Thomas A. Johns.

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Free from Eruptions

as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, and the trouble has never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.

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Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

HERE AND THERE A GEM.

A man endowed with great perfections, without good breeding, is like one who has his pockets full of gold, but always wants change for his ordinary occasions.—Steele.

All my experience of the world teaches me that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the safe and just side of a question is the generous and merciful side.—Mrs. Jameson.

What can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster.—Jeremy Taylor.

An inexhaustible good nature is one of the most precious gifts of heaven, spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought, and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather.—W. Irving.

In early life you may lay the foundation of poverty or riches, industry or idleness, good or evil, by the habits to which you train your children. Teach them right habits then, and their future life is safe.—Anon.

There is a moral excellence attainable by all who have the will to strive for it; but there is an intellectual and physical superiority which is above the reach of our wishes, and is granted only to a few.—Crabbe.

Where we can not invent, we may at least improve; we may give somewhat of novelty to that which was old, condensation to that which was diffuse, perspicuity to that which was obscure, and currency to that which was recondite.—Colton.

Accustom yourself to submit on every occasion to a small present evil, to obtain a greater distant good. This will give decision, tone and energy to the mind, which, thus disciplined, will often reap victory from defeat, and honor from repulse.—Colton.

If we could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking, or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at work.—Alexander Smith.

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CURRENT NOTES

A noteworthy feature of recent international complications is the extent to which the desire for wealth in its concrete form, has been in reality the real root of difficulty. It is not an entirely new feature, for many of the wars of previous centuries were due in part to the same cause, for example, that between England and Spain, which, aside from the desire to check the extension of the Spanish dominion, had its cause largely in the hunger for Spanish mines. The chief incitement to hostilities has, however, always been the craving for territory, for larger possessions, and the only successful war has been deemed that which increased, temporarily or permanently, the landed estate of one power or the other. But within the last quarter of a century the acquisition of wealth has become the chief object of nations, though that of territory has by no means died out, as witness the gains made by France, Germany and Austria, and the eager scramble of the great powers for the lion's share of African soil. Every avenue of wealth is eagerly sought and tested, and if found productive, is jealously guarded the right of other nations to prosper by the same means being resented by the first comer as if it were his by divine monopoly. Treaties are made to cover special trades, industries and rights; state companies are formed to exploit commerce; contracts, concessions and monopolies are granted by governments for the development of new kinds of wealth, and political pressure is used upon weaker states to secure the sole supply of certain wants.

The dominating greed is, however, for mines, that is, for gold itself, and to it can be traced many of the national aggressions of recent years, and not a few serious national and international complications. The conquest of Madagascar was persisted in because of the French expectation of finding gold; Japan demanded Formosa in the same hope, and the territories of the British South Africa Company would no doubt still be under native control had it not been for belief that the rich gold veins of the Transvaal extended into it. The German desire for the independence of the Boer republic is due in part to the fact that it is a great gold field, of which they hope they may some day have a part, and there is no reason to believe that the Venezuelan controversy would have reached its present acute stage had not gold been discovered in the territory in dispute. Among all nations the hunger, not for potential, but for actual, visible wealth is rapidly superceding all other kinds of greed and becoming a sort of mania, the demands of our own silver senators being one phase of it, and possession of it, or desire for possession, adds heat to every controversy. As we have said, the hunger is not a new one, but that at the latter end of the nineteenth century international relations should be greatly affected by the frenzy which dominated the buccaneers of the sixteenth century is not creditable to civilization. The fact, however, must be recognized, and the Christian pulpits of all countries cannot too urgently present to their hearers the dangers that menace those who haste to be rich, and the duty which the possession of riches imposes.

The French women who are members of the International Women's League of Peace have sent to German women a noble appeal, full of the true spirit of Christianity. Our readers will be glad to see a portion of it: "The women of France, to their sisters in Germany.—German mothers, sisters, and women. The character of war in its true nature is being daily more fully recognized. It is murder en masse, which becomes more and more barbarous by the terrible effect of the new weapons. The human spirit at last revolts against the thousand-year-old terrible conception of military glory. Every army fighting another leaves behind torrents of blood and tears. Together with England's women, we ask the women of all nations to join in an international league having for its purpose peace and general disarmament. May the women of Germany join that league. Your interests and ours are the same. Unite with us to achieve the finest victory ever won—the general disarmament." This enlightened sentiment has already found a response in the hearts of German women, who have formed in Berlin a committee of co-operation.

COSTLY FIDDLES.

It Is Said that $50,000 Has Been Offered for the Last One Paganini Used.

The beauty and sweetness of Sarasate's tone are often commented on by people who never think of the tone being in any way due to the fitness of his instrument As a matter of fact, Sarasate has two Strads. One is the renowned "Boissier" Strad., which he managed to secure in Paris for £1,000, an hour or two before Hill of London sent an offer for it. The other is one that had been used by Paganini, which came to him through his son Achille. Of course the latter instrument has an additional value from the circumstance of its former ownership.

