

AGRICULTURAL.

A Cheap Poultry House.

A building for wintering a flock of laying hens, as shown in the accompanying illustration.



FIG. 1. POULTRY HOUSE.

The building (Fig 1) is six feet high by thirty feet long, and twenty feet wide, the space for laying and roosting being separated by a wire netting partition, where the feed and heater is located. A farmer's wife will find that a small building of this kind,

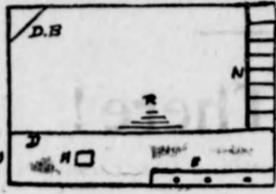


FIG. 2. GROUND PLAN OF POULTRY HOUSE.

costing not over twenty-five dollars, will meet her home needs and be handy to her kitchen door in cold weather when the barn is a long distance away. The ground plan (Fig 2) shows the arrangement, which is very simple. The nest boxes N, the dust box A, the roost B, the doors D, the heater E, and the feed box F, are shown in the diagram. This house is practical and cheap. The roof is covered with tar or felt paper, to shut out the rain and snow.

A Living in the Poultry Yard.

Raising poultry, for meat or eggs, is a trade which requires apprenticeship and experience to make a profit from, not taking into account a living for one's self and family. To be sure there are thousands of small flocks, in the yards of mechanics, clerks, bankers, and clergymen, from which, if no money profit is realized, a large profit in pleasure and recreation is secured. As a rule a small flock will pay a better profit than a large one, proportionately, for the reason that the waste from the kitchen—bread, meat and vegetables—from an ordinary-sized family will nearly feed a flock of a dozen, while it would be so small an item, in a flock large enough to make a living from, that its benefit would be hardly felt. The small flock will also have better care in various ways. The house can be kept in the best sanitary condition, and the roof and sides proof against rain and wind; if a fowl is ailing it is quickly discovered, the cause found, and the remedy applied. If the number of eggs suddenly falls off, the reason for it is sought for, and change made in feed or management to right the wrong. It is this personal care and oversight, acquaintance with each bird of the flock, that makes the small flock pay better than the large one.

If it were possible to give flocks of one hundred or one thousand the same care and attention that is given to one, there is no reason why equal returns should not be realized. Peculiar qualities are needed by those who go into poultry raising with a view to make it a life business. One, and the most important, is love for the work, a willingness to work day and night, a thorough system that no detail may be neglected, that every part of every day's duties shall be attended to promptly and at the proper time. A little neglect in one part to-day, another in some other to-morrow, will turn certain success to a certain failure. The location is not the most important factor, though if one can choose it, it will add materially to the chances for success as well as to the amount of profit. To be near a good market is very desirable, but in these days of quick transportation, one place, especially suitable, is better, even if one hundred miles from market, than one unsuitable and only ten miles away. Some of the largest and most successful market poultrymen send poultry and eggs more than two hundred miles, and the birds killed one afternoon are in the market early next morning.

To be successful one must be something of a merchant as well as a poultryman, and must keep posted on the markets for what he buys as well as for what he sells. Any turn that enables him to save on his feed bill, is so much profit made at the start. It is often possible to get better prices in one market than in another, and he should know it and take advantage of it. In the management of the flock, especially the feeding, a sharp eye should be kept; a little waste in each feed trough, will amount to many dollars in the course of a year. A good crop of lice in any house will end the egg crop, and all hope of profit from that house. A hen with the roup, not taken care of, will spread the disease to the others, and the profit and the fowls vanish together. Invalids and lazy people should never attempt to go into the poultry business with the expectation of making it a means of livelihood.

Washing Butter.

A. Baker, in Jersey Bulletin, says that he does not know of a single maker of gilt-edge butter who does not wash the butter. The objects of washing are to remove the buttermilk and to harden the butter. The latter effect is produced by a small quantity of cold water added just after the butter has come. After this cold water is added, the churn should be agitated or turned a few times then the buttermilk drawn off.

After this, when the butter seems to have given up all of its milk, add about half as much water as there is buttermilk and give

a few turns of the churn, and the pure water will have changed almost to the color of milk. Repeat the washing until the water comes off clear. Often when the water comes off almost clear, the addition of a small quantity of salt so as to make a weak brine, will bring out considerably more buttermilk. Mr. Baker uses brine for the third washing, not for the purpose of salting the butter, but of completing the washing. Butter treated in this way and properly washed, to get the water out, will keep sweet a long time.

