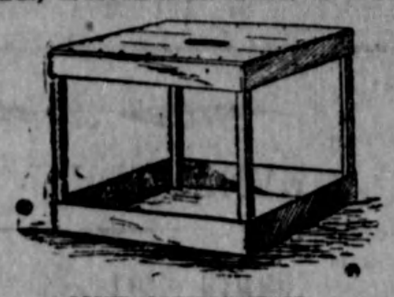
AGRICULTURAL.

Crate For Shipping Live Fowls.

Express charges on live poultry being double rates, it is desirable to make the crate in which poultry is shipped as light as is consistent with strength. The illustration shows what is perhaps the best framework for such a crate. An empty grocery box of the requisite size may be sawed in the middle, making the top and bottom of the crate, though if the box is at all high some three or four inches only, of the top and of the bottom should be taken. The corner post of inch and a half pine should be well nailed to the box, and the sides and ends then covered with burlap or cotton cloth. The top may be of slats or of boards, as shown in the sketch. If of the



LIGHT POULTRY CRATE.

latter, a hole should be cut both for ventilation and for convenience in handling. Straw should be placed in the bottom, and plenty of oats or wheat scattered into it. If the birds are to be shipped but a short distance, no water should be placed in the crate, but if sent a long way a tin cup should be provided, and notice pasted on the outside that the fowls within are to be watered by the express messenger. If food is provided for a long journey it should be placed in some receptacle so that the birds will not soil it before it is all eaten. Do not crowd birds that are to be shipped a long distance. If they are to be on the way but twenty-four hours, or less, some little crowding will not injure them.

The Farm Teams.

How much of our success in farming is due to the long suffering labors of our patient farm horses. Hence it is of primary importance that we handle and care for them in the wisest manner, both from a humane standpoint, and from a mercenary one as well, as we wish to extend their period of usefulness as long as possible, and thereby get as much work out of them as can be obtained. With good feed, regularly supplied, horses will stand steady work through the entire day and yet keep in good condition, providing they are not worried by a senseless, thoughtless driver.

In the first place, the farm horses should have comfortable, commodious stables that are cool, airy and well ventilated. Close narrow stalls are an abomination. Every hard-working horse should at least be allowed a good wide box stall in which he can stretch out his legs, and rest in comfort. Of course comfortable bedding should be supplied. Not so heavy a bedding is needed now as in winter, but a thin layer of sawdust, dry loom, or straw is needed to permit an animal to lie easy, as well as to keep him clean. To keep air of stables sweet and wholesome, sprinkle about a little land plaster occasionally.

The hard working horse must have liberal rations. Oats seem best fitted for horses, but they are somewhat expensive and for slow-working farm teams, corn and bran may profitably be compounded with the oats. An excellent ration consists of one-third each, of cracked corn, bran and oats. Of this combination, the farm horse may receive twelve quarts per day, or four quarts morning, noon and night. It is a mistake to work an animal all day, and then turn him out very hungry to pasture by the roadside, to get his living. Thus the poor beast must work both night and day. By all means feed the grain ration first, with a little good hay or cut grass; then if a cool pasture is available, the animal may be turned loose to rest in the open air.

Regular thorough grooming, and well oiled, properly fitting harnesses are further items upon which the good condition of the farm team depends. Grooming is the equivalent of a certain quantity of grain and is it not reasonable that a horse whose skin is kept open, and the pores unclogged, should be more healthy and vigorous and capable of performing more work than one that receives no attention in this direction?

Then there is no question but what a harness that is pliant and supple from regular applications of oil, is found to last longer and bear less heavily upon the horses than one that is hard and stiff through neglect. A well oiled harness means less chafing, fewer galls and sores. In conclusion, it may be repeated, that our farm horses deserve all the kindness and good care that can be given them.

Dairy Notes.

