. Then you're put in a room that's hotter still, And here you really begin to grill, And the perspiration begins to flow, And you think of poor Abed-nego. There you lie and think of your sins-And all you've heard it will do for skins-Till your very eyeballs begin to burn-Then the pretty girl comes and says its your turn, And then stretched out as if you were dead, On a steamy, slippery marble bed, With a rubber pillow under your head, You are splashed, and soaped, and scoured, and rub

In fact most comprehensively scrubbed-And last, somewhat to your consternation, Are played on by hose, like a conflagration.

Then, tucked away in a clean white nest, You can go to sleep, or can lie and rest; Is as clean as it is at home—or cleaner; And when at last you dress for the street, You feel so supple, and nice, and neat, And even your temper has a rown so sweet. You feel no longer cold or hunger-And you look at least to be ten years younger, And be you fat as a seal or thin as a lath, For ever you'll bless the Turkish Bath.

BEYOND.

It seemeth such a little way to me Across to that strange country, the Beyond; And yet not strange, for it has grown to be The home of those of whom I am so fond ; They make it seem familiar and most dear, As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies that, when my sight is clear, I think I see the gleaming strand; I know, I feel that those who've gone from here, Come near enough to touch my hand. I often think, but for our veiled eyes, We should find heaven right 'round about us lies

I cannot make it seem a day to dread When from this dear earth I shall journey out To that still dearer country of the dead, And join the lost ones so long dreamed about. I love this world, yet shall I love to go And meet the friends who wait for me, I know,

I never stand about a bier and see The seal of death set on some well-beloved face, But that I think : "One more to welcome me When I shall cross the intervening space Between this land and that one over there-One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair

And so for me there is no sting to death, And so the grave has lost its victory ; It is but crossing, with a bated breath, And white, set face, a little strip of sea, To find the loved ones waiting on the shore, More beautiful, more precious than before.

THE BABY. The little tottering baby feet, With faltering steps and slow, With pattering echoes soft and sweet Into my heart they go; They also go, in grimy plays, In mnddy pools, and dusty ways Then through the house in trackful maze They wander to and fro.

With touches dear to me, Are the same hands that smash and wreck The inkstand foul to sse; They pound the mirror with a cane, They rend the manuscript in twain, Widespread destruction they ordain, In wasteful jubilee. The dreamy, murmuring baby voice That coos its little tune, Tnat makes my listening heart rejoice Like birds in leafy June,

Can wake at midnight dark and still,

Tant splits the air with echoes shrill,

And all the air with howlings fill

Like coronets ont of tune.

The baby hands that clasp my neck

A Hopeful Outlook in the North-

West. Saskatchewan is a vory hopeful one.

FAMOUS CROWNS.

Worn by Royal Heads.

Some of the French crown jewels which the republic has sold at public auction will without doubt find their way to this city, says the New York Mail and Express. But though the jewels that have adorned royal crowns may be bought, the diadems themselves will be beyond the buyers' reach. The collection contains none of historic value. Those were stolen during the revolution a hundred years ago. The iron crown is hoarded as a national relic in the cathedral of the little Lombard town Monza, a good day's journey from Paris. It has been there from time immemorial. It was made in the sixth century by a skilled Roman goldsmith for King Antharic's energetic Queen Theodolinda, whom Pope Gregory the Great wished to compliment for ridding Lombardy of the Arian heretics. When a German Emperor was to be crowned it used to be brought to Milano in great state. It was no joke to be crowned Emperor of Germany in those days. It had to be done three times over. First there was Germania's silver crown, to be received at Aix-la-Chapelle; then the iron crown at Milano. And, lastly, at Rome the Pope placed the golden diadem upon the sovereign's head. Each had its peculiar significance, but the iron crown was held in the highest esteem. It derives its name from an of the true cross. Of all royal crowns it is made of two circlets of gold, the upper any two persons are affected exactly in the ed gold, decorated with flowers in enamel with uncut diamonds. Two gold bands rise feeting itself according to temperament and