Paganini had several valuable violins and the instrument which he used in his later years—a Guarnerius, dated 1743—would probably command something like £5,000, if it could be put in the market now. Indeed, the sum of £2,000 has already been offered for it and refused, and a report was lately circulated that £10,000 had been tried. But the instrument cannot be sold. Paganini himself bequeathed it to the city of Genoa, and the municipal authorities there are keenly alive to the value of the treasure. They have it bestowed in a glass case in the recess of a wall, which is again encased in heavy French plate glass, the whole being closed by a massive door. Every two months the seals are broken and the violin is played upon for about half an hour in the presence of city officials, and then it is replaced and put under municipal seal. This, of course, is done to keep the instrument in good condition.

Paganini came by the violin in a curious way. A French merchant lent him the instrument to play upon at a concert at Leghorn. After the concert Paganini brought it back to its owner, when the latter exclaimed, to the delighted astonishment of the player: "Never more will I profane the strings which your fingers have touched; that instrument is yours." The Genoa people have been in luck in the matter of violins. Sivori, who died last year, was a pupil of Paganini, and Paganini presented him, when a youth, with a very fine Guarnerius instrument. It was therefore, but natural that Sivori should wish his violin to rest beside Paganini's, and so to-day, for a small fee, you can see both instruments in the municipal niche at Genoa.

Before and After.

Hobson. I don't hear you nowadays expressing the wish that it would snow good and hard. Haven't you got your cutter still?

N. Peck. No. I'm married now, and we have a snow shovel in the cellar.

Expert View.

Dad, what's a running account?

It's an open account with a dry goods store, my son, which keeps your mother running down town all the time to buy something.

A red nose may be due to a choleric temper, a bad liver, or bad liquor. In any case it is an unfortunate sign.

A REFORMED MAN.

THE STORY OF A LIGHT-HOUSE.

BY GEORGE W. HARRINGTON.

During my wanderings in France, last summer, chance led me to a little fishing village at the mouth of the Gironne. One day I hired a small boat, and rowed out of the light-house off the Point de la Coubre, to have a chat with the keeper.

At first I found my companion woefully reticent. The boatman who had taken me out warned me I should find him so, but my feigned admiration for the cleanliness of his lamps, and the snug appearance of his abode generally managed to make a breach in the barrier of cold reserve he had thrown us upon my arrival, and I found him a marvelously interesting old fellow.

Having established myself in the old man's favor, I managed to drag from his lips the one incident in the whole of his monotonous career which could be termed of any interest to a stranger. I give it, as nearly as my memory will permit, in his own language.

When I was a young man, in fact, a boy, he began, I chose the sea as a calling, confident that I would make a name for myself as a great traveler. But, as is the case with most young men who start with that idea in their heads, I very soon became disheartened at my life in the forecastle of a small trader coasting in this very part of our country, and I found that a landsman's idea of a sailor's existence, and the genuine experience itself, were totally different things.

So, at the very first opportunity, I slipped ashore.

It was a beautiful night in July. We were drifting slowly before a cool south wind about a mile from the shore, when the skipper, who drank terribly, struck me with his clinched fist. I was bothe-headed in those days, and I knocked him down.

No one was near. The men on the watch were well in the fore part of the schooner, and, slipping off my boots and reefer, I dropped overboard, and swam ashore.

They gave me some work to do in the village, and when a vacancy occurred for an under-keeper in this very light-house where you now sit, they gave me the berth.

At the time I wondered why none of the men in the village were given the preference, I ceased to wonder, however, after I had occupied the position a week or so.

The existence seemed to me ideal, for all the energy had been knocked out of me, and an easy-going life—nothing to do but to eat and read and sleep, occasionally cleaning up the lamps—commended itself to my listless state of mind.

My superior was an old Englishman, who had lived in the light-house for twenty years, visiting the land only at such times as the authorities desired him to travel to headquarters to give his explanation regarding any wreck or any disaster for which he was indirectly responsible.

I provided myself with a dozen books—novels all of them—several bottles of brandy, and a flute. As the boat that brought me out grew smaller and smaller as it returned to land, a feeling of satisfaction crept over me in the knowledge that there was no more trouble or anxiety for a couple of months at least, when fresh provisions would be brought together with any letters that might have arrived for either of us, a most improbable state of affairs, as neither I nor my companion had any friends in the wide world who cared a jot where we might be living.

When I climbed up the rough stone steps, and came into this room, Williams—that was my superior's name—was sitting over there by the window reading. I noticed at the time it was the Bible he bel din his hand, and a smile stole over my face when I recognized that this man was of a pious turn of mind, which I was not.

He rose as I entered, and greeted me, to my surprise, in my native tongue. Then he went up into the lamp-room, and he explained to me the working of the ponderous lantern, and instructed me in what I was expected to do.

The work seemed simple enough. During the morning I was to clean the reflectors, and fill the reservoirs with oil; the afternoon would be free; at dusk I would light the lantern, and watch until one in the morning, when Williams would relieve me.

