

THE FARM

Poultry.

Fowls prefer, as well as need, good pure, cold water, especially in warm, sultry weather.

Young chickens may be allowed the run of the garden, the mother being cooped, and the havoc they make among insects is an excellent thing.

Inflammation of the egg organs is generally caused by overfeeding. Eating the seeds of grapes, or grain affected with ergot, is said to produce this inflammation.

When a dealer wishes to add a knock-down argument to all he has said about the merits of the breed of fowls he has for sale, he urges that their flesh is of extra quality.

The white of an egg has proved to be the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance will soothe the pain and effectually exclude the burn from the air.

I think the lime-dust treatment the best of all cures for gapes in chickens. It is cheap, simple and effective. I put a whole brood of chickens in a peck measure with a bag over the top.

Timely Suggestions.

G. J. Kremer, Cape May county, New Jersey, has been very successful in breaking a cow of the habit of sucking herself by painting the teats with mud.

At this season of the year pruning defensive hedges, as, for instance, orange, and honey locust, is a measure of economy.

Horses hard at work in warm weather need water frequently. If a handful of oatmeal is thrown in a pailful of water, and one or two swallows given two or three times between morning and noon, or noon and night, it will stimulate them to renewed exertions.

We would repeat our advice to farmers not to sleep in the same undergarments worn during the day.

One of the most successful dairymen we know keeps 100 cows. He feeds his cattle on corn fodder, cut when in blossom, bound and set up until cured, or until winter, when it is removed to the barn.

What continues to be plenty and cheap. Let us repeat that every farmer has a good home market in his chicken yard.

A Preference for Long Nights.

"Oh, isn't it a lovely night, Adolphus? Just fancy how delightful the nights must be in the Orient! The azure blue sky, the perfume of the flowers, the soft tinkling—"

"Immense, Adolphus!" "Yes, for courting. They're so long, you know."

A Guelph tin peddler and his horse were attacked by a swarm of bees belonging to a prospective customer and severely stung.

"WHERE IS MY CHILD?"

Details of the Cannibal's Feast in Tatnall County, Georgia.

The full account of the Tatnall county, Georgia, cannibal affair is as follows: A few days ago some of the colored people in the lower end of the county had a picnic.

A STRANGE HUSH

fell upon the boisterous group. One had been served with a piece of meat that clung to a small jointed bone. It did not look like anything he had ever seen come from a frying-pan before, and he showed it to his neighbor.

There was a sensation which quickly spread into a panic. A hasty examination of other plates were made

MORE FINGERS WERE FOUND,

and pieces of meat that were evidently human flesh were held upon forks and gazed at by the now thoroughly excited negroes. They gazed at each other in a frightened way, and then there was a simultaneous break for the cabin, in which the cook had prepared the meal.

"WHERE IS MY CHILD?" She has killed it." With fiendish yells the dusky army, fired by her agonizing ordes, bore down upon the cook and in spite of her frantic struggles tore the knife from her grasp.

TAKEN FROM THE OVEN.

Pieces of flesh had been carved from it. The excitement among the searchers was of the wildest kind. They tore everything to pieces in the cabin in their fury. It was plain enough that the old woman had murdered the child there, and then cooked half of the body.

HAD BEEN SALTED DOWN.

Then there was a general cry for vengeance, and the frenzied shouts rang through the trees. Some suggested lynching, but there was no rope. Others wanted to hack her in pieces with the same knife that took the life of the little child.

BOUND HER TIGHTLY TO IT.

Then they heaped brush around her, and fired it in a dozen places. A circle of fire surrounded her, and from the midst of it she begged for mercy one moment and shrieked her imprecations the next.

Social Importance of the Fireside.

The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the web of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life.

"Dinna Be Fear't!"

The following incident is said to have occurred at a recent volunteer encampment. On a misty night a sentinel walked his allotted number of paces with martial steps, all unconscious of danger.

"COME IN WILLIAM."

A Charitable Road Agent's Little Scheme.

In 1866, which was almost before the Canada Pacific Railroad was thought of, the writer of this was encamped on Beaver River, in the Canadian North-West well up in the foothills of the Rockies.

A THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOLD among the six. For cook we had an old soldier who had been discharged from the regular army after long service.

One morning, it being the third day of the bad weather, and the rain still falling, Joe, our cook, went down to the forks of the Beaver to meet a canoe which we expected with provisions. The deer of the cabin was shut, and there was a bit of fire on the hearth at which some of the men were moulding bullets, and over which a kettle of pork and beans was boiling.

