

FARM.

HENS AND HOW TO GET EGGS.

In Mr. F. D. Curtis' graphic article with the above title, on page 38, current volume, I think he does not put sufficient emphasis on the necessity there is, in order for hens to lay in winter when there is snow on the ground, for feeding daily or nearly so, that which will equal the equivalent of the albumen and phosphate in the egg. Nothing but a liberal supply of meat or fish of some kind, will furnish the material out of which a hen develops and lays the egg. Corn, potatoes and vegetables will not do it, nor will bones ground fine, nor sea nor oyster shells, nor any of the small grains, but they will assist. Meat, milk and fish are the essentials, and they must be given daily or steady and continuous laying is out of the question.

No class of men, it is notorious, are so successful in obtaining eggs in winter as hotel and boarding-house keepers on a large scale; the secret being, their fowls get a liberal daily ration of nitrogenous food of the richest character—the crumbs and rejected meats and fish of the rich men's tables. And by the way, the necessity for a considerable portion of bones to supply the call for phosphates to form the shell of the egg, is over-estimated. Eggs are largely carbonate of lime, not the phosphate. If one will observe closely, he will see laying hens will, when the three are placed before them, choose sea or oyster shells in preference to ground or burned bones in any form.

B. F. J.

NOTES.

An official report numbers the sheep in the United States at 45,000,000.

The State of Sonora, Mexico, levies a tax of \$2 on every baby born within its limits and charges the farmer 5 cents for every chicken he raises and 50 cents for every sheep.

No less than sixty-eight standard breeds of fowls are recognized, and this does not include the common barnyard fowl. There are ten breeds of ducks, seven breeds of geese and six breeds of turkeys.

Professor McMurtrie seems to prove by investigations that the much praised and sought for "folds" in merino sheep are detrimental, in that they do not increase the yield, and do decrease the quality.

A Garden City (Kas.) cat, which is the mother of three kittens, has recently adopted two young rabbits and three young raccoons, which she brought in from the woods, and is bringing up the whole lot in paths of feline propriety.

How fortunate it is that we begin life so ignorant and only learn things as they are by experience! If a boy knew everything, for instance, how could he appreciate those nice stories of how good little boys grow up and become alderman and members of congress? It is feared that the rising generation in that case, would have little incentive to be good.

A writer in the *Western Rural* says: "None of what we call our native stock have anything like a fair chance. If we buy a high-priced improved dairy cow we think nothing too good for her. We are almost inclined to take her into the parlor, and if we do not, we do not think the parlor is any too good for her. She gets the best food that the farm affords, and if that is not first class, we buy that that is. If there is anything of merit in the animal it cannot keep coming out conspicuously. But anything is good enough for the common cow."

The following is from the *Farmers' Review*: The growth of a crop should be regarded as a loan made by the soil for a temporary use, and in the return of farm-yard manure to the land some portion of that loan is repaid. It is more satisfactory, because it is a return of a portion of that which was actually borrowed, and not some substitute which may not be equally suitable. Some portion of the loan made by the soil cannot be returned in its original form, because it has gone to market; but for this some good substitute ought to be found. The soil, like any other lender, likes its loan returned with interest, and in proportion as this is done with a liberal hand, so will it be better prepared to make new and larger advances.

An agricultural writer in the *New York Herald* says: "Time was, and within the memory of those not very old, when salt pork with potatoes and bread constituted the staple diet of farmers in nearly all parts of the country. Only excessive hard work could make such diet at all endurable. Thus two evils offset against each other, and made life in the country possible, though hard and disagreeable. Much of this is changed now. Farmers are not obliged to work so hard with their hands, at least, as they did before labor-saving machinery took the brunt of toil from the toughest jobs. With less severe labour and greater care and thought required, it is not possible for farmers to live on pork and potatoes. Fruit to progressive farmers is not a luxury, but a necessity. It should constitute a considerable part of the summer diet. For the women and children plenty of fruit has always been a necessity. Now that the health of husbands and fathers depends upon an abundance of fruit, it is to be hoped that setting out plantations will not be neglected."