nail, as the inhabitants of Monza call it- Scotland's crown on Scotch soil. Charles I. was worn by Charlemagne and by a long did express the wish that the crown and succession of German enperors after him, regalia might be sent to London for his conending with Charles V. Napoleon Bonaparte | venience, so that the ceremony might take was the last sovereign upon whose head it place there; but he changed his mind in a rested. With characteristic audacity he hurry, when the Scots took it as an insult, put it there himself. It was in May, 18°5, and went up to be crowned like the rest. that he gathered about him at Milano the That was in June, 1633. Charles II. was dignitaries of the empire, the foreign diplomats and his generals, and, in the presence | 1651, when he claimed the throne; but on of his victorious army, set the crown upon his own head with the words that stand engraved on its rim: "God gave it to me.

Woe unto him who touches it." In 1859, when the Austrians were driven from Lombardy, they carried the iron crown with them, first to Mantua and afterward to Vienna, where it was kept until Venice was ceded to Italy by the peace of 1866. Then it was returned to the cathedral at Monza, and there it remains still, jealously guarded with Queen Theodolinda's other treasures

and the crown of her royal husband. The crowns worn by the Gothic kings who ruled in Spain before the Moorish invasion are not quite as old as the iron crown, but they are both handsomer and costlier. They were found a score of years ago in the old cemetery Fuente di Guerrazar, near Toledo, and form now the chief attraction in the Elung Museum. There are eight of them, and their aggregate gold value exceeds \$10,-000. The biggest and handsomest is nearly a foot across and studded with diamonds, pearls, rubies and sapphires. A row o little crosses of gold and cornelian runs all the way around it, and letters forming the words Receswinthus Rex Offeret are fastened to these with chains of the same precious metal. Twenty-two pearls and golden tears depend from the letters. The next largest of the crowns is supposed to have belonged to the Queen. Like the King's, it is studed with diamonds. The collection was apparently given to some church, as was the practice in the early middle ages. An inscription in all the crowns reads: "In the name of the Lord, Lonnica donates this to Santa Maria di Abaxo," and it is known that a church of that name once stood near Toledo. Receswinthus reigned in the mid- ever, they confessed nothing, and in the dle of the seventh century. It is probable that the priests buried the crowns to hide them from the invading Moors half a hundred years after his death, and that they were either killed or driven into exile, where their secret perished with them. The crowns were found by accident by workmen

digging a vault in the churchyard. The holy crown of Hungary is another historic diadem. According to the popular tradition it was wrought by the angels for his apostolic Majesty, King Stephen I., but history records its two-fold birth, for it is really made out of two separate crowns. Pope Sylvester II. sent one of them to Stephen when he was crowned in the year 1001; the other was given to Geiza, a Hungarian noble, less than 100 years later, by the Byzanthine Emperor, Michael Ducas, and when Geiza succeeded to throne of Hungary he had the two crowns made into one. In this shape it looks the popular ideal of a crown; a broad gold ring, surmounted by four golden bows that neet at the top. On the rim at the starting point of each of the four is an enamelled portrait. One represents the Saviour, the other three Geiza, Michael Ducas and Constantius Porphyrogenitus. Four smaller portraits in enamel on the front of the rim depict the archangels Michael and Gabriel and the saints George and Demetrius. The crown is coved with uncut sapphires, amethys's and

