THE SACRIFICE;

—OR—

FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued).

"Go now, mamma," he said, "I want to get up; it is late."

She went away and stole into a little room where all manner of rubbish was stored, in order to cry unseen. There was the little chair, which had belonged to her children, one after another. She gazed at the worn-out piece of furniture, and it suddenly seemed to her as if her little Rudi's brown, curly head appeared above it. He had been a sweet little child, her great delight, and now he was to go from her loaded with shame and disgrace—and she would never see him more! For long before he could come back, she would have grieved herself to death.

She tried to blame him, but she could not. His frivolous nature was inherited from her family; two brothers of her own had been ruined by similar extravagance. She ceased sobbing, and gazed at the little chair with wide-open eyes. Ah! the youngest had shot himself. She groaned heavily. "May God have mercy!"

She lost her self-control utterly. She sprang up, and with trembling fingers tightened the string of her apron. The action was quite mechanical. If her son should make her suffer that! She had no more strength to bear it now, no more! And her sick husband—her poor girls. "God in heaven, if Lora would only be reasonable!"

She untied her apron again, and the color came into her face. "Reasonable? Who was the reasonable one here?"—"If Lora would sacrifice herself!" said an honest voice within her. "No, no persuasion. I will not say a word—poor thing. God will find us a way out of it. God must have mercy!"

The door-bell rang below, and she heard the postman's voice. The weak woman flew out of the room and down the stairs with youthful lightness. Her trembling hand took in a letter. She concealed it hastily in her pocket, without looking at it, and then come upstairs again with the Kreuzzeitung, to carry it to her husband.

"Nothing else?" grumbled the old man as he took the newspaper.

"Nothing," she answered quickly, and began to busy herself with the coffee equipage, which stood before her husband, who was sitting at the window in his arm-chair.

She did not even color as she told her he, she was so accustomed to concealments, to uttering necessary falsehoods. She had learned such glibness in lying during the last few years of her married life, that she was sometimes shocked at herself; but there was no other way for her to keep the peace in the house. The major was wrathful over every bill that came in; he scolded, as if his wife only burnt coal for the sake of tormenting him; as if she bought their simple dresses out of pure extravagance, and for a long time now she had not permitted him to hear anything of the sort. He was terrible to her, in his anger. He must have been aware that there were debts, but we never asked about them; it was so hard for him to part with the few gold pieces which he had hoarded up for an emergency; he never yielded any of them without a storm, and so it suited him very well that "the women" should not come to him for every trifle; he always heard about it quite soon enough, when he had to pay out money. And sometimes he hadn't any at all, and so it happened that the trade-people often had to wait for months for their pay, and that the Tollens did not stand very high in the estimation of the Westenberg shopkeepers.

Frau von Tollen carried out the coffee-pot, put it on a table in the hall, and mounted the narrow staircase to Lora's attic room.

The young girl was standing at the window; she did not hear her mother come in, and the latter did not perceive that a greeting was waved to someone in the court-yard of the gymnasium.

"Lora," she began, "it is from your uncle—I think it is from your uncle," and she drew the letter out of her pocket. "Read it, please; I cannot, my eyes are so dim."

Lora quietly took the letter out of her mother's hand, cut the envelope, and read it.

"It is nothing, mamma," she said; "he will not do anything. Uncle writes: 'Let him bear the consequences of his folly, and learn to work on the other side of the big pond. Work iron necessity alone will cure natures like his of their frivolity.'"

Frau von Tollen again nervously twisted the strings of her apron round her finger, and looked anxiously at Lora.

"I can think of nothing more," she murmured.

"Perhaps Benberg may still succeed in getting the money, mamma."

But the old lady made no answer. She rose and quickly left the room. Lora looked sadly after her.

CHAPTER VI.