When the sun had set and the shadows gathered over the stretch of waters for that night, I began my task of lighting up. Williams was very well satisfied with my first attempt; but he was a man of few words, and when I had finished he drew out his Bible and told me that he was going to say prayers.

To this operation I at once offered objection. My rebellious spirit came uppermost, and I flatly refused to kneel down to listen to anything he had to say. He did not try to compel me to join him, but calmly knelt down and went through his devotions himself, while I looked on, half-ashamed, yet defiant.

My first night's watch was a melancholy affair. I felt frightfully lonely, and the strained relations between myself and the old Englishman made me feel that the next two months would not come up to my expectations of an under-keeper's existence.

I thought, first of all, that if I could bring myself to get accustomed to my companion's ways, things might go more smoothly. But I was young and hot-headed, and independent.

At eleven o'clock I went down below and fetched my flute. The noise I made in passing into the room, though slight, was sufficient to disturb the old man, who slept lightly.

"What are you doing here?" he inquired, starting up.

"All right. I have come to fetch my flute. I am sorry to have disturbed you."

He sprang out of bed, and with an expression of horror made his way hurriedly up to the lantern-room, where I followed him after I had taken a big draught of brandy and secured my instrument.

He was sitting in my chair when I entered.

He said, "Are you not ashamed of yourself for neglecting your duty? Do you know that the lives of hundreds of your fellow-creatures are in your hands? And if through any fault of yours this light failed, and any lives were lost on the reefs out there, you would be a murderer."

I laughed at this old man's fears. He was absurdly cautious. What did a few minutes' absence from the lantern matter?

All that night he sat watching, while I having tired of playing on my flute and singing to myself, went below and fell asleep.

Our morning meal was taken in silence, and after I had filled the lantern and cleaned the reflectors, I went down on the rock on which the light-house stood—it was low tide—and fished for a while with a hook and line I had appropriated to my own use from the little cupboard in which my companion kept his odds and ends.

But I was miserable and lonely, in spite of my attempt to convince myself I was having a good time. Far away on the horizon I could detect the low-lying shore, where a hundred of my fellowbeings were clustered together. Overhead the sky was clear and blue, and the waters around me were blue also, undulating in great lengthy rollers, which sped towards the land.

When the sun was about to set I gathered up my line and entered the light-house. Williams was reading, just as I had seen him on the day of my first arrival. I went up to the lantern-room, trimmed and lighted the lamps, and then sat down to think.

As I sat, the wind began to rise, and whistled mournfully through the cornice which ornamented the outside of the light-house. I got up and peered through the glass. Away in the south-west I could see a bank of heavy clouds advancing, while the wind grew stronger and stronger, until ten o'clock a heavy gale was blowing. The sea became more and more turbulent, lashing the stone masonry, while the spray dashed onto the window of our little room fifty feet above the sea level.

A great dread of being alone seized me all of a sudden. My throat was parched, and I longed for a drink of something. Then I recollected my brandy, and crept noiselessly down stairs to secure a bottle from the cupboard, in which I had put it when I first came.

Williams awoke, as he had done the night before, on my entry. Springing out of bed, half-clothed, he went up the stone steps into the lantern-room, while I, having consumed more brandy than was good for me, fell into a deep sleep on the bed which he had just vacated.

He reproached me for having left my post a second time when we sat at breakfast next morning. But I was thoroughly sick of the whole business, and wouldn't listen to what he had to say.

The whole of the morning I sulked out on the balcony that ran around the glass house, refusing to clean the lamp or fill the reservoirs, and trying to think of some way in which I could get back to land. I had quite enough of this sort of life to suit me. All that day I never spoke a word to the old man, and when night came, instead of lighting the lantern I went to my cupboard and drank a large portion of the fiery stimulant, till I fell into a stupor and slept till daybreak.

All night long Williams sat by the light, watching, and the next day he dared not sleep lest I should perform some fool-hardy act, and endanger the safety of the machinery.

The gale continued to rage until the next night, when it abated somewhat, but did not entirely subside. On going to my cupboard I found it empty—every bottle was gone; and when I rudely accused the old man of having drank the lot he told me that I should find my brandy at the bottom of the sea.

Again he watched all night long, and although I could see the strain was slowly killing him, I did not care whether he died or not. As I sat on the rock outside the light-house door playing my flute after breakfast I looked up and saw him signalling to the shore, and half an hour later I could discern the light-house boat bobbing up and down on the waves between me and the land.

When I entered the room he was writing a letter which he said was a demand to the officials that they should take me off, as I was endangering the working of the light; at which I was mightily pleased, and said so.

When the boat got near enough to leeward, he put the letter in a bottle and threw it into the water, and noticed with satisfaction that it was picked up by the sailors and taken back to the shore in the boat.

But I knew that it would be some time before I could be replaced by another man, for the gale increased in violence all that day, until at night a perfect hurricane was blowing.

All that night Williams watched in the lantern-room, and when I went up next morning to discover the reason why he did not come down, I found