

FOR THE FARMER.

Poultry Points.

Eggs for hatching should not be over two weeks old.

According as hens take on fat they usually fall off in laying. Do not be too bountiful to such birds, but rather follow a medium course of feeding.

A good remedy for roup is to give half teaspoonful of coal oil once a day. If the fowl is weak give a pill composed of equal parts of gamboge, quinine (or Peruvian bark) and rhubarb.

The poultry yard should be in a dry situation, with a southern or south-east-south-west slope. Some underbrush is desirable for shade, and water should be handy, a running stream being preferable.

No matter what variety of fowls you are breeding, you should improve them by introducing fresh blood into the flock occasionally, from such strains as you have reason to believe are of the best blood.

Ducks should be allowed as much liberty as possible, as they are not partial to confinement like chickens. When they are confined in a yard with hens they become quarrelsome and do more damage than they are worth, and for that reason should be kept separate.

Several small houses, for sheltering purposes, are better than one of large size. Houses twelve feet long by six feet wide will make two apartments, each large enough to accommodate fifty hens and four ducks, which are as many as should be kept together. Ventilation must not be overlooked, and in hot weather should be ample.

A little space sowed to onions, for chicks, will be found an advantage. Onions can go in very early, and both the tops and the bulbs are excellent for mixing with the food of chicks and young turkeys. Garlic and leek are also good, and such crops may be grown on a small space, without demanding excessive labor for their cultivation, though, if grown for profit, the work must be done more thoroughly.

At one time the Houdan was characterized as "the best farmer's fowl," and for all round purposes, where hardness, precocity, good laying and table qualities are desired, we think this statement a correct one—that is, if the right Houdans are obtained, such as are bred in France. Some breeds are better layers, others excel on the table, but on the whole we know of no variety which can claim a relatively higher position than this one.

For business—that is, for all purposes of all goose qualities and size, no breed equals the Toulouse. Among their good qualities is their extreme hardiness. They need no housing in winter, and only grass and water in summer.

When spring comes they are on hand with plenty of eggs. We think them the equal, not the superior, of the whole goose family for laying. They will produce more eggs in a season than any other breed. It is nothing uncommon for a single goose to lay 40 to 50 eggs from March to July, compared with other geese, their eggs hatch to hatch well. When the gosling is hatched, after he gets on his feet he is light for growing up. With plenty of tender grass or lettuce and meal mash, slightly salted, with piddle water for drink, and a dry, warm shelter, he is certain of thrifty and a future existence as a young male.

How to Buy a Horse.

An old horse-man says:—If you want a horse don't believe your own other. Take no man's word for it. Your eye is your market. Don't buy a horse in harness. Unhitch him and take everything off but the halter and lead around. If he has a corn, or a stiff, or any other failing you can see it, let him go by himself a way, and if he goes right into anything you know he is blind. No matter how clear and bright his eyes are, he can't see any more than that. Back him, too. Some horses show their weakness at tricks in that way when they don't at any other. But, be as smart as you can, you'll get caught sometimes. When an expert gets stuck. A horse may look ever so nice and go a great way and not have a fit. There isn't a man could tell something happens. Or he may give a weak back. Give him the whip and if he goes for a mile or two, then all sudden he stops in the road. After that he starts again, but he soon stops again, and nothing but a derrick could save him. The weak points of a horse can be better discovered while standing than while moving. If he is sound he will stand firmly and squarely on his limbs without moving them, feet flatly upon the ground, with legs plump and naturally straight; or, if the foot is lifted off the ground the weight taken from it, disease may be suspected, or at least tenderness, which is a precursor of disease. If the horse stands with his feet spread apart or with his hind legs there is a weakness in the loins and the kidneys are disordered. Heavy pulling bends the neck, a Binah, milky cast of eyes in horses indicates moon-blindness or something like it. A bad-tempered one keeps his ears down back. A kicking horse is apt to have scarred legs. A stumbling horse has a lame knee. When the skin is rough and harsh and does not move to the touch the horse is a heavy eater and his digestion is bad. Never buy a horse whose breathing organs are at all impaired. Place your ear at the heart, and if a wheezing sound is heard it is an indication of trouble.

Advantages of a Root Crop.

