

Valuable Information for Raisers and Dealers and Exporters of Poultry and Eggs.

(From a Circular issued by John Dyke, Canadian Government Agent in Liverpool, G. B.)

Having paid considerable attention to the initiation and development of a trade between Canada and Great Britain, in poultry and eggs, I have arrived at the conclusion that a very remunerative business can be conducted if proper care can be taken.

Shipments of Canadian turkeys to England have proved most remunerative, whilst those of fowls, ducks and geese have also proved fairly successful.

The necks of all poultry should be broken close to the head, not cut. A slight incision may be made in the roof of the mouth to dislodge the blood, which would otherwise settle in the head and neck.

They should then be placed in a position to thoroughly cool, care being taken to arrange the feet, for an attractive appearance is of primary importance.

It is very important that all poultry for shipment to Great Britain should be neither plucked nor drawn.

The feathers not only absorb any moisture which may arise during the passage, but act as the most natural and most efficient insulators.

Nothing, in fact, will tend to the preservation of any bird more than its own feathers.

Select young cock turkeys, the heavier the better. Cock turkeys will realize at least 20 per cent. more than hens.

If convenient arrangements can be made for shipping by rail, the most desirable mode is preferred.

The packing should be in light wooden cases, not necessarily air tight, about 7 feet long, 2 feet 6 inches to 3 feet wide, and about a foot high, to contain about a score in each case, which should be marked with the name and address of the dealer.

On no account should the heads be placed under the wings. Place them as straight as possible in the cases, that they may retain their proper shape, taking the precaution to arrange them breast to breast, thus avoiding sweating.

If it is impossible to obtain a dry day, the birds, in cold, frosty weather, they may be enveloped in newspaper and packed in flour barrels, and shipped as ordinary freight.

No hay, straw, or any other article which will heat or ferment, should be used in packing. Several lots sent in this manner have arrived in excellent condition.

Exporters from the Continent and the West Coast of Ireland use a solution of permanganate of potash as a preventative of decomposition or taint with great success.

The plan adopted is this—a piece of paper—perhaps cotton or muslin—is soaked in the solution, and placed in the mouth and vent of each bird.

I should also recommend that the heads be wrapped in paper prepared in a similar manner.

The Canadian fresh eggs which have as yet arrived this season have not been of the same general quality as in former years.

It is my duty to warn shippers that, if there be any doubt about the freshness they should on no account ship them.

The injury already done by not taking these precautions seriously affects the prices of Canadian fresh eggs at Birmingham, Leeds, Newcastle and other centres of the season.

That they can be safely and remuneratively shipped is proved by the large shipments made during the last three seasons by the same parties.

I was much amused the other day when my attention was called to a shipment of eggs from Canada, the eggs were packed in the following manner—Placed rather loosely in layers of chopped straw, in a beer barrel, and then filled in with salt brine and headed up.

No bill of lading accompanied them and the commission agent had to pay freight and other charges.



THE TERRIBLE TELEPHONE.

Mr. Brown, in a moment of unexplained rashness, informed the Bell Telephone Office that he, too, would like to be a member of its mystic exchange.

Mr. Brown, a triflingly said, "Yes." About the middle of October a tall, thin, sad-eyed and extremely courteous person, who had air of professional melancholy which best fits an undertaker, called upon Mr. Brown.

In a tone of sorrowful interest he inquired: "Do you wish to have a telephone put in this house?"

It was as if he had asked, "Are you really bent on being measured for your coffin?" Mr. Brown, a triflingly said, "Yes."

The stranger sighed and turned his head away, as if to conceal his deep emotion. "You really want a telephone?" he continued after a pause, as much as to say, "For heaven's sake be cautious!"

Mr. Brown's business considerably increased. He replied: "Well, yes; I certainly did express a desire to have a telephone in my house."

A look of infinite pity suffused the stranger's face. Contending impulses struggled in his breast. His dark eyes glistened with a tearful sympathy, perhaps protest. Extracting a paper from his pocket-book for the last time, in a voice of agonized regret, he cried:

"Do you really want a telephone in your house?" Mr. Brown with hideous audacity said "Yes." Also for the last time.