Some great changes have just been made in a single night in Parliamentary procedure in England, the most important of which is to put an end to late and all night sessions. At midnight now the sittings will close and members will not be called upon to ruin their health by uncomfortably sleeping in their chairs amid the close atmosphere of the chamber. Other reforms of a practical bearing have been made which will deprive the Nationalists of some of their ammunition.

It has required 1,900 suits in the State of New York to convince the makers and dealers in oleomargarine and other imitation dairy products that the law compelling them to be sold for just what they are could be executed. It is probable that these vendors of imitation butter and cheese are not all satisfied yet, but the 1,900 suits have resulted in establishing the complete constitutionality of the law. Practically the effect of these prosecutions has been to compel the sale of the imitation products for just what they are and the public is protected against fraud to that extent. Those who want oleomargarine can get it, but those who want butter are not defrauded into taking oleomargarine instead.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Some girls shade their eyes with their hands and others use pencils.

A Paris paper says "the people of St. Louis, D. T., are dying of a disease called the blizzards."

There is so much electricity in a kiss that engaged lovers have been known to depend upon it altogether to light a spacious room.

A sweet potato measuring four feet and one inch in length, and two inches in diameter, was exhibited in East Gainsville, Ga., recently.

Venus, the morning star, is brighter than it ever appeared to any man now living, and nearer the earth than it will be again for 340 years.

Dr. Titus Coan, of New York, says that a man who sits with his back to a window faces a coffin. People who ride in the street cars will take notice.

Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment, and I have known a man to come home in high spirits from a funeral, merely because he had the management of it.

In the Sunday school: Teacher—What can you tell me of Lot's wife? Little girl—Nothin'. Mother says I mustn't talk about other folks behind their backs.

"I have noticed one thing about tobogganing with a Toronto girl," he said, "which never fails." "What is that?" "If the girl falls off the young man goes too."

The Kentucky Legislature will prohibit marriages where persons have "a violent temper." It can't be done. Violent tempers are discovered only after marriage.

Some people are so sanguine in this world that they think they can plant a handful of seed in a snow drift and gather a cartload of strawberries the day after the first thaw.

The oldest member of the Passamaquoddy tribe is Thomas Witch, and he is 107 years old. He worked last season, raised a good crop, and in the fall trapped and hunted.

A young lady gave up her seat in a Kingston street car to a gentleman who had a couple of heavy satchels and looked tired. "It's leap year," was all she said as she arose.

Great advances have been made in church architecture during the two decades—the new churches are handsomer—but little improvement is shown over the old plan of salvation.

The manufacturers of firearms are said to have formed a gun trust. They will have to take in the man who thinks it isn't loaded, for his is the most stupendous gun trust on record.

With the thermometer at 28, and the orange trees wrapped in blankets, and fires blazing around all the orchards it is rather a poor time for Jacksonville, Fla., to hold "a subtropical exhibition."

"The bustle" has utility as well as beauty. The other day, down in Georgia, an auger was concealed in one of these articles and carried into gaol, with the result of liberating five persons confined there.

If a young man is very anxious to know what a young woman really thinks of him, he can generally find out by questioning her little brother; but nine times out of ten such a young man will wish afterward that he hadn't.

Stranger (to boy)—"Boy, can you direct me to nearest bank?" Boy—"I kin for twenty-five cents." Stranger—"Twenty-five cents! Isn't that high pay?" Boy—"Yes, sir, but it's bank directors what gets high pay."

The Piute Indians, who delight on a diet of grasshoppers in summer, are just now feasting on rabbits and "pine nut soup." The latter is made of nuts and rabbits bit, and the Piutes declare it makes them "heap fat."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dash after her fourth daughter's wedding the other day; "yes, all our girls are married now, and Mr. Dash and I will take a small house in the country and pass the rest of our lives in peace and quiet."

The greatest long distance ride on record is now to the credit of Col. Gatacra. He went from Simla to Umballah, 96 miles, in 8½ hours, with three quarters of an hour allowed for changes, and returned, making 194 miles under 22 hours.

