

Poultry Notes.

The small breeds of fowls are the most profitable layers. Teach your hens to break eggs and eat them by throwing shells to them whenever opportunity offers. This is a good way to do it.

A poultry fancier has found that lice will not venture near a sitting hen in whose nest two or three tobacco leaves have been placed.

A writer in the Poultry World argues that there is no foundation for the theory that one breed of domestic fowl is more tender and juicy than another; any fowl badly fed or cared for is necessarily poor, "stingy" and unpalatable, but, other things equal, no difference can be discovered in the taste of the flesh of the various breeds.

An old turkey-raiser gives the following experiment: Four turkeys were confined in a pen, and fed on meal, boiled potatoes and oats. Four others, of the same brood, were also at the same time confined in another pen, and fed daily on the same articles, but with one pint of very finely pulverized charcoal mixed with their food—mixed meal and boiled potatoes. They had also a plentiful supply of broken charcoal in their pen. The eight were killed on the same day, and there was a difference of one and a half pounds each in favor of the fowls which had been supplied with charcoal, they being much the fattest and the meat greatly superior in point of tenderness and flavor.

Bed-bugs and Ants.

A lady writes to an exchange as follows: "Thinking perhaps I might add a mite that would be of benefit to some of the many readers of this department, and wishing for a recipe which would be of great help to me, I have, for the first time, taken up my pen to tell what I know. To those that are troubled with bed-bugs; Remove all your furniture from the room, after cleaning it of all bugs and nits; then place a pan of coals in the room and pour a good supply of brimstone on it; then close the room tight, and let it smoke; do not open until the smoke has all gone out through the crevices; then take a wet cloth and wipe off the wood-work, and, before placing your furniture back, anoint all the cracks with unguentum. I have tried this way twice, and have been very successful. Also, a good way to get rid of those little red ants that are so troublesome to some. Watch them, and when you find out where they travel to, just turn kerosene oil into their nests, and do not be afraid to use it. I think you will soon be rid of them. I got rid of them in that way, in a house where I could not keep anything out of their reach, up-stairs and down; they never troubled me afterward.

Farmers' Aids and Enemies.

Hedgehog lives on mice, small rodents, slugs and grubs—animals hurtful to agriculture. Don't kill the hedge hog.

Toad—farm assistant; destroys from twenty to thirty insects an hour. Don't kill the toad.

Mole is continually destroying grubs, larvae, palmer worms and insects injurious to agriculture. No trace of vegetation is ever found in its stomach. Does more good than harm. Don't kill the mole.

May bug and its larvae or grub, mortal enemy of agriculture; lays from seventy to eighty eggs. Kill the May bug.

BIRDS.—Each department loses several millions annually through insects. Birds are the only enemies able to contend against them victoriously. They are the great caterpillar-killer and agricultural assistants. Children, don't disturb their nests.—Golden Rule.

How to Make Cows Give Milk.

A writer in the Southern Farmer says that his cow gives all the milk that is wanted in a family of eight, and that from it, after taking all that is required for other purposes, 260 pounds of butter were made this year. This is in part his treatment of the cow:

"If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk, give your cow every day water slightly warm and slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find, if you have not tried this daily practice, that your cow will give twenty-five per cent. more milk immediately under the effect of it, and she will become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water unless very thirsty. But this mess she will drink almost any time, and ask for more. The amount of this drink necessary is an ordinary water pailful at a time, morning, noon and night."

To Free Hogs from Lice.

J. C. L. B., Ulster county, N. Y., asks: "What will kill lice on hogs?"

Reply:—Give the hogs half an ounce of sulphur daily in their food until they smell strongly of it through the skin, which will be in ten days or thereabout. In the meantime, prepare a mixture of lard, four parts, glycerine, two parts, and kerosene oil, two parts. Rub this upon the bristles, the armpits, and beneath the thighs of the animals, and anywhere else the vermin may be found. When the smell of the sulphur comes through the skin, all the lice that have not been killed by the grease will leave at once. To prevent their return, keep an earthen floor in the pen, or bed the hogs with fresh earth six inches deep, renewing it occasionally, and once a week throw over this a quart of water in which one ounce of carbolic acid has been dissolved.

Cooked Meats for Fowls.

Fowls, as well as dogs, become quarrelsome if fed on raw meat. Besides, cooking makes it more nutritious. When raw, it is rather harsh and crude, compared with the mild natural diet of worms and grubs, which are for the most part soft, and easily dissolved by digestion. Occasionally, for variety, a little meat

may be given raw. Fish, when plenty, is more conveniently given, boiled, because in that state the fowls easily pick every morsel from the bones, and no mincing is required. Chandlers' scraps have the advantage of being already cooked, and on that account, as well as many others, they are excellent.—The Poultry World.