Temperature is king in the dairy room, and the man or woman who does not make every possible provision for keeping the temperature under control, need not expect to make or keep a high reputation for gilt-edge butter. Different operations call for different temperatures. No one temperature will suit all. Cream ripening and churning, washing and packing the butter, each has a best temperature in every dairy; these it is the first business of the butter maker to learn, and ever after to be guided by the thermometer.

Field-Dried Fodder.

There is a great many instances of putting field-dried fodder into the silo with a fair degree of success and good results from the feeder's standpoint. The most serious objection to the practice, is that the field-drying takes out a certain amount of feeding value, and later when the fodder goes into the silo, there is a certain amount of additional loss, but of such a varying percentage that it seems as yet difficult to determine to exactness. But there is such a saving of labor, and of further loss of food value and a "handiness" about it, that siloing field-dried fodder corn may be set down as good practice.

The late Henry Talcott, of Ohio, made a regular practice of late filling one and often two silos in the winter with fodder that had been in the shock at least three months. With a large dairy, he had a good demand for feed for them, as they were in winter milk; so he would raise nearly twice as much corn as the silos would hold and begin feeding at once, and as soon as one silo was empty, he would fill it at once with the fodder that had stood in well-kept shocks for weeks. It was often rather cold work to bring the fodder to the engine and cutter and there was often ice and snow enough attached to it to make the wetting down unnecessary, but the silage came out in good condition, and was eaten with avidity by the stock, and he could not see but that a little more silage than it did from the green cut fodder.

Hints in Feeding.

Profitable feeding in the dairy must always be somewhat in the nature of a compromise. The straw stack, without much of anything else, is the one extreme, and the other is the frequent use of highly concentrated food. The profitable medium lies in giving a diversity of good, bulky food, which is very digestible, with, say, not exceeding six pounds of grain a day. Continued high feeding upon a ration largely composed of grain is an expensive process, and few dairies can "pay out" where that method is followed, unless they are receiving considerable more than the average price for their products. Aside from that, such feeding is very apt to enlarge the health of the cows, and this frequently results in a loss which requires a large amount of milk and butter to compensate. Avoid extremes, but feed well and steadily.

In no department of farm life has there been a greater change for the better during the past ten years than in the dairy and dairy management. The improvement has been in every branch—in the breeding of high class dairy stock, in its dissemination more generally among the farming community, in the feeding and care of the cows, and in the processes of butter making.

NOT A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

An Eminent Frenchman's Opinion on the Lessons of the Oriental War.

M. Francois Coppee, of the French Academy, has an article in Le Journal of Paris on the lessons of the Oriental war, that has caused a good deal of comment. In discussing future possibilities, he says:—"Thanks to Buddhism, which forbids action, the extreme Orient long remained quiet and inoffensive. But now warlike instincts are being introduced among its people, and they are acquiring military science. This enormous fraction of the world, so long sealed, so rebellious against everything good that the Occident could give it, and which, in short, rejected Christianity, is henceforth open to all the adventures, to all the 'merchants,' who give it leaders and arms for its troops. It is a sad thing to say, but the officers of fortune and the agents of Krupp or Armstrong succeed brilliantly to-day where Saint Francis Xavier and his pious successors failed almost altogether. The Asiatics have remained deaf to the words of love; they welcome the merchants of carnage, the manufacturers of massacre." Continuing, he says:—"Suppose that fifty years hence—perhaps twenty, or even ten—this yellow race, inured to war by its internal struggles, should be seized with our mania for armament. What a force! Let there rise then the conqueror, the leader of peoples, who appears in history at long intervals, entrusted by destiny with the mission of overturning the Old World, and rejuvenating the blood of exhausted races, and let him hurl his formidable masses against Europe. The prospect would certainly not be a pleasant one."

Running Expenses.

Mistress—"Want more wages? I thought you were being very well paid, considering that I do about half the work."

Domestic—"You forget, mum, how much it costs me for advertising for new situations."

Some Exceptions.

Slimpnee (airily)—"Aw, no good man, is it customary to tip waiters here?"

Head-Waiter (condescendingly)—"Not unless you are richer than the waiter, sir."

IT IS STILL A MYSTERY.

SMALLPOX A GERM DISEASE, BUT NOBODY KNOWS POSITIVELY.

A Primitive Plague—Its Ravages Among Indians—Opposition to Inoculation—Jenner and the Cow-Maid—Vaccination Quickly Became Diffused Over the World.