A root crop not only furnishes a large quantity of the best kind of fodder for cattle, sheep and pigs, equal to the feed-

ing of six head of cattle for six months, but it is also a source of profit, and, in some cases, the only means of paying for the fertilizer, instead of wasting it to a large extent for nothing. Anything that can be fed to animals, is wasted when used for litter to the extent of the flesh or milk that can be made from it, and the increased availability of the manure made from the litter. So that when a farmer can use all his straw by cutting it and mixing it with pulped roots, his root crop is doubly advantageous. The straw, aided by a little cotton-seed meal, then becomes a nutritious feeding as hay, and serves the farmer in a far more valuable purpose than if it were employed for litter alone.

Hints for the Hay Field.

A good deal has been learned about hay. We know that the earliest-made hay is the best. We know also that the hay which is made with the least exposure to the sun is far better than that which is dried by the heat and wind until it breaks into dust under the foot. Thousands of farmers, who first read of hay caps in the papers many years ago, have learned that they will save their cost every year, if properly used. Experience has taught this lesson. A few short and pithy rules for making the best of hay might just now be repeated, as follows: Get the mowers into good condition, without a day's unavoidable delay; watch the grass closely, and cut it before the seed is formed—just when the blossom is fading. Cut it as soon as the dew is off, but not while it is damp. Before the evening dew falls upon it, rake it up and put it in to cocks holding about three hundred pounds each. If rain threatens, cover the cocks safely with hay caps. Take in no hay until all has been cut and cocked. The hay will cure in the best manner in the cock, and it may stay a week without harm, if covered with the caps. When ready to draw it to the barn, uncover the cocks and throw them over and open them. Have one person doing this, while the others are loading and drawing in. Do not stack it, but place it under a tight roof, if it is only a barrack, open at the sides. Uncover only what can be drawn in one day. As soon as the field is clear, give it a top-dressing of compost or some artificial fertilizer; but do not turn the cows upon it—it would pay better to buy some hay from a neighbor. This last rule applies to the next year's crop, but it is rightly placed here, because next year would be too late to use it. It is of the greatest importance, and should by no means be omitted. Finally, gather the hay caps together; dry them, if necessary; lay them evenly one upon another; roll them up; bind them in the roll, and store them in a dry place where no mice can gnaw holes in them. It would be an excellent thing to steep them in a solution of alum and sugar of lead, to preserve and make them waterproof.

Murder Among the Circassians.

According to a Russian journal, quoted in *Globe*, the Russian law, especially as regards murders, is now to be enforced among all natives under Russian rule. Hitherto the murder of a Kirghiz was punished by their own customs in the following manner: "When in an aul or in the steppe a murder has been committed the relatives and friends of the dead man commence the search for the murderer. Sometimes he is not found until after a long interval, especially if the body is not soon found. Frequently the latter is hidden; then the flight of birds of prey is watched, and other indications are utilized by the extraordinary acuteness of the nomads. When the murderer is discovered the relations have the right to levy from him a so-called *kun*. This fine, which washes away bloodguiltiness, consists of a number of camels, horses, sheep and clothes, a special *kun* being due to those who took part in the search for the murderer, to the person who actually discovered him, and to the Judge. The fine, or *vergid*, for a woman is less than that for a man, and in the latter case it varies with the descent. Thus there would be a greater fine for killing a pure Kirghiz than for killing one whose descent was unknown. If the murderer cannot pay the *kun*, his kinsfolk must do it for him, and the payment and receipt of this fine is accompanied by a number of different customs. The occasion is a kind of festival in the aul in which the relatives of the murdered man live. Among the animals paid as *kun* the murderer's horse must always be one. The family of the person killed have, however, the right to refuse all payment and to demand a duel with the slayer. The latter appears in the aul of the others armed from head to foot and mounted on his best steed; a certain distance off the avengers are stationed, and a wild race ensues. If the accused can get away from his pursuers he is safe from all punishment. He can, however, only be pursued to the going down of the sun, and directly the latter sinks behind the horizon he is free. If he is caught he is generally put to death at once. It is remarkable that a murderer rarely remains undisciplined. The Kirghiz hardly ever commit that crime for the sake of robbery; the murder generally takes place after a quarrel or for revenge.

Nothing exasperates a woman who has been shading her eyes from the gallight with her hand all the evening so much as to find that after all she had left her best diamond ring on the washstand.

"What do you think of my new dress, Hubby? Isn't it the handsomest one you ever saw?" "Yes, I confess it is; lace over everything, in fact."

"What is more awful to contemplate," said a lecturer, glancing about him, "than the realness power of the malstrom? And a hen-pecked looking man, in the rear of his building softly replied: "Femalstrom."

THE TENOR OF EVENTS.

