

AGRICULTURAL.

The White Guinea.

The Guinea fowl is a native of Africa, and is sometimes called African Pintado or Galineta. They have never out-grown their wild nature enough to be closely confined. When bred for domestic use they are peculiarly a farm table fowl, as they seldom find their way to market.

They are very profitable on farms, as they are industrious foragers and excellent insect destroyers. Will destroy more insects than all other poultry combined, and are not destructive to growing crops.

On the great Landreth seed farm near Philadelphia, Penn., they are the only fowl kept. They are given free access to all the fields. They can be kept without cost, but it would be better to give them an evening meal when young, to entice them to come up to the roost at night.

The White Guinea is not a polygamist, but has but one mate. They are abundant layers of very fine, rich flavored eggs. The young being hardy and easily raised, the eggs are set under common hens. It requires about four weeks to hatch out the young. The flesh of the White Guinea, unlike that of its speckled relations, is very tender and toothsome. As a table fowl they come nearer the wild game birds than any of our domestic fowls. Their scarlet trimmed heads and beautiful snow white plumage attract many admirers.

The White Guinea grows rapidly, and for broilers excel young chickens, and farmers that want to raise something pretty as well as toothsome would do well to raise a flock of these pretty little birds. They will reward him for the small outlay for breeding stock.

JASON ELLARS.

VARIETY FOR FOWLS.

Variety in feeding, says the "Poultry Yard," is not only highly appreciated by poultry, but in the experience of those who have tried this plan, as well as the most general system of feeding out whole grain only as a regular food, it has been found that the former is much the best toward keeping domestic fowls constantly in good thrift. By variety, we mean both raw and cooked food—meat, vegetables, scraps, green food, corn, oats, rice, barley, wheat, pounded bones, etc. Either for laying fowls, for breeders, or for growing stock, the varied feeding plan is always most beneficial.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

The New York hay crop promises to be 30,000 bales short; that of the Pacific coast will be larger than usual; the crop in England is light.

The Royal Agricultural Society has issued a new list of prizes for preserved fruits, jams and jellies, made exclusively from fruit of the British Islands.

In consequence of the generally bad crops and bad weather in England, the farming population is giving more attention to fruit growing than formerly.

One of the reasons why so many beginners in poultry raising fail to make poultry pay, is because they crowd 100 fowls into the space which half that number require.

Where persons have fancy fruit to ship, it pays to have the name of it printed neatly and laid in the case on top of the fruit. Buyers are pleased with this idea, and it helps to sell it.

When large quantities of roots are to be stored, and there is no root cellar, it is far better to construct pits than to fill the cellar of the dwelling house with them to vitiate the air of the entire house.

The great preponderance of testimony shows that soft food is better for cattle than is dry feed, and that in the dairy it is no trouble, with plenty of ensilage, to keep up a summer flow of milk all the year.

Lawns are best made by following nature's suggestions. If she has made a swale so be it. If she has rolled up a mound let it alone. We have only to remove roughness and inequalities.

In Holland thirty-six dollars yearly per acre is often paid as rent for land on which cows are kept. Yet the Holland dairymen are supposed to make large profits. They hold their cows at a high valuation—an average of \$150.

Sunflowers are used in Wyoming Territory for fuel. The stalks, when dry, make a hot fire, and the seed-heads with the seed in are said to burn better than hard coal. An acre of sun-flowers will furnish fuel for one stove for a year.

Healthy fowls pick up their feed quickly and relish it. When they go at it lazily, pick up a grain or two and then stop, there is something wrong. At this season it is well to examine closely for lice, and if they are found get rid of them.

A vegetable and small fruit grower of Arlington, raised on less than half an acre, \$800 worth of strawberries, besides what were used in the family. The fruit was sold at wholesale rates, and the varieties were Sharpless and Belmont.

Foundation walls for barns and stables should go down deep on low soils that are not well drained. Many walls go to ruin by failure to go a little deeper for the foundation. An exceptionally cold winter may cause damage from frost, and it is always well to bank up as much as possible.

