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Yet he commenced to mend before the first box of Dodd's Kidney Pills were all taken—and he got as well and strong as ever he was. How wonderful, how simple the cure is:—Let us learn something from this.

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Think of all the methods that have been tried to alleviate the miseries of this disease.

"Zeal, but not according to knowledge"—all of it.

Uric acid remaining in the blood crystallizes in the muscles and joints, and the pain produced is called rheumatism.

There is but one way—a single means—by which uric acid can be removed, and the blood made pure.

The kidneys do this work or it never can be done at all.

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Avoid dyspepsia.
Play with the children.
Shun the "problem" novel.
Don't watch for gray hairs.
Never dissect your emotions.
Take exercise for suppleness.
Cultivate an impersonal hobby.
Never lose sleep without making it up.
Decline to think of yourself as elderly.
Don't fall very deeply in love until you have been asked to do so.
Never, never, never decline to anything on the ground of advancing years.
And never never, never say to yourself: "I felt so once, but am too old to now."
Don't search for wrinkles. Massage your face and trust to that and Providence to keep it smooth.
There is no courage but in innocence; no constancy but in an honest cause.—Southern.

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# The House at the Corner

(CONTINUED.)

When Laura revived to a crushing sense of danger, her eyes sought as eagerly for that harbinger of trouble as her sister's had done for the self-convicting letter addressed "Captain Dundas—only for him," and with the same eager dread she questioned Dorothy of its whereabouts. But neither she nor her husband had seen the paper, and both remained ignorant of the cause of Laura's fainting fit. With a face set in stony lineaments Laura went about the household affairs, not daring to bring back with questions the vision of that which had so terribly affected Dorothy and wondering more and more, as she watched her sister's peace and light-heartedness, at her power to dissemble and to dismiss an experience of such horror.

But Dorothy seemed to have forgotten all that had so recently brought her to the point of frenzy, and grew day by day more joyous and sportive, as if the so recent past had been an ugly dream; and Laura began to feel assured that the vision which had been described to her of a dead face upturned in the moonlight had been indeed only a dream begotten of the fierce pressure of Ralph Kestrel's personality upon the tempted woman's imagination, and the truth of that dream was simply an instance of those strange forebodings which are not uncommon in general experience.

Her task was, therefore, to keep Dorothy in oblivion; so she wrote to Muriel O'Connor excusing herself from attendance on her, and remained by her sister's side to keep from her all knowledge of the sensation of the hour. It was no easy task, but "love will find out a way," and she succeeded in her purpose.

Five days passed.

The happiness of Dundas and his wife seemed confirmed, and in the contemplation of their peace Laura found the reward for her part in it.

Nor had she been without the comfort and delight of reunion with her lover. Willmore had written the kindest of letters, and subsequently they had met again and again, he always refraining with true generosity from exacting any confidence she did not voluntarily bestow. And, sorely as it pained her to have secrets from him, she dared not breathe a word that night by chance imperil her sister's happiness. A secret is no secret when it is no longer locked fast in one person's bosom. For herself, she would trust Willmore with her honour and her life, but the safety of Dorothy was surest while the past lay buried and Laura herself held the key of its tomb.

So Willmore waited in vain for relief from the vague anxiety which oppressed his love for this girl with the eyes of truth and the face of purity; and the assassin of Ralph Kestrel went still untracked, while the references to the crime gradually faded out of the newspapers.

The time seemed to have come for Laura to return to the house in Regent's Park. She had written several times to Muriel O'Connor, but no reply or message of any kind had come from her, and Laura felt an increasing desire to go back and banish all misunderstandings, so far as regard to Dorothy's secret would permit. But Dundas was very loth to have Laura leave her sister. The good ship Wanderer which he commanded had received a new cargo, and her sailing papers were made out for New York. It would be a short voyage this time—his last in the Wanderer—and he thought it best that Dorothy should once more be left at home, if Laura would stay to keep her company.

"You see, little wife," said he, "the Wanderer ain't kinder fitted for women-folk. She's a tub to the Neptune, which I shall be part owner of when I return from America, and I wouldn't have my lass take a grudge against the life she'll have to share with me for many a long year. You wait for the Neptune, Dolly, and I'll have such a state-room rigged up for you as'll beat for prettiness and snugness any home ashore."

But Dorothy felt a singular dread of seeing her husband set sail once more without her—a dread that surpassed that which as a landswoman she held for the cockroaches, which the Captain freely admitted would be found in swarms on board the old Wanderer.

She referred the decision to Laura, who was at work in the little flower-garden below. Looking down from the bedroom window, Dorothy called softly to her sister, who was standing motionless by the group of hollyhocks and sunflowers, contemplating a gleaming object she was holding in her hand which she had found in the flower-bed.

"Laura, Laura dear!"

Softly as the summons came, Laura started with strange agitation; instantly she hid the treasure-trove in the folds of her gown; her back was turned to the window from which her sister had spoken. She answered without turning round or looking up:

"Yes."

Her voice sounded strangely hoarse and hollow.

"The Wanderer sails to-night. We want to consult you whether I shall go to America with Ben."

Laura answered nothing; she neither looked up at the window nor turned to enter the house and join Dorothy.

Captain Dundas put his great red face by the side of his wife's pretty one, and, with one arm round her neck, hailed her sister through what he called the port-hole:

"It ain't any use, Laura; I ain't got the heart to persuade her not to come, and she kinder don't know her own mind. She hates the blackbeetles, but, by thunder, I do believe she loves me! You shall take an observation for us, my dear. Shall she go or shall she stay?"

Then Laura spoke again in that hoarse hollow tone.

"Take her with you," she said.

Then, turning, she raised her eyes and saw the fond picture smiling upon her from the window above: the soft cheek of the pretty little wife nestling in the sailor's great curly beard, and the afternoon sun dancing in the happy eyes of both; and she repeated:

"Take her with you, Ben," this time with a ring of passionate entreaty in her voice.

Presently she crept stealthily to the attic where she was accustomed to sleep, and there with the door locked and barricaded against interruption, fell to cleaning and polishing a rusty dagger of Oriental workmanship, concealing it at length in a crevice where no one would find it—no one would seek to find.

And in nervous haste, crept silently and with a face of stone, she prepared all things for her sister's departure on the Atlantic voyage.