A Virginia City Episode.

Droll things happen in Nevada. The air out there, as everybody knows, is full of ozone, and ozone in the atmosphere makes people wonderfully vigorous and original. A story which comes from Virginia City illustrates the fact pleasantly. It isn't quite assured that the pleasant account really comes from that place, but it is credited to it, and, as the story drifts eastward in the vague sort of way stories from the Far West usually do, and is merely in its bearing a barometrical showing of the condition of the social atmosphere in mining towns generally, it may be located in Virginia City as well as anywhere else.

There came to Virginia City a young physician from "the States," possibly from St. Louis, a talented, nice young fellow, with considerable genius in making out a diagnosis or a bill, but inheriting from decent parents a fatal weakness. He could not overcome a fatal passion for putting on occasionally a clean shirt, for taking his pantaloons out of the tops of his boots and in other ways conforming to habits popular with the super-civilization of the Orient. He forgot he was in the Occident, where ways are different. For a time after his arrival among the ozone-faced Virginia-Cityites he conformed in modesty and decency to their ways. He wore a dirty shirt of miners flannel, and tucked his pantaloons inside his boots, and swore with strange oaths, grew bearded like the bard, chewed navy-plug tobacco and spat wickedly to leeward. He was rapidly acquiring popularity and an immense practice in his profession, when he yielded to temptation and so fell—fell as thousands of bright minds have fallen in the past.

There came upon the young physician a passion for old phantasies. He clung again to the flesh-pots of his early life, and took a course in sulking to all about him and dangerous to himself. As upon the reformed drunkard comes at times a horrible thirst for drink, as comes to the opium-eater who has tried to save himself an overwhelming passion for the fatal drug, so upon the young physician came fierce longing to wear again a shirt all clean, and washed, and starched to don in otherwise the garb of Eastern cities.

Of course the infatuated young man knew well enough that he was wronging those about him. He knew that in putting on a clean shirt he was offering a gratuitous insult to every other man in Virginia City, in the intimation thus expressed of his own superiority. He knew the risk and took it. He was infatuated. He knew of the popularity he had gained, and relied upon it for protection.

The rest is soon told. One morning the young physician came down town with his trousers worn outside his boots. His friends noticed it, but said nothing; they thought it merely an oversight on his part. The night passed, and the next morning the young man appeared upon the streets wearing a white shirt. He had shown tact enough to put on his adornments gradually, but he did not realize the full terror of his situation. Still nothing was said. There was a muttering among the populace, and nothing more. Another day came, and with it the appearance of the Eastern man in public, his white shirt still worn, his pantaloons still outside his boots, and upon these boots, not plain Nevada mud, but a polish of blacking. Then the people gathered in groups, and discussed something earnestly. The blind victim of impending fate saw nothing. He appeared next day, still clean and neat, and carrying a cane. That night the Vigilance Committee met!

The next morning proved a clear and pleasant one, which was a lucky circumstance, as it enabled most of the population of Virginia City to stroll out and speculate upon a droll object in the suburbs. Suspended from the limb of a tree, swinging gently in the morning breeze, hung the foolish young physician from the East. Upon the back of an old envelope pinned to his breast was inscribed the curt legend:

"He tuk risks. He banked too heavy on his pop'larity."

But, as said before, the scene of this interesting episode of the ozone-bathed mountain regions may not have been Virginia City. The story comes irregularly.—St. Louis Republican.

A Tyrolean Almanac.

A curious Almanac is described by a recent traveler in Tyrol. It ignores the alphabet, and goes on the presumption that "reading is an unknown art." The picture of a saint indicates his holiday, the peasants readily knowing the signs employed. The plow indicates the time to begin farming, the clover leaf signifies the time for seeding, and wood chopping is prompted by a hatchet. A hand signifies cold; a mouth, wind; a pitcher, rain; and a bat, warm weather. Like the Ober-Ammergau "Passion Play," this almanac is a reminder of the past. Time was when religious instruction was conveyed by "books for the poor," which contained only rude engravings. Specimens of these are not rare, and copies of single pages are common in works on ecclesiastical antiquity. Pictures, statues, curious heads, and other devices in ancient church architecture had a similar purpose in their origin. Though to modern eyes they seem grotesque, they once had a devout meaning. "Picture-writing," in this case may be said to have survived the introduction of letters.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sensational Story