"Come in, William, they are at home." A short, stout, ugly-faced man of forty pushed his way in, shut the door, and stood with his back to it. That he was a hard pill no one could doubt after looking into his face; that he meant business was apparent from his having a revolver in either hand.

SOME ONE YELLED "INDIANS!" I think the six of us, each with a revolver ready to shoot, would have been out doors in twenty seconds. Here we all sat as dumb as oysters and as helpless as snails, for we realized that it was a "stand up."

"New, gents," said the young man showing his white teeth as he smiled, "I want to raise a few hundred dollars for an orphan asylum in the States. I shall expect each one of you to contribute. If any gentleman should so far forget himself as to pull his gun, my friend William, who shoots both-handed, will promptly attend to his case."

It was only after this little speech that we fully comprehended what was going on. William kept every man of us under his eye, with his two pistols ready for service, and we were opeed. I knew that the average man will feel contempt for us and assert that he would have done this or that had he been one of the six, but he is mistaken. Under like circumstances, unless he was a fool, he would have tamely submitted.

THE NAME OF "BLOODY BILL." Only six months before they had held up the Mariposa stage, in which one of our number was a passenger.

"Come, gents, time is money with us," said the Colonel as we sat staring at him. "Here's my cap, who chips in the first hundred?"

He held it toward me, and I dropped in four twenties, which was all I had. The next man came down with \$200; the next with \$150, and by the time the last had contributed the Colonel had \$800 in his cap. In transferring it to his pocket he counted the money, and as he put his cap on his head he said:

"This will go a good way toward making the little orphan happy. I don't want anything else, gentlemen, and we will now take our leave. I would advise you not to follow, though of course you can set your own pleasure. I wish you good morning."

The two backed out and shut the door, which swung out instead of in. Scarcely had it closed before we made a rush, but they were still too smart for us. They had braced a log against it, and there was only one window in the house. Before anyone had volunteered to crawl out of that the two fellows had made good their escape.

In going away they met our cook on his way back, and the Colonel handed him a flask of whiskey and asked him to present it to us with his compliments. We took the trail and pursued it for several hours, but we had seen the last of them.

Some Famous Names.

Ottawa is a mighty name with classical scholars, and tomes have been written for and against "Ciceroism," but the errorer's fame reaches its fullest blossom when modern Europe, following the Italians, calls a guide a "Cicero." Caesar is one of the proudest names of all antiquity, but as a name its highest glorification is reached in the present day when it serves as the title of the Emperors of Germany, Austria and Russia, and as the Oriental designation of our Queen and Empress of India.

The story goes that the Duke of Wellington once "chaffed" Lord Brougham as a man who at one time bade fair to go down to posterity as a famous reformer of the laws and enlightenment of the people, but who, after all would owe his renown to the name of the vehicle which had been christened after him.

So spoken so done. But there were who mocked the regal selection. A man removed from the center of population, a howling wilderness, and on a stream impeded navigation, Bytown seemed no future. But time demonstrated the wisdom of Victoria's choice. Bytown, Ontario, has grown to be not only a port, but a very busy city. It is situated on that great artery, the Canadian Pacific. It possesses an unusually beautiful location, and is fast becoming a noted summer resort. From the trunk of the finger Ottawa sprang by magic from a dingy hamlet to a handsome city of more than 30,000 souls.

At first sight the capital of the great Canada has a decided tendency to make a person tired. The vicinities of Canadian Pacific depot is especially some. It has all the appearance of a woods lumber town. The buildings are roughly knocked together and dash of different pigments. The city seems to be after two blocks of this, in an abrupt bluff. But it is after the ascent of this that the city proper breaks upon the eye, a thing of exceeding beauty. Now it is, there is no prettier Canadian city, may be said that the streets are altogether too narrow, and that there is too frequent an attempt to architecturally aggrandise stuffy little buildings.

The Parliament buildings stand on an imposing bluff on the south bank of the Ottawa River. The location is admirable, commanding. They front on Wellington street, one of the city's principal thoroughfares, and at the back look out upon the park of the Ottawa River from the Rideau to the Caudeville Falls. The architecture of the building differs from that of any structure in the United States of like character. The design is Italian Gothic, and the material used in their construction is cream-colored and red sandstone. They cost \$3,000,000, and furnish a very clean and commodious headquarters for the government of 5,000,000 of people. The buildings, which include the departmental offices occupy three sides of a square and has principal street of the city. The Rideau Canal runs through a series of locks at the side of the grounds.