And when Dorothy and Dorothy's husband remarked upon her taciturnity and depression, she once or twice glanced mournfully at her sister, and strove to say some words attributing this gloom to the separation that was about to take place. But the effort did not well succeed in deceiving them. There were no eager questions as to their return; indeed, it almost seemed that Laura would have been content never to see her sister again. She would not accompany them on board the ship; and her last embrace was so cold that Dorothy went away in a stupor of astonishment, and, thinking of it as she was being rowed down the river, broke suddenly into tears.

"You ain't quarrelled with Laura, have you, lass?" whispered the Captain as he drew his sobbing wife to his side. He had been a pained observer of the sister's altered manner.

"No, Ben, no," answered Dorothy very earnestly. "She is the best, the dearest, the kindest sister in the world; she always has been. But something has come between us. I feel it, but I do not know what it is."

Dundas did his best to comfort her.

"Cheer up, little one," said he. "Women have their fads and fancies. This is only a shadow."

He guessed aright; it was only a shadow that had come between these two, but it was the shadow of a crime.

## CHAPTER XX.

AN ALIBI.

In the early hours of the morning immediately following the tragedy on the Underground, a constable, tramping heavily along the road that skirted the house at the corner, cast the gleam of his lantern upon the gate in the wall, tested it with his hand, and passed onward upon his beat. Scarcely had he turned the corner when a muffled figure approached that gate with swift, silent steps, and, after furtively glancing around, let itself in with a pass-key. Choosing the dew-spread lawn and the sheltering darkness of the shrubbery, Dennis Donovan—for it was he—crept stealthily into the arbour, and was lost in its opaque shadows.

The blackness of the night slowly turned to gray, and from gray to a rosy mellow dawn radiance. The birds twittered among the opening blossoms and in the branches that swayed gently in the fresh morning air. The day grew stronger, bolder, happier, and the risen sun struck its gay beams slantwise upon the windows of the room where Muriel O'Connor lay in restless slumber upon the couch where she had flung herself some hours before, to sob out her humiliation, bitterness, and despair. As the hours passed and the house remained closed and lifeless, Dennis Donovan, peering from a recess of the garden arbour, grew more and more impatient and apprehensive, and raged against the sluggard habits of Muriel's household. At length, however, there were signs of awakening. An upper window blind was drawn, and a little later there were sounds of bars and bolts being withdrawn. Presently a maid-servant threw open the drawing-room windows, flung some mats on to the lawn, and passed round the house to the kitchen premises. As she disappeared, Donovan glided from the arbour and entered the drawing-room with a wolf-like stealth and celerity. Unnoted he ascended the staircase, and, opening a door upon the floor above, found himself in Muriel O'Connor's boudoir. He turned the key in the lock inside, and tapped several times at an inner door. The sound awoke Muriel. She started up, and for the moment wondered at having lain there fully dressed. But the tapping was renewed, and she responded to it by going at once to the door.

It was not without amazement that she stood face to face with Dennis Donovan, and beheld him mud-stained, haggard, pale, and unkempt, with a glare of mingled ferocity and terror in his eyes.

"What has happened?" she exclaimed with a horrified misgiving at her heart.

"Justice," he answered simply, and placed in her hands the letter written by Kestrel on the railway-platform. She read a denunciation of herself as a woman of treachery and intrigue—one who for treasonable stratagems would abuse hospitality and make a mock of an honourable, trusting man. She read Kestrel's warning to Cecil Chester, that she would win his love only to disgrace and destroy him.

In truth she had been unconscious that her conduct or designs had borne so evil a complexion in dealing with Chester, or with any other man who had frequented her drawing-room. Her sentiment was one of high indignation against the traitor whom she had befriended. How did he dare write thus of her? What lies, what foul, cruel lies were these!

"Is this justice?" she asked of Donovan.

"It is treachery," replied he; adding significantly; "justice has been done."

"You have denounced him to the society?"

"I have anticipated the sentence."

"You have killed him?"

"Hush! Yes, I have killed him."

Muriel stared at the assassin in horror.

"The society will not uphold you. You had no right to kill Ralph Kestrel without an order from the council."

"There is exception for emergency cases. This man was dangerous. It was my duty to stay him from doing mischief."

"But not to kill him."

"Yes, to kill him."

"I tell you, no! I am a member of the society; I am on the council. I know our law restraining private vengeance. You must have the consent and authority of, at the least, one member of the council to entitle you to strike down even such a wretch as this."

"Sure, I had that same consent and authority."

"Ha! From whom?"

"From your own self, for sure?"

"From me? From me?"

"Sure, you towld me, when you let me out in saycret, to follow him and take care that he did no harm. I was to act for yez as seemed best to Dennis Donovan, for sure."

"I did not mean—"

"Ye gave me the ladeful authority of a member of the council. I have done what samed best, and, it's safe and dead he is this minute."

"Why are you here?"

"For protection of the council. The police are after me, and it's yourself that must stand between Dennis Donovan and hanging this day."

"You were seen to strike him down?"

"Seen face to face in the broad light of the moon, and by one who knows me well and has the best of reasons to betray me."

"You cannot mean—"

"That he was with Laura Kingdon, your friend—his swatcheart? Yes, by the powers! but that's just the truth of it."

"He was with Laura?"

"He was so—on the platform of the railway station. She saw me stab him, and ran skreeling away. I took to the tunnel, and managed to dodge pursuit; but, for sure, she'll put the police on the track of him that killed her lover."

"You would have me silence her? I do not know where she is. It will be too late."

"Not too late to contradict her evidence. No one saw me leave this house. No one saw me return to it. Sure, it's an alibi I want of you, Muriel O'Connor."

She regarded him coldly, stonily.

"Do you know what you ask?"

Dennis Donovan gave a sinister leer, half-triumphant, half-supplicating.

"It's your illigant white hand in marriage I'll be after asking, my swate Muriel, if you'll have me," said he, "and then not a man or woman can reproach you for not knowing where your husband was during the whole of one particular unlucky night."

Muriel turned from him pale with loathing.

"I shall not take an assassin freshly blood-stained for a husband," she said coldly. "Nor will I lend the shelter of my roof to a fugitive from the hangman. What you propose is an insult, and you have only yourself to blame if the degradation you intended for me recoils upon yourself."

She rang the bell, apparently for the purpose of destroying the alibi which the conspirator desired to set up; but when a servant responded, the voice of Donovan only came from the inner room, giving some trifling order in Muriel's name.