The widowed Frau Pastorin Schonberg was sitting at the window in her parlor, knitting on a gray, woollen stocking for her son. The old lady at first sight had a remarkably peevish face, as if she had had nothing but care and trouble all her life long. But when one looked into her forget-me-not eyes, which looked wonderfully young from under the spotless fresh tulle cap, one would say at once, "Good temper has always carried the day here though times were ever so hard." And then one would try to fancy this old woman a young girl, and would say to ones self, "she must have been a merry little creature." It was too droll when the Frau Pastorin assured her acquaintances that her son occasioned her a great deal of anxiety; he was too extravagant; he was always thinking of the few thousand thalers he would inherit after her death; it was a great pity when children knew that there was something to be got out of their old parents. And her eyes laughed as she spoke, for she did not in the least believe what she said.

The servant-maid came in and asked for the key to the cupboard; it was time to make the tea for the Herr Doctor.

"Isn't it early for the tea?" she remarked, as she took the bunch of keys off her chatelaine.

"The Herr Doctor will be here in a minute; it is a quarter past five," replied the girl, looking at the clock as she went out.

The Frau Pastorin murmured something; then she stopped and listened. The door-bell rang and a manly step approached. With a "Good evening, mother," the young doctor entered the room.

"Good-evening," was the reply. "It is raining, isn't it?"

"It is only mist, mother. It is October, you know. How do you do? Have you read your paper yet?"

"Yes, there is a description of the Bechers ball. They will be horribly uplifted; all the Westenbergers treat them as if they were crowned heads, and there—look! There is the Becher herself, driving out in her coupe, and calling for the old doll-woman! Well, it must be true what Frau Lange says, that that is going to be a match."

The doctor had taken off his hat and made himself comfortable on the sofa, before the table, where he usually drank his tea, when he came back from his classes, in the afternoon. He looked up as his mother spoke. "What did you say, mother? Pray tell Frau Lange to attend to her own affairs."

"Well, it can make no difference to us my boy. There they go. Really, Fraulein Melitta has got on her violet bonnet with the yellow roses! She is a figure!"

Her son went to the window and watched the carriage go by. It was an elegant coupe. It was true; there, behind the shining windows, was the well-known shabby hat of Fraulein Melitta von Tollen, which had been displayed every Sunday for years in the free pew, at St. Martin's Church. A slight smile of malice was visible on the doctor's intelligent face, which was surrounded by a full blonde beard.

"Do you want to wager," he asked, "that they are going to make a call at the majors?"

"How penetrating you are!" remarked the pastorin; "an elegant carriage like that will make quite a show before the house. That will enlighten Fraulein Lora."

He looked down with a merry smile at the grumbling little woman.

"Do you think so?" he said.

"Boy, don't be so stupid! The Tollens can neither fly nor walk; and if an even greater idiot than that Adalbert were to come along—"

At this he laughed aloud.

"How severely you women always judge one another!" he said. "But here is my tea."

He sat down at the table, which the maid had covered with a brilliantly white cloth, and began to drink his tea.

"The dear knows!" murmured the old lady. "Necessity knows no law; many a girl has married to escape from misery."

"But her name is not Lora von Tollen," he replied carelessly.

His mother turned her head quickly, and pushed her glasses up on her forehead, in order to see her son better.

"My goodness! You don't mean that you want to marry her yourself?"

He pushed his cup aside and crossed over to her.

"Why not?" he asked, pulling the broad, stiffly-starched strings of her cap.

"You are not in earnest?"

"Wouldn't you like such a sweet girl for your daughter-in-law?"

"For Heaven's sake, boy, stop, stop!" cried the old lady.

"Don't you like, Lora, mother?"

"You needn't be playing your jokes on me, for I don't believe a word of it," she grumbled. "That would be a pretty affair."

He was silent, but he smiled still.

"I would disinherit you," she declared steadily, with perfect seriousness. "Disinherit you!"

"Really?" he asked, while his mouth twitched. "And to whom would you leave your vast fortune?"

"I would found an idiot asylum with it, you saucy boy," she cried; "and you and your aristocratic bride would both be admitted."

"If we were the aonly idiots there, I should accept with thanks. Good-evening, mother, I am going to take a walk."