In the pretty suburb of New Elmhurst across the Rideau River, is the home of the Governor General, Rideau Hall, where the Marquis of Lansdowne administered the government as the viceroy of Victoria. The citizens of Ottawa are very proud of the shadowy semblance of royalty. They are proud still of what some were pleased to denigrate the preceding "reign" of the Royal Highness the Princess Louise and her consort, the Marquis of Lorne. Lansdowne does not have enough governing to do to trouble his rest at night. Sir James A. Macdonald relieves him of most of the burthens. He is a very blue-blooded fellow and that is all, but he costs Canada the pleasing stipend of \$50,000 per annum. Besides the maintenance of Rideau Hall.

Looking to the northward from old Barracks Hill, the rocky promontory on which the Parliament buildings stand, the eye crosses the broad Ottawa River, the little fringe of settlement on the opposite bank, and then spans a long vista of green and almost virgin country that stretches away for many miles to the foot hills of the Highlands of Land. It is a beautiful landscape. The all lies in the Province of Quebec. It is an unbroken wilderness, except for the lumber camps of the Upper Gatineau and an occasional very small group of French squatters. Communication with these remote camps and petty settlements is very difficult, and may be illustrated by the fact that just the other day a horrible murder in one of the Gatineau lumber camps reached the Ottawa newspapers about two weeks old. It is no expanse of country only pay taxes about once in five years and then at the earnest solicitation of a militia company sent up from the capital.

Ottawa has no tributary farming country worth speaking of, although the railroads are developing that portion of Ontario north and west of the city very rapidly.

The city, now the seat of British America, may yet see itself the British Empire's rival on earth. The Canadian Pacific has opened up to her an empire of timber, coal, grazing and grain country. It has already knit the people of Canada into a harmonious whole. There are dreamers about the Parliament buildings who confidently expect to one day hear a Canadian Pacific conductor shout: "Ottawa! Chicago! New Orleans, New York, Upper and Lower Canada, San Francisco, Sitka and Pekin!"

Present Need.

More gentleness, more sympathy, more consideration, more knowledge of character, more real respect for one another, are needed in all the relations of life. Something of the old chivalry needs to be revived. Let there be more deference of husband to wife, of brother to sister, of parent to child, and homes will become more blessed. Let there be more deference of employers to employed, of wealth to poverty, and many social problems will be settled. Let the strong defer to the weak, the healthy to the sick, the wise to the unlearned, the skillful to the unskillful, the righteous to the erring, and the roots of equity will be strengthened, and the rich fruits of human love and happiness will abound.

A Short Outfit.

When Ethalinda De Wigge visited her cousins in the country last week, one of them said:—

"Linda, don't you want to help me plock peas this morning?"

"I'd like to, dear," replied Ethalinda, "but I am not properly dressed for plocking peas."

"Why, how is that?" "I forgot to bring a pea-jacket with me."



COMPETITION.

Lord —: YAAS, BUT THERE IS NO ROMANCE OR ANTIQUITY OR ANYTHING OVER HERE. WHY, ON MY UNCLE'S ESTATE IN SCOTLAND, THERE IS A HOUSE THAT HAS BEEN HAUNTED FOR OVER FOUR HUNDRED YEARS BY SIX GHOSTS OF COURSE—NOTHING LIKE THAT OVER HERE!

Mr. —: OH, YES! THERE IS THE ONTARIO PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS!

THE CAPITAL OF CANADA

The Spot Where Queen Victoria... Mer Place.

A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press thus describes the Dominion Capital. The years can almost be counted on the fingers of two hands that have elapsed since the day when a map of the British Empire in North America was spread out before the inspection of Her Majesty Victoria and the Grace of God Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India.

Mindful of the mutual ambitions and rivalries of the great cities of this American realm—Montreal, Toronto, Kingston, Quebec—the Toronto figures on the map that seemed to her to be the compromise between the east and west, "What is there?" she is said to have asked.

"Let that be the capital of my Dominion," she said. So spoken so done. But there were who mocked the regal selection. A man removed from the center of population, a howling wilderness, and on a stream impeded navigation, Bytown seemed no future. But time demonstrated the wisdom of Victoria's choice. Bytown, Ontario, has grown to be not only a port, but a very busy city. It is situated on that great artery, the Canadian Pacific. It possesses an unusually beautiful location, and is fast becoming a noted summer resort.

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In a Store. Lady—"Your store has been recommended to me as having some very nice silk parasols." Clerk—"You get 'em. Our new parasols throws everyd'ing in the shade."

Bridegroom from the country, after reading the sign, "Ice cream, \$1.00 a gal.;" "Dollar a gal! Laws, if they charge us much for a feller as they do for a gal, we'd better let ice cream slide, as which one lem'nade."