The girl started back from the door of her mistress's bedroom as if the roar of a beast of prey had sounded thence. Too much amazed to make any reply, she rushed down to the kitchen and, exclaiming to the astonished cook, "O Mary, Mary! It's all true what you said—it's all true!" covered her face with her apron and burst into tears.

Later in the day Mrs. Donovan, the ostensible mistress of "the house at the corner," departed on a visit of indefinite duration to some friends in Dublin.

## CHAPTER XXI.

A LOVER'S LIFE.

Days passed on, and in Muriel's house Dennis Donovan was lord and master. He came and went as he pleased, seldom, however, leaving the premises until nightfall; he directed the servants and assumed sole authority, and Muriel resisted his domination in nothing but the privileges of an intimacy which he strove in vain to carry to its consummation.

Rejecting with loathing his repeated offers of marriage, she shut him off rigidly from the realization of that condition of things the existence of which he pretended and she dared not openly deny.

Laura's letters were unanswered, for Muriel remained bitterly resentful of the supposed treachery of her friend, and reference to the night of the railway tragedy was barred by the danger it implied to a member of the revolutionary brotherhood. Donovan for some days stood in constant apprehension of arrest upon the deposition of Laura Kingdon; but as her first letter to Muriel contained no hint against him, or reference of any sort to the crime, and, further, as the newspapers reported that there was no clue to the murder—except the fact that an hysterical woman, unknown, of whom a very vague description was given, had fled from the station just as the last of the lights was being extinguished that night, and escaped in the darkness—he grew to believe that Laura had not recognized him, and that he was virtually safe from justice.

The Hon. Cecil Chester made frequent calls upon Muriel O'Connor. On each occasion he asked himself what business he had there, and always he silenced the warning voice within him by the assurance that he came in the interests of his friend, Lord Willmore, who was throwing himself away on a dangerous woman. The said "dangerous woman," Miss Laura Kingdon, had the dark side of her life associated with the house at the corner, and into that mystery Chester felt it the duty of a true friend discreetly to penetrate. Discreet penetration involved a diplomatic expenditure of time, and no investigator with the least prudence or tact would be forever dwelling upon the matter to be investigated. Such course would alarm the source of information and seal her lips. Then what more natural than that, in refraining from dwelling too much upon his friend and his friend's sweetheart—the latter clearly a distasteful subject to Muriel O'Connor—he should investigate Muriel herself, and lure her confidence by professions of sympathy as cordial as they were—though he would not admit it to himself—veritably sincere? Many a valuable hour did he steal from the affairs of Great Britain and Ireland to follow up these investigations in the palm-shaded conservatory, or the dainty drawing-room, whose large French windows opened on to the velvet-green lawn backed by crest upon crest of rhododendron bushes.

Surely inclination—"interest" he called it—as well as duty led him to the presence of this other woman, whom his instincts marked "dangerous," but in recognizing the risk he gave the more credit to his friendly devotion to Willmore. It was a noble thing to incur danger for the sake of friendship, he told himself; any sacrifice would be well repaid if he saved Ernest from making a fool of himself. But his true motive was a craving for the society of this glorious woman with the bright hair, whose mellow brogue charmed his ear, and whose sweet frank eyes enslaved his soul.

He became reckless not out of friendship for Willmore, but from love of Muriel O'Connor.

One afternoon, as he lounged almost at her feet the while she reposed in a shell-shaped chair of pearl and silver-green plush, looking in the swathing folds of moss-colored silk and yellow Irish lace that composed her tea-gown like a fabled sea-goddess, she asked after Willmore.

"By the way, Damon," she said—it was a sobriquet which she had given him—"where is Pythias? Why does he not come here with you? Your friendship is, I hear, quite a proverb in society. People say you are always seen together."

"I should be glad to have a few words with you about him."

"And I shall be glad to listen, but indeed, I think there is not much fear that he will be forgotten. If you should one day take a wife, Hermia might grow jealous of her husband's affections for his friend."

"Women are apt to come between the most attached friends, but perhaps I should not give my wife cause for jealousy of Willmore. You know, friendship is constant in all other things save in the office and affairs of love. If I were to marry I should love, and if I loved—"

"Well? If you loved—"

"An unlikely thing with me."

"You are a cynic."

"I have thought myself one."

"But if you did love?"

What spell was upon him that set his heart fluttering, and made him falter like a boy? His eyes were riveted on hers; and wild words came:

"If I were to love I should forget friendship, duty, even honour, I almost fear."

She answered thoughtfully, still gazing into his face:

"How fortunate for you that you do not love!"

He forced a light laugh.

"Ha, ha! A politician has no room in his thoughts for amatory projects."

"But you have projects of your own that will interest me, I'm sure. I confess to being a little weary of the subject of your friend. Tell me about yourself—about this new appointment that has been offered you—what changes are to take place in the Ministry. Tell me something of my poor Ireland, and whether all the cruelties I hear reported of Lord Furborough's Administration are well founded."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE KENNEDY CASE.

WELL-KNOWN MARBLE DEALER CURED OF RHEUMATISM.

Too Far Gone to be Safe—Four Years Suffering—Ended by Using Three Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

St. Catharines, Jan. 6.—(Special).—Great interest has been excited and frequent inquiries as to the case of Mr. Albert F. Kennedy, marble dealer, of this city, who had been reported as recently cured of acute rheumatism. When seen regarding the matter, he said:

"Words of praise cannot be too strong when I am speaking of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"In an acute form I had gone as far as it was safe to go, for sometimes that form of rheumatism is suddenly fatal.

"I had suffered intensely, at times, for the past four years; had lost the use of my hands, wrists and arms, being almost paralysed.

"Had tried almost everything advertised or recommended before finding what I needed in Dodd's Kidney Pills

"The result of using three boxes is a perfect cure and I have had no relapse or hint of pain for several months since being cured."