The paper was a third form: request that the Bell Telephone Company should establish one of its instruments in Mr. Brown's house.

About the 6th of November, a dark person, with a scowl upon his face and mud upon his boots, rang Mr. Brown's bell so violently that the servant girl went into convulsions and shouted "fire!"

Upon being admitted into the house, the dark person inquired in a voice like a rattle: "What room does he want the telephone in?"

He was shown the room. After scowling darkly upon every separate piece of furniture, and pricking so many holes in the wall that it looked as if it had recently suffered a very severe attack of neural small-pox, the dark person commanded the desk to be moved, and then where the desk had been tucked upon the wall a cardinal red placard on which was printed:

BELL TELEPHONE CO. PUT INSTRUMENT HERE. JOHN SMITH, Inspector.

Then he left as quietly as he came. That card remained there till the 3rd of the following December.

On the 3rd of the following December the area, way about noon, was darkened by the sudden apparition of four men, three boys and a coil of wire.

For a moment they were in Capt. Murphy's precinct—for had it been after dark in any other precinct they would have been arrested on the spot as burglars.

"We're the men as has come to put in your telephone," said the spokesman of the party, who, by the way, had a very nice, clean, cold, frosty weather, they may be enveloped in newspaper and packed in flour barrels, and shipped as ordinary freight.

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"Can't help it. It's down on the records, and you must have done it."

"Your inspector says the instrument isn't working and insist upon somebody being sent to attend to it."

"Who are you, sir?"—this time in a smooth, courteous, conciliatory voice. "John Brown, Nine Hundred and Seventy-First Street."

"All right, sir. I'm Wylie, the chief operator. Your instrument shall be attended to at once."

On the 26th of December a boyish young fellow comes along, with a small vase in his hand and a pleasant smile on his face.

"My name's Morris," he says briskly. "I'm an inspector of telephones—Bell Exchange. Your's wants seeing to, I believe?"

He goes upstairs and operates on the Bell telephone for about two hours. He takes it to pieces, puts it together again, discovers that the wires have been reversed, and that everything that ought not to have been done has been done, and that everything that ought to have been done has been left undone.

Then he, too, fingers the white knob and inquires, "Wylie, is that you?" to which, this time, Wylie makes faint response that it is he.

Upon which Inspector Morris says, "Mr. Brown, a triflingly said, 'Yes.'" Mr. Brown, a triflingly said, "Yes."

"Hello! hello!" he says, after the orthodox fashion. "He listens for a while to a confused murmur of voices, to girls laughing and scuffling. Then a clear girl's voice says: 'Shut up, Lena! I can't hear what he says.'"

Mr. Brown—"Hello! hello!" Fair Unknown—"Hello! hello!" Mr. Brown—"Am I speaking to Central Office?"

Fair Unknown—"Will you hush, Lena? What do you say?" Mr. Brown—"Am I talking to Central Office?"

Fair Unknown—"Oh?" Mr. Brown—"Am I talking to—Central Office?"

Fair Unknown—"Lena, do hush, I can't hear a word he says. What's that?" Mr. Brown—"AM I TALKING TO CENTRAL OFFICE?"

Fair Unknown—"I don't know." Mr. Brown—"Who in the name of heaven are you?"

Fair Unknown—"Blumenstein, Forty-first Street." Mr. Brown—"Never mind. Thank you."

In a half an hour Mr. Brown has another fly at the Bell telephone. He rings twice and puts the telephone in his ear. This time another young lady sweetly replies.

Young Lady—"Hello! hello!" Mr. Brown—"Hello! hello! Am I speaking to central office?"

Young Lady—"Yes. Who are you?" Mr. Brown—"John Brown, Nine Hundred and Seventy-first Street?"

Young Lady—"What do you want?" Mr. Brown—"To know if my telephone is in working order yet?"

Young Lady—"Keep your instrument to the end of your nose. I will find the general superintendent."