Nobody knows where smallpox first appeared in the world. It is said to have been known in China and India from the remotest antiquity. Of all forms of pestilence it has been most destructive. Other plagues have surpassed it in destructiveness for a time, but smallpox, in addition to epidemic visitations, has permanently localized itself in every country it has reached, remaining ever ready to take advantage of favorable conditions to assume the epidemic form. No climate is free from its ravages. Negroes and inhabitants of warm climates generally suffer from it with exceptional severity. A century ago it was reckoned that one-fourth of the human race bore in blindness or other forms of suffering or disfigurement traces of having been attacked by this fearful enemy of mankind.

Ancient Arabian manuscripts have been discovered which gave a frightful picture of the ravages of smallpox in the Abyssinian army during the siege of Mecca in the year 569 A. D. At about the same period, or soon after, it is known to have raged all over Europe. The earliest positive historical records of the plague do not date further back than the latter part of the sixth century, but there is not much doubt that the epidemic which depopulated the world in the first century was smallpox. Seneca, describing the pestilence in Thebes, wrote: "Oh, new and direful face of death: A flaming vapor burns the body's citadel, small spots besprinkle the skin, the eyes are stiffened, and the dark blood bursting the veins distills from the contracted nostrils."

Smallpox visited Europe a number of times in the ninth and tenth centuries. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries it was greatly spread by the wars of the Crusades, being the only perceivable recompense brought back by the religious expeditions from the East to their respective countries. From Europe it was conveyed by the Spaniards to Mexico and South America, and was thence diffused over the New World. It devastated Mexico in 1527, destroying 3,500,000 people and almost depopulating the country. In 1563 it exterminated whole races of men in the Brazil. In 1590 it spread along the coast of Peru swept away all the Indians and mulattoes in the cities of Potosi and La Paz and the adjacent regions. The historian Prescott says that the natives "perished in heaps."

ITS RAVAGE AMONG INDIANS.

A generation ago Catlin wrote: "Thirty millions of white men in North America are now struggling and scuffling for the goods and luxuries of life over the bones and ashes of 12,000,000 of red men, 6,000,000 of whom have fallen victims to smallpox, and the remainder to the sword, bayonet and whisky of the Caucasian." Washington Irving mentions entire tribes as having been nearly exterminated by the plague—among others, the Blackfeet, Crows, Mandans, Assinaboines and Ricocres. A translation of the Bible having been made for the once-powerful Six Nations, by the time it was finished no one was left to read it. As the white man has made his way over the earth, he has carried his diseases and whisky with him, and the two together have usually served to destroy the aboriginal population wherever the intruder has set foot.

In 1707 smallpox wiped out one-fourth of the population of Iceland, taking 16,000 lives. Greenland in 1734 was nearly depopulated by the plague, losing two-thirds of its inhabitants. In Russia the disease killed 2,000,000 people in one year. It was reckoned that in Europe half a million persons died of smallpox annually. Every twenty-five years at least 15,000,000 human beings in Europe succumbed to the complaint. It spared neither high nor low. The father, mother and wife of William III. died of smallpox, as well as his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, and his cousins, the eldest son and youngest daughter of James II. His own constitution was permanently shattered by an attack of the scourge.

In short, the disease was a perfect terror to mankind. It continued to be such until the beginning of the last century, without prospect of mitigation. Then Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, wife of the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, wrote her historic letter describing the process of inoculation with smallpox virus as practiced in Russia. This letter made known for the first time in England a method of prevention which has been understood in the East for centuries, such inoculation producing a mild form of smallpox which rendered the patient safe from the complaint. Lady Mary had her own children treated in this way. In 1722, after preliminary experiments on six condemned criminals which resulted favorably, two children of Caroline, Princess of Wales, were inoculated, thus making the practice popular.

OPPOSITION TO INOCULATION.

Every sort of opposition was offered to this new idea. Sermons were preached against it. It was declared wicked to interfere in such a way with the purposes of the Almighty. It was alleged to savor of magic and to be an inspiration of the devil. One clergyman, the Rev. Edward Massey, attempted to prove from Scripture that Job's distemper was smallpox, and that he was inoculated by Satan; hence it was undesirable to imitate the prince of evil.

Though these arguments may not have been good ones, the practice of inoculation with smallpox virus was found to be undesirable for more practical reasons. The process rendered the individual immune to the disease, but it gave to the patient true

smallpox, though in a mild form, and he immediately became a source from which smallpox was spread by contagion. Thus the total number of deaths was actually increased, and very considerably.

Such was the forlorn and hopeless state of the world in respect to this plague at the end of the eighteenth century, when the observation and wisdom of one man threw a bright light upon the gloomy scene.

JENNER AND THE COW MAID.