If we wish to secure first-class butter, it is not of packing alone that we must be especially careful. We must begin—not with the quarters alone in which Bossy is kept, although it is of great importance that her quarters be kept clean and comfortable—but with the milker. Yes, absolute cleanliness is required in the personal habits of the one who draws the lacteal fluid from Bossy, be it man or woman. On most farms the milking is performed by the male members of the family. Does one out of ten ever think of performing their morning ablutions before milking? We have seen these male members milking with pipes in their mouths, and removing them occasionally to eject saliva; hair unkempt and soiled, dirt-begrimmed clothes. Gilt-edged butter! Bah! This is no overdrawn picture.

Next we should note the surroundings of Bossy. She should be groomed every morning before milking, the udder washed in tepid water in cold weather, and cool water in summer, and afterwards wiped dry. The milk should be strained soon after milking is done and not allowed to stand until cream begins to form before it is strained. It is less trouble to use a detached strainer, as it admits of easier cleansing. Cleanliness is the watchword in good butter-making. If crocks are used in which to set the milk, always wash in warm water and afterward scald, and if they are washed in lime water often, it will insure their perfect sweetness.

Milk should be skimmed before it thickens, and should be churned every other day. I use a stone jar for cream, and every time cream is added it is well stirred in with the other. Cream should not be churned within twelve hours after the last skimming is added. Cream should be kept as near sixty degrees of temperature as possible until ready for churning, and in the winter should be brought to sixty-four degrees. In summer, if cream is warmer than sixty degrees, it should be cooled to that temperature by placing the jar in cold water—over night is best if it can be so arranged. The butter will be solid in the hottest weather if this method is used.

The butter should come within an hour. I attend to all the butter-making myself, from first to last, except churning. I prefer to take the butter from the churn with the ladle, using plenty of cold water to wash away the buttermilk, and think that chopping it with the ladle insures better results than mashing it and smearing it, which by breaking the granules, renders it greasy and streaked. Drain off the water from time to time; salt at the rate of nearly two ounces to the pound.

An excellent way of packing butter is to use stone jars, unless wanted to send off, when wooden tubs or buckets can be used, and should be thoroughly soaked in brine before the butter is packed in them. Have the jars perfectly sweet and clean and cold; sprinkle salt lightly in the bottom and on the sides. The butter should be worked the second time to insure all the buttermilk being drawn off, and then place in the jar and with the wooden potato masher press it evenly and firmly; have a cloth about an inch larger than the jar wrung out of cold water; lay it over the butter and press out the air and cover with an inch of salt; spread it evenly and press the cloth close to the side of the jar. When the next lot is ready to pack take off the cloth, salt and all, and lay in a clean dish or bowl, to be used again; the object of the salt and cloth is to exclude the air.

Over the top of the jar another cloth of three or four thicknesses should be placed. When the jar is within an inch of being full. cut a cloth that will just cover the butter, being careful to keep smooth and exclude every air bubble, then cover with brine, strong as can be made; it does not matter if it be thickened with salt; then tie up with the cloth folded as described above and cover all with a plate or wooden cover.

This is the plan adopted by one of the best butter makers I have known. If butter is wanted for immediate use I roll it back and forth and shape it up with the ladle until made into oval rolls, then wrap each roll into a separate cloth. It will reach customers in better shape than when several rolls are piled together "promiscuous like."

CAPT. BOWER IN TIBET.

His Recent Exploration of What is Called the Roof of the World.

Capt. Hamilton Bower, an Englishman has recently returned from a daring trip of exploration in Tibet, the "Roof of the World." Tibet does not welcome foreign explorers, and Capt. Bower's trip was full of incident. His plan was a bold one. He made his final preparations at Leh, in Kachmirian Tibet, but he kept the object of his journey a profound secret.