A man may "accumulate a competency," which is a good thing to do, but the esteem and good-will of those who know him is more pleasant and equally valuable, save in the matter of going to market. Then he must have currency.

Dr. Vicoin relates the case of a girl, 11 years of age, who is a most inveterate and persistent liar, and whom he cured completely of this reprehensible habit by means of hypnotism. Here is a grand field of usefulness opened before this young science.

There are times when a man should not give up his seat in a street car to even a lame woman. That time is when twelve men are packed like sardines on one side of the car and four women have spread themselves to take up every inch of room on the other.

Detroit has the greatest Solomon on the bench. He has decided that a dwelling house is not a dwelling house unless some one lives in it! It follows, then, that a church is only a church Sundays, and that a judge is an ass only when he is on the bench.

The *Detroit Free Press* remarks, "The country is not sized up right. There are many more thousand men in the west than women. Horace Greely was the cause of all the trouble. When he told the young man to go west he should have told the young woman to go with him."

"That's a pretty dirty shirt you have on," said the sergeant at the central station to a prisoner who had just been registered. "Yes, it is; but it isn't my fault. Your city is so dirty that a fellow can't wear a shirt here over six weeks before somebody begins to complain of it."

A special despatch from Washington says the Fishery negotiations will result simply in a reference to arbitration. On the other hand, a report comes from London that a successful termination is predicted by friends of Mr. Chamberlain and that the latter gentleman expects to be back in Parliament by March 12.

For a time a telegraph wire along the Wabash railway refused to work and was apparently "grounded." Line repairers have just succeeded in locating the trouble. About four miles east of Wabash an old man had cut the wire and ran a line into his house, where he was utilizing the electricity as a cure for rheumatism.

A pedagogue gave a young lady a severe

whipping the other day and then said:—"Now, if you think I did wrong in punishing you thus you may take the rod and serve me in like manner." To his astonishment the contrite and repentant girl took him at his word and gave him such a lambasting as he had never dreamed of.

One of the prosperous residents of Mount Vernon, Ill., was an agent for a cyclone and tornado insurance company. He had been so successful in his business that he had built three houses in the place and paid for them. None of them had been insured, however, and the cyclone with vengeful force, mashed all three into toothpicks.

Christian Herald: The Capital Punishment Commission, appointed by the New York legislature to name a more suitable mode of inflicting the death penalty than the barbarous hanging, has reported in favor of the use of electricity, which has the fourfold merit of being painless, instantaneous, certain and unutilizing. Civilization civilizes—in time.

As a good example of the effects of sincere pietism unballasted by common sense take the Amish believers, a sect of separatists of which there is a colony near Goshen, a small place in Indiana. They were originally Mennonites, but separated from them because the Mennonites used buttons, a custom for which they could find no authority in Scripture and therefore adopted hooks and eyes instead.

SEEN IN THE EMBERS.

A Method of Predicting Storms Which Gen. Greely Does Not Use.

Do you know that nowhere else does the wind whistle so melodiously as up the rattling flues of an old, rusty stovepipe in this selfsame shop, where the air is sweet-scented with the odor of the oak shavings from the draw shave? Do you know that here you can sit down and think and watch other men think? Do you know that everybody is not jabbering at the same time, and that now and then the soft cadences of the wind die down to music that, with many a diminuendo, lapses into the soft, warm splutter of the fire at the mouth of the draught? Thomas Jefferson, the cat, sleeps curled up. The draw shave has drawn a long final sweep and chipped off a shaving that twists up like a baby's curl and rolls off on the dusty floor. Now everybody dozes. Now the shadows have grown long, and the man at the bench takes off his glasses and sits down by the fire and rakes the embers into the little receptacle at the hearth.

