

FOR THE FARMER.

The Poultry Yard.

The little chicks will soon "show up." Do not forget to keep a supply of grain and broken oyster shells within reach of the fowls, as they are very important in the production of eggs. Warm skim milk is excellent for the chickens to drink these cold days, and they will pay well for the cost of it by the increase in the supply of eggs. It is an excellent idea to use sawdust or the inside of the hen-house, and especially under the roosts, as it will absorb all the moisture which gathers there. All the wet sawdust should be cleaned off each week and dry sawdust put in its place, for as soon as it becomes thoroughly wet it cannot absorb any more moisture, and when in this way, is really a nuisance, but if replaced with dry sawdust each week it will simply be a very easy way to keep the house clean and free from filth.

A strong, healthy constitution is what the fowls need. There is no breed that will refuse to lay well if they are healthy and vigorous and well-fed. It is the ill-nourished, weak fowls that do not pay for the food and care given them. If the fowls have a hearty appetite, and are supplied with good egg-producing food, and not too much of it, they can help but lay a goodly number of eggs and pay well for the extra trouble of feed and care.

Of course the kind of breed has a great deal to do with their usefulness and is very important, but is secondary to strong constitutional vigor, and chicks of any kind can never be profitable if they are not well-formed, and have plenty of healthy exercise to give them strength and keep them vigorous and active.

Fowls should always have a dust-bath provided for them at all times of the year, and especially in the winter when they are confined to their house and cannot get out and scratch for themselves. Whenever there is any danger of trouble from vermin, it would be well to put a little sulphur into their dust-box, and when they roll in the dust the sulphur will penetrate their feathers and serve to keep them free from lice, which are very troublesome at some seasons of the year.

Fowls that have scaly legs should receive immediate attention, for the sooner it is attended to the easier it is to cure. It is a quite common affliction at this time of the year and takes away from the beauty of the fowls. The scales are caused by innumerable very small parasites which gather together in the form of thin scales. It can be easily cured at once by the application of a mixture of sulphur and lard, but if it is delayed the scales will increase in size and will soon have a white, wart-like appearance. They will then have to be bathed several times with warm soap-suds, or an oil of some kind, until they become soft. They can then be picked off quite easily, after which the sulphur and lard should be applied two or three times. This will cure scaly legs, and keep the fowls free from this trouble for some time to come, as the sulphur is very obnoxious to insects of all kinds.

Reform in Cheese-making.

The dairymen of Central New York have become convinced that it is necessary to put a stop to removing the cream from milk that is to be made into cheese. At the last meeting of the Rome Dairy-men's Board of Trade, being desirous of maintaining the quality and reputation of New York State cheese, and being convinced that the good reputation of this product is being undermined and imperiled by the practice of partial skimming of many factories within this State, as is partially skimmed cheese is shipped broad and sold as "full cream" American cheese; therefore, we would respectfully urge our Representatives in the Legislature at Albany "to amend" the act "to prevent deception in the sale of dairy products," passed by the Legislature of New York State, April 24, 1883, by adding a section or enabling and authorizing the New York State Dairy Commissioner to devise, make, and issue one uniform stencil brand for New York State, bearing a device, or motto, and the words, "New York State full-cream cheese," each brand bearing a number of each separate factory, to be registered with the Commissioner; these brands to be used upon full-cream cheese only and on boxes containing them. All persons found using such brands or imitations thereof on skim cheese to forfeit a penalty of \$500, or such sum as the legislature in its wisdom may see fit to set.

Farm Hints.

The breeding sow should now have a large amount of food. All corn is not good for her some crops of bran, and give her roots, if possible; anyway, change her food so her bowels will not be constipated and she get feverish. When these things are done there will be less pay now to eat up their pigs. Put sulphur, and charcoal where the sow can get it all the time. Hogs will eat a great deal of salt if they have the chance, and they will do better.

Horses and also mules will let their tongues hang out of their mouths, sometimes, because they have a habit of doing so. Quite often, however, they do so because they have a sharp tooth, or their teeth have jagged edges, which hurt the tongue when they have a bit in their mouths. The only remedy is to file off the sharp points and edges of the teeth they will not hurt their tongues.

Have the cattle sharp horns which need cutting off? Just heat an old scythe

thoroughly hot and it will take them off just as easy without the least jarring of their heads. So it is said.