rubies. crown. To them it stands for more than the John XXII. the third a score of years later. mere symbol of political sovereignty; it is The three together represent the ecclesiastithe very palladium of Hungary. A troop of | cal, civil and judicial supremacy of Rome. halberdiers and two nobles of ancient A mound and a cross of gold surmount the lineage who are responsible for the treasure triple crowns. The handsomest of the four with their lives guard it night and day in at the Vatican is the one presented by Nathe castle at Buda, where it is kept. In poleon to Pope Pius VII. in 1805. Its three olden times no king could reign in Hungary golden rings are studded with precious without it had rested upon his brow. If he stones. At the apex is an emerald said to died before he had been crowned his name be worth alone 10,000 francs. The value of was stricken from the record of kings; even the whole crown is estimated at fully two a pretender acquired a quasi title to the hundred thousand francs. kingdom, if by force or stratagem he could Napoleon had another splendid crown possess himself of it. When the last king of made-for himself. It was that one he put joke," an expression which has since become prairie grasses during the summer." Grass succour from his father, the Emperor Wan- now rather an embarrassing relic. her nickname. At another time she was is to be had for nothing, and butter brings ceslaus, who swooped down upon Buda, tending a wounded man, when she was 40 cents alb. Farmers are not yet able to captured the holy crown and carried it off to struck by a passing splinter from a charge supply the home demand, including sup- Prague. But he did not effect his purpose. of metraille; but her quiet observation was plies for the mounted police, Indians and The Hungarians rejected both candidates merely, as usual, "It's only a joke." At Hudson Bay Traders. Flour and bacon are after this catastrophe and chose a third, the ceremony of the decoration, none of still imported. Potatoes sell for 50 cents a Otto of Bavaria. Thus baffled, old Wenthe customary formalities were omitted. bushel and oats for 60. Steamers ply on ceslaus made his son's lucky rival pay The general who conferred the title cheva- the North Saskatchewan and the Athabaska roundly for the crown without which his

To get to his new capital he had to cross once.

Austrian territory, and now followed a succession of almost incredible adventures, in which the crown played the chief role. It became once more the prey of pretenders, possession, it suddenly disappeared. Nothing was seen or heard of it for many generations. Hungary got along as best she could,

The iron crown, il sacro chiodo-the holy up the practice of going north to receive crowned in Scotland on New Year's Day, the advance of the Protector's forces the regalia were hurried off to Dunnottar, a strong castle on the North Sea coast, lest they should fall into the hands of the enemy. In the following year the castle was invested | nervous force is turned in another direcction, by the Cromwe lians under Lambert, and its commander, Earl Ogilvy, was summoned few. to surrender. He replied with a challenge, and Lambert laid siege to the castle.

Earl Ogilvy had sent urgent messages to the king for a ship to carry off the crown, foreseeing the fall of the castle; but Charles had none to send. Thus thrown upon their own resources, the involuntary custodians of the regalia-there were besides the crown, the sword and the sceptre used at coronations-cast about for a way of putting them beyond the wanton enemy's reach-for it was made clear very soon that the castle could not hold out long. Here, as often before in the world's history, it was a woman's wit that saved the day. The woman was the wife of James Granger, the minister of a little church a few miles from Dannottar. On pretence of visiting a sick friend in the castle she passed unchallenged through the besieging army with her maid and, returning, they carried away the regalia concealed under their skirts. Safe outside the enemy's line the regalia were buried in the church in a spot known only to the minister and his faithful wife. The castle fell and Lambert stormed and raged when he learned that the crown had slipped through his fingers. Suspicion fell on the minister and his spouse; it is reported that they were put to the rack to make them confess, and it is more than probable that the story is true. People were put to the torture in those days for much less than that. Howcrowding events of that stirring time the crown and its disappearance were alike soon forgotten. At the restoration the regalia were recovered in good condition by Charles II. After the union between England and Scotland they were put away in a gigantic iron-mounted and padlocked trunk in the strongest room in Edinburgh castle, for fear that the sight of them might effend English prejudice, and there they lay more than a hundred years, from 1707 to 1818, when they were once more brought to light by a commission specially appointed for the purpose.

The regalia are still at Edinburgh. These are the most famous of the historic crowns of Europe; but there are others that possess much interest. In the Cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle is one donated to the church by Mary, Queen of Scots; another in the church at Namur was worn by Baldwin, Count of Flanders, whom the crusaders made King of Jerusalem. The thorns that are set in the gold are said to have been taken from the crown of thorns worn by the Saviour

on the cross. The Pope s tiara, or tiaras—there are no less than four of them-are amongst the most interesting of the crowns of more recent date. The triple crown is worn by the Pope only on extraordinary occasions. Ordinarily he wears a common bishop's mitre. The tiara was originally a plain pointed cap, but Pope Harmisdas added a crown in the year 523, Boniface VIII, another at the be-The Hungarian people fairly revere this ginning of the fourteenth century, and