Sold by all druggists and dealers. Price 50 cents. If not obtainable, address enclosing price, to the Dodd's Medicine Company, Toronto, Ont

### He Walked.

There is a man up on Connecticut avenue whose coachman has been in the family so long that he really feels as if the place belonged to him. He felt called upon to attend a funeral—the funeral of some personal friend of his—early in the fall, and as an especial mark of respect for the deceased he asked the head of the house to allow his carriage to be driven in the funeral procession. The head of the house good naturedly consented, and the coachman, with a colored friend, rolled off to the obsequies. That afternoon there was a football game somewhere in the suburbs, and the head of the house, who is inordinately fond of the game went. He went on foot, but just as he trudged in through the gate a carriage passed him going in. It was his own carriage, with his man on the box and four mourners inside. They had set out for the funeral, but the procession happened to pass the football grounds, and their sporting blood couldn't resist the temptation to see the game. They sat in the carriage in luxury and watched the game, while the man who owned the carriage sat on a plebeian pine bench, and—well, you know what you'd be likely to say yourself.—Washington Post.

# A RING ON HIS HAND.

## REV. DR. TALMAGE ON THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

New Lights on a Familiar Story—The Richest Ring Ever Flashed on the Vision Is That Which Our Father Puts on a Forgiven Soul.

Washington, Jan. 5.—In his sermon to-day Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject the return of the prodigal son. The text chosen was Luke xv., 2, "Put a ring on his hand."

I will not rehearse the familiar story of the fast young man of the parable. You know what a splendid home he left. You know what a hard time he had. And you remember how after that season of vagabondage and prodigality he resolved to go and weep out his sorrows on the bosom of parental forgiveness. Well, there is great excitement one day in front of the door of the old farmhouse. The servants come rushing up and say: "What's the matter?" What is the matter? But before they quite arrive the old man cries out, "Put a ring on his hand." What a seeming absurdity! What can such a wretched mendicant as this fellow that is tramping on towards the house want with a ring? Oh, he is the prodigal son. No more tending of the swine trough! No more longing for the pods of the carob tree! No more blistered feet! Off with the rags! On with the robe! Out with the ring! Even so does God receive every one of us when we come back. There are gold rings, and pearl rings, and emerald rings, and diamond rings, but the richest ring that ever flashed on the vision is that which our Father puts upon a forgiven soul.

I know that the impression is abroad among some people that religion bemeans and belittles a man; that it takes all the sparkle out of his soul; that he has to exchange a roystering independence for an ecclesiastical straitjacket. Not so. When a man becomes a Christian, he does not go down; he starts upward. Religion multiplies 1 by 0,000. Nay, the multiplier is in infinity. It is not a blotting out; it is a polishing. It is an arborescence, it is an efflorescence, it is an irradiation. When a man comes into the kingdom of God, he is not sent into a menial service, but the Lord God Almighty from the palaces of heaven calls upon the messenger angels that wait upon the throne to fly and "put a ring on his hand." In Christ are the largest liberty, and brightest joy, and highest honor, and richest adornment. "Put a ring on his hand."

I remark, in the first place, that when Christ receives a soul into his love he puts upon him the ring of adoption. While in my church in Philadelphia there came the representative of the Howard mission of New York. He brought with him eight or ten children of the street that he had picked up, and he was trying to find for them Christian homes, and as the little ones stood on the pulpit and sang our hearts melted within us. At the close of the services a great hearted wealthy man came up and said, "I'll take this little bright-eyed girl and I'll adopt her as one of my own children." And he took her by the hand, lifted her into his carriage and went away.

The next day, while we were in the church gathering up garments for the poor of New York, this little child came back with a bundle under her arm, and she said: "There's my old dress. Perhaps some of the poor children would like to have it," while she herself was in bright and beautiful array, and those who more immediately examined her said she had a ring on her hand. It was a ring of adoption.

There are a great many persons who pride themselves on their ancestry, and the glory over the royal blood that pours through their arteries. In their line there was a lord, or a duke, or a prime minister, or a king. But when the Lord, our Father, puts upon us the ring of his adoption we become the children of the Ruler of all nations. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God." It matters not how poor our garments may be in this world, or how scant our bread, or how mean the hut we live in, if we have that ring of Christ's adoption upon our hand, we are assured of eternal defenses.

Adopted! Why, then, we are brothers and sisters to all the good of earth and heaven! We have the family name, the family dress, the family keys, the family wardrobe. The Father looks after us, robes us, defends us, blesses us. We have royal blood in our veins, and there are crowns in our line. If we are his children, then princes and princesses. It is only a question of time when we get our coronet. Adopted! Then we have the family secrets. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." Adopted! Then we have the family inheritance, and in the day when our Father shall divide the riches of heaven we shall take our share of the mansions and palaces and temples. Henceforth let us boast no more of an earthly ancestry. The insignia of eternal glory is our coat of arms. This ring of adoption puts upon us all honor and all privilege. Now we can take the words of Charles Wesley, that prince of hymn makers, and sing:

Come, let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

I have been told that when any of the members of any of the great secret societies of this country are in a distant city and are in any kind of trouble and are set upon by enemies they have only to give a certain signal, and the members of that organization will flock around for defense. And when any man belongs to this great Christian brotherhood, if he gets in trouble, in trial, in persecution, in temptation, he has only to show this ring of Christ's adoption, and all the armed cohorts of heaven will come to his rescue.

Still further, when Christ takes a soul into his love, he puts upon it a marriage ring. Now, that is not a whim of mine—Hosea ii., 19, "I will betroth thee unto me forever—yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in lovingkindness, and in mercies." At the wedding altar the bridegroom puts a ring upon the hand of the bride, signifying love and faithfulness. Trouble may come upon the household, and the carpets may go, the pictures may go, the piano may go—everything else may go. The last thing that goes is that marriage ring, for it is considered sacred. In the burial hour it is withdrawn from the hand and kept in a casket, and sometimes the box is opened on an anniversary day, and as you look at that ring you see under its arch a long procession of precious memories. Within the golden circle of that ring there is room for a thousand sweet recollections to revolve, and you think of the great contrast between the hour when, at the close of the "Wedding March," under the flashing lights and amid the aroma of orange blossoms, you set that ring on the round finger of the plump hand, and that "hour when, at the close of the exhaustive watching, when you know that the soul had fled, you took from the hand, which gave back no responsive clasp, from that emaciated finger, the ring that she had worn so long and worn so well.

On some anniversary day you take up that ring, and you repolish it until all the old luster comes back, and you can see in it the flash of eyes that long ago ceased to weep. Oh, it is not an unmeaning thing when I tell you that when Christ receives a soul into his keeping he puts on it a marriage ring! He endows you from that moment with all his wealth. You are one—Christ and the soul—one in sympathy, one in affection, one in hope.