Some cows hold up their milk when things do not exactly suit them. Treat such cows gently; divert their attention by a lick of food of some kind, or by petting and talking quietly and pleasantly to them. A cow that is properly treated likes to be milked by a person who knows how to milk. If a cow is irritated on account of her calf, or from fright, or any other cause that disturbs her comfort and ruffles her nerves, she may hold up her milk, but gentle and kindly treatment will soon overcome it, while if the milker loses temper and patience the matter is only made worse.

To Break a Horse from Bearing.

Some valuable animals have a disagreeable habit of rearing before starting when harnessed to a carriage. A very simple method of breaking a horse of this habit is to procure a piece of strong cord from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch in diameter, and fifteen feet long. After the horse is harnessed to the carriage as usual, step to the off side of the animal and pass one end of the cord under the back strap around the largest part of the body, which will be about two-thirds of the distance back from the forward to the hind legs. Bring the end of the cord up about half way from the flank to the back-bone, and tie it closely in a loop or bow-knot, making the loop from the long end of the cord, so that, by pulling, the knot may be untied. After securing it in this manner, and as close to the body as possible, take the long end of the cord in one hand, step into the carriage, and ask the subject to start. Whatever he may be disposed to do, he will be pretty sure not to annoy you by rearing, and, after he has started, or in case he should attempt to kick, by pulling upon the cord from the carriage the knot may be untied and the cord drawn into the wagon.

Stood by His Flag.

A dozen rough but brave soldiers were playing cards in the camp. "What on earth is that?" suddenly exclaimed the ringleader, stopping in the midst of the game to listen.

In a moment the whole squad were listening to a low, solemn voice which came from a tent occupied by several recruits, who had arrived in camp that day. The ringleader approached the tent on tip-toe.

"Boys, he's a prayin', or I'm a sinner!" he roared out. "Three cheers for the parson!" shouted another man of the group as the prayer ended.

"You watch things for three weeks! I'll show you how to take the religion out of him!" said the first speaker laughing. He was a large man, the ringleader in mischief.

The recruit was a slight, pale-faced young fellow of about eighteen years of age. During the next three weeks, he was the butt of the camp. Then several of the boys, conquered by the lad's gentle patience and uniform kindness to his persecutors, begged the others to stop annoying him.

"Oh, the little ranter is no better than the rest of us," answered the big ringleader. "He's only making believe pious. When we get under fire you'll see him run. These pious folks don't like the smell of gunpowder. I've no faith in their religion!"

In a few weeks the regiment broke camp, marched towards Richmond, entered the wilderness, and engaged in that terrible battle. The company to which the young recruit belonged had a desperate struggle. The brigade was driven back, and when the line was re-formed behind the breastworks they had built in the morning, he was missing.

When last seen, he was almost surrounded by enemies, but fighting desperately. At his side stood the brave fellow who had the poor lad a constant object of ridicule. Both were given up as lost.

Suddenly, the big man was seen tramping through the underbrush, bearing the dead body of the recruit. Reverently he laid the corpse down, saying, as he wiped the blood from his own face,—"Boys, I couldn't leave him with the Rebs—he fought so. I thought he deserved a better burial."

During a lull in the battle the men dug a shallow grave and tenderly laid the remains therein. Then, as one was cutting the name and regiment upon a board the big man said, with a husky voice,—

"I guess you'd better put the words 'Christian Soldier' in somewhere! He deserves the title, and maybe it'll console him for our abuse."

There was not a dry eye among those rough men, as they stuck the rudely-carved board at the head of the grave, and, again and again, looked at the inscription.

"Well," said one, "he was a Christian soldier, if for ever was one! And," turning to the ringleader, "he didn't run, did he, when he smelt gunpowder?"

"Run!" answered the big man, his voice tender with emotion, "why, he didn't budge an inch! But what's that to standing for weeks our fire, like a man, and never sending a word back? He just stood by his flag and let 'em pepper him—he did!"

When the regiment moved away, that rude head-board remained to tell what a power lies in a Christian life.

The wife of an Orange county milkman was reported in the local newspaper as appearing at a recent ball in a handsome milk-white silk. The report does not say that it was a watered silk, but we presume it was.

LITTLE LAUGHELTS.

"Who is that over the street?" "Oh, that is a very close friend of mine." "Indeed?" "Yes. Never leads a coat."

"Is the age of chivalry past?" asks a contemporary. Oh, no. Only last week a young man in Harlem married a red-headed girl with a wart on her chin.

The Sultan of Morocco has 1,000 wives. Solomon only had 700. But, it has been remarked, Solomon was a wise man; he knew when he had enough.

Intelligence is a very good thing in a wife, but the taste of young men rather runs to beauty. They prefer a well formed girl to a merely well informed one.

