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HINTS FOR THE FARMER.
KEEPING A FEW SHEEP.
Every farm should have its flock of sheep, just the same as the flock of poultry, for home use. It costs little more to feed a lamb than will dress twenty-five pounds, during the summer than to feed a fowl weighing two pounds. By good management, says a writer, a score of ewes may be fed through the year at no more cost than will be repaid by the fleece. Thus the lambs cost nothing because they need no feeding until they are needed for meat, except the little grass they get. This may not be thought to cost anything, for a very poor grass field it must be that will not keep four or five sheep to the acre, and there is nearly always some run-out meadow that will keep the sheep during the summer at really no countable cost at all. A lamb of twenty or twenty-five pounds dressed weight, if of the right breed, is the best eating in existence. The Shropshire I think the best breed for lambs, but the common native sheep having some Merino blood, crossed with the Shropshire ram makes as good a lamb as can be wished. The present summer I am killing off the male lambs of a flock of about thirty ewes of the common stock which cost me a year ago \$1.50 a head. The smallest lamb has dressed over twenty pounds, and just now they are reaching thirty. So far the lambs have not had over 25 cents' worth of feed that has cost money. While sucking, as soon as they would eat, they got a handful of a mixture of cottonseed meal, bran, and corn meal, and after a few days, would be always ready on hand to slip into the feeding pen where they got their feed once a day without disturbance from the ewes. Since the grass came, they have had no feed except an occasional scattering of corn given to the flock to keep them tame and easily handled. The dressing of the lamb in these warm days is a simple matter. One is picked out from the flock, brought up to the barn for the purpose, in the evening, so that it may be immediately put in a stall by itself without any driving from the field. The rest of the flock goes back to the pasture after getting some salt or a handful or two of corn. In the cool of the morning, the lamb is dressed, and, before breakfast, is ready, the meat is hung up in the cellar. The method of dressing is thus: A block and tackle is hung under the roof of the shed between a double corn crib. A thick hardwood plank bench eighteen inches high is used to lay the lamb on. One single stoke of an axe beheads the lamb which then is totally deprived of sensation, and struggles scarcely at all. The hind legs are skinned down to the hump and the hock joint is severed, the ends of a gambrel stick are put through the loosened sinew, and the carcass is hoisted by the tackle to the right height for dressing. By this time the lamb is quite dead and has bled dry. It is skinned carefully, keeping the meat clean and from contact with the wool; the fore legs are cut off at the knee joint. It needs no washing or scraped clean, as it should, make forty or more pounds of meat, this may readily be divided with a neighbor who is doing the same thing and divides in his turn. A fatted calf may be managed in the same way, at practically no cost.

MANURING PASTURES.
Apply manure to pastures by spreading it on the surface and it greatly stimulates the growth of the grass. The casual observer may conclude that the extra grazing thus furnished is the sole gain. Such a conclusion is a mistake, says Thos Shaw. Root production in the grass is increased proportionately with top production. This means that there is great increase in fertilizing matter in soil in the readily available form of vegetable plant food.

The benefit from the manure comes back in the form of a duplicate or at least a two-fold harvest. The first benefit is in the form of increased grain production. Should the pasture be plowed up and sown to grain? Of course if the pasture is a permanent one, the second benefit will not be forthcoming otherwise than in the form of increased productivity in the pasture for a longer term of years.

Applying farmyard manure thus, is certainly one of the most profitable ways in which it can be applied, and for several reasons, it is, all things considered, the most convenient way of applying it. It can be drawn at any season of the year that may be desired. The time when it would be least advantageous to apply such a fertilizer is the season when it cannot usually be drawn, that is when the grass is growing vigorously in the spring. The much labor that is then on hand forbids the drawing of manure. It may be applied with great advantage in the late autumn and during the winter, when the surface of the land is sufficiently frozen to sustain a loaded wagon or sled. There are no seasons of the year when the farmers have so much leisure for drawing it, and they can then apply it in the fresh form.

It is greatly advantageous to be able to apply manure in the fresh form, not only because it is convenient, but because it is also economical. It is economical because the work can be done when labor is cheapest. It is economical because it precludes the necessity for handling the manure twice as when it is composted in the field or piled and turned in the yard. It is economical since it precludes the necessity of having manure sheds, and it is economical because it prevents nearly all waste of fertility.

It may be objected that manure will waste by leaching when applied upon a frozen surface, and when the snow is on the ground. The objection is not well taken except when it is applied on hilly surfaces or on land subject to overflow in the spring. All experience on this question points to the conclusion that there will be but little waste from leaching when manure is thus applied. The great growth of the grass the following season points to the direction which the leaching has taken. To be able thus to apply manure is a great matter. There is no loss from leaching in the yard. There is no waste of nitrogen from decomposition unduly rapid and excessive, and there is no waste from fire fang.