Sophia Saunders searchingly scrutinized Sarah, scowling severely. Stephen Smith, Sarah's suitor, strong, splendidly sinewed, shapely Stephen, slept soundly. Sophia spoke. She said Sarah should sell stale, stinking soles. Stephen entered. Sophia spitefully shook Sarah. "Surrender!" said she. Sarah screamed shrilly. Stephen seeing sweet Sarah's situation, stealing stealthily, suddenly squeezed Sophia's side, saying, "Stop such silly squabbles; such stupid strife; stop striking Sarah." She staggered. "So," sneered Sophia, "savagely Stephen sneakingly supports Sarah! Seek safety—skeddadle!" Stephen smiling satirically said: "Sarah shall sell stale soles, sweet Sophia, shall she?" "She shall!" shrieked Sophia. So saying, Sophia Saunders strolled seaward, stalking stiffly, selecting slopy shingle spots. Slackening speed, she sat. Straightway she sentimentalized. "See star-spangled sky, see sinking sun, see salt sea; see Sophia Saunders, spinster, Sarah's sister, spurned, slighted, scorned. So Sarah supposes selling stale soles sinful! Sacre! she shall see." She stood still some seconds solemnly sea-surveying. Suddenly she said: "See Stephen, so sneaking, so sanctimonious, so supremely stupid; see sister Sarah so sweetly seraphic, sweet Sunday school scholar, sublime sinner, see Sophia swim. 'Stephen, sister Sarah shall sell sweet soles—so shall she starve.'" Sarah shuddered. Stephen sneezed. Suddenly, Sophia sprang, screaming, splashing salt spray skyward. "Save Sophia, Stephen! see, she sinks!" screamed Sarah. "Scarcely, sweetheart," said Stephen, sullenly. So Sophia Saunders sank. Sophia's suicide saved Sarah selling soles so stale. She systematically sold sweet soles. She survived Sophia several summer seasons.

Sometimes she sang sad songs softly, sorrowing Sophia's sad suicide. Still she staid single, scornfully spurning Stephen Smith's soft speeches.—Boston Courier.

Fashion Notes.

The desire for shaggy goods still continues unabated.

The small, round turban is again worn by young ladies.

Spotted satin and silk sun umbrellas are quite stylish.

Old gold color and pink is a favorite mixture for bows.

It is predicted that garnets, so long tabooed by fashion will again be worn this fall and winter.

Fall hats are of black straw trimmed with black velvet and enlivened by autumn leaves or poppies.

It is the fashion now to line white muslin curtains with a color, and to tie them back with a strip of the same as the lining.

Motograms are in favor again, and are embroidered on slippers, collars, handkerchiefs, mitts and parasols, in the gayest colors.

The brocaded materials are gradually reviving the stomacher, and in a short time one need not be surprised to see the waists of dresses as short as in the days of one's grandmothers'.

Large round collars are made of three rows of Valenciennes lace, each an inch wide, laid in knife-pleatings, and finished at the top by one standing row of the pleated lace and an inner pleating of crimped crepe lisse.

Black velvet bracelets are revived to wear with half-long elbow sleeves. They are fastened with square buckles of paste or of diamonds, and are ornamented with the serpent and lizard brooches that are now so popular. These bracelets and rocco buckles are in keeping with the black lace mitts and country toilettes known as Trianon dresses.

Satan or velvet bodices, known as Revolution bodices, are worn with white muslin skirts. These are in coat shape, with revers and cape covered with white lace, as, for instance, ruby satin with Venetian point lace or the old Venice guipure. There is first a white silk petticoat, over which is a white muslin pleated skirt, and a washerwoman over-skirt bordered broadly with ruby satin and white lace.

A Sad Failure.

An ingenious tailor of this city got a lot of empty pop bottles, put one of his business cards in each, then wrapped every bottle separately in a poisoned tenderloin steak and threw them into the bay from the ferry boats, one by one. He naturally supposed that the meat would be swallowed by sharks, that the fish would float ashore, be cut open, the bottles discovered, the fact reported by the newspapers, and an original and effective advertisement secured. That was precisely what happened. Day before yesterday a yachting party picked up an immense shark not far from Alcatraz. In its stomach was found one of the bottles alluded to, and the card it contained handed to a reporter of this paper. The name of the clever merchant it contained will be published at our regular advertising rates, if so directed by him. See terms on inside page.—San Francisco Post.

In England the bicycle business is assuming large dimensions. There are 180 makers, a million pounds are invested in the business, and sixty thousand bicycles are in existence in London and the provinces.

A California Lady's Exhibit.