exploded, but, luckily, not until she had is given by the Rev. Andrew Baird, Pres- the year 1302, the throne became the prey the Church of Notre Dame in Paris. After self." had time to throw herself flat on the byterian minister, of Edmonton. Of Oats of rival claimants. Charles Robert, Prince his fall it was kept under lock and key in the ground. Her assistants rushed up in terror he gives an instance in which 116 bushels to of Anjou, a nephew of the King of Naples, national treasury until the nephew of his and found her unconscious and covered with the acre are alleged to have been grown; who was backed by the See of Rome, had uncle assumed it after the coup d'etat in blood. When she regained her senses she wheat is put at 40 bushels: "cattle grow the prize almost within his grasp, when his 1852. To Frenchmen who worship the uttered her customary phrase, "It's only a fat roaming knee-keep in the luxuriant Bonemian opponent received unexpected name of Napoleon but hate the empire it is

> A Minneapolis mistress was recently fined \$10 for slapping her hired girl. If somebody will fine a girl for "sassing" her mistress the account can be called square.

HEALTH.

RESTING AFTER MEALS.

Hurried eating of meals, followed immeand in the mist of a general fight for its diately by some employment that eccupiesthe whole attention, and takes up all, or nearly all, of the physical energies, is sure to result in dyspepsia in one form or another. and in the course of time fell under foreign Sometimes it shows itself in excessive irritayoke. At last the crown was found-how bility, a sure indication that nerve force or where is to this day unknown-and was has been exhausted; the double draught in brought to Vienna by Joseph II. From order to digest the food, and carry on the Vienna it found its way back to Hungary. business, has been more than nature could In the national uprising of 1848 the provi- stand without being thrown out of balance. sional government obtained possession of it, In another case, the person is exceedingly but after the defeat and flight of Kossuth it dull as soon as he has a few minutes of disappeared once more. This time it was leisure. The mind seems a dead blank, and supposed to be lost for good. It was be can only move in its accustomed channels, lieved by some that it had been sent to and then only when compelled. This, also. London by the despoilers, and by others is an indication of nervous exhaustion. that Kossuth had picked the diamonds out Others will have decided pains in the of their setting in the crown and sold them | stomach, or a sense of weight, as if a heavy to the Turks. Both the stories were burden was inside. Others, again, will be groundless. It was lying safely buried all able to eat nothing that will agree with the while in Hungarian soil. A few months them; everything that is put inside the after the defeat of the national cause a stomach is made the subject of a violent propeasant betrayed the spot where Kossuth test on the part of that organ, and the perand his friends had hidden it, hoping thus son suffers untold agonies in consequence. to thwart the conquerors, the Austrians, Others suffer from constant hunger. They and it was brought back to the castle in may eat all they can, and feel hungry still. Bada with great pomp. It has not left it If they feel satisfied for a little time, the least unusual exertion brings on the hungry Scotland's ancient crown is another royal feeling, and they can do no more until diadem that has had its full share of queer something is eaten. It is almost needless iron ring within the outer golden rim, which, adventures. The antiquaries assume that to say that this condition is not hunger, according to tradition, was made from a nail it was made for King Robert Bruce. It is but inflammation of the stomach. Scarcely the plainest: A broad flat rim of hammer- decorated with crosses and lilies, the lower same way, the disordered condition maniand precious stones, not polished as dia- from the lower ring and, bending over the occupation, employments that call for menmonds are used nowadays, but uncut emer- head, support a golden ball and cross. tal work, and those whose scene of action alds, sapphires and rubies in their natural When the Stuarts became rulers of England lies in-doors, affecting persons more seriousand took up their residence there, they kept | ly than those carried on in the open air, and those which are merely mechanical and do not engage the mind.