Capt. Bower's Chinese passport for travelling in Chinese Turkestan was of no value in Tibet proper. Capt. Bower's plan was to push forward into Tibet without being noticed until he had gone too far to turn back. He and his companion Dr. Thorold, represented themselves as merchants on their way to China, and succeeded in maintaining this character among the few nomads whom they met until they reached responsible officials within a few marches of Lhasa. At this point Capt. Bower and Dr. Thorold came out in their true characters and refused to be sent back by the way they came. The officials did not allow them to proceed to Lhasa itself.

The plan of these explorers involved weeks of the hardest travelling through an unknown district lying to the north of Tibet, of which the maps give only scanty details. They lived for weeks at an elevation of from 15,000 to 18,000 feet on a plateau known as the Chang. It was thinly populated, but it abounded in game. From the north of Lhasa they came to low, relevations and more populous districts and came out at last on the main Chinese trade road through Bethany and Lithany to the Yang-tse-Kiang.

Capt. Bower found the religion of the Tibetans a strange worship. In speaking of it he says: "In no country is religion so much en evidence. Every man has a praying-wheel in his hand, which he continually turns, even when on horseback. . . . But all this outward show means nothing but a gross superstition; in no way do the people regard their religion as being a rule of life inculcating virtue and morality; all they think is that by observing certain rules, benefit—but they know not what benefit—is obtained, and by neglecting them, calamities—but they know not what calamities—would ensue." Capt. Bower thinks that the religious question is at the bottom of the rooted objections of the Tibetans to the intrusion of Europeans in their country. The lamas objected to his entering their monasteries for fear he should see the wealth accumulated in them. Polandry, if not a part of their religion, is sanctified by custom.

China considers all of Tibet as in some sense belonging to her, and she would undoubtedly cry "Hands off," to any other power that attempted to invade this country. As a matter of fact, the Chinese residents have little real influence, and do very much as the lamas direct.

What Mamma Would Think.

She (blushing)—"Oh, George, what would mamma think if she knew you kissed me?"

He—"She wouldn't think at all; she would say it right out."

INDIANS OF THE NORTH

THEY ARE INTELLIGENT AND WELCOMED A CLERGYMAN.

Some Very Wild Dances—At Times They Carry on Like Wild Men but are not Dangerous.

The Hon. J. C. Schultz, lieutenant governor of Manitoba, has received the following letter from the Bishop of Mackenzie river (Dr. Reeve) giving a report of the visit of the Rev. J. O. Stringer to the Indians in the extreme north of Canada. After describing his journey and introduction to the tribes he says:—"Hunting the grampus is their chief occupation in summer, and last season 155 were killed. After a day's hunt all would meet in the council house and the exploits and adventures of the day would be related with great animation and considerable eloquence. Some of them had said that they would not hunt on Sundays, but one day when Mr. Stringer was in a tent visiting a sick person, a cry was raised that whales were in sight, and when he came out of the tent all the men were off in their kyaka. Unable to get the others to attend service, and discouraged and disappointed with the day's proceedings, he was just about to retire to rest when a message came to say that he was wanted at the council house. He went 'wondering what was wrong, and was surprised to see nearly all the men sitting there quietly.'"

SAW THEM DANCING.

Amongst other purposes the council house was used for dancing. On the night after his arrival, as he was sitting there, a dance commenced, which is best described in his own words: "I watched them for a while, and before I knew it they had turned it into a 'medicine making' performance. So I thought I would see it through. It became wild. Had it not been that the ones who took part were those who were friendly to me I think I should have been nervous, or in other words 'scared.' When you see a big knife brandished in close proximity to you, and the brandisher going through all sorts of contortions and mimicry, such as few lunatics would be guilty of, you begin to wonder what is going to happen next; at least I did, and several times would have been glad to be out of there, but I thought if I left they would think I was scared, and that would never do, so I saw it to the finish. I think several of them were possessed. Otherwise I don't know how they could have gone through the performance as they did. Perhaps it was just as well that I witnessed it once, but I don't think I shall again."

HIS SECOND VISIT.