The most important of these events is that Schubert will be transferred this Spring from their present resting place to the new Central Cemetery in Vienna. It is a melancholy fact that the remains of Mozart have been mislaid, and there is no sign to indicate where they were placed.

Simultaneously with the abandonment of Penjdeh England evacuated the Soudan, where she has banglingly squandered so much blood and treasure. Napier's raid into Abyssinia cost England at the rate of \$4,200 a year for each man, and the estimated annual expenditure for camels for General Graham's expedition is \$16,750,000.

A Manchester paper tells a sad story of how two lives were blasted by a fly's misstep. A couple were married several years ago, and lived happily until one morning, when a fly fell into the wife's coffee. It was scooped out by her husband and accidentally tossed upon her plate. She became angry and left the house. The separation is final.

In the memoirs of Lord Malmesbury, recently published, that distinguished English diplomat relates of Marshal Sebastiani, who was a pompous boaster, that his mother, after he was whipped at the battle of Talavera, said: "My son is like a drum; the more he is beaten the bigger noise he makes." The same remark in a different sense might be made of the American small boy. The more he is beaten after playing hockey, the bigger noise he makes.

A new explosive, known as kinetite, it is at present being studied in Germany. It consists of a mixture of oils and gun cotton, and is superior to dynamite, as its manufacture and manipulation are absolutely without danger; it will detonate only under certain peculiar and well-defined conditions of shock. Only the part exposed to concussion explodes, and when fired it burns quietly with a brilliant light. The true composition is being carefully kept a secret.

There is a movement toward uniting all the Protestant sects in one general church, and a meeting has been held in Hartford by its promoters. Among these gentlemen are the Rev. Drs. Howard Crosby, Ormiston and Williams, of New York; Booth, of Englewood, N. J.; Grafton and Clark, of Boston; Boardman, Giles and Newton, of Philadelphia; Marimian, of Worcester; Jenkins, of Pittsfield; Bishop Cox, of New York; Presidents Smith, of Trinity College; Hopkins, of Auburn Seminary, and Adams, of Rochester, and Governor Harrison, of Connecticut.

In one of the negro churches of Charlotte, N. C., there is a movement for a division of the membership on the color line. The pure blacks favor a congregation composed of themselves, and the mulattoes express a similar desire on their own part. At a recent meeting the proposed division was agreed to, but the terms could not be settled. The minister being black, the blacks naturally claimed him, and also the church and furniture. Some of the black men have mulatto wives, and some of the black women have mulatto husbands. The difficulties seem insurmountable.

What Bismarck did at the Berlin Congress he is certain to do again, because the key-stone of his far-seeing statescraft is inflexible resistance to Russian aggrandizement in Europe. No man can read events aright who is unwilling to accept this fundamental postulate. If Russia can be tempted to expend her force in seeking an outlet on the Indian Ocean—a change of objective which might result in transforming her from a European into an Asiatic power—so much the better for Germany, to whose stability and growth Bismarck's whole life has been devoted and in whose plus memory he hopes to see his name engrained with the august names of Charlemagne, Barbarossa, and Frederick the Great.

An official British statement shows that in 1884, notwithstanding the stagnation in all sorts of legitimate business, 1,280 new joint-stock companies were registered in London, with a capital of \$590,000,000, against \$667,860,000 in 1883, \$832,165,000 in 1882, and \$865,220,000 in 1881. There were companies with a capital of nearly \$3,000,000,000 created within four years, while for the seven preceding years the total never exceeded \$425,000,000 in any year, and sometimes was only half that amount. It is a little remarkable that in this country, where so large a part is played by corporate associations, no attempt is made to obtain an official record of the creation of new concerns.

The *Manchester Guardian* gives currency to the rumor that the most famous canvas in the world, the beautiful *Sistine Madonna* of Raphael, is about to change hands again. This was painted by Raphael between 1517 and 1520, and represents the mother of Christ standing in a majestic attitude with the infant in her arms and two cherubs looking up from beneath, while there is a halo of cherubic faces back of the Virgin's head. No picture is better known all over the world from countless engravings and photographs and none has such power to impress even those untrained to art. It was sold by a needy Pope to the Elector of Saxony in 1753 for £9,000, and it is said that the King of Saxony is ready now to sell it to the British Government for £150,000.

"Nothing is impossible to him who will," says a philosopher. No, nor to the lawyer who conducts the case.

In the game of life few players reach the home base, while many knock before gaining the first base.

The giraffe has never been known to utter a sound. In this respect it resembles a young lady in a street car when a gentleman gives her his seat.

A TRUE HEROINE.