COLOURS OF THE OCEAN.
Interesting Results of Recent German Observations.
The Berlin correspondent of the London Daily Mail writes: Of late years the attention of savants has been directed to the investigation of the "Plancton," under which name the red and yellow coloring of portions of the service of the ocean is known. All the expeditions leaving German ports this year have instructions to pay special attention to the matter, and ordinary sea-captains are encouraged to chronicle all particulars regarding any appearance of the phenomenon that may come under their notice. In the German "Notes on Hydrography and Maritime Meteorology," Herr H. Halternberg, of the Naval Observatory at Hamburg, recapitulates the present state of knowledge on the subject, from material supplied by learned and unlearned men.

According to these authorities, most of whom are officers of ships in some way connected with the German Naval Observatory, the reddish coloring of the ocean is of more frequent occurrence than the yellow. Both colors occur most frequently in the South Atlantic, but always at a considerable distance from each other.

The yellow tracts are found principally in the tropical and sub-tropical western parts of the ocean, not far from land. The red tracts which are probably caused by animals related to the "Clio borealis" and "Limacina artica." The food of the whales in the Arctic seas, are found in the southern latitudes of the Atlantic, where the influence is felt of the cold currents from Cape Horn.

It is, however, somewhat remarkable that no reference is made in any log to the appearance of red tracts in the sea in the immediate neighborhood of Cape Horn. The yellow tracts are generally ascribed by captives to pollution or flowing water-plants, while the red tracts are often described as being caused by the presence of small animals, such as brans, etc. It has also been noted that the whales and immense flocks of birds, which is seldom the case with the yellow tracts. Much is expected from this year's season of maritime expeditions towards the mystery of the wonderful appearance.

FALL FUN.
Chappie—Barbah, how long will I have to wait for a shave? Barber—Oh, about two years!
Is your son up in the history of the dark ages? I guess he is. He's usually up most of the night.
Judge—You say the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed? Intelligent witness—The dog. The Kind Lady—So you are a hero of the centennial field? Weary Watkins—Yesum, I was one of the best in the circus at one time.
Dah's a heap o' callin' fings by dah wrong names in dis work', said Uncle Eben. Lots o' folks call plain laziness takin' care o' dah health.
Arthur—Are you sure she loves you?
Jack—Yes. When I told her I had no money to marry on, she asked me if I couldn't borrow some.
Mrs. Howes—I don't know what we are going to do. There is not a thing in the house to eat. Uncle George—You might take boarders.
Schoolmaster (entering boys' dormitory)—What are you doing out of bed this time of the night, Murphy? Murphy—Oh, sorr, I got out to tuck myself in.

Cholly—Yaas, several years ago I fell deeply in love with a girl, but she rejected me—made a regular fool of me. Molly—And you never got over it.
The Occasion—I told the boss just what I thought of him yesterday. That must have taken a lot of nerve. What was the occasion? He raised my salary.
Give Them Credit.—There's one good thing about these conceited people. What's that? They don't come around and wear you out because they've got the blues.
Miss Sheafe—Oh! just look at that wheat rising and falling in the breeze. How beautiful it is. Mr. Cityman—Ah, but you ought to see it rising and falling in the Corn Exchange.


Before we were married you used to write me three letters a day. Did I really? Yes, you did; and now you get angry just because I ask you to write me a little bit of a check.
Mrs. Taddell—Let's see! Susie Dimpling is about twenty years old, isn't she? Mrs. Wiffles—Susie Dimpling is twenty! Susie Dimpling will never see twenty again if she lives to be eighty.
Hattie—Then we went to Scotland. It is perfectly wonderful the way they talk the dialect, Uncle George—Why wonderful? Hattie—I should think they'd forget now and then drop into English. I often do when I'm reciting Burns or playing golf.

I'd like to, lady, said Meandering Mike, but it's impossible for me to clean dem rugs on de terms you offer. You said you were willing to work. Yes'm. But me an' Pete here has organized de carpet-beaters' union, an' if either of us works for less dan \$7 an hour he forfeits his membership.
Those Loving Girls.—Neil—So you and Jack are really engaged, are you? Bess—Yes, we have decided to enter into a life partnership. Neil—And just think of it—Jack will be the silent partner.

Yes, the fair young girl went on, we are engaged, but I do not think I should have accepted him if he had not proposed in such a delightful manner. What did he say? He asked if I would permit him to add an engagement-ring to my collection.