In about five minutes, just as Mr. Brown is about to drop the telephone with a loud curse, a tremendous explosion goes off in his right ear. Twelve extra large bunches of fire crackers have been apparently fired off in the telephone.

Before he has quite recovered his senses a voice says: "Did you get me then?"

"Got you then?" roars Mr. Brown: "I got only wish I could get you now. What do you mean by exploding torpedoes in my ear?"

"I wanted to see if your instrument was all right," says the voice. "Is it all right?"

"No." "Can't I use it?" "Not yet." "When shall I be able to use it?" "Can't tell."

"But Inspector Morris says it's all right." "He knows nothing about it." "Another explosion of crackers; then silence."

On January 2, 1880, Inspector Morris returns to the charge. "How is your telephone working?"

"It doesn't work at all." "Who says so?" "Some fellow at the central office." "It was right the other day." "I told him you were a fool. He replied that you didn't know anything about it."

FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Information for Tillers of the Soil.

The Benefits of Sugar Beet Culture. We have frequently referred to the advantages promised by the culture of sugar beet for the manufacture of sugar.

We have frequently referred to the advantages promised by the culture of sugar beet for the manufacture of sugar. But the great industry does not grow, blossom and become profitable for feeding, and not only so, but the effect of their culture upon our system of agriculture cannot fail to be so advantageous as to invite the farmers to adopt it, if but for its own value alone.

Root culture implies good farming, for with poor farming one can not grow roots. Roots are grown upon good land, by using the proper fertilizers and methods of culture, and there is no better method than this of working up the soil to a good condition.

For if one grows a quantity of roots, these must be fed, and they cannot be fed without making a large quantity of manure, and rendering the soil more fertile with the greatest profit without the addition of some concentrated food, and that involves rich as well as abundant manure.

It is found that straw will be consumed with avidity; in fact, the most excellent poultry manure for hay, and is used up profitably a waste product that is generally used only for litter.

An idea is prevalent that root culture is costly. It may be at first under certain circumstances; as upon a poor soil and one full with weeds, and especially under careless management, it may be made costly when, by neglect at a critical time, the whole crop is lost by being buried in weeds.

But that is not the fault of the crop, but of the management. The average of an acre of ground costs \$5; that is for sugar beets, which may be grown closer than double the quantity of mangels, as it contains more than twice as much solid matter, so that 25 tons per acre is equivalent to a large crop of grose mangels, as can be expected under the most favorable conditions.

The direct profit is then the quantity of manure, which is used to raise sugar beets merely for feeding purposes, while the indirect profit arising from the improved condition of the soil gives a respectable return in addition. When the culture of sugar beets then becomes general, there will doubtless be no lack of capital to be loaned to the farmer more than there would be to operate a silver or gold mine that may be discovered on a man's farm.

It is the want of material that has kept back enterprise in this line; the men and the money are always ready to develop any staple and profitable raw material.—American Agriculturist.

A FIERCE COMBAT.

The Life and Death Struggle Between a Cat and a Rattlesnake.

(From the American (Ga.) Republican.)

About three weeks ago, during the beautiful sunny weather we had, which induced the trees to bud and bloom, I was walking in my garden one morning, thinking about my early started spring vegetables, when I saw a large rattlesnake running. My first impulse was to go to the house, get a gun and kill it. But looking around, I saw a very large house cat cautiously creeping upon the reptile.

Anticipating a fight, and equally desirous of getting rid of the cat, which killed the eggs of my plants, I will find the general superintendent.

In about five minutes, just as Mr. Brown is about to drop the telephone with a loud curse, a tremendous explosion goes off in his right ear. Twelve extra large bunches of fire crackers have been apparently fired off in the telephone.

Before he has quite recovered his senses a voice says: "Did you get me then?" "Got you then?" roars Mr. Brown: "I got only wish I could get you now. What do you mean by exploding torpedoes in my ear?"

"I wanted to see if your instrument was all right," says the voice. "Is it all right?"

"No." "Can't I use it?" "Not yet." "When shall I be able to use it?" "Can't tell."