All, or nearly all, of these difficulties of digestion might have never been known by the sufferers had they left their business behind them, and rested a short time after eating, instead of rushing off to work immediately after hastily swallowing their food. Nature does not do two things at a time, and do both well, as a rule. All know that when a force is divided, it is weakened. If the meal were eaten slowly, without preoccupation of the mind, and the stomach allowed at least half an hour's chance to get its work well undertaken, before the patients suffering from dyspepsia would be

A physician once said, "It does not so much matter what we eat, as how we eat it." While this is only partly true, it certainly is true that the most healthful food hurriedly eaten, and immediately followed by work which engages the entire available physical and mental forces, is much worse than a meal of yoor food eaten leisurely, and followed by an interval of rest.-Hall's Journal of Health.

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF BLEEDING.

When blood is flowing from a wound, it is necessary that it be stopped, or it may result in one's death. If it is a small wound, the blood may be stopped by pressing on the part. If it be arterial blood, a bandage should be drawn very tightly around the limb, just above the wound, so as to allow the blood to coagulate, and thus check its flow; if the blood should be from a vein, the same should be applied just below the wound; the bandage may be made tighter, by slipping a stick underneath the wrapping and twisting tightly. We can tell whether the blood is from an artery or vein, by its color, and by the manner of its flow. Arterial blood is a bright red, and flows in jets; venous blood is dark red, and flows in a steady stream.

Is the Horse Stupid.

"Intelligent? That's the mistake nearly everybody makes. A horse is an idiot, sir, a downright idiot. I see you don't believe me. Well, let me try to explain myself. It seems daring, like, to say the horse is the stupidest animal in existence, but it's true. If people only knew it, as those having much to do with them find out, it would save deal of bother. Now, think of the horse. He's a noble-looking animal. Granted, but what does he ever do that shows he has anything like sense? In the first place, he has not a good memory. Wouldn't you think that a horse would come to know that when he is cleaned and groomed and harnessed, or saddled, that he was expected to go somewhere and do something? Well, if left alone he'll go straight back to the stable. Where's his memory? In the manger and the hay rack. If he shies at an object on the road once, the chances are a thousand to one that he'll shy at the same object upon the same road every time he comes near it. If the roads are slippery. what does he do? Spread out his four feet in order to balance himself? Not a bit of it. He begins to dance about on two. He'll half strangle himself with his halter one day, forget all about it, and try to do the same thing every day. He hurts himself in all manner of ways through his own stupidity, and never learns by experience. He'll open the door of a loose box by cunning, but all he does when he gets free is to get into mischief. He'll cut himself by hitting or brushing, but never seems to find out the way to avoid it. He'll run away, and if he isn't stopped he's sure to do himself some serious harm, after doing all the injury to others he possibly can. He doesn't remember those who have been kind to him beyond where he got a lump of sugar or an apple. Ask a circus man about a horse's intelligence, and he'll laugh at the question and tell you they have no memory except to do a bad turn to any one they don't like. The horse is awkward because he's stupid. Many a time I've had my foot trodden on by my own beast, and many a painful nip has he given me with his teeth, without probably intending to hurt me. Intelligent? A rose-colored account of the North-West the house of Arpad died by poison in on his own head at the famous coronation in No, sir, he's too stupid to take care of him-

A Hint for the Flies.

A bald-headed St. Louis man, who has been troubled by flies, has devised a scheme, to get rid of the troublesome insects. He noticed that a fly always walks upward. Put a fly on a window and up he goes toward the top; he can't be made to walk downward. Forthwith he made a window sereen divided in half. The upper half lapped over the lower, with an inch of space between. As soon as a fly would Mrs. A. K. T. R. Carey has invented a light on the screen it would proceed to very simple cover for tumblers or jars. It travel upward, and would thus walk liere en the brave nun touched her with rivers, besides flat bottomed boats on the election would have been an empty form. It is made of a tough paper, neatly printed, straight outdoors. On reaching the top of his sword on both her shoulders, and final- former. Mr. Baird thinks that, on the was an expensive bargain for Otto, but it with space left for marking the variety or the lower half he would be outside. Not date of making, and fastens securely at being able to walk down, he had no way to return to the room,