CAME IN A TRUNK.
But he might have worked his game simply as a guest.
Two well-dressed men from Paris drove up to the best hotel in a country town in the department of the Eure a short time ago and engaged a double-bedded room. They deposited a very heavy trunk in a corner and then went out to see the town, telling the landlady a widow, that they would return at night. But night came and the two men did not come back at the time specified. The landlady waited, much surprised, and kept her establishment open after the usual hour for closing. This was soon observed by the local gendarmes on duty, who entered the hotel and reminded the proprietress of the place that the curfew, or its modern substitute, had tolled the knell of parting day, and that it was full time to extinguish lights in all inns and cafes. The widow said she was waiting for two men who had left a big trunk behind them. This caused the gendarmes to reflect a little. One of them, well versed in criminal annals, suddenly remembered the Gouffe case. He also thought of the young starrap collector who was murdered in Paris a few years since, and whose body was thrust into a trunk. Anxious to secure all the credit of a discovery which might lead to promotion and glory, the gendarme learned in criminal lore asked the widow to let him see the trunk, and told his companion to wait for him at the bar or buvette of the hotel. The landlady accordingly led the man to the room and he began to gauge the weight of the big box, when suddenly the lid flew up and out jumped a wiry little man, who brandished a big revolver in his right hand. The widow screamed and the gendarme was temporarily thrown off his guard, but he soon pulled himself together and gapped with the person who had been acting Jack-in-the-box. The other gendarme, hearing the landlady's shrieks and the scuffling overhead, was soon on the scene of action, and helped his colleague to manacle the mysterious person who had jumped out of the trunk and to take him to the lock-up. There the fellow refused to give his name or to say anything about his companions, who are supposed to have returned to Paris, leaving him to plunder the inn when its owner and her servants were asleep.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.
We call the special attention of Postmasters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the new newspaper laws:
1. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until payment is made.
2. Any person who takes a paper from the post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.
3. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. This proceeds upon he ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

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The eyes of the world have not been disappointed in the inquiry into the success of South American Nervine. It is a medical marvel, it is true, at its wonderful remedy of the nineteenth century. Why should anyone suffer distress and agonize while this remedy is practically at their hands?
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CHAPTER XVII.
The Everetts were absorbed in misery and horror connected with uncertainty as to Mr. Everett's fate. Gradually they realized that they still greater sorrow than them. The air was filled with that could not be traced; the papers printed paragraphs with nature. All hinted disgraced cowardly flight. Stated printed on one day, would be drawn obscurely on the wall left their sad effects on the hearted family. The press itself, and seemed determined itself not only unjust but to satisfy the public's demand the most sacred of human rights violated. Defence was just as sible as redress. Everett kept pers from his mother and Mr. Rose carefully read and collected every item of interest and information. A week had passed since Everett's disappearance, and she was busy one after her own room when she saw a man in black heavily veiled. It was Mrs. Everett, and she showed up directly to Rose, who she begged a private interview. Her manner was sad and collected, rather with her mourning of a painful impression. Her to measure, as if she had nerve to a certain purpose, and was minded to carry it out, notwithstanding Rose's anxiety and worry to the point.
"You can do us a great service, Rose, if you will."
"If" Rose was sitting quivering her.
"Yes. Perhaps you know Everett was engaged in some large operations. I cannot them in detail. I can only the present condition of his friends are satisfied that if he here to carry them through, he have turned out successfully. Here stand, there is nothing but complete ruin, and, with grace."
"Why do you hurt yourself of this? You know that we Mr. Everett's integrity."
"I want to make you see the urgency of the case—to put possession of the facts. This tenth of the month; on the several of Mr. Everett's notes. If they are protested, then will be shattered and ruinable. You are too young to stand it; but is like pulling corner-stones. So far, every been made to protect his. So much depends upon it. No tune only—hundreds will fail. It can be averted, if with the adequate means will ward and guarantee his against any loss. If these promptly met confidentially, they may appear to some proper fruit."
"What a grand, wonderful such a person be found?"
"Yes. Everything necessary done. His notes will be preserved to him—no use if—all this will be properly I will consent to a proposition here to make to you."
"Oh, Mrs. Everett! What speech! What is there that refuse if by doing it I could?"
"Would you sacrifice your own happiness to secure his?"
"I can't follow you. What want me to do?"
"To give him up."
"Give him up?"
"Yes. And to do so the prove effective you should keep this interview a secret, is in Boston. He must see this compact—never suspect you have it in all your heart. If she loves him, would, Oh, Miss Minton, have I us, and agree to what I as plan is?"
"What would he think?"
"Simply this: You break engagement, say, by letter. save your feelings and his. It would be difficult for you your grief in parting with might suspect that you back your true reason. If why, poor as I follow it all heart, but he knows that hanging over us, and he the courage to question you."
"What would he think?"
"You must not be so mind what he thinks of you before us is to save his name. If you love him, forget yourself and only good. He may conclude that er has advised you to sever connection."
"Oh, he never would accept such heartlessness!"
"Now to the point: tin Here is the scheme. With tion and all this other treas LARRY will catch at any is presented to him. Daphne If he will marry her—and s forward and made me the o large-hearted girl that she put her fortune at our ser vice."
"If she loves him, would this anyhow whether he d or not?"
"Ah, well, you must not much from human nature LARRY, and in the scheme may go out to her. Grant the rest, and they may gether. It is a great offer that I cannot fully realize would rest with the three you promise to think."
"Oh, but the hours are this horror is killing us!"
"Where is LARRY?"
"He was telegraphed for ton. Some man was found had that the man was good with him; I had his morning just as I was lea man was a stranger. I w house before LARRY. I sent

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