A young man gazed at his mother-in-law's two trunks in the hall, and, sadly remarked: "She has brought her clothes to a visit—would that she had brought her visit to a close."

Webster's spelling book, it is said, still sells at the rate of a million copies a year. Though not so exciting as some dime novels, it nevertheless throws a potent spell over the reader.

An unlucky inventor has brought out a fishing rod that registers the precise number and weight of the fishes caught. Up to the time of our going to press he had not sold a single one.

Henry Ward Beecher thinks the reporters ought to raise a monument to him when he dies. That's where he's wrong. Like most public men, he ought to raise a monument to the reporters.

Revivalist (to young man loitering near the door)—"Are you seeking the Lord, young man?" Young man (nervously)—"N-o. I am seeking Miss Polly Smith, but I can wait until the meeting is over."

Dr. M. E. Wadsworth says the earth has an "heterogeneous viscid, elastic, liquid interior irregularly interlocked with and gradually passing into a lighter heterogeneous crust." That is a good definition of a custard pie.

A Nebraska editor commenced his New Year's editorial in this style: "With a pen of gold dipped in the oil of gladness," and then he jabbed his old stub pen into a raw potato and went out to moisten his clay with 10 cents' worth of corn-juice.

Robert L. Winthrop proposes that inauguration day shall be restored to April 30. April 1 would be a more appropriate time for the ceremonies. Some several thousand statesmen who expected cabinet positions get badly fooled on inauguration day.

"If man wants to own the earth, what does woman want?" inquired Mr. Gray of his better-half, after a little family matinee a few days ago. "Well, my dear," responded that lady in a gentle, smothering tone, "to own the man, I suppose."

Customer—I would take the coat, Mr. Isaacstein, but it smells musty. Mr. Isaacstein—Dot goat musty? Jacob, mein son, schmell dot goat. Jacob (smelling of the coat)—I no schmell dot goat musty. Mr. Isaacstein (with a superior smile)—See dot nose? He no schmell dot goat musty.

"What makes you think you saw your husband's ghost last night?" "He came into my room and I called on him to stop, but he passed on as if he didn't hear me." "Perhaps it was really your husband." "No, I'm sure it wasn't. John, poor fellow, wouldn't have dared to go on without stopping."

Speaking of De Lesseps, they say his Panama scheme will inflict great injury on the United States. "But we can collect damages from him in the courts," said the daughter of a Washington statesman, confidently. "In what way?" asked President Cleveland. "Suez canal, you know," was the belle's response.

"Now, Johnnie," said the teacher, "if your father borrows \$100 and promises to pay \$10 a week, how much will he owe in seven weeks?" "One hundred dollars," said Johnnie. "I'm afraid you don't know your lesson very well," remarked the teacher. "I may not know my lesson very well," Johnnie frankly remarked, "but I know my father."

"Our people want only the freshest in the dramatic market," said the Dakota dramatic critic to the representative of an eastern tragedian. "I know this 'Merchant of Venice' you talk about. I saw it in Salt Lake as far back as '81. No such wormy chesnut will go down with a cultured community that had 'Young Mrs. Winthrop' and 'The Bandit King' three months after they were brought out at Drury Lane."

Jud Clark is the son of Judge Clark, who owns numerous coal-mines in Pennsylvania. Jud is a regular dude. Owing to the hard times some of his mines have been closed, and thousands of workmen have been thrown out of employment. As Jud was taking a walk not long since, several unemployed men said to him: "For God's sake, give us employment. Our wives and children are starving. All we ask is work?" "My dear people, I can't help you; I, myself, have nothing to do. We are in the same boat."

If a man doesn't keep his eyes pretty sharp about him his children will bring his ignorance of current events directly to the front. "I say, dad," said Hopalong Jinks at the tea-table. "Gen. Stewart's had another fight." "Is that so? I thought the Oklahoma boomers had cried 'quits.'" "This was an English general," he chimed in. "Oh, the dynamiters have licked him again. Well, served him right." "You are awfully mixed, dad," rejoined the hopeful. This was down to Egypt. "Why, of course. These Egyptians are at it again. I'd send down a few children of Israel and send 'em out, as of old, if I were in Blinnich's place."

Sandringham House.