New chestnuts are now to be had. If you wish to plant some select large ones, and if the ground is ready to receive them, plant at once where they are to grow. In planting, put two nuts in a place, using a light iron bar to make the holes, which should be about two or three inches deep. Plant in straight rows three feet apart, each way, so as to use the cultivator for a few years while the trees are young. If you are not ready to plant them now, pack in sand in earthen vessels and keep in a cool cellar.

A Very Indirect Compliment.

Mr. Marshall P. Wilder tells that at a big reception in London he got into conversation in a corner with a quiet, steady, middle-aged gentleman; and Mr. Wilder deplored the lack of interest he felt in the crowds of titled people around him. "I would rather talk to a plain person like yourself," he said, "in a quiet fashion, than to the Duke of Teck, who I believe is here." And then they went on exchanging opinions about England and America. Mr. Wilder found later on that his quiet companion was the Duke of Teck himself.

Tiny silver acorns are the newest in bonnet pins.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Judge—"This man is accused of assaulting an officer. What's the evidence?" Officer (aggrieved)—"Look at the man, your honor: His head is out, his eyes is gone and his nose is broken. Isn't that enough to show that he assaulted some one?"

"Why don't you ask somebody in your neighborhood to trust you?" said a storekeeper to a stranger who wanted credit. "I'd rather not," was the reply. "But I don't know you and they do." "Yes," was the rejoinder, "that's the reason I'd rather not."

Young Lady (badly frightened)—Oh, George, there comes papa. George (ditto)—Where? where? Young Lady—Hear him slipping along the hall in his stocking feet? George (greatly relieved)—Be calm, darling, be calm. George is not afraid of stocking feet.

"Oh, yes," said the Western man, "we like to have you fellows come out to grow up with the gul-orous West. But we draw the line at the men who are driven to settle with us because they are unable or unwilling to settle with their creditors in the East."

An old horseman in the city, who has charge of a large livery stable, states that in all his experience he has never before seen his horses shed their coats so early in the fall or receive in return a new one so heavy, so he predicts the "blizzardest blizzard kind of a winter."

A New York couple were recently photographed while the marriage ceremony was being performed. The photographer probably thought that it would be much easier to get them to "look pleasant" at that moment than at any other period during their married lives.

Mr. Padup—"Mrs. Hashcroft, this pie positively excites my admiration. Can't you let me have a whole one just like it?" Mrs. Hashcroft—"O, Mr. Padup, you are a sad flatterer, I'm afraid." Mr. Padup—"No, I'm in earnest about it. I want the crust to bottom one of the office chairs with."

Bobby was at a neighbor's and in response to a piece of bread and butter politely said: "Thank you." "That's right, Bobby," said the lady. "I like to hear little boys say 'Thank you.'" "Yes, ma, I told me I must say that if you gave me anything to eat, even if it wasn't nothing but bread and butter."

Sturdy farmer—Wan'ter marry my darter sh? Wall, what hev ye got ter support her with? Impunctious youth—I admit, sir, that I am meagrely supplied with this world's goods; but think of my family connections. We have one of the finest genealogical trees in the country. Sturdy farmer—Huh! Won't keep a family in fire-wood mor'n three weeks.

An Austin teacher was instructing his class in natural history. "To what class of birds does the hawk belong?" he asked. "To the birds of prey," was the reply. "And to what class do the quail belong?" There was a pause. The teacher repeated the question: "Where does the quail belong?" "On toast!" yells the hungry boy at the foot of the class.

"Yes, sir," said Jones to Smith, "as men grow in age and experience, they advance in knowledge." "I don't think so," replied Smith. "Don't think so? That's rather singular. The opinion I hold on the subject is universal opinion." "It may be, but I have my own opinion, nevertheless, and it is that the younger we are the more we know. When I was a youth, I knew twice as much as my father. Now I am aged and I don't know half as much as my son."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "To the Harvard Annex," Circe said; "And, by the way, Mr. Harvard man, just try to beat us girls if you can! We're going to be lawyers, doctors, and bless your heart, sir, we'll soon be running the press."

The senior smiled as he passed her by, And a semi-triumphant look blazed in his eye.

"You may do all you say, my confident maid, And still we men will be far ahead; For the time you girls will lose your nerve Will be when you try to pitch a curve!"

Bear Discipline.