He took his books, his hat and cane, and a minute after he left the room. The old lady heard him whistle a gay song on the stairs, and shook her head.

"No," she said at length, "he is not so foolish as that—a pretty face and nothing more—no!"

And she carefully put away her knitting work, leaned back in her chair with folded hands, and repeated again: "He is not so foolish as that."

All at once he was standing outside, and knocked on the pane. She pushed aside the bolt and opened the window.

"I say, mother," he said, "before Lora becomes my wife, we must build on the gable-room upstairs; there isn't room enough in the house."

She flushed crimson, and banged the window to; but he pressed his face against the glass and laughed at her with merry eyes, as he used to do when he was a boy.

Then she opened the window again.

"Ernst, you rascal, will you make a fool of your old mother?" And before he knew what she was about, she took off his hat and left him standing bareheaded, the wind blowing through his thick brown hair. "You want to go to walk? Go then, my boy; I wish you a pleasant walk. You can go and propose to Lora just as you are."

She was about to shut the window, when he pushed aside her hand, and the next moment he had sprung with a bound through the low window, and was standing in the room.

His old mother leaned back in her chair and laughed. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she cried. "What would your scholars say if they should see you going on like that? Do you think they would have any respect for you? If I only ksew what makes you so wild—"

Then he suddenly drew up a chair beside her, and looked earnestly at her.

"You may know it, mother," he said softly; "it is happiness that makes it pure, sweet happiness. She loves me—Lora, and will be my wife."

"Merciful heavens!" stammered the pastorin, pale as death. "Boy, what a work you are making for yourself."

His eyes wore an appealing expression.

"Mother, don't try to persuade me, it would be all in vain!"

"O heavens! she is not the sort of a wife for you," began the pastorin; "one of the Tollens, who know nothing and can do nothing but be haughty, whose aristocratic ideas peep out of every fold in their dresses. Boy, what have you done that you should be so afflicted?"

"You do not know Lora," he replied, seizing her hand. "She is so good and simple, and she loves me with all her heart."

"I must see it first with my own eyes. I won't believe it till then. Now misery has come upon us, it is beginning."

"Will you see her once, mother? May I bring her here?" he asked, without heeding her last words. "I think I shall meet her out walking, and I will beg her to come in for a moment."

He got up and took his hat, which had dropped, unheeded, from his mother's lap.

She made no reply.

"I will bring her to you, mother; then you will love her, I am sure." And he ran, rather than walked, out of the room into the darkening October afternoon.

In the park he fairly ran through all the paths, but they were all vacant. A feeling of disappointment came over him. He had been so sure that Lora would go to walk with her sister. He sat down in the pavilion and wrote Lora's name in the damp, dark earth with his cane; he was so deeply engaged that he did not perceive that a couple of his scholars passed, bowed to him, and concealed their forbidden cigars. It was nearly night, and he was cold; so he went slowly back to the city, and stood for awhile outside the garden door of his little place, considering whether he had better go in and work. Then he concluded that it would be impossible, and he walked away toward the city gate.

Frau Lange under the archway. Katie von Tollen came toward him, swinging her arms. Her brown woollen dress was decidedly short; the rubber straps in her congress boots had stretched, and her felt cap was thrust on one side of her saucy, bored face. He could not gave a very queer shape to her foot, help smiling; what a difference between the two sisters!

"Good-evening, Fraulein Katie," he began, approaching her; "are you taking a walk, and all alone?"

The young girl's face turned scarlet. She made an awkward gesture.

"Lora couldn't come; she had to stay at home and make coffee for old Frau Becher."

"Indeed! Then I will go a little way with you. Where were you going?"

Katie was amazed. Dr. Schonberg go with her! He, the secret idol of all the school-girls, go to walk with her, with Katie von Tollen! She looked at him in consternation, and then she bethought herself; in town they would be likely to meet some of the school-girls, and what a furore that would make!

"I was just going to turn back," she said; "I must go to the market-place again; I have something to get there—at—at—".