The second visit was to Herschel island, and was undertaken at the beginning of winter. Taking a train of dogs, sled, provisions and everything necessary for a journey over the snow, and accompanied by an Indian, he left the mission on Oct. 27, and reached the island after fourteen day's travelling. It was a trying journey. A dense fog compelled them to hug the shore, and thus increase the distance. The sudden breaking off from the shore of a large sheet of ice nearly caused their being carried out to sea. They also narrowly escaped a visit, during the night, from a large polar-bear, which was looking out for winter quarters, and perhaps for a supper too. They fell in with a party of Eskimos and stayed with them a day. They seemed to be utterly ignorant of the gospel. He had there his first experience of living in a snow house, and had one of his own. "The first," he says, "I ever owned." About fifteen miles from the island they came across another party. whom they were glad to meet as their provisions had run out. They were all strangers to Mr. Stringer and many of them had never before seen a missionary. He says, "I had seen some of their relations last summer and they plied me with questions about them, for they had not heard of them since last winter. I made two trips to the village on the mainland, staying over night each time, and was much pleased with their eagerness to learn. They used to gather in the largest house, and were very attentive as I read them what I had translated."

WHAT THE HOUSES ARE LIKE.

"In the house where I stopped, there were about twenty people living. The building was about six feet high in the centre, sloped to the sides, and would have a floor area of about fifteen square feet. I was kept busy while there holding little services with them, and trying to answer all the questions they asked. One man said he had killed another a long time ago, and eagerly enquired if there was a chance of his going to heaven. A woman wanted to know if they used tobacco in heaven. They were as kind as could be, and wanted me to stay all winter. They wanted me to come back and stay all next winter, and said they would hunt for me and get me a supply of meat."

RAT RAILWAY.

Unique Method of Training Rodents for Exhibition.

There was recently in Paris a Russian, by name of Dourof, who is supposed to know more about the nature of rats than any other man living. He has made a business of training them to do queer things, and at the same time has carefully studied their habits and ways.

A contributor, who visited him and his 230 free and ordinarily uncaged rats, found him in the act of exhibiting his "rat" railway. It consisted of a narrow track laid in a circle, upon which were three passenger carriages large enough to hold five or six rats apiece, a luggage van and a pretty little engine. Close to the track was a small painted wooden house, which served as a station. There were points and other railway paraphernalia. Presently a cage was brought in which contained a considerable number of rats. Dourof clapped his hands together three times, and all the rats came running out of the cage and swarming into and about the little station. He clapped his hands again, and half a dozen black and sleek rats—very respectable, corpulent fellows—climbed into the first carriage, which was a first-class. Once more Dourof clapped, and a half dozen black-and-white rats, quite regularly marked, got into the second-class carriage, while an indiscriminately marked and rather disreputable-looking company scrambled into the last carriage, which was third-class. A black rat, who did duty as the station-master, promenaded up and down on the platform of the little house, while two or three small white rats dragged some little trucks into the luggage van. These were the porters. A whistle was heard, the driver-rat climbed upon the engine and a pointsman rushed to the points. Again the whistle sounded, and the train moved off round the track.

The training of the rats to the performance of this feat was, M. Dourof declared, extremely easy, except in the case of the porters, whose education has cost him a great deal of trouble. Each party of "passengers" had been placed, one party at a time, at their breakfast hour opposite the carriage to which they belonged, in which some soaked bread had already been placed. At his signal they had been liberated and had quickly found the bread. Little by little they had been trained in this way to enter the proper carriages. The engine was operated with clockwork, and the rats had nothing to do with it.

A SAGACIOUS DOG.

The Newfoundland That Was Bound to Have His Evening Walk.