"It will storm in twenty-four hours," said he. [This was days ago.] "How so?" "Oh! the embers are white. Do you see?" he adds quietly. "Watch that red one. See! He grows paler and paler, and now pearly ashy white, and there! he dies. He is telling a story, and it begins with snow and ends with snow, and there is snow in the interval. It is my barometer, these embers, and I like to watch them. Sometimes they turn black when pulled out into the air. That means rain, and if I were haying I would accept the word and make ready for it. Sometimes they would turn white and then black. That is snow followed by rain. Sometimes it is black followed by white. That is rain followed by snow. The more solid and perfect the white, the heavier the fall of snow. The same of the black and the rain it presages. Why, sir, those embers, would tell the whole story if you would only hearken to them. Sometimes they don't just hit it, but I have foretold some of the biggest storms of the season in years gone by." "How do they tell fair weather?"

"How? Why, simply the ember burns out glowing well down to the last. Why shouldn't it? Less moisture in the air and more air to free combustion. The embers are all right I say. I am inclined to play with them, and yet I have lots of fellows come here for my latest bureau reports, just as though these were based on the eternal things of mathematics. Probably they are. There certainly must be much of mathematical exactness even in the dying embers. God didn't make anything to die any more than to be borne away." Just here the cat yawns and the winds whistle. Everybody else tells us that the embers predicted the recent big snow storm—forty-eight hours in advance, and said that it would be of unexampled severity.

A Romance of the Past.

The love letter of the Empress Eugenie which was sold the other day at the auction mart is one out of a bundle containing a good many. Rosas, to whom it was addressed, was a patriotic and liberal senator, and the uncle of a Spanish deputy as charming as distinguished, and still young, Luiz de Rude, third husband of Mme. Ratazzi, nee Bonaparte Wyse. It was written at Bayonne after the Empress and her mother had returned thither from Brighton, where they had spent a charming summer, so far away back in the past as 1846. Thereby hangs a dramatic incident which, should the Empress ever be brought into a sensational novel, might, if well worked up, bring a fortune to the novelist. The Comtesse de Montijo and her beautiful daughters were essentially birds of passage at Madrid, Paris, Belgium, Brighton, London and Clifton. Eugenie was too pretty and successful a man-slayer not to have felt what an uncharitable world this is. This is why she sent Rosas the image of a heart traced with her pen, "instead of blowing to him lots of kisses."

Lord Clarendon's friendship led to the Comtesse de Montijo and the future Empress being invited to Cambridge House when both were under a cloud on the continent. The then laughing and garrulous young Spanish beauty, who was born in a garden during an earthquake, always had a presentiment that a strange and brilliant destiny awaited her. Rosas, I hear, shared it.

As President of the Republic, M. Carnot receives \$240,000 a year—that is to say, \$120,000 as salary, \$60,000 for keeping up his official state and \$60,000 for traveling expenses. This money is paid in monthly instalments of \$20,000, and, according to M. Greely's experience, it is insufficient. With \$60,000 a year the President of the Republic cannot travel about the country, because democratic France is still full of monarchical traditions, and in every town where the President spent a single day he would be expected to make such numerous and generous gifts to hospitals, charities and other local institutions that a visit to half a dozen towns would exhaust his year's budget.

Killing Ministers of State in Constantinople.

Tcherkess Hassan, a Circassian officer, who was a noted pistol shot, saying to the doorkeepers that he was charged with a message to one of the Ministers, walked without hindrance into the council room and fired two shots in rapid succession, the first killing Hussein Avni Pasha, the Seraskier, and the second Rashid Pasha, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The other Ministers rushed to the doors to escape, except the Minister of Marine, a gallant old seaman, who had given proofs of his courage on many previous occasions, and, among others, when he was blown up in his ship at at Sinope at the beginning of the Crimean war. He got behind the assassin and tried to pinion him by holding his arms, till he was wounded with a yataghan, and being obliged to let go, slipped through a door into a room where the Grand Vizier had already taken refuge; when the two old men, between them, managed to draw a heavy divan across the door, which fortunately opened inward. Hassan, failing in all his efforts to force the door, addressing Mehemet Ruschdi, the Grand Vizier, in the most respectful terms, said, "My father, I assure you that I have no wish to hurt you, but open the door and let me finish the Minister of Marine." To this appeal Mehemet Ruschdi answered, "My son, you are too much excited for me to let you in while you are in your present state, and I cannot open the door." While this strange colloquy was going on the unarmed attendants made an attempt to seize Hassan, but they were shot down one after another, and it was not till a soldier came and ran him through the body that he was effectually secured. He had brought four revolvers—two in his boots besides those he had in his hands—and with these he had succeeded in killing seven persons including two Ministers, and had wounded eight others, of whom one was the Minister of Marine. He was hanged the next day, maintaining an undaunted bearing to the end, walking, in spite of his wound, to the gallows, where he helped to adjust the rope round his own neck, and died showing to the end the reckless courage with which he had carried out the vengeance he had resolved to take. It did not appear that political considerations, in addition to the grudge which he certainly bore to the Minister of War, had in any way actuated him; but if the attack was made with the view of setting on foot a hostile movement against the Government, it signally failed of its effect, for the first excitement caused by it almost immediately subsided.