"Very well," he interrupted. "I will go with you to—to—wherever you want to go. How are you getting on with your theme, Fraulein Katie, on—"

"Oh, I gave that in long ago."

"Oh, yes; so you did. So your mother has visitors?"

"They have been there for two hours, cackling about the Ball," replied Katie.

"It was very fine, wasn't it?"

"I don't know. Lora hasn't spoken a word all day; she came home long before the others did, anyway. I can't blame her."

"Why so?" asked the young man.

"Oh, everybody knows that Adalbert Becher wants to marry our Lora."

He did not speak at once. "That must be very unpleasant for Fraulein Lora," he managed to say.

"Possibly, yes," replied Katie. "At any rate, I wouldn't have stayed there, if Frau Elfrida Becher had been ten times sweeter and more anxious about my health."

He had stopped just before a jeweller's shop. As if lost in thought he gazed at the modest display, and his eyes were fixed on an etui, lined with velvet, on which a mass of plain gold rings shone in the light of a petroleum lamp.

"These are wedding-rings," said Katie, who had followed the direction of his eyes.

"Would do me a favor, Fraulein Katie?" he asked, without moving his eyes from the case.

"What is it?" she asked. Any one else would have received her answer, "I have no time." To him she could only bring out a reluctant "What is it?"

"To give a book to Fraulein Lora, which I promised her."

"Oh, yes; give it here," was the indifferent reply.

"But I must go home and get it first."

"That's nothing. I will come with you as far as your house, and while you are getting the book I will walk up and down."

He had already turned, and they walked on quickly together. There were no great distances in Westenberg; in about ten minutes the doctor was hurrying through the little garden into his house, while Katie remained standing by the gate.

It was quite dark under the fall elms. She leaned against one of the trees and looked up at the gable window, where his room was. She breathed quickly, and her heart beat as though it would burst. Now a light flashed out from above; she saw a shadow moving, and then he must have gone further back into the room for the shadow disappeared.

(To be Continued.)

USES OF MILK.

Numbers of Strong and Useful Things Made Out of It.

When at the close of a hard day's work you get home, and wait patiently or impatiently, as the case may be—you know best—for a cup of tea, have you ever thought of the numbers of strong and useful things that can be made out of the milk which you pour in the amber fluid? Probably you have not, but you could build a house of milk, if you liked, and it would be as strong and lasting as though made of Aberdeen granite. Moreover, all the fittings could be made of the same substance, and they would outlive the finest ordinary material that was ever constructed.

Billiard balls, fancy boxes, and many other things are made from the new substance, galalith, which is made from milk. There is really no limit to the articles which can be made from galalith.

Galalith is the best substitute for ivory ever discovered, for it is smooth to the touch, retains its soft, creamy tinting for years, is not marred by soap and water, and, unlike celluloid, is proof against fire. It does not chip or crack like bone, and can be cut into the most delicate shapes, being tough and not easily broken.

In Austria, something like 100,000 quarts of skimmed milk are used daily for the purpose of making galalith, and the industry is largely on the increase.

ECONOMY.

"Yes," boasted an overdressed individual, "I make my clothes last. This hat is an example of my thrift. Bought it three years ago, had it blocked twice, and exchanged it once for a new one at a restaurant."

The Home

SOME DAINTY RECIPES.

Poached Eggs without Toast.—Make some blancmange with cornflour or gelatine as you would for an ordinary mould, pour this into very small, wetted saucers; when set, turn out, into a glass dish, place half a preserved apricot on each, and pour the syrup round. The latter will be improved by a slight flavoring of liqueur.

For Ormskirk Gingerbread.—Mix two pounds and a half of flour with one pound of raw sugar, one grated nutmeg, one ounce of mixed spice, and four ounces of candied peel. Warm half a pound of treacle, mix with one pound of butter, then knead into the dry ingredients thoroughly. Roll out thin, cut into biscuits, and bake in a slow oven till crisp.