A traveller who was crossing the Rocky Mountains, overheard a teamster tell the story of a mother bear and her cub, giving what he called a good example to human mothers in family government. This teamster was going up the mountain for pine logs, driving a wagon. On the top of a large rock by the side of the road was a young bear. The mother had started up the mountain as the team approached.

"The cub looked so cute," said the teamster, "lying there with its paws dropping over the edge of the rock, watching the horses as they came up. Presently, the old bear came bounding back to the cub, and giving it a nudge with her nose, started up the mountain again, expecting the 'young one' to follow."

"But the cub made no move. The old bear then came back the second time, and taking up the cub in her arms, gave him several cuffs."

"This time the cub obeyed orders and followed the old bear in a gallop, up the side of the mountain."

"He knew, that cub did, that he'd better mind, for that old bear wouldn't stan' any more foolin'."

The Fraser Canon.

While this vast gorge has not towering vertical walls, like the true canons of Colorado and Utah, its steep, bristling mountain sides of rock often bulge into headlands projecting like buttresses, and these, as a rule, must be pierced by a tunnel. Everywhere between them the roadbed is hewn out of rock or lodged along slopes of sliding fragments upon abutments of massive masonry, after a plan that would have staggered railway men a few decades ago; but sometimes the promontories are only a few rods apart, and are separated by deep gullies. Here to each tunnel succeeds a bridge, and to the bridge another tunnel, until, looking back, you can count six or seven such alternations within sight at once. Far above the tremendous torrents on one side and overshadowed by stormy walls and snowy peaks on the other, the traveller is at a loss which to admire the more—nature's savage force or man's conquering audacity and skill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pink and blue was a French combination in vogue for evening dress last season. Red and greens another French arrangement, but if the tones are not absolutely and exactly right the effect is awful.

It is said that the coal mines in the Souris region are so extensive and so easily wrought that the very best fuel can be had for a dollar and a half a ton. This ought to boom the country and greatly promote the construction of local railways.

Colonel Hughes-Hallett, the Englishman whose reputation was made so unsavoury by his infamous conduct towards a young female ward of his own, claims that his conduct has been vindicated by the Queen inasmuch as she has not called upon him to resign his commission.

Velvet bears the honour of reference this year, being in far greater vogue than plush. The latter fabric, though it is not considered best style, will, however, be quite extensively worn, for the reason that the very moderate sum asked for the finest grades of plush will this season bring it within the limits of the average purse.

The condition of the veteran John Bright is so serious that his death may be looked for at almost any moment. He has not been able to leave his bed for two weeks, and is gradually growing weaker. His mind remains clear, however, and he insists on having the full report of the Parnell Commission brought to him every day, and he reads it.

A singular crime was recently reported from the south of France. A nurse-girl of seventeen having been punished by her mistress for carelessness toward the child left in her charge, revenged herself by fastening the child and herself together with a chain, and then jumping into a river. She was seen to make the leap but before help could be got both girls had sunk and were drowned.

What an amount of attention the relation of this colony to the motherland is getting just now. Nearly every debating society attacks it with greater or less accuracy, and more or less evident success. The Young Liberals have had very weighty discussions on the subject, and the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society recently decided that "the colonies are detrimental to the mother land." A good many in this country seem also to have the opinion that the mother land is detrimental to at least this colony.

Surely this is new under the sun, if anything is. A company in London, Eng., undertakes to supply a large sheet of paper folding in envelope form and duly stamped, for a half-penny. And how do they manage it? Why, in this way. The space not reserved for the letter writer is covered with advertisements, and it is by these that the company recoups itself for its apparent sacrifice in supplying at half-price, all the means of transmitting a letter, which in the ordinary course of things would cost a penny, as well as the stationery used.

It seems of no use to keep repeating the old law that honesty is the best policy. People who want to make a short cut to comfort won't listen but go on stealing all the same. Yet what could be more foolish than that trick of the Toronto letter carrier, opening letters and extracting from them at few dollars thereby losing both position, character and means of living? Decidedly the devil gets his work done at the very lowest prices. Why that man blackened his own character and ruined his family for the chance of getting five dollars, which after all he did not get!