It had been known from an early period among the great dairy farms of Gloucestershire, England, that cows were occasionally affected with a peculiar pustular disease, which could be transferred to those who milked them, and that by this disease the milkers were rendered immune to smallpox, having had the cowpox. When hardly more than a boy the great Jenner was much impressed by the remark of a milkmaid, who told him that she was safe from smallpox, having had the cowpox. After thirty years spent in experimenting, this benefactor of mankind gave to the world the discovery that inoculation with lymph from the pustules of cowpox would produce practically absolute immunity from the much-dreaded plague.

So far as this idea was concerned, he could not claim originality. The same sort of things had been done before. There is record of the inoculation of three children with cowpox by a village schoolmaster near Kiel in 1791. But Jenner was first to conceive the notion of transmitting the vaccine from one human being to another, thus keeping up a perpetual supply of lymph and rendering mankind independent of the uncertain supply which causes disease in the cow afforded. In a word, his idea was to propagate the matter of cowpox from one human being to another until the practice should be disseminated all over the globe to the total extinction of smallpox.

Success once proved, a storm of protest and opposition arose, of course. The pulpit thundered. It was declared that smallpox was a merciful provision of the Almighty to ease the burden of the poor man's family. Leviticus was quoted against contaminating the form of the great Creator with the brute creation. Ehrmann, of Frankfurt, tried to prove from the Scriptures that vaccine was actually anti-Christ. Portents were observed, such as the birth of an ox-faced boy, and were gravely commented upon. And this was less than a century ago!

Nevertheless, vaccination quickly became diffused over the world. It was eagerly accepted by aboriginal Americans, fanatic Mohammedans, followers of Brahma and Confucius, and more or less enlightened Europeans. Spain sent ships to her colonies carrying vaccine, and physicians to give directions for its use. Within a few years the number of deaths from smallpox was reduced to only a small fraction of what they had been annually. For example, in Sweden there had been 2,050 deaths per 1,000,000 of population. The mortality ran down within ten years to 158 per 1,000,000. In Berlin for forty years before the introduction of vaccination, an average of 3,422 persons died of smallpox yearly. In the twenty-five following years the average was only 176. Occasional epidemics which have occurred since then have been due purely and solely to neglect of this simple precaution.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Early adversity is often a blessing.—Sharp.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.—Tennyson.

What loneliness is more lonely than distrust.—George Eliot.

Who overcomes by force hath overcome but half his foe.—Milton.

To the brave and strong rest seems inglorious and the night too long.—Pope.

The best part of one's life is the performance of his daily duties.—H. W. Beecher.

Childhood sometimes does pay a second visit to a man; youth never.—Mrs. Jameson.

If we had no failings ourselves we should not take so much pleasure in finding out those of others.—Rochefoucauld.

My ear is open and my heart prepared: the worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold:—say, is my kingdom lost?—Shakespeare.

It may be well to smile in the face of danger, but it is neither well nor wise to let danger approach unchallenged and unannounced.—Garfield.

In contemplation, if a man begins with certainties he shall end in doubts; but if he be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties.—Bacon.

True religion teaches us to reverence what is under us, to recognize humility and poverty, and, despite mockery and disgrace, wretchedness, suffering and death, as things divine.—Goethe.

Virtue thus sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds a calm, and beautiful and silent fire, from the incumbrances of mortal life, from error, disappointment, nay, from guilt.—Wordsworth.

Hold thy sobbing breath, and keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong, that so, as life's appointment issueth, thy vision may be clear to watch along the sunset consummation lights of death.—Mrs. Browning.

He liked to see Pen gay and spirited, and brimful of health and life and hope, as a man who has long since left off being amused with clown and harlequin still gets a pleasure in watching a child at a pantomime.—Thackeray.

Cheerfulness is as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as color to his cheek; and wherever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labor or erring habits of life.—Ruskin.

The only foundation of political liberty is the spirit of the people; and the only circumstance which makes a lively impression upon their senses and powerfully reminds them of their importance, their power and their rights is the periodical choice of their representatives.—Sydney Smith.

A Gentle Hint.

Jones (meeting Brown, smoking)—"I don't like to see a man smoking on the street."

Brown—"Why, what difference does it make?"

Jones—"A great deal. It makes me want to do the same, and I haven't anything to smoke."

WINTER WRINKLES.

"And so you married in haste. Well did you repent at leisure?" "Hardly. I have not had a leisure moment since the ceremony."

Young husbands with slim salaries
May now begin to figure
Upon the probability
That sleeves will soon be bigger.

A man may think he adores a woman. But his love is put to a terrible strain when she asks him to button her shoes with a hairpin.