AN ORIENTAL DENTIST.

Original Method of Drawing a Tooth Practiced in Persia.

I had slept little, as I was suffering greatly from toothache. The sheik declared that there was a skillful dentist in the encampment, and, as the pain was almost unbearable, I made up my mind to put myself in his hands rather than endure it any longer. He was accordingly sent for. His instruments consisted of a short knife or rasor and a kind of iron awl. He bade me sit on the ground, and then took my head firmly between his knees. After cutting away the gums the "dentist" applied the awl to the roots of the tooth, and striking the other end of it with all his might expected to see the tooth fly into the air. But it was a double one and not to be removed by such means from the jaw. The awl slipped and made a severe wound in my palate. He insisted on a second trial, declaring that he could not but succeed. But the only result was that he broke off a large piece of the tooth, and I had suffered sufficient agony to decline a third experiment.

He Erred.

"And are you angry, sweet?" He whispered soft and low; But still she turns her face away, And not one little word will say, To mitigate his woe.

Her tiny eyes grow pink— He plainly sees it now; She lifts her little hands in shame, To cover o'er a face aflame From dainty chin to brow.

Her stately head droops low; It makes his "young blood freeze," Has he by kissing one fair cheek Caused her this shame, so real, so deep? —A pause, a fearful sneeze. —Mail

It is to be hoped that Lady Dufferin's early removal from India may not check the philanthropic project in which she has taken so deep and womanly an interest—that of supplying female medical aid for the women of India. The *London Illustrated News* contained, a few weeks since, portraits of some of those whom Lady Dufferin has in training for the work, and also information in regard to the character and need of the work itself. All who have any conception of the extreme seclusion which custom enforces upon the women of the East, the ignorant and superstitious practices to which they are subject, the unhealthiness of their modes of life, and the extent to which they are debarred from treatment by male practitioners, will understand how great would be the blessing brought to them by the presence amongst them of a supply of skilled female physicians, nurses, etc. In a letter received a short time since by a lady friend in Montreal Lady Dufferin explains that the £50,000 asked for for this project are as yet far from being subscribed, and intimates that any manifestation of interest and sympathy from Canada will be particularly grateful to her.

The amount of money bequeathed in great sums for charitable purposes during the year just closed was more than £700,000; if bequests under £1,000 be added, the total would at least reach £1,000,000. This is exclusive of money given to several religious and book-publishing societies.

Aes from the volcano of Cotopaxi, which fell at a distance of 120 miles from the mountain, was found by analysis to consist of quartz, felspar, maquette and specular iron ore. Silver was present at the rate of 200 per ton.

At the meeting of the Toronto City Council last night ex-Mayor Howland, by request, presented the Royal Humane Society's medal to Miss Mabel Andrews for her heroic rescue of a child from drowning in Georgian Bay in June last.

His Mother's Boy.

A mother once owned just a common-place boy,
A shock-headed boy,
A freckle-faced boy
But thought he was handsome and said so
with joy;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

His nose, one could see, was not Grecian,
but pug,
And turned up quite snug,
Like the nose of a jug;
But she said it was "piquant," and gave
him a hug;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

His eyes were quite small, and he blinked
in the sun;
But she said it was done
As a mere piece of fun
And gave an expression of wit to her son;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

The carrotty love-locks that covered his
head,
She never called red,
But Auburn instead.
"The color the old Masters painted," she
said;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

Now, boys, when your mothers talk so, let
it pass;
Don't look in the glass,
Like a vain, silly lass,
But go tend the baby, pick chips, weed the
grass;
Be as good as you're pretty, you know,
Quite so—
As good as you're pretty, you know.