A Good Tomato Sauce.—Take eight ripe tomatoes, cut them up, skins and all, and stew till they are very soft. Then press through a sieve, season lightly with salt and cayenne pepper. Add a gill of thick brown gravy, stir all well together and heat, stirring till it boils. Pour over a boiled cauliflower, fowl or fish.

Victoria Sandwich.—Take one egg and its weight in ground rice, caster sugar, and butter. Add to these ingredients a teaspoonful of baking powder and flavoring to taste. Spread the batter on two small tins of equal size, and bake in a sharp oven. When done turn on to a sieve, spread one cake lightly with jam, and set the other on it. Sift caster sugar over, and serve.

Dundee Tartlets.—Beat one egg and two ounces of caster sugar to a cream, flavor with a teaspoonful of orange-flower water and half an ounce of sweet almonds cut up very finely. Melt three ounces of fresh butter and whisk it into the mixture. Line eight small tins with puff pastry, fill with the above mixture. Place half a preserved cherry on the top of each and bake in a steady oven.

Gainsborough Pudding.—Boil one pint of milk, adding while still warm half a pint of breadcrumbs. Sweeten to taste and flavor with lemon. When cool add the beaten yolks of two eggs and one ounce of butter. Place in a greased pie-dish and bake slowly for half an hour. Let it cool a little, then squeeze over the juice of a lemon and spread with jam. Whip the whites of eggs to a stiff froth and pile on the pudding, and just set in the oven.

Rice Snow.—Boil a teacupful of rice very gently in a pint of milk, until the rice is tender and the milk is absorbed. Separate the whites and yolks of two eggs. Take the rice off the fire and beat in the two yolks, a dessertspoonful of caster sugar, and a few drops of vanilla. Pour into a buttered pie-dish. Whip up the whites of the eggs with a little caster sugar and pile on the top of the pudding. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Eat hot or cold.

Delicious scones from this recipe should be made when any sour milk is available. Take four teacupfuls of flour, three-quarters of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of baking soda, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Mix all well together, then add as much sour milk as will make a soft dough; knead into a round and put on a baking sheet. Brush over the top with eggs or milk and bake in a moderate oven till ready. If liked currants or sultanas can be added to the dough. This scone will rise just like bread.

Beef and Ham Pie.—Take one pound and a half of beefsteak, cut into neat pieces. Cut about half a pound of cooked ham and four hard-boiled eggs into slices. Arrange these ingredients in layers in a pie-dish, season each with chopped parsley, thyme, marjoram, lemon peel, pepper and salt. Put a cupful of good stock into the dish, cover with rich pie-crust, ornament with leaves cut out of the pastry, brush over the crust with yolk of egg, and bake in a sharp oven till the pastry is cooked. Then let the meat cook slowly till done. Serve cold.

Cold Meat Salad.—Take some cold meat, cut it into neat cutlets, and arrange in a shallow pie-dish. Boil one quart of good stock with one ounce of gelatine, a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar, any other seasoning you like, and the white of one or two eggs beaten to a froth. Whisk all till it boils. Then put the saucepan in a cooler place and allow it to simmer for a quarter of an hour. Strain through a thick cloth on to the cutlets. When quite cold cut out the cutlets and mince up the remains of the aspic finely. Take a lettuce and some tomatoes prepared as for salad, pile in the centre of a dish, and arrange the cutlets around.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Varnish for Walnut Wood.—Dissolve one pound and a half of shellac and one gallon of naphtha together. To give it a good color add a very little dragon's blood.

When boiling common starch sprinkle in a little fine salt, which will prevent it sticking. Some people use sugar in the same way, but it is not so effective as salt.

Salt for table use should be mixed with a small quantity of cornflour before putting it in either a salt-cellar or salt sifter. This prevents the tendency it has to form in solid lumps.

To keep sponges soft and white wash occasionally in half a gallon of warm water in which a teaspoonful of tartaric acid has been dissolved. Afterwards rinse in plenty of cold water and set in the air.