There is a story of a French dog whose breakfast was forgotten, whereupon he ran out into the garden and returning with a sprig in his mouth, deposited it at his master's feet. It was a sprig of forget-me-not. The truth of this story is perhaps open to question, but a story almost as remarkable has been furnished by a gentlemen whose veracity is said to be undoubted. The story runs:

Jack is a handsome Newfoundland dog. Every evening, at 9 o'clock, he is taken for a walk by his master, who has an orangewood walking stick which he particularly likes and usually carries. Every evening at the stroke of 9 Jack rushes to the hat-rack in the hall, noses about among the walking sticks and umbrellas until he finds the orangewood stick, and immediately afterward appears before his master carrying it in his teeth. He wags his tail and prances delightedly about, and shows as plainly as possible that he will be a broken-hearted dog if his friend and master omits the evening stroll.

One evening the family were in the sitting-room with some guests. A shower had come on and it was raining hard when the clock struck 9. The stroke had hardly died away when Jack danced gayly in the room with the orangewood stick in his mouth.

"No, Jack," said his master, "we can not go to-night. It is raining too hard. We should get wet. Just listen to it, Jack." With that the host turned his attention once more to his guests, and presently they heard Jack pulling over the things in the hatrack. They supposed he was putting away the walking stick, like the clever dog he is.

A few moments later a beseeching little bark was heard. There in the sitting-room door stood Jack, with an umbrella in his mouth. Every one flew for the waterproof and hat of the man of the house, and that gentleman, bearing the umbrella so persuasively offered him, took Jack out for his walk without further delay.

A SMALLPOX RIOT.

The Eleventh Ward of Milwaukee Up in Arms Against the Health Authorities.

The rebellion against the enforcement of sanitary law bearing on smallpox cases has assumed alarming proportions in Milwaukee. The seat of war is the south side and particularly in the eleventh ward, where the isolation house is located. The authorities health officials and several aldermen were busy on Thursday night holding conferences and attempting to formulate some plan whereby the laws might be properly enforced. There was great uneasiness manifested and one of the city officers said that the situation was more serious than the majority of people imagined. Assured of police protection the health department's van with a crew of six health officers went to the house of Ferdinand J. Butler, at 736 Muskego avenue, where a child was suffering from the disease. Their appearance was the signal for the sounding of an alarm and in 10 minutes there was a mob of fully 2,000 people on the scene. There were loud cries and threats against the health department officers and a few stones were thrown. Before much danger could be done, however, a squad of police arrived. The health officers broke in the door of the house and soon reappeared with the sick child, which was placed in the van. The crowd now became furious and as the van started up made a determined charge. The police would have been overpowered had not a patrol waggon filled with officers arrived at this critical juncture. Guarded by a large detail of officers the van passed through the mob and started for the hospital, pursued by the crowd. A mass meeting was held by fully 3,000 people, a great many of them women. A number of speeches denunciatory of the health department and Commissioner Kempster were made. Other speakers warned the people not to commit any violence.

Sister's Indifferenee.

Little Boy—"You needn't worry about sister and Mr. Poorchapp. She doesn't care a snap for him."

Mother (much relieved)—"How did you learn that?"

Little Boy—"When they are in the parlor alone, she won't even let him have a chair to himself."

An Innuendo.

He—"Pshaw, anybody can make money, but it isn't anybody who can write a poem."

She (significantly)—"You are right. I've just read one of yours."

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered From His Daily Record.

Tin can—"I am not entirely useless."

Dog—"Of course not; you may point a moral, though you certainly do not adorn a tail."

Philadelphia has 2,000 miles of regularly laid out streets and 300 miles of street car lines. It produces every hour $500,000,000 of goods.

Atlanta is called the gate city because it is the central point for railway communication between the Atlantic coast and the great cotton belt.

Durham, N. C., is one of the greatest tobacco manufacturing points in the south. One firm there makes 300,000,000 cigarettes every year.

New York dealers in the photographs of celebrities say that the picture of Mrs. Ballington Booth is among the most popular in the market.