A Soldier's Presence of Mind.

The days of the historical "long bridge" leading from Berlin to Potsdam are numbered—a bridge which played an important part in the career of Frederick the Great. In the days of that king all travellers between the two cities were compelled to pass over the bridge; and few escaped the monarch's notice while sitting in the study of his neighboring palace. But he of course did not wish to be observed, so he placed a mirror in the room which accurately reflected what occurred upon the bridge. One day, in the evening of which a masquerade was to take place in Berlin, he sat as usual at his desk, when, glancing in the mirror, he saw a cavalry captain in the act of crossing. He concluded at once that the object of his ride was the masked ball, which his majesty also intended to visit but had forbidden his officers. A few hours later the king started for Berlin, and appeared at the opera-house at the proper time. His sharp eyes soon recognized the sinner in the mask of a noble Venetian; and he followed him step by step until he was thoroughly convinced that he had made no mistake. Stepping in front of the culprit, and gazing at him with a transfixing look, he thundered, "Mask, I know you!" The officer, who immediately recognised the tones of his king, was frightened for a moment. He knew that a heavy punishment, possibly dismissal would be meted out to him. But he recollected himself and replied, "Mask, I do not know you." "Mask, you are Cavalry Captain X." With a resolution of despair the officer answered "Yes; but I am here without leave of absence. He is a scoundrel who betrays me!" The king bit his lip. The answer was unexpectedly collected and impudent. But presently he said, "Upon my word it remains our secret." The officer left the masquerade, hurried to his hotel, sprang upon his horse, and galloped back to Potsdam. On the following morning at eight o'clock he appeared punctually for duty in the Lustgarten, whither his regiment had been ordered. The king soon began the review, staring strongly at the captain as he passed down the line. Suddenly he halted at the centre. "Cavalry Captain X!" he called in stentorian tones. The officer, now certain of his dismissal or long arrest, rode forward in strictest military fashion, saluting the king, as he thought, for the last time. "Nearer," commanded his majesty, as the captain stopped at the customary distance. He obeyed. "Mask, you are a major, but he is a scoundrel who betrays it!" "Upon my word, your Majesty, it remains our secret," answered the officer, relieved now of his heavy heart. A year went by, and the promotion remained an unrevealed secret, the captain doing his duty as hitherto. On the anniversary of the event, when again presenting his regiment to the king in Lustgarten, the following parole orders were read—"Cavalry Captain X. is promoted to the rank of major, his patent dating from a year ago today, and has four weeks' leave of absence for the Carnival in Berlin."

The Redhouse Reformatory school, of Surrey, Eng., takes altogether too lively an interest in the settlement of Canada. The institution, according to the Superintendent of the Montreal Boys' Home, sends out to the Dominion about one hundred of its wards annually; and the trouble is, that the lads bring their old habits with them. They are not good boys, and they have a particularly violent aversion to work in any of its forms.

The general surprise caused by the announcement of Lord Dufferin's resignation of the Governor-Generalship of India will scarcely be lessened by that of his appointment as Ambassador to Italy. Taken in connection with the reticence of the Government in replying to questions in the Commons concerning its relations to the Great Powers, and its correspondence with them on subjects connected with the present warlike demonstrations, the appointment may be thought suggestive of a secret understanding with the Italian Government. It gives, in fact, some color to the rumor that Lord Salisbury is personally committed to a defence of the Italian coast, by means of a British fleet, in case of an attack upon that Power. Yet it is hard to believe that Lord Salisbury and his colleagues would be rash enough to implicate Great Britain beforehand and unnecessarily in a great European struggle, in which neither her interests nor her honour are directly involved, especially when to do so would not only be contrary to the views and wishes of the great majority of the nation, but would almost surely precipitate the conflict which has been so long imminent on the border of India.