Some Uses of Lemon.—A piece of lemon will take ink out of white cotton or linen fabric if rubbed on at once. It will also take out of porcelain, china and clothes the ugly brown stain from Condy's fluid. Lemon pulp and peel will remove stains from the hands and make them soft even in cold weather.

Serge dresses can generally be freed of spots by rubbing with a solution of boiling water and ammonia. Keep adding fresh boiling water as you use it. If a serge dress is in good condition, but bodly spotted, it is quite worth the while to send it to a good chemical cleaner, who, for two or three shillings, will return it equal to new.

A pleasant dressing for the hair, which renders it soft and glossy, is made thus: Dissolve half an ounce of the best white wax in seven ounces of almond oil. When nearly cold, add any perfume that is preferred, such as twelve drops of oil of cloves, ten drops of essence of almonds, and twenty drops of essence of lemon.

To Whip Cream.—Procure thick cream and see that both the whisk and the basin (which should be large) are very clean. Carry out this operation in a cool place, and, if possible, by an open window. Sweeten and flavor the cream, and, with a wire whisk, beat till the "whip" is stiff.

For a Short, Light Crust.—Take three ounces of lard, butter, or clarified dripping, and rub it into six ounces of flour. Add a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and make all into a stiff paste with just three tablespoonfuls of water. Roll the paste out thinly, and bake in a very hot oven till a delicate brownish color.

To Remove Scorch from Linen.—Peel four onions and extract the juice from them. Mix with one ounce of soap, four ounces of fuller's earth, and a pint of vinegar. Boil all well together. When nearly cold put on to the scorched linen; allow it to dry in the air. Afterwards wash with clean water. Should one application be insufficient, repeat the process.

Garnishing does not receive sufficient attention from most of us. So much depends on it whether a dish is appetising or not, that we should bestow more care on it. For hot meat any boiled vegetables in season, peas, bits of broccoli, French beans, etc.; for poultry nothing is better than watercress. This is also good for cold meat, as are beetroots, carrots, slices of pickles, and any kind of salad. Parsley should garnish every dish.

This is how to make oak stain, which, if kept in a well-corked bottle, is always fit for use. Take a quart bottle, place in it two ounces of American potash and pearlash, then fill with water. For using this care should be taken that it does not touch the skin, for acts as a blister. It is best to use an old paint brush when applying any kind of stain, for it will spoil a good one.

To Whiten Clothes that Have Become Yellow.—Steep them overnight in lukewarm water, and next morning wash them in good clean suds, and then put them in the copper with cold water, some pieces of curd soap, and one teaspoonful of borax. Boil for twenty minutes, rinse immediately, and leave them for another night in clean cold water, to which a little powdered borax has been added. If possible, bleach on the grass after this.

TESTING WAR BALLOONS

TOY SPECIMENS ARE SENT UP FROM ALDERSHOT FREQUENTLY.

Rope and Cordage Used are Very Expensive and of Immense Strength.

Our war balloons are quite unlike all those seen by the public in the charge of amateur or professional aeronauts. They are made in the grounds of the Ballooning School itself at Aldershot by the wives and daughters of private soldiers—of course, under the supervision of officers. Whilst silk and other fabrics form the material of ordinary balloons, those used in our Army are made of "gold-beaters' skin," a substance which comes from the intestines of animals, and, comparatively small as war aerostats are, it takes no fewer than 63,000 animals to supply the skins that go to the making of one balloon! No other balloons are so impervious as these.

To test the wonderful gas-tight and travelling capacity of these balloons, large numbers of toy specimens—all the biggest a couple of feet high—are charged with gas and sent up from Aldershot at frequent intervals. Each one has attached to it directions printed in five languages, asking that the finder will return it to the Ballooning School, whence a small reward will be sent to the finder. These experimental toy balloons have thus been picked up in and sent back from France, Holland, Spain, and other countries.