The story of Alice Ayres' devotion to duty during the early of May morning a silent funeral procession moved out of noisy London to the little cemetery at Isleworth. There was no hearse with waving flags, no long line of carriages drawn by black horses. The body, that of a young servant-girl, was carried by sixteen members of the London fire brigade, in reliefs of four. The strong men walked with uncovered heads. Behind them came twenty girls, dressed in white, former companions and schoolmates of the dead. A thousand men, women and children, bearing wreaths and flowers, followed them. They were all speechless, but the tears in their eyes gave eloquent expression to their deep sorrow. The cemetery was reached, the silent mourners knelt on the green turf in prayer, the service for the burial of the dead was read in measured cadences, the coffin was lowered into the earth, and the grave half-filled with flowers.

Who was the honored dead? Not one who had "marched to glory or the grave" on a foreign battle-field. There was none of the pomp of war surrounding the death of this person. She met her heroic death with no banners waving, no bugles sounding, no commander directing, no comrades cheering. Probably she had never read the couplet of Tennyson:

"Not once or twice in our fair island story
The path of duty was the way to glory."

But she trod the path as resolutely as she had been familiar with all the heroic poetry ever written. She was only a common English servant-girl. Her parents were poor laboring people, living at Isleworth. She came to London to earn money with which to assist them, and found employment in the family of a Mr. Chandler, who kept a paint and oil shop, and lived over his place of business. He had a wife and four young children, and the care of the latter was among her duties.

At midnight a fire broke out in the paint shop. Fed with the inflammable materials, it did not require long for the flames to dart out of the windows of the building. People in the street raised an alarm, and the fire escape was soon heard approaching over the rough pavements. It was, however, several blocks off, and the street was filled with a crowd. The noise had aroused Alice Ayres, the young servant-girl, and she hastened to the window. As she appeared, clad only in her night gown, men took off their coats and women their shawls, and tying them together, held them up, shouting to the girl to leap and save her life. She left the window, however, only to appear in a moment with a mattress, which she threw out. A cheer went up from the crowd as men on the sidewalk raised the mattress for her to jump upon. Alice Ayres disappeared again. In an instant she stood behind the sheet of flame, and, embracing a favorable opportunity, threw a young child on the bed beneath. The babe was scarcely in a woman's arms before another child was tossed through the sheet of flame. The crowd cheered and then shouted: "Save yourself! For God's sake, save yourself!" But the poor girl did not try to save herself. With rare devotion to duty she went back to rescue the remaining children. The third one was placed beyond the reach of danger, and she returned through the heated air and blinding smoke for the fourth. It was in another room, and the flames out of access to it. The poor, faithful girl came to the window, looked on the persons who were endeavoring to save her, heard their intreaties to leap into their arms, but, exhausted by her past endeavors, fell upon the sidewalk, the shock breaking her spine. She was carried to the nearest hospital, where for a week she lived and suffered. Before her death she asked to have the children she had rescued brought to her, that she might kiss them.

When the flames were subdued by the engines, the dead father was found holding in his hand his money box. The dead mother was also found with a child on one arm and her best dress on the other. It remained for Alice Ayres, the poor servant-girl, to furnish an example of self-abnegation and heroism such as has been rarely displayed on any occasion. Her story might afford inspiration to the living painter and poet. Her grave should be a shrine for English mothers. The lines of Tennyson, already quoted, afford the best inscription for her monument. The names of Alice Ayres and Grace Darling deserve to live in history with those of Gordon and Barnaby.

Josh Billingsgate.

Most people are like an egg, too phull of themselves to hold anything else. Curiosity is the germ of all enterprises—men dig for woodchucks more for curiosity, than for woodchucks.

There is lots of opholk in this world who can keep nine out of ten commandments without enny trouble at all, but the one that is left they kant keep the small end of.

There is numerous individuals in the land who look upon what they hain't got as the only thing worth having.

One man ov genius to 97 thousand, four hundred and 42 men ov talent is just about the right proporation for actual bizness.

There is many a slip between a cup and a lip, but not half as munny as there ought to be.

Rather than not have faith in anything, I am willing to be beat nine times out of 10.

The two most important words in enny language are the shortest, "Yes and No."

Of two evils England chose the Lesser.

Lord Wolseley's Early Career.