There is no power on earth or hell to effect a divorcement after Christ and the soul are united. Other kings have turned out their companions when they got weary of them and sent them adrift from the palace gate. Ahasuerus banished Vashti, Napoleon forsook Josephine, but Christ is the husband that is true forever. Having loved you once, he loves you to the end. Did they not try to divorce Margaret, the Scotch girl, from Jesus? They said, "You must give up your religion." She said, "I can't give up my religion." And so they took her down to the beach of the sea, and they drove in a stake at low water mark, and they fastened her to it, expecting that as the tide came up her faith would fail. The tide began to rise and came higher and higher, and to the girdle, and to the lip, and in the last moment, just as the wave was washing her soul into glory, she shouted the praises of Jesus.

Oh, no, you cannot separate a soul from Christ! It is an everlasting marriage. Battle and storm and darkness cannot do it. Is it too much exultation for a man, who is but dust and ashes like myself, to cry out this moment, "I am persuaded that neither height nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor any other creature shall separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, my Lord?" Glory be to God that when Christ and the soul are married they are bound by a chain, a golden chain, if I might say so—a chain with one link, and that one link the golden ring of God's everlasting love.

I go a step further and tell you that when Christ receives a soul into his love he puts on him the ring of festivity. You know that it has been the custom in all ages to bestow rings on very happy occasions. There is nothing more appropriate for a birthday gift than a ring. You delight to bestow such a gift upon your children at such a time. It means joy, hilarity, festivity. Well, when this old man of the text wanted to tell how glad he was that his boy had got back, he expressed it in this way. Actually, before he ordered sandals to be put on his bare feet, before he ordered the fatted calf to be killed to appease the boy's hunger, he commanded, "Put a ring on his hand."

Oh, it is a merry time when Christ and the soul are united. Joy of forgiveness! What a splendid thing it is to feel that all is right between my God and myself. What a glorious thing it is to have God just take up all the sins of my life and put them in one bundle, and then fling them into the depths of the sea, never to rise again, never to be talked of again. Pollution all gone; darkness all illumined; God reconciled; the prodigal home! "Put a ring on his hand!"

Every day I find happy Christian people. I find some of them with no second coat, some of them in huts and tenement houses, not one earthly comfort afforded them, and yet they are as happy as happy can be. They sing "Rock of Ages" as no other people in the world sing it. They never wore any jewelry in their life but one gold ring, and that was the ring of God's undying affection. Oh, how happy religion makes us! Did it make you gloomy and sad? Did you go with your head cast down? I do not think you got religion, my brother. That is not the effect of religion. True religion is a joy. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Why, religion lightens all our burdens; it smooths all our way; it interprets all our sorrows; it changes the jar of earthly discord for the peal of festal bells. In front of the flaming furnace of trial it sets the forge on which scepters are hammered out. Would you not like this hour to come up from the swine feeding and try this religion? All the joys of heaven would come out and meet you, and God would cry from the throne, "Put a ring on his hand."

You are not happy. I see it. There is no peace, and sometimes you laugh when you feel a great deal more like crying. The world is a cheat. It first lures you down with its follies; then it kicks you out into darkness. It comes back from the massacre of 1,000,000 souls to attempt the destruction of your soul to-day. No peace out of God, but here is the fountain that can slake the thirst. Here is the harbor where you can drop safe anchorage.

Would you not like, I ask you—not perfunctorily, but as one brother might talk to another—would you not like to have a pillow of rest to put your head on? And would you not like, when you retire at night, to feel that all is well, whether you wake up to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock or sleep the sleep that knows no waking? Would you not like to exchange this awful uncertainty about the future for a glorious assurance of heaven? Accept of the Lord Jesus to-day and all is well. If on your way home some peril should cross the street and dash your life out, it would not hurt you. You would rise up immediately. You would stand in the celestial streets You would be amid the great throng that forever worship and are forever happy. If this night some sudden disease should come upon you, it would not frighten you. If you knew you were going, you could give a calm farewell to your beautiful home on earth and know that you are going right into the companionship of those who have already got beyond the toiling and the weeping.

You feel on Saturday night different from the way you feel any other night of the week. You come home from the bank, or the store, or the office and you say, "Well, now my week's work is done, and to-morrow is Sunday." It is a pleasant thought. There are refreshment and reconstruction in the very idea. Oh, how pleasant it will be if, when we get through the day of our life, and we go and lie down in our bed of dust, we can realize, "Well, now the work is all done, and to-morrow is Sunday—an everlasting Sunday."

Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up
And Sabbaths have no end?

There are people in this house to-day who are very near the eternal world. If you are Christians, I bid you be of good cheer. Bear with you our congratulations to the bright city. Aged men, who will soon be gone, take with you our love for our kindred in the better land, and when you see them, tell them that we are soon coming. Only a few more sermons to preach and hear, only a few more heartaches; only a few more toils; only a few more tears. And then—what an entrancing spectacle will open before us!

Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

And so I approach you now with a general invitation, not picking out here and there a man, or here and there a woman, or here and there a child, but giving you an unlimited invitation, saying, "Come, for all things are now ready." We invite you to the warm heart of Christ and the inclosure of the Christian church. I know a great many think that the church does not amount to much; that it is obsolete; that it did its work and is gone now, so far as usefulness is concerned. It is the happiest place I have ever been in, except my own home.

I know there are some people who say they are Christians who seem to get along without any help from others, and who culture solitary piety. They do not want any ordinances. I do not belong to that class. I cannot get along without them. There are so many things in this world that take my attention from God and Christ and heaven that I want all the helps of all the symbols and of all the Christian associations, and I want around about me a solid phalanx of men who love God and keep his commandments Are there any here who would like to enter into that association? Then by a simple, childlike faith, apply for admission into the visible church, and you will be received. No questions asked about your past history or present surroundings. Only one test—do you love Jesus?

Baptism does not amount to anything, say a great many people, but the Lord Jesus declared, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," putting baptism and faith side by side. And an apostle declares, "Repent and be baptized every one of you." I do not stickle for any particular mode of baptism, but I put great emphasis on the fact that you ought to be baptized, yet no more emphasis than the Lord Jesus Christ, the great Head of the church, puts upon it.

Some of you have been thinking on this subject year after year. You have found out that this world is a poor portion. You want to be Christians. You have come almost into the kingdom of God, but there you stop, forgetful of the fact that to be almost saved is not to be saved at all. Oh, my brother, after having come so near to the door of mercy, if you turn back, you will never come at all. After all you have heard of the goodness of God, if you turn away and die, it will not be because you did not have a good offer.