A Paris correspondent writes: The jewel casket, powder box and portemonnaie of Mrs. A. Sunderland, of California, valued at \$30,000, attract much attention. They were made expressly for the Exposition by order of Mrs. Sunderland, and after her own designs and ideas by a jeweller of San Francisco. As a work of the jeweller's art they are surpassed by anything in the Exposition. The portemonnaie is made of solid gold and quartz rock, in mosaic, beautifully interspersed with gold. The quartz rock used in this and the other articles comes from mines of California, Nevada, Arizona and Washington Territory.

The jewel casket represents the substantial wealth of the mines on the Pacific coast, being made entirely of gold and gold quartz rock from the mines of California, Oregon, Nevada and Idaho, and required the steady work of five skilful artisans for six months for its completion.

It is about fifteen inches long, ten inches wide and about ten inches deep, and this, with the other articles, weighs nearly nineteen pounds. The casket, for richness, beauty and novelty has never been surpassed. It rests on four feet of solid gold, each of which represents the symbolic female figure that adorns the coat of arms of the State of California, with the bear at her side. The figures are in full relief and most elegantly formed, and constitute a salient feature of the beautiful work. The sides and ends of the casket are composed of solid slabs of gold quartz, highly polished, cut in spheroids, and are inlaid in solid gold, with ornamental surroundings. The four handsomely wrought pillars upon the sides are of Roman Doric style, which is artistically carried out in the entire work. The base of the casket is ornamented with graceful foliations, which are repeated upon the mouldings that finish the lid or cover. The top is of solid gold, beautifully inlaid with gold quartz in the finest mosaic work, hundreds of pieces being required for the construction of this exquisite cover. The most elegant part of the whole casket is the exquisite piece of workmanship on the inside of the cover, it being a pictorial and historical representation of a buffalo hunt on the plains. The engraving of the landscape is very fine, the shubbery and trees being in bas-relief. In the foreground is the railway track, with two buffaloes dashing across it to evade the hunters, who are in close pursuit. All of this is in alto-relievo, and with great expression. The figures are not only correctly proportioned but skilfully handled, and the whole representation is artistically wrought.

The powder-box is composed of quartz rock, its shape being round and made to resemble a Greek dome, the top or cover being supported by eight columns of solid gold quartz rock, beautifully polished, each cupped with pure gold. The cover forming the roof of the dome is exquisitely inlaid with quartz rock of variegated colors, filled with the precious metal, and is bound on edge with a solid rim of gold, the inside being lined with solid gold. The body of the box is made from one large mass of quartz rock, bored out and elegantly polished on the outside, while the inside is lined throughout with solid gold, and rests on an ornamented base made of quartz rock mounted in gold. The whole is surmounted with the emblem of California, viz., the grizzly bear, which is represented as crossing the great overland railway. The powder puff is made of the same material, and is of the greatest taste. Two pounds of solid gold, and the same quantity of gold quartz, were required to make the above.

Garibaldi and the Lamb.

A characteristic anecdote of Garibaldi is related in a "Life" of that general, recently published. One evening in 1861 he was met by a Sardinian shepherd, who was lamenting the loss of one of his lambs. Garibaldi at once proposed to his staff that the mountains should be explored for the little vagrant, but after an unavailing search the soldiers retired to rest. Not so the general, however; for the next morning, Garibaldi, who was accustomed always to be the first man awake in the camp, was found by his attendant in bed and fast asleep. On being aroused he opened his eyes in some alarm, and instantly inquired whether the rest of the house were awake or not. He was relieved on receiving an answer in the negative, and stretching his arm under the counterpane of the bed, he brought to light a tiny lamb, which he handed to his friend, urging him to take it with all speed, and without being observed, to the disconsolate shepherd. The friend had just time to remark that by the side of the bed was a saucer, in the bottom of which remained a few drops of milk.

Hang On Like a Beaver.

When our Tom was six years old, he went into the forest one afternoon to meet the hired man, who was coming home with a load of wood. The man placed master Tommy on the top of the load, and drove homeward. Just before reaching the farm the team went pretty briskly down a steep hill. When Tommy entered the house his mother said:

"Tommy, my dear, were you not frightened when the horses went trotting so swiftly down Crow hill?"

"Yes, mother, a little," replied Tommy, honestly, "but I asked God to help me, and hung on like a beaver."

Sensible Tom! Why sensible! Because he joined work to praying. Let his words teach the life lesson; in all troubles pray and hang on like a beaver by which I mean that, while you ask God to help you, you must help yourself with all your might.

Items of Interest.

Americans eat twice as much salt as the English.