The general idea of the arrangements of the house appears to have been an expansion of the original residence, a photograph of which lies before me. There is something as once stately, grand, and home-like in the air, the roof of which is of carved oak, the sides covered with pictures and innumerable objects of interest. This room, opening off the vestibule directly on the left of the hall door, occupies a large part of the ground-floor on that side of the wing. The first room on the right of the hall, provided with writing-tables, easy-chairs, and surrounded with well-filled book-shelves, the contents of which, controlled and marshaled by Holtmann, comprise standard works in nearly all departments of literature, tempts a visitor by the air of repose which a luxurious library generally suggests. The Equerry's room, which is next to the library, is provided with book-shelves and writing-tables, etc., and is a popular resort at such times as the Equerry may have the will and the way to encourage conversation. The books which fill the cases are well selected, and the library especially is rich in county histories and in foreign classics, French and German. Beyond the Equerry's room is a charming apartment; a peculiar cachet is set on this room by the chairs, tables, blotting-books, and furniture, stamped in gold on blue or green leather with the Prince of Wales's plumes and the letters A. E., which formed part of the furniture of the Serapis when she was fitted out for the royal visit to India. Of that voyage there are many souvenirs in this second library and in parts of the house—the grand offerings of Indian princes and peoples; the spoils of the chase; magnificent tigers, pleasantly life-like to look upon in their stuffed semblance of action; peltries and skins; horns of antelope, sambar, etc.; drawings and sketches; caskets in gold and silver, in ivory; vessels in bidri and kotli work; arms of all kinds—these not included in the unrivalled collection of the products of Indian art manufacture presented to the Prince, which formed the most popular and most admired exhibit at the Paris International, and which has been so liberally lent at South Kensington and elsewhere at home. From the third room the visitor passes out by the hall to the garden porch and entrance. Along the corridor which leads to the staircase are the doors opening on the morning-room of the Prince and on the reception-rooms. The first of these is one of the most attractive of all the pretty rooms at Sandringham in its elegant "coziness" and abundance of interesting objects. The principal drawing-room is approached by an ante-chamber, communicating directly with the Prince's morning room, and the eye will be caught by a fine picture on the wall of the Czar with the Prince by his side in a sleigh drawn by three horses, which appear to be galloping out of the canvas. I can not, if indeed my readers wished me to do, describe the interior with the precision and detail of an inventory, so I shall content myself, and I hope them, with saying that the drawing room is stately and bright; a painted ceiling; paneled mirrors which reflect the light from the windows, whence there is a view over the park; flowers and shrubs; "sweetness and light"; a pretty piece of statuary by Madame Jerichou, the "Bathing Girls"; another group by the same sculptor—these are the chief features of the room, beyond which there is the dining-room. This is now hung with beautiful tapestry, a present from the King of Spain, made expressly for the prince, which replaces with vivid scenes of Spanish life, portraits of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, the Royal Princesses, the Prince in the uniform of the Tenth Hussar, and Landseer's "Mare and Foal," which formerly filled the panels. In this room the visitors at Sandringham, and those who are staying at the Cottage, breakfast, and here the Prince and Princess appear at luncheon with their children. There is a fine buffet, with many pieces of interesting and beautiful plate. At dinner the room presents a very bright and stately appearance. The scarlet and gold-lace of the royal liveries, the play of lights, the plants and bowers on the glittering table, lend the needful color to the scene. The brilliant-room, against the walls of which are cabinets filled with arms, some exceedingly rare and curious, of all countries and periods, in beautiful order, lies at the end of a passage, beyond the dining-room, and hither, when the Princess has left the drawing room and the ladies have retired for the night, the guests follow the Prince, unless the towering alway's superior attractions, and a game in which the Princess and many of her guests take much pleasure, and which excites pleasant rivalry between the contending "sides," carries them on toward the wee wee hours. From the bowing-alley the serious little room which contains the Prince's batteries is gained, and their in their costly simplicity are arrayed in ranks the chefs-d'oeuvre in rifle and smooth-bore, of Purdey, Grant, etc., and foreign interpolations of royal, imperial, or princely gifts.

The pictures, drawings, and sketches at Sandringham are mostly illustrative of the Prince's life; but there are portraits and many paintings, souvenirs of friends and of incidents in scenes dear to the Princess. On one side of the great salon a picture, dated 1863, represents the palace in which her Royal Highness was born, and a larger oil painting by Hansen, of the same date, of the royal palace at Copenhagen. Portraits of the King and Queen of Denmark, drawings by the Princess Louise, sketches by the artist who accompanied the Prince of Wales on his various expeditions, decorate the walls. "Sir Edwin Landseer and his Dog" attracts the eye, and another