The moon (to the sun)—"Can't you stay out with me for a while to-night?" The sun—"I'd like to very much but really I must decline."

Mrs. Placid—"Where were you last night?" Mr. P.—"At a stag party, my dear." "I thought so when I heard you staggering upstairs."

Maud—"I hope you are not going to marry that Mr. Korter." Kate—"Really, I didn't think it would make any difference to you, dear, if I didn't."

She—"I like this place immensely since they have had the new French chef." He (weak in his French, but generous to a fault)—"Waitah, bring chef for two."

Clerk—"Here's some of the fresh cracked wheat. Would you like a package of it?" Mrs. Newwash—"Young man, when I want damaged goods I'll let you know."

Mrs. Workaday—"O, I do so like to see a good, strong, determined man." Mr. Workaday (straightening)—"So do I, my dear." Mrs. W.—"John, the coal-hod is empty."

One little girl in the slums—"Wot yer say she died of?" The other one—"Eating a tuppenny ice on the top of the pudding." The first mentioned—"Lor! what a jolly death."

"I don't see how you dare trust yourself to young Dr. Pils. He hasn't any patients." "That's just the point. He'll strain every nerve to keep me alive. I'm his only source of income."

Dorking—"Sambo, I suspect that you know what became of my chickens last night." Sambo—"Dat's where 'yours' wrong. I can prove an alibi. I done had goose 'o' supper las' night."

It doesn't help us any,
As we sit to have him jerk,
To think the careful dentist
Spareth no pains in his work.

"I never talk about the club to my wife." "I do. I speak of it in glowing terms, and then stay at home occasionally. So my wife thinks there isn't a more self-sacrificing husband in the world!"

"Have you a time table here?" asked the seedy stranger. "Our terms," replied the restaurant keeper, "are cash in advance." "Folled again," hissed the seedy stranger between his useless teeth.

Jinks—"Brobeon seems to be just as hard up as ever, though he has married a rich wife." "Filkins." "Oh, well that takes time, you know. He probably hasn't learned how to find her pocket yet."

And now the busy office man
Will find one duty more;
When'er 'is cold he'll have to yell,
"Come back and close the door!"

Mrs. Benedict—"Now what would you do, Mr. De Batch, if you had a baby what cried for the moon?" De Batch (grimly)—"I'd do the next best thing for him, ma'am; I'd make him see stars."

"Tell us," cried the group of maidens, "how to remain always young and attractive." "That is easy," replied the sage without even lifting his eyes from his book. "Get a fortune and stay single."

He (pleadingly)—"Why can't we be married right away?" She (sofly)—"Oh, I can't bear to leave father alone just yet." He (earnestly)—"But, my darling, he has had you such a long, long time." She (freezingly)—"Sir!"

Dusty Rhodes—"Fitzey an' I was partners for years, but I had to scare him away." Weary Walker—"Did he do wrong?" Dusty Rhodes—"Yep; he got so he'd sit by the roadside for hours, takin' what he called a 'sun-bath.'"

Of all sad things in the lot of man,
The one most full of woe
Is paying the price
That's due on ice
He used three months ago.

Stranger—"Can you tell me where Mrs. Brown lives?"

Mrs. Halsey Putnam—"Well, I don't know the number, but it's just a few doors below; it's the only house on the block besides this that has real lace curtains on the windows."

The two had sat in moody, sullen silence for some minutes. Then she spoke. "Before we were married, Algeron," she said, "you used to declare that you would give up heaven itself for me." Yes," answered Algeron, bitterly, "but I little thought you would ever ask me to give up smoking."

He Hadn't Wings.

"Of course before your marriage you told your wife you would never be absent from her side except when business demanded your presence elsewhere?"

"Yes."

"And you said you would gratify every wish of hers?"

"Yes."

"And that you would never speak a cross word to her?"

"Yes."

"Have you kept your promise in these things?"

"Say what do you take me for?" Do I look like a winged seraph?"

A Backwood's Iconoclast.

She (of the city)—"Oh, Cousin Tom, what is that lovely sound far down that dusky glen? It sounds like the winding of a mellow horn."

He (of the country)—"Well, it ain't just that, but it's something like it. That's Josh Hank a hollerin'. He always does that when he's full. And that's where the mellow horn comes."

Hints for Housewives.

Mrs. Nextdoor—"How does your mamma keep your little hands so clean?"

Willie Neat—"She lets me blow bubbles."

Judge—"What's the charge against this prisoner, officer?" Officer—"Didn't know that he was loaded, your honor."