Lord Wolseley joined the 80th regiment in 1852, while yet a lad of nineteen. The old family connection was manifest in his choice of a regiment, for the 80th is a Staffordshire corps. He did not soldier long with the Staffordshire knot on his coat-collar; but his first regiment came under his command when he was sent out to Zululand, where also he found under him the 90th, the regiment in which he had won promotion and glory in the Crimea and India. When he was gazetted to the 80th, it was on service in Burma, where Sir John Chapsa was conducting what is known as the "Second Burmese War." Sir John was operating against a certain Burmese chieftain, who owned the euphonic name of Myat-Loon, and also the reputedly impregnable stronghold of Kyouit Asein, situated in the heart of a dense jungle. The outworks of this stronghold had to be taken by storm, and Wolseley, only just joined, volunteered to lead the storming detachment. His handful of 80th cojined in the operation with a little band of Madras Infantry under the command of Lieutenant Taylor. Taylor and Wolseley raced for the honor of being first inside the enemy's work. Neither won, owing to circumstances over which neither had any control. Both were simultaneously wounded, and, strangely enough, in the same place. A gingle ball struck Wolseley on the left thigh, tearing away a mass of muscle and flesh. Taylor suffered similarly, but with the more lethal addition that his femoral artery was severed. He bled to death on the spot. Wolseley slowly recovered, but he will bear to his grave the furrow of the gingle ball. When at home convalescent, he was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 90th, then in the Crimea. After a short spell of trench service with his regiment, Wolseley was selected for duty as acting-engineer of our right attack, and filled this post through the long cruel winter. He was gazetted a captain in the end of 1854, but the promotion was cancelled. And for what reason it would not be easy to guess. Because of Wolseley's youth? He was not too young to earn the promotion, but the authorities thought a lad of twenty-one and a half too young for a captaincy? Wolseley, justly incensed, threatened to resign if deprived of the promotion he had won, and the authorities cancelled the cancellation. He was thanked in despatches for his services in the capture of the Quarries, and took part in the first unsuccessful assault of the Redan. When engaged in his engineer work in the trenches in August, 1855 Wolseley was all but shattered by a shell that killed the two sappers who were assisting him. The shell burst in a gabion that had been packed with gravel, and the explosion simply "struck Wolseley full of stones." Jagged bits of pebbles were imbedded in him all over from head to foot. There was not a square inch of his face that had not its stone; his left cheek was all but torn away, his eyes were closed (so this day he is blind of one eye), and part of the bone of the left shin was carried away bodily. Fortunately he has been able to keep the eye left to him pretty wide open. He was plucked up for dead, but astonished the surgeons who were speaking of him as quite gone by cheerily mumbling that he was "worth a dozen dead men yet." This wound, or rather this broadcast area of wounds, temporarily invalidated him, and so he missed being present at the capture of the great fortress of the Euxine. He had got mended, however, by 1857, and started with his regiment for service in China.

The 90th was one of the regiments destined for China which Lord Canning's swift steamers contrived to catch en route, and divert to India to aid in the quelling of the great mutiny that had broken out with so fell an unexpectedness. The gallant "Perthshire Greybeaks" were included in the column which Sir Colin Campbell led from Cawnpore to the second relief of Lucknow. From the Dilkoosha Sir Colin had sent the "Black Watch" down the slope on the Martiniere. The 93rd and the Sikhs had made a ghastly shambles of the once beautiful Secunderpash garden. Peel's men, of the *Shannon*, were slogging with their ship's guns into the massive structure of the Shah Nujef, preparatory to carrying it by escalade out of the branches of a tree which grew against the walls of the shrine. Wolseley, with his two companions of the 90th, was sent to the left to carry the "Mess House." The way to its compound wall was across the open. Wolseley's fellows took with them a couple of light guns. So fierce was the Sepoy fire that, to use Wolseley's own quaint colloquialism, "the bullets dropped off fires of the wheels like peas off a drum." The Mess House was carried away with a rush, Wolseley, with his own hand, in the midst of a hailstorm of bullets, pulling down the flag of the mutineers from the staff in its roof, and planting in its place the British banner which he carried. Beyond the Mess House lay the palace known as Motee Mahal, the last rebel post separating the relieving forces from their environed fellow-country folk. Wolseley led his detachment forward to the assault of the Motee Mahal, which in its turn was taken and cleared after hard fighting and severe loss. Wolseley took part in the hard fighting which brought about the final reduction of Lucknow, and in the energetic, marching and fighting all over Oude, whereby the late Sir Hope Grant contributed so greatly to the stamping-out of the great revolt, on the final extinguishment of which Wolseley found himself a brevet lieutenant-colonel at the age of twenty-six.—[Archd. Forbes.]

A forger should always write a running hand.