The popularity of the convenient fur pelrine is not likely to diminish, judging by the display that is made of them in the shops. The newest models are improved in form, as they are more tightly fitted, setting closely to the lower portion of the arms, and no spreading cape-fashion as formerly. One shape shows a high Medici collar, which can be turned up becomingly when required to protect the neck and ears. In its natural position it falls on the shoulders, much in the fashion of a sailor collar. There is a straight upright collar of ordinary make going round the throat also. Women who are not very sensitive to the cold greatly favour this small fur wrap, as, while it enables them to present a reasonable appearance, it also allows the display of a handsome gown beneath, from the waist down. It should be remembered, however, that cold is as readily contracted through an exposure of the arms to the northern blast as through the chest. A chill up the arms will reach the lungs in as short a space of time as by exposure of an improperly wrapped throat or chest.

The anxiety expressed in some quarters as to whether young Emperor William could be provided with enough peaceful occupation after his return to Berlin was obviously premature, since there was the coronation yet to think of. This ceremony, it is now said, may very likely be fixed for Jan. 18, as that will be the anniversary of the crowning of Emperor William I. at Versailles. This would be a felicitous selection, presumably gratifying to the present monarch, who looks up to the ways of his grandsire, and certainly pleasing to the German people from its reminder of an event in which they take a just pride. That coronation of 1871, typical alike of the union of Germany and of a military prowess which could fix the scene of the ceremony in the heart of a conquered enemy's country, was one of the dramatic pictures of our time which the coming coronation, with all its attendant splendors, can hardly match. It is fortunate for the peace of Europe that William III. is quite content to be crowned peacefully at home, instead of seeking first another Versailles in which to perform the ceremony.

Among the autumn mantles is an original one made to match a costume. It is of pancy-coloured bengaline, with the shoulder capes to the elbows, made of pancy-coloured matelasse silk. The front is shaped like a fitted corset; the back has three pleat which narrow on each side as they reach the waist, and from there continue to the bottom of the wrap, which falls almost as long as the skirt. Another wrap in plain black velvet has sleeves of the same, covered with a massive network of silk passementerie and cut jet. This wrap has pannelled fronts, the ends of which diminish to a point, where two heavy jet Hungarian spikes are placed. The panels, as well as the wrap entire, is lined with satin striped moire. Another autumn garment is a short model extending only a few inches beyond the waist! Its shape is straight, finely pleated about the neck, and bordered with a shirred ruche of fringed silk. It has a "bonne femme" hood—that is, large and round, made of shot velvet, with a surah lining in one of the colours of the changeable velvet.

What will We do in Heaven?

An enterprising New York interviewer lately asked Dr. Talmage about what people would be doing in Heaven, and get in return for his pains and his impudence quite a number of wrinkles about the heavenly activities. And all in that glib, irreverent way which Talmage so much affects and which is so dear to the typical interviewer's heart. Here is a specimen of the way in which the Brooklyn Tabernacle man spread himself:—

"The Bible says that in Heaven there are many mansions, which I take as meaning rooms. There will be the reception room, the music room, the family room, the throne room. I suppose after that the musician has found his own loved ones who have gone before him he will see Beethoven and Mozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and all the great earthly exponents of that art. The painter will pass a few happy hours with his kin and then go into the presence of Rembrandt and Raphael and Rubens and Claude and Titian and all the other great souls of painters whose fame we revere on earth. I suppose great wits—and the best Christians I have ever found or met are the Christian wits—they will come into communion with the Sidney Smiths, the Christopher Norths, the Shakespeares, and so on, with other men and women."

"Shakespeare, you know, in his last will and testament, dedicated his soul to God through the Lord Jesus Christ, and he was as thorough a Christian as he was great as a dramatist."

WE WILL FIND OUR TRUE VOCATION.

"I could talk to you forever on the subject of heaven, for it is one we all are interested in. My ideas of Heaven are greatly changed. When I first entered the ministry I had imagined a poetic heaven: now it has become to me a home circle. We can do there whatever we please; our nature is enlarged there; we will enjoy more freedom a higher state of existence, and go on improving through eternity. We have an imperfect nature in this world, and here we cannot do as we please. We are bound down; our best moods have no scope; no freedom; we are tied down in a great many instances to ungenial pursuits to which we have become devoted by accident or the force of circumstances. In heaven all this will be changed. Locomotion will be rapid, and, to use a material idea, we shall be able to fly like the bird—that is, if we want to go anywhere the mere wish will accomplish it. To-day you and I have to walk or ride in the cars to the Bridge, or we pass hours in a train on our way to a city in the West. In heaven we would be at our destination in the twinkling of an eye. Space will be annihilated—time will be as nothing."