God's spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying, man,
Ye who persist his love to grieve
May never hear his voice again.

May God Almighty this hour move upon your soul and bring you back from the husks of the wilderness to the Father's house, and set you at the banquet, and "put a ring on your hand!"

## SAND STORM ON THE PLAINS.

Holes in the Earth Fifty Feet Deep Made By the Wind.

Near Cheyenne Wells is a long stretch of level prairie, which suddenly terminates in a precipice, making a perpendicular descent of perhaps 50 feet to another plain below. In the winter of 1858 a great snow blizzard raged for several days. The snow was driven at a terrific rate before a hurricane of wind, and the buffalo were obliged in self-preservation to turn their backs and run with the wind. The result was that vast numbers of the buffalo were carried over the precipice and their dead bodies were covered with 20 or 30 feet of snow. For many years people visited the spot to look at the bones which lay in piles ten or fifteen feet high as far as the eye could reach along the precipice, and it was commonly estimated that 100,000 buffalo found a grave on that fatal spot.

Sand storms in those days were so destructive that it was not unusual for freighters to lose their entire outfit. During the prevalence of a storm no attempt was made to move, and drivers cleared the sand out of the nostrils of the horses and oxen, as otherwise the animals were threatened with death from suffocation. A sand storm usually lasted only two or three hours, but its effects were felt for days by men and animals exposed to the fury of the dreadful blast. A curious phenomenon noticed in different places on the plains was the immense excavating power of the wind in a sand storm. There were areas of three or four acres where the wind scooped out the sand 40 or 50 feet deep and whirled it away in the air. It seemed as if the work began at a central spot not larger than could be covered by a man's hat. In an incredibly short time a round hole would be excavated. The wind then took hold in real earnest, and the probabilities were that an entire sand hill would be leveled down in the next thirty minutes.—Denver Field.

## HER STRATAGEM.

The Password She Gave Him Necessitated Carefulness.

"What is the matter?" asked one of Mr. Vivvles's boon companions. "You haven't taken the pledge, have you?"

"No. But I'm not looking on the wine when it is red in the cup, just the same."

"Reformed, have you?"

"Nop. You've heard of a woman's marrying a man with the idea of getting him to stop drinking. It doesn't always work; but it did in my case. My wife is a stupendously clever woman."

"Made you promise, did she?"

"She didn't have to. When I started down-town to-night, she said: 'I've lost the latchkey, dear, but it won't make any difference. You ring the bell and I'll let you in.' I said, 'All right.' 'Only,' she said, 'we'd better agree on some password, so that when you ring I can look out of the window and make sure it isn't a burglar.' 'Of course,' said I. 'What'll the password be?' 'I have it,' she answered. 'It mustn't be too simple. You just say 'irrepressible reprehensibility' and then I'll come down and let you in.' Gentlemen, if I can't say 'irrepressible reprehensibility' when I get home I don't get in, and, moreover, assume the chances of being taken to be a housebreaker. I've simply got to be careful." And he went over and resolutely seated himself next to the ice-water tank.

### Winter Stable Management of Cows.

Arrange the stable with convenience in feeding and care of the stock as a central idea. Visit the best dairy barns and utilize all their good points. A stable having two thicknesses of boards with tar paper between is dryer and warmer than a stone basement. A rectangular barn, with two long rows of cows facing each other, is the most desirable. Have sufficient room for driving on the feeding floor and also behind each row of animals, for removing the manure. Make the building larger than is needed, or plan so that additional room can be easily provided. By all means have a silo conveniently situated. Put in plenty of windows. The south side of our barn is largely glass. The stable must be tightly made so that when the temperature is 30 degrees below zero very little freezing occurs on the inside. Don't, however, keep it so warm that it will fairly steam when the doors are opened. For keeping the air pure, box ventilators reaching from near the floor to the roof, are excellent. They can be made by boarding up between the studs down to within a foot or two of the floor. Choose some kind of a fastener that will keep the cows clean. The stanchion is most generally used and will answer in most cases. Arrange the floor 4 to 5 feet in length, as there will be that much difference in length between the smallest heifer and the aged cow. Let the gutter be 16 in. wide and 6 in. deep. If possible have the walk behind the gutter wide enough to allow a wagon or sled to be drawn over it. Make the manger 24 in. wide and the feeding-floor 6 in. above it. The ceiling should be 6½ or 7 feet high.

Among the necessary implements about a cow stable is the broom. Get two, one for sweeping the feed floor and the other to clean the walk behind the gutter. Keep the floor clean, and occasionally go over the walls and ceiling to remove dust and cobwebs. Use plenty of straw for bedding. If it is cut, so much the better, as it is then superior as an absorbent. Be sure the gutter is water tight, and use road dust, sifted coal ashes, sawdust or land plaster to absorb the liquid the straw does not take up. Plaster is also first class for keeping down bad odors. Sprinkle a few pounds in the bedding before each milking and note the effect It will also enhance the value of the manure.

Have regular hours, for feeding and milking and rigidly adhere to them. Plan your work so the cows can be left to their dreams a part of the time. Be kind to them; do nothing that will excite them, for it will always result in a loss of milk. Salt every day, or better still, have salt where they can have constant access to it. Our cattle are out of the barn a short time each day. They go about 60 rods and get water from a spring and I have seen no ill effects from it. However, they are not out long—not over 30 or 40 minutes on stormy days. Yearling and dry cows are given more exercise. Of course this takes a little more feed, but it pays. Exercise the bull in a tread power.

### The Birchen Fowl.

The Birchen fowl, if of a strain that has been recently produced, would be likely to be one of the best of the Games for practical purposes, for the crosses of Brown Red and Duckwing required to produce it would tend to overcome the weakness that is supposed to be the result of inbreeding in some strains of Games. The size, too, would be likely to be quite as great, for crosses between two varieties of the same breed frequently result in increased size, the progeny being larger than either parent. Without exactly recommending the Birchen Game as a practical fowl, it is safe to say that it has great beauty, and is as practical in its characteristics as any variety of the exhibition Game.—H. S. Babcock.

Never were roses worn in such quantities on headgear as this season. As last year was a violet season, so this is a rose year. The queen of the garden adorns most of the smart hats in luxuriant profusion, all shades, from darkest crimson to palest pink being used on the same hat.

# OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

## THE CABINET CRISIS FULLY DISCUSSED IN ALL ITS BEARINGS.

The Whole Field of Politics Overshadowed—A Thunderbolt From the Clouded Sky—Opinions on the Bolt—Clarke Wallace's Prescience—The Anonymous Letters—A Ragged Regiment Left—Agreed to "Spar for Wind"—Will the Bowell Cabinet Dissolve and Laurier be Called Upon?—Conservative Caucus.

The cloud that, no larger than a man's hand, began to rise over the Parliament buildings a month ago now overshadows the whole field of politics. Strong in the confidence of his own security, Sir Mackenzie Bowell refused to accept the warnings from Cardwell and from Montreal Centre. He esteemed the Conservative Government secure, because Conservative Governments had been undefeated for eighteen years. He relied on the steadfastness of his followers in the Cabinet, unwitting that John Haggart led a clique that was determined to compass the political death of the Premier. It was in the torrid days of last July that Haggart, Montague, Wallace, Wood, Foster and Daly held a caucus. They had given a reluctant consent to the Government's pledging itself to make the introduction of a remedial bill part of the programme for the session that has just begun. They had a full discussion of the plans to be followed, and when Haggart stated that he, for one would resign should Bowell persist in his determination to bring in remedial legislation, the others vowed that they would do likewise.

### A Thunderbolt From the Clouded Sky.

By this time, we all know what has occurred. Clarke Wallace, always a far-seeing politician, left the Government two weeks in advance of his colleagues. The others filed their resignations last Saturday night. Pressure had been brought to bear on the Premier. He had been cajoled and threatened, but the determined old man refused to resign the reins of power. He shut his eyes to the handwriting on the wall. Even when the Mail and the Montreal Gazette, the party's leading organs, came out with diplomatically worded warnings, he refused to hear. His belief in his own star was undiminished; his confidence in his own powers was strong. What was the result? The Government's defeat in Jacques Cartier showed beyond peradventure that the French Canadians took little interest in remedial legislation. Their own Liberal newspapers denounced the introduction of the principle of interference with Manitoba The English-speaking members of the Government said that the time had come for speedy action, and they wrote out their resignations. A thunderbolt had come out from the clouded sky, and had rattled ominously the windows of the Premier's office. It was then that apprehension gave way to certainty, and that a consultation with the Governor-General took place.

### Opinions on the Bolt.

Members who are high in the councils of the Conservative party looked to Ottawa on Monday. The fact of seven of the Ministers having resigned had become known, and men who were within reaching distance of the capital sought the scene of the crisis. Here in Ottawa one could hear all sorts of opinions as to the result of the bolt. Followers and admirers of the First Minister denounced Haggart, Foster and company as traitors. "These men," they said, "sat in the council chamber last July and agreed that a remedial bill should be brought down this session. One of them, Foster, from his place in the House of Commons, announced that the members, jointly and severally, were pledged to the bringing in of the remedial bill. Now they have resigned because they are too cowardly to stand by their agreement." These are the views of Dr. Weldon, the professor of law at Dalhousie College, who represents Albert in the House of Commons. They are also the views, strange to say, of Mr. Clarke Wallace, who declares that the other followers are a pack of cowards. Mr. Wallace gave me his ideas on the subject on Tuesday, when he pointed out that, after the Government's announcement had been made last July, he had told the House that he would resign the Controllership of Customs when the bill was introduced. Further than this, Mr. Wallace tells me that he tendered his resignation to Sir Mackenzie Bowell last autumn. The Premier declined to accept it, on the ground that negotiations with Mr. Greenway were proceeding and that there was good prospect of a settlement being arrived at. When Greenway issued a declaration that under no circumstances would his Government make any alteration in the school law of Manitoba, the Controller decided that the time when he should resign had arrived.

### Clarke Wallace's Prescience.

Truth to tell, I fail to see any flaw in Clarke Wallace's statement of cause. Like the astute politician he is, he saw what was coming, and he left the ship at the right time. Of course, I do not wish to be taken as saying that principle had not much to do with Mr. Wallace's resignation. It was principle that impelled him to stand on that platform in Cartier square, in this city, and tell an audience that he would abandon a five thousand dollar salary sooner than countenance any coercion of the Manitobans. What shall we say of Haggart, of Foster, of Tupper and the others? Haggart and Wood have resigned first and last because Mackenzie Bowell is determined to introduce a remedial bill. They know that they could not be re-elected if they voted for such a measure. Foster, in York, N.B., would be defeated, overwhelmingly if he went to the polls the representative of a Government that had endeavored to interfere with provincial rights. York is strongly Orange county. It was in that riding that the celebrated Bathurst school case arose, and it is the county of Bathurst that sends Mr. Pitt to lead the Orangemen in the legislature of New Brunswick.

### The Anonymous Letters.

As to Montague, his enemies say that he fears exposure as a result of the charges made against him by Sir Adolphe Caron. The Postmaster-General avers that Dr. Montague wrote anonymous letters to the Governor-General, charging Sir Adolphe with having accepted a bribe. Sir Adolphe says that he has employed experts on hand-writing, who have given their opinion that the chirography of the letters in question corresponds exactly with that of the ex-Minister of Agriculture. One of the last things Dr. Montague did before he cleared his private papers out of his office in the Department of Agriculture was to make a statement to a number of newspaper men, denying any guilt, and stating that at the time the letters were written he was ill and had been confined to the house for many days. Sir Adolphe has taken the matter much to heart. He has sent for Donald McMaster, one of Montreal's greatest lawyers, and had a two hours' interview with him. Mr. McMaster, rumor says, has been retained to conduct a prosecution, and, further than this, I have been told that an arrest in high circles may follow at any time. There is no reason for thinking that either of the first parties to the affair will be unfortunate enough to be put under arrest.