"But Inspector Morris says it's all right." "He knows nothing about it." "Another explosion of crackers; then silence."

On January 2, 1880, Inspector Morris returns to the charge. "How is your telephone working?"

"It doesn't work at all." "Who says so?" "Some fellow at the central office." "It was right the other day." "I told him you were a fool. He replied that you didn't know anything about it."

"He said I didn't know anything about it, did he? If I find out who it was I'll punch his head."

And with great indignation Morris sets out to prove how he does not know something about it by taking the instrument to pieces, by discovering that something else is out of gear and by putting it together again. Then he says:

"It's all right now, and I'll bet ten dollars on it."

That afternoon, none too sanguinely, Mr. Brown rings up Central Office, and a very pert young lady, so far as one can judge from her voice and her manner of speaking, replies with the usual "Hello! hello!"

"Is my telephone all right?" "Who are you?" "Brown, Nine Hundred and Seventy-first Street."

"I'll see—but, say Brown, what's the matter with you? I've been ringing your bell half a dozen times, and couldn't get you any-how?"

"I've been sitting right under the bell all day and it hasn't sounded once."

"Then there's something wrong, and our inspector'll have to call and see what's the matter."

Inspector Morris does call on the 6th of January. "The bell's wrong now, is it?" he says. "I'll soon fix that!"

A PHILANTHROPIC BARONESS.

The Duchess of St. Albans, in bequeathing her fortune to Miss Angela Barrett, obtained her to take the name of Coutts. This lady was born in 1814, and received the vast legacy of \$20,000,000 in 1837, since which time she has been conspicuous for her charitable deeds and humanitarian schemes.

Her liberality in establishing the corps of nurses under Florence Nightingale, in the Crimean war, is familiar to every one. She is said to spend her entire income, \$1,000,000 in 182,000,000 a year, in her philanthropic projects. She is an unflinching friend to the poor, a protector of dumb animals, and founder of churches and schools.

In 1847, ten years after obtaining her fortune, she endowed a church with parsonage and school attached, in Rochester Row, one of the most neglected parts of London. She also established the drinking fountains, which are such a blessing to weary pedestrians in the coffee saloons, which are such aids to the temperance cause.

She is so much revered and beloved by all classes that the very populace, when exasperated by poverty to extreme measures of violence, protected the home of Miss Coutts, and declared that no hand should be raised against the lady, who has spent her wealth so freely for the improvement of human welfare, is by no means averse to the pleasures of life.

She has just been seeking a little healthful recreation in a yacht voyage up the Mediterranean with a party of distinguished guests, one of whom is the Duke of Devonshire. She has an opportunity thus giving him of surveying the identical scenes which he so forcibly portrays in enacting the part of Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice." After returning from the Sunny South and re-entering the Thames, her ladyship's commodious steamer, on a week of cruises, where she and her companions had leisure to study the vast maritime, coasting and river traffic of the port of London, which had great interest to Miss Coutts, as the condition of those employed in it had long engaged her kindly attention.—Boston Herald.

EDISON.

He Still Has Perfect Faith in Himself—His Plans for Lighting New York.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Mr. Edison says: "My experiments have been so successful, and my conviction so strong, that I have no doubt as to the commercial value of the electric light for illuminating either streets or dwellings is established beyond question."

The difficulty at first experienced in the breaking of the lamps, caused by the expansion of the wires, has nearly, if not entirely, been overcome. The lamps are now made of a material which has been burning constantly for upward of a month without the least sign of interruption of any kind, and he says that he sees no reason why they should not continue their present perfect condition ad infinitum.

Besides twenty lamps, he has nearly completed the work of erecting the Park, his intention being to erect, as soon as possible, 700 additional lamps in the Park. Another building, 25 by 100 feet and two stories in height, will be devoted to the manufacture of his lamps.

The third building will be used for the manufacture of the dynamo, and will be used for making the horseshoe carbons. The carbons and lamps are the only articles in connection with the electric light which will be manufactured at Menlo Park; the dynamo will be made at Newark.