The grasshoppers have appeared in Central America.

What ought not to be done, do not even think of doing.

A fast young man: The one who sat down on a pot of glue.

Should a lady, who jumps at an offer, be ranked among the athletic?

The first piano in the United States was made at Philadelphia in 1775.

All honest men will bear watching. It is the rascals who cannot stand it.

Paste the date of the next eclipse in your hat. You may forget it. May 8, 1900.

Women love flowers and birds. They are, however, not so partial to swallows as the men are.

James Nutthing, of Arkansas, plunged into a river and rescued a drowning companion. Good for Nutthing.

Beasts of prey are unknown in Madagascar, but the rivers abound in alligators, and scorpions are very prolific.

A quidnunk is an individual who goes about stealing other folk's time, and phooling away his own.—Josh Billings.

"How greedy you are!" said one little girl to another who had taken the best apple in the dish; "I was going to take that."

The boy who will ride around all day on a velocipede considers himself terribly imposed upon if he has to wheel his baby sister two or three blocks.

There was a time in this country when the man who was sunstruck would strike back, but Americans are losing their taste for war.—Detroit Free Press.

The small boy looks with longing eyes, Upon the apple green; He will not touch them if he's wise. Lurking in the core there lies Colic and cramp unseen.

"Dr. Carver can knock a hole in a silver dollar every time." So can we, every time we take our girl for a walk down a street that boasts an ice cream saloon and a deuced big hole it is, too.—Puck.

The inhabitants of Madagascar are dying to get hold of an American ship captain who sold them 10,000 quart cans of tomatoes as a new kind of gunpowder. Their old blunderbusses wouldn't go off.

The women of Cyprus, like all the Greek women, chew great quantities of mastic, imported by the island of Scio, and deem it graceful to appear always biting this gum, and it will soon be in order for a later Byron to remark, "Maid of Cyprus, now we've come, leave, oh, leave off chewing gum."

THE BUMBLE BEE.

"Buzzing little busybody, Happy little hay-field rover. Don't you feel your own importance, Bustling through these wilds of clover?" "Don't your little wings grow weary Of this never-ceasing labor? When the butterfly swings near you, Envy you your idle neighbor?" "Stay a moment! Stay and tell me, Won't my gossip make you tarry? Hurry home, then, honey-laden, Fast as busy wings can carry."

"Fare-the-well, my tiny toiler, Noisy little mid-air steamer; Thou hast taught a wholesome lesson To an idle daylight dreamer."

A German naturalist, Tulberg, suggests the industrial application of the mussel. The well known *bbyssus*, or strong silky threads which these animals spin in order to fasten themselves to rocks and stones, is pointed out as a probable raw material to rival the somewhat similar threads spun by the silkworm. The threads of the *pinna*, a mollusk allied to the mussel, have been worked into fine fabrics and made into gloves, and have, for a long time, been in common use among the poorer class of girls and women in Italy for such purposes. The toughness of the *bbyssus* of the mussel is a strong recommendation in favor of its adaptation to some such use.

The annual rate of mortality, according to the most recent weekly returns in Calcutta, was thirty-three; Bombay, thirty-six; Madras, forty; Paris, twenty-three; Geneva, twenty-one; Brussels, thirty; Amsterdam, twenty-four; Rotterdam, twenty-nine; The Hague, twenty-five; Copenhagen, twenty-four; Stockholm, twenty-two; Christiania, nineteen; St. Petersburg, forty-eight; Berlin, fifty-two; Hamburg, twenty-nine; Dresden, thirty; Breslau, thirty-two; Munich, thirty-five; Vienna, thirty; Buda Pesth, thirty-nine; Rome, twenty-eight; Naples, thirty-nine; Turin, twenty-six; Venice, twenty-one; Alexandria, fifty-five; New York, twenty-three; Brooklyn, eighteen; Philadelphia, nineteen, and Baltimore, twenty.

A Niagara correspondent unearthed some interesting literature in a file of the Cataract House registers dating back to 1825. This hotel is the oldest in the village, and its registers contain the autographs of many distinguished historical personages. Not long ago an old gentleman, visiting the house, asked permission to look at the book. On turning over its leaves, he pointed out his name written thereon fifty years ago. At that time he was a young man, just entering life, and this was his wedding tour. The name of his wife, evidently a tenderly loved woman, but now dead, was inscribed beside his own. The sight of this name was sufficient to overcome him, and he had to turn away to his tears. In those early days the fashion to write remarks books, according to the taste of the writer.

The people who never mistakes nor blunders by essays on life, but mis J. sh Billings.