### A Ragged Regiment Left.

His enemies have not been slow to hint that Dr. Montague saw trouble imminent and resigned the portfolio. Why, it may be asked, should he do so? His resignation or resignation of his portfolio could have no bearing on the question of his guilt or innocence. It seems to the unprejudiced observer that Dr. Montague went, not because he feared the results of the charge made against him by Sir Adolphe, but because he had no confidence in Sir Mackenzie Bowell. The seven seceders all had the same reason for leaving the Government. They left Sir Mackenzie with a veritable ragged regiment of Ministers. Nine vacant chairs yawned around the council table on Monday last. Two of them belonged to nobody, for there were two vacancies in the Cabinet before the revolt of last Saturday. Out of the seven ministers present, Sir Mackenzie had one Protestant colleague, T. Mayne Daly. All of the others are Roman Catholics; for Ouimet, Caron, Senator Ferguson, John Costigan, Sir Frank Smith belong to the old faith. Never before in the history of Canada was there such a meeting of the Privy Council. The Protestants outnumbered by two and a half to one!

### Agreed to "Spar for Wind."

What went on behind those well-guarded doors we do not know. The old Premier doubtless kept a stiff upper lip, for it is not his custom to quail under fortune's hardest knocks. Had he done so in early life he would not have endured to become, by sheer luck, Prime Minister of this country. Doubtless this curious assortment of incompetents talked of the possibility of filling the vacant positions. They must have agreed to "spar for wind" for they had little to say when they filed out of the council chamber. T. Mayne Daly was in an evil humor. He had separated himself from his friends, from Haggart and from Tupper, and had gone over to the enemy. But needs must when necessity drives. Tom Daly knows that he can not be re-elected in Manitoba. He has been a failure as a Minister. Good Conservatives discredit him and say that he should never have been taken into the Cabinet. Daly knows this and seeks a judgeship in the Supreme Court of Manitoba. Justice Gwynne, of the Dominion Supreme bench, is a very old man, and is to resign. Judge Killam, of Manitoba, is mentioned as his successor. Daly seeks to succeed the Manitoba judge in the provincial court. And that is the reason of his remaining in the Cabinet headed by Mackenzie Bowell Most strenuously will Daly urge his claims before the Bowell Cabinet dissolves If he is unsuccessful, he retires from political life a completely ignominious failure

### Will the Bowell Cabinet Dissolve?

"Before the Bowell Cabinet dissolves" I said. Writing early in the week, I must confess that I see no other prospect open to the Government. The Premier may fill the vacancies, but how can he expect to pass his Remedial bill in the face of the opposition of nearly all of the Protestants in the House. And I do not think the French Grits will vote for the Bowell measure. These gentry eagerly desire the day when a Frenchman shall be First Minister in this country. Israel Tarte and others of the Liberal managers are fanning this feeling into a flame. It may be that Sir Mackenzie will be able to fill up the ranks of his Cabinet And after that there is nothing but a dissolution in sight.

### Will Laurier be Called Upon?

Liberals have hoped that, in the event of Sir Mackenzie's resignation, Lord Aberdeen would call upon Mr. Laurier to form a Government. Sir Mackenzie, in such a case, would be asked by the Governor-General to suggest the name of some gentleman who would assume the duty of getting a Cabinet together. Optimistic Liberals say that Sir Mackenzie would revenge himself by nominating Mr. Laurier. Concerning this only one man's opinion is worth anything. That man is Sir Mackenzie Bowell, and as yet he has not divulged his intentions to his colleagues, much less to the tap-room politicians who are talking so loudly these times.

### Conservative Caucus.

At to-morrow's caucus of the Conservatives the Prime Minister will make his defence. He will go into the caucus room well aware that he enters a hostile camp. It is possible that an accommodation may be arranged, whereby five of the dissident Ministers will return, accepting new portfolios, in order to escape going back to their constituents. But two of the rebels are now and ever will be, Mackenzie Bowell's bitter enemies. They are John Haggart and Walter Humphries Montague. Between them and Bowell there can be no surcease of strife. From now to the end of the chapter it will be war, red war.

### A Castle Taken With One Gun.

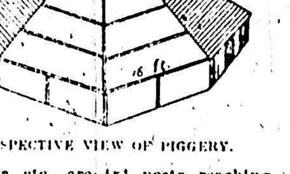
Prof. Henry Drummond gives the following illustration about temptations: "You have heard of the old castle that was taken by a single gun. The attacking party had only one gun, and it seemed hopeless to try and take the castle, but one soldier said: 'I can show you how you can take the castle,' and he pointed the cannon to one spot and fired, and went on all day, never moving the cannon. About nightfall there were a few grains of sand knocked off the wall. He did the same thing the next day and the next. By and by the stones began to come away, and by steadily working his gun for one week, he made a hole in that castle big enough for the army to walk through. Now, with a single gun firing away at everybody's life the devil is trying to get in at one opening. Temptation is the practice of the soul, and if you never have any temptations you will never have any practice. A boy that attends fifty drills in a year is a much better soldier than one that drills twice. Do not quarrel with your temptations; set yourself resolutely to face them."

### Variable, but Good.

"It is a curious fact about clam chowder," said Mr. Billtops, "that you never find it in any two places just alike. Everybody seems to have a way of his own of making clam chowder. There must be at least a million clam chowder receipts, and so far as I have tried them they are all good."—N. Y. Sun.

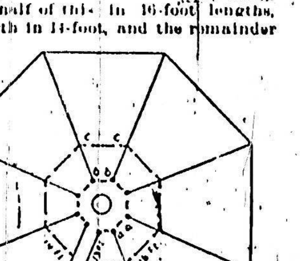
## A HOGHOUSE AND YARDS.

The accompanying illustrations represent an easily-constructed hog house and system of yards which I find to be quite convenient. Fig. 1 is an exterior view of the house, only a portion being shown, which is covered, with boards and battens. The outer posts are three feet high; the rafters are 24 feet long, and meet at a common point. Fig. 2 shows the ground plan of the house and




PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF PIGGERY.

yards; a a, etc., are 4x4 posts reaching from the ground to the roof; b b and c c are the doors to each pen. The sizes of pens and lots are represented in the cuts. For roofing I used 1x12 boards; 1,534 feet were required. To avoid waste in cutting, get one-half of this in 16-foot lengths, one-fourth in 14-foot, and the remainder




GROUND PLAN OF PIGGERY AND YARDS.

12-foot. For partitions and yards use 16-foot fencing. Feed bins can be made over each pen.

### Practical Suggestions.

At any time when the cook requires the white of an egg and not the yolk, break the shell carefully and drop the untouched yolk into a cup of cold water. Here it will keep for several days if necessary, to be used when required.

Use a sponge in cleaning paint in preference to a cloth. It saves time, and painters claim the result is much more satisfactory.