The very ropes and cordage used in these balloons are specially made for the purpose of the finest Italian hemp, certain of the cords costing as much as thirty cents per foot, and most of them are, though quite thin, of immense strength. Every possible particle of metal-work is of the finest aluminium, and most of these metal articles—even to the scientific instruments—are made by an old soldier.

The Ballooning School has attached to it some notable records of heroic pluck and deep tragedy. On one occasions Colonel Templar had cause, in a free war balloon, to ascend from the vicinity of a huge gasometer. As the balloon swept aloft at a terrific speed, a sudden squall struck it and dashed it against a quantity of ornamental iron-work that ran round the top of the gasometer. The result was that the whole of the cordage that held the car to the balloon itself was on one side severed like pack-thread by the iron railing of the gasometer, and the car consequently hung sideways, suspended only by a few of the ropes on one side.

All the contents of the car were dashed to the ground far below amongst the horrified spectators, and Colonel Templar would have shared the same fate had he not been entangled in a mass of cordage which held him dangling below the balloon. Again part of the balloon rebounded against the ironwork, and the aeronaut's face was terribly cut. The balloon, relieved of the weight of the articles which had fallen from the car, dashed up to a height of nearly 20,000 feet, Colonel Templar fainting for a time, but when he partly recovered he managed to work the valve and to release the gas. How he managed to descend several miles away from the gasometer he does not even now realize, but his life was saved after several months of illness, though he bears a terrible scar to this day.

BRING BACK FROM DEATH.

Miraculous Device for Restoring Life is Invented.

The resurrection from the dead is achieved by twentieth century machines. Prof. George Poe has invented an apparatus whereby persons killed by asphyxiation, poison, or drowning can be resuscitated. By this miraculous device the death of persons under the influence of anesthetics while being operated upon can be prevented; as also can infant asphyxia at birth. A drunken person can be sobered in a few minutes; persons hanged or electrocuted can be revived; and the freezing to death of Arctic explorers can be obviated. The machine which Prof. Poe has modelled copies nature directly, and has two double larynx tubes, or two tubes to connect with the nostrils, one an inlet for life giving oxygen, the other as an outlet for water or poisonous gases. It is in line with the construction of the heart, and, therefore, has two cylinders, each having an inlet and an outlet valve. A demonstration was made with a rabbit which gave every sign of being dead and no sign of being alive. Within three minutes after the machine was applied the rabbit was running around, apparently as lively and well as ever in his life.

"How do you like your new laundry?" "Very well, indeed. I sent twelve collars last week, and everyone of the buttonholes came back."

The Farm

CATTLE OF MANY LANDS.

Some extremely interesting facts garding the care and breeding of cattle in Europe have recently been amass by a government specialist. We gi some of the facts herewith:

One prominent feature in the feedi of both dairy and beef cattle in European countries is the employm of large amounts of succulent feed Root crops are used for this purp more than any other farm crop. Ent and mangels, turnips and rutabaga are the roots principally employ Turnips and rutabagas are fed durin fall and early winter, while mange which are better keepers, are usually f during late winter and early spring. France and Germany sugar beets an sugar beet pulp are extensively employed as succulent feeds and both are giving most excellent results.

It appears that generally speaki English breeders of pure-bred st realize fully the disadvantage of keep breeding stock in a too fleshy condi and the best breeders in the country not keep their breeding stock which they retain on their farms in an overfed condition. They are, however, according a number of prominent Breeders, oblig to fatten stock sold at public sale for th reason that it is practically impossib to sell cattle or live stock of any kind fact which our breeders realize fully well—unless they are well fatted.

For fattening purposes, corn me bean meal, pea meal and concentrat foods of that character are used exte sively in England, but roots are also fe literally, in fact, it seems difficult for th English feeder to realize that cattle c be fattened without more or less ro or grass. Corn is seldom if ever fed freeding stock. Crushed oats, wh bean, oil cake and foods of that char ter being substituted for the peas in th they are better bone and muscle bu ers, and they are not heating as is t case with corn.