All this may be just as well as something else but we tell Talmage that he knows nothing about what he dogmatizes with such glibness and such flippancy. It looks very much as if both the interlocutors spoke as if they had their tongues in their cheeks and were quietly smiling in true Roman Augur fashion. Why will people continually presume to be wise above what is written and fly off into space as if they were little divinities and diamond editions of omniscience? Another of the learned pundits puffed away at cigarettes all the time he was laying down the law about the upper regions and spoke as glibly of God and planets and outlying regions of space as if he knew all about it and had come but recently from the very presence chamber of the Almighty. It was all very much in the same style as was remarked about another New York doctor when he once preached in Toronto. "There were three persons," said the somewhat critical hearer on that occasion, "Evidently on very intimate terms—God, Moses and Dr. ———." Such disjointed declamatory *blague* is apt to bring both religion and its official expounders into contempt.

Wanted to See the Postmaster.

"Where's the postmaster?" demanded a long, bony woman with a freckled face, who presented herself at one of the delivery windows in the postoffice the other day.

"What is it you wish, madam?" inquired the clerk.

"Are you the postmaster?"

"No, ma'am, but—"

"Thought you didn't look old enough. It's the postmaster I want, young man. I don't want no truck with you. Will you go and tell him I'd like to see him?"

"He is busy now, but if you will state your business perhaps I can attend to it. You are keeping other people wait—"

"Young man, I've walked eleven blocks to get here, and I pay as much to support this postoffice as any woman of my means in the city. I'm going to get what I came for or I'll raise the biggest row you ever saw. You're a-listening to me, are you, young man?"

"I am, madam. Will you please tell me what you wish?"

"I want to get a letter I mailed this morning to Mrs. Edward Felix Winterbottom, Newburyport, Essex County, Mass. She's my cousin."

"What do you want it for?"

"I want to write 'in haste' on the back. I forgot to write it when I dropped it in, and the letter's important."

"I can't do such a thing as that for you, ma'am. Besides it isn't necessary."

"It ain't, hey! Perhaps you know more about writing letters than I do. Perhaps you're 55 years old and I've carried on a correspondence with friends in the East for thirty-seven years, young man! You long-legged, tallow-haired dule, if you don't go and fetch the postmaster—"

But the post office policeman gently led her from the building.

Cured by an Earthquake.

There is a well-known lady in this county who has enjoyed perfect health since the earthquake of two years ago. For several years up to that time her health had been declining, and she was then quite feeble. The physicians said the trouble was that she never perspired. When the great earthquake occurred she was considerably frightened and in a few moments the perspiration came freely from every pore. She began to improve from that moment and soon entirely regained her health. — [Washington (Ga.) Gazette.]

Very stout old old lady (watching the lions fed)—"Pears to me, mister, that ain't a very big piece o' meat for such a animal." Attendant (with the greatest and most stupendous show of politeness on earth)—"I s'pose it does seem like a small piece of meat to you, ma'am, but it's enough for the lion."

GOOD WORDS FROM GOOD BOOKS.

A young man who, with any degree of earnestness, declares that he never intends to marry, confesses to a brutal nature or perverted morals.

The more of a man you become, and the more of manliness you become capable of exhibiting in your associations with women, the better wife you will be able to obtain.

The body is the temple or the tabernacle of a soul that shall live forever.

What do you think of stuffing the front door of such a building full of the most disgusting weeds that you can find, filling the chimney with snuff?—J. G. Holland

No Christian can maintain a close walk with God, none can keep alive the hallowed fire of the soul without daily kindling it afresh at the altar. None can grow in knowledge and holiness without stated and regular seasons of prayer.—Abbott

Any coward or fortunate fool may brag or vaunt, but he only is capable of disdain whose conviction that he is stronger than his enemy rests on grounds of reason.—Pericles, B. C. 450.