Mr. Edison has already taken steps toward establishing central stations in New York City, and has perfected his plans for distributing the city, each district containing from twenty-five to thirty-two stations. Each station will be supplied with five Holly engines of 25 to 30 horse power, and the engines will be in constant use, the fifth to be reserved for use in the event of an accident to any of the others.

Each station will occupy a space of 50 by 100 feet. His canvassers in that vicinity of New York known as Newspaper Row, from the City Hall, have nearly completed the work of obtaining the number of burners in each building in the proposed station, the amount of hours that gas is used, and the amount consumed.

"It is astonishing," observed Edison, with a significant smile, "what what short-sighted people give the invention desired, and how rarely they are to extend every courtesy to our canvassers when it is ascertained that they want the information for me. I guess there are a great many people in Philadelphia who feel the same way toward my Gas Trust."

It is the purpose of the Electrical Light Company to sell the franchise of large cities absolutely. In reply to the inquiry: "Do you know how much capital will be required to put a station into practical operation?" Mr. Edison answered: "I know of no franchise. I am not at liberty to state the figures. I will say this, however, that it will cost four times less than it would to furnish the same illuminating power in gas."

"I am bound to wipe every gas company in existence from the face of the earth. I will do this by supplying the world with a free gas company, gas, touch and live," he said; "the least figure for which gas can be manufactured is \$1 per 1,000 feet; of course, they will attempt to put it below this figure, but it will be useless to compete with the electric light. The electric light I can furnish at a rate equal to 50 cents per 1,000 feet of gas, and make a magnificent profit. Besides supplying light at night, I have another advantage over gas companies. I can supply motive power in the day time. The same machinery and apparatus which I use for lighting at night can be used for lighting in the day, elevators, running lathes and sewing machines, pumping water, and, in short, for any purposes in which motive power is required. In one block in New York my gas can be divided among fifty-horse power could be used for lighting the district of the city. In other words, if seventy-five horse-power is required for lighting a certain locality at night and if I can use fifty-horse power of this in the daytime, I have saved three-fourths of my power for lighting purposes. The percentage of power required for lighting is one horse to every eight lights. The power required for running a sewing machine, for instance, is equal to burning one lamp."

Mr. Edison says the great item of importance to be secured in connection with his electric light is cheap steam engineering. A pretty correct idea of the relative value which he places on his lamp may be gained from his own parts of the entire system. He says: "Steam engineering forms 75 per cent of the electric light, 20 per cent in the system it is used in, and 10 per cent in the dynamo, and 1 per cent in the lamps; and yet they are howling about the lamps as if they were the item of greatest importance, when, in fact, they are the least."

An article clipped from a Philadelphia paper is as follows: "I have seen the statement appears that it has been 'proved' that his lamps were invented twenty-five years ago in France; further, that his admirers urge that the generator and the division of the current are the real triumphs of the invention, and that these are his inventions. Then the announcement is made that his generator is 'borrowed,' and that Dr. Siemens divided the electric current long ago, and put his invention to the practical test of lighting the Imperial Arcades in Berlin."

It is strange," said the wizard, with a disdainful smile, "how these false reports creep into the newspapers. Let a man get up a photograph or something which, in fact, is a mere toy, and has no commercial value, and there will never arise so much as a breath of dispute as to the rightful claim of the inventor."

Setting Menus. Josh Billings says the best time to set a menu is when the hen wants to set. To do this is to set your menu. Set your menu at night—always. If you have any doubts about the reliability of your menu, give your two or three china or wooden nest-eggs to practice upon until she settles down to business. If you want to set your hen in a strange place, have your nest ready, get your hen after dark, avoid frightening her, lace her carefully on the nest, fasten a board over the front of the nest, leaving only a crack for ventilation, and do not remove the board until after dark the next night. In nine cases out of ten the hen will come off in the morning, eat her breakfast, and go back to her nest; but you must be on the lookout for her soon after daylight, and if she does not go back to her nest, put her back gently, and fasten her for another day. Keep corn, water, gravel and charcoal, and a dust box where your setting hens can help themselves. After

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