FOR BREEDING ANIMALS

as much as 125 pounds of roots per d are fed in some instances, although average is stated by Prof. Kennedy be from 50 to 80 pounds per head p day. A great deal of oil cake and co tonseed cake is fed. It is never ground, however, but is generally fed small lumps. What is called undecorticated cake, and which is manufactur from Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, used extensively, especially during summer season. Undecorticated cake is cake made from cotton seed fr which the hulls have not been remo previous to the extraction of the The hull contains a substance with tringent properties, and hence this decorticated cake is considered an cellent food in that it prevents ca from scouring when on grass. T practice of grinding or crushing gra is universal. Cutting or chaffing of straw and all kinds of roughage is c practiced. Roots are usually pulped, sliced, and the grain ration is ordinar mixed with cut roughage or pulpy ro being considered that the grain more fully digested when fed in manner. In southern and central tions of England the cattle are kept out of doors, while in the northern latitudes they are stabled during the winter months, but are alw turned out during the day time whe ever the weather permits.

In Scotland from whence we have gained so many excellent Shorthorn cattle during recent years, intensive farming is practised. This is also necessary, for the reason that much the land in that country rents for $ an acre. Scotland has special purpose beef as well as special purpose dairy breeds, and the Scottish farmers are rule do not attempt to breed dual purpose types. They are great believers roots, turnips and swedes being

THE MAIN CROPS USED.

They feed from 250 to 300 pounds roots to three-year-old and fattening steers. They also cut their roughage and prefer to mix the grain ration with roots or roughage. Quite a number farmers in that country steam the roots for their cattle, although the practice not so general as it was a few years ago. Farmers are beginning to feel that a special advantage accrues from steaming cattle feeds and that the practice rather an expensive one.

Ireland has more cattle per acre land than any other country in the world. Taking the country as a whole there is one head of cattle for every acres of land. Ireland is a country of pastures and meadows. In fact 80 cent. of all the land in Ireland is either in grass or in meadow. The bulk of the land under cultivation is used for the production of potatoes and root crops consequently but little is left for grain culture. Dairying is carried on quite extensively. The winters are mild and the rainfall evenly distributed through the seasons, so that cattle may be pastured throughout the entire year.

France has no distinct breeds of cattle, and the cattle industry in this country, as compared with that in England, is rather of a primitive nature. The cows are generally tethered, and soiling crops are extensively raised. Corn is grown in the southern portion of France. With the exception of sugar beets, comparatively few roots are raised. Clover and alfalfa silage, however, is used to quite an extent and prized as one of the most nutritious feeds grown. Most of the roughage is fed without being cut or chaffed.

Austria-Hungary has a breed of native cattle, silver gray in color. They are not pure bred in any sense of the word; they are neither strictly speaking, dairy nor beef cattle, although they lean more to the dairy than beef type. The Simmenthal breed of cattle native to Switzerland has been introduced to some extent. This breed has a tendency to beefiness and is not generally considered a good dairy breed, although it can be classed as

A FIRST-CLASS BEEF BREED.

In Germany comparatively few cattle are pastured. They are stabled throughout the entire year, and soiling crops are raised for feed. Land being so high priced, the German farmer considers it extravagant to pasture cattle, as he can raise much more green food upon an acre under cultivation than on an acre in pasture. Sugar beets are grown extensively, and they are largely used as cattle food, as is also beet pulp, a by-product of the sugar beet factories. Clover grows everywhere in Germany, while the growth of Alfalfa is restricted to the central and southern portions.

The Swiss farmer raises what might be called a tri-purpose cow. He not only wants a cow to be a good dairy animal but she must also produce beef and in addition to that perform labor on the farm. Cows, bulls and oxen are used extensively as beasts of burden in this country. The two principal breeds of cattle in Switzerland, native to the country, are Brown Swiss and Simmental, both of which breeds are also found in this country. Cows in Switzerland are allowed to suck their calves, and are weaned at the age of six months, although in a few instances farmers have begun to wean their calves at the age of three weeks and feed them on skim milk. At an age more advanced they are fed to specials for different purposes.

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