Wootten, the famous country place of the late George W. Childs, is now occupied by George W. Childs-Drexol, who purchased it after Mr. Childs' death.

Lewis G. Stevenson, the son of Vice-President Stevenson, has declined the office of assistant paymaster of the navy, to which he was recently appointed.

In a suit over six geese in Stamp Creek, Ga., when the costs had amounted to about seventy dollars the matter was compromised and settled by dividing the geese.

Fifty thousand dollars in counterfeit money gathered in by the officers of the secret service, was destroyed at the United States treasury department, at Washington.

American Tobacco Company reports for the year 1893 net earnings $4,344,467, against $4,739,301 in 1892, and surplus after dividends $1,212,607, against $1,612,501.

There were 231,000 sheep sheared at and near Casper, Wy., this season. The season lasted 15 days, and 150 shearers were employed. The price paid was seven cents per head.

Mobile reports the export lumber trade there is increasing, and that mills working "are having all that they can do to supply the demand, vessels often having to wait for cargoes."

The confederate Women's Monument Association has been organized at Richmond and a charter is to be obtained. Voluntary subscriptions toward the monument now amount to $600.

The Metropolitan Telephone company, of New York city, who are licensed under the Bell Telephone company, are now offering the genuine Bell Telephone instruments for sale at $1.25 each.

Mrs. Peter McPherson, of Muncie, Ind., attended a party at which there were 13 guests. Some one superstitiously inclined, remarked that before many weeks some one of the number would die. Mrs. McPherson at once fell ill and died in 100 days.

A pointer dog has gotten its master, James D. Brewster, of Wolcott, N. Y., in trouble by devouring vegetables belonging to neighbors. A neighboring farmer has brought action against Brewster, "for trespass and malicious mischief by canine proxy."

The most wonderful cliff dwellings in the United States are those of the Mancos, in a southern Colorado canyon. Some of these caves are 500 to 600 feet from the bottom of the perpendicular sides of the canyon wall, and how their occupants gained ingress is a mystery.

Dr. Lewis Swift, who is credited with nine distinct comet discoveries, thinks that "comets are composed of little particles as small as kernels of wheat, each with its own atmosphere surrounding it," but this is about the extent of his knowledge on the subject, "and as to why the tail is sometimes one way and sometimes the other," he says, "I do not think any one knows."

The annual report of the United States Customs house at Niagara Falls for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, shows the amount of duties collected there on goods taken over from Canada to have been $214,576.62; amount of fines, $750.69; amount of fees, $7,841.70; miscellaneous, $3,770, total collections, $226,955.01. The value of imports upon which duty was assessed was $5,048,340, and the value of those entered free of duty $608,317.

A Co-Operative Colony.

A large number of people in Vancouver, B.C., are interested in the scheme to found a co-operative colony which is more directly the idea of the Vancouver Co-operative Club. It is understood that the choice of a suitable locality for this co-operative colony has already been made, but it is not proposed to specify the same until a later date. However, it may be said that its situation and resource will afford peculiar facilities or future development, and the promoters of the scheme are sanguine as to the result. About a dozen pioneers will leave before long and prepare the ground for the settlers by erecting a number of houses and clearing up a little land, and there is very little doubt but that many settlers will go out next spring and apply themselves to the cultivation of the soil. Agriculture is not the only field of labour to which the promoters look for a large return. It is expected that in the course of time, mills, fisheries, blacksmith's shops, stores, and even canneries may ultimately be opened up. A cordial invitation is extended to all desirous of joining the colony, for it is the intention of the promoters to give everybody a chance of bettering his condition if possible. Active arrangements are already being made for the purchase of the supplies, hard ware, ploughs, etc., and there seems no prospect for any subsequent hitch in the proceedings.

Really a Serious Matter.

Actor—"Hurry, or we'll miss the train."

Actress—"I can't find my diamonds or my purse."

"Oh, well, never mind."

"Yes, but the purse had ten dollars in it."