painting, of Denmark in 1863, by Sir Edwin Landseer, a visit paid to the Duke of Sutherland. Sketches of scenery by Mr. Beardsley and J. E., reminiscences of India tiger-hunting by Hoyer, Akin, Simpson, and S. Hall alternate with souvenirs such as the "Sampan at Sea," and one described as "The Commanding Officer of the First Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, August, 1861." The progress through India is commemorated by splendid trophies of arms, by many objects of art, goblets of iron inlaid with silver, and "kooftgari" steel inlaid with gold. M. Zieli, who visited Aberdeire in 1872 and 1873, had a true appreciation of the incidents of Highland life and sporting, and his drawings of torchlight dances, and adventures connected with deer stalking, executed with a free and firm hand, and full of light and color, decorate the walls. Trophies of the chase in India, tigers' tusks, skins, etc., abound, and the wide extent of the Prince of Wales's sporting excursions is indicated in drawings of shooting parties in the snows of Russia and in the jungles of Jeypore, Nepal, as well as in the less exciting and probably more agreeable sport at the covert side and at hot corners. Among the many interesting memorials with which the interior abounds are a pair of bronze field guns, inscribed "Eugenie, Louis Napoleon," presented by the late Emperor to the Prince. There is also a "trophy of arms" collected on the field of Gravelotte, which was visited by the Prince incognito on his way to Germany, a little before the illness which kept the nation in suspense for so many weeks; the hoof of Eclipse, the famous racer; a casket presented by the clergy and tenants of Sandringham to the Prince on his return from India; a Jasper vase given by the Emperor of Russia; and many relics, if so they may be called, and Egyptian and Hindoo antiquities, meet the eye in room after room.

Working Winter Butter.

Perhaps the following method may save many a tired farmer's wife hours of weary work. I have tried it and like the plan very much. I use a barrel churn, holding twenty-five gallons. My butter is churned at a temperature of 63° or 64° in winter, and only churned until it comes about the size of wheat-kernels, or even smaller. The butter-milk is thoroughly drained off; then the butter is washed in two waters. Then take it out and set it away, without salting, in this fine shape, until you get enough to fill whatever sized tub or jar you wish to fill. Then I put it all in the churn, and warm two or three pails of water to a temperature of 62° or 63°, and pour it over the butter, churning it around a few times, letting it stand until the butter is to an even temperature all through, which does not take long. When in the granulated state, drain the water all off; then add salt and sugar, twelve ounces of fine salt and a tablespoon of granulated sugar to every ten pounds of butter; put the cover on and turn until well mixed through and gathered. Let it stand an hour or two until the salt is well dissolved; then work just enough to get the brine out, as there will be no streaks to work out, and pack in tubs or jars for packing. I use a common potato-masher, well scalded and soaked. In making butter this way a jar or tub will be all alike from the bottom to top, and need not be overworked. I collect my butter as long as they will keep good with the coarsest carrot, as it makes a nice color and a good flavor.

In His Eye.

One of those eccentric accidents which sometimes occur is narrated by the Philadelphia Press: Twenty-six years ago Samuel G. Simpson, then employed in a jewelry factory, was cutting a piece of gold from a breastpin, when the piece flew upward, cutting a deep slit in his eye.

Although the accident was not painful, the sight of the injured organ was destroyed. The piece of gold was one-sixty-fourth of an inch thick and of an oval shape, its greatest diameter being about a quarter of an inch. It could not be found at the time of the accident.

A few weeks ago Mr. Simpson's eye began to give him intense pain, and became greatly swollen. For relief he applied to it a bread poultice, which was frequently renewed.

When he removed the poultice recently, he was astonished to find clinging to it the piece of gold which had cut his eye more than a quarter of a century ago.

No one had supposed that the missing gold had imbedded itself in his eye, and the discovery was as great a surprise to the patient as to his friends.

The sharp edge of the gold had cut its way downward, and came through the skin just below the lower eyelid.

A Canine Footpad.

Prince is a very sagacious Newfoundland dog. He belongs to Mr. G. Brown, who lives at Ocean and Danforth avenues, Jersey City. The other day the dog trotted into the house wagging his tail and dropped a pocketbook from his mouth at his master's feet. He frisked about and barked with delight. Mr. Brown picked up the wallet, thinking the dog had found it. In a few minutes an officer entered the house and demanded the wallet. The dog was a thief. He had snatched the pocketbook from the hand of a lady passing the house. She waited in front of the house until the officer arrived. Prince was not so happy then, as his master flogged him for his highway robbery.

"I'm sorry that little fellow" exclaimed Miss Mitchell. "No! I would rather die than have him—that is, if I could get somebody else."