The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something. The strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish any thing.—C. S. Lyle.

The Songs of Labor.

There is scarcely an occupation, certainly none that demands unity of purpose and regularity of attack, that has, or has not had, its own peculiar kind of song or accompanying chant. The anvil, the loom, the dairy, the field, the wharf, the plantation, ay, and even the collier's dreary world, are each in themselves an incentive to some kind of music, and their laborers in all parts make for themselves, if not a pleasing recreation, at any rate a soothing monotony by crooning, or humming, or chanting, some rhythmical measure. Athenæus has preserved the Greek names of different songs as sung by various trades, but unfortunately none of the songs themselves. There was one for the corn-grinders, another for wool-workers, another for weavers; the reapers had their carol, the herdsmen a song composed by a Sicilian ox-driver; the kneaders, the bathers, and the galley-rowers were not without their chant. It is still the custom of Egypt and in Greece to carry on an immense labor by an accompaniment of music and singing; hence the story of Amphion building Thebes with his lyre. In Africa to this day the laborers on the plantations at Yaourie work to the sound of a drum.

Almost all these old Grecian trade songs have their counterpart at the present time in some land, if not universally. The corn-grinder's song is imitated on the Russian wharves, where the women sing in chorus as they crush the grain for exportation; the weavers in Ayrshire, where are still to be found the almost obsolete hand-loom, croon some weird Highland tune as they sit at their work; the reapers in Russia have their wheat chorus and rye chorus, and the haymakers in many countries have special songs of their own.—[Nineteenth Century.]

Prices a Century Ago.

Prices in England in 1788 were, upon an average: Meat, 5d. per lb.; bread, 4d. or 5d. a quarter loaf; eggs, in spring, 16 or 18 for 4b., fowls, in summer and autumn, 1s. 6d. a pair; loaf sugar, 7d. per lb.; wages, seven or eight guineas, and £1 for tea or beer. Washing always done at home, and everything ironed, as manicles then cost £25, whereas they can now be bought for as many shillings.

The editor's drawer culls an interesting bit of biographical information from the examination paper of a small boy who wrote, "Abraham Lincoln was borne in Kentucky in 1492 at the age of seven years."

A regulation has been adopted in the Michigan State prison by which, hereafter, convicts may earn the right to wear plain gray suits instead of the prison stripes. Men who obey the prison rules for six months may discard the stripes, but if after that period they become unruly again, they must once more don the objectionable clothing.

An old lady friend of ours told us recently that of all the medicines she had ever tried she found none to equal Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, and said she, "I always have to go back to Dr. Carson's Bitters, no matter what other medicine I am induced to try." Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters for the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Kidneys. Large bottles 50 cents.

The sapient warriors who edit the pages of the *New York Herald* have printed several pages of matter showing how easily Bermuda and Halifax could be captured in case of war. In the case of Halifax it seems there would be two armies of attack. One of them would go by rail, and the other would be thrown across the Bay of Fundy. Dynamite and nitro-gelatine would complete the work of destruction.

A strange, repulsive story, comes from Paris, to the effect that a boy of fourteen fell in love with a statue of Venus, and when his father had it broken in order to foil the precocious passion, the infatuated Parisian Pygmalion went and hanged himself. Unless the whole thing is a hoax it goes far to prove that "calf love" may be too serious a thing to laugh at. One comforting thought, at any rate, is that the example of this particular "calf" is not likely to be followed.

Over the door of a very ancient house in the famous old Scotch city of Dumfermline, may still be read this significant motto,

"Since word is thrall but thocht is free

Keep weel thy tongue, I counsel thee."

which, of course, being interpreted for the benefit of those who know no Scotch, means, "Think what you please, but be careful of what you let slip from your tongue." This motto carries one's thoughts a long way back to times when it was anything but safe to utter all that was in the mind. It is a good enough motto even for these days. Lord Sackville might have applied it to the case of letter writing with considerable advantage to himself. It would have saved him from being recalled in semi-dignity. His punishment for lack of judgment has been severe. If the mean hounds who tricked him, and prostituted their own honour, and what pretensions they may have had to the character of gentlemen, could be as summarily dealt with, a good many of us would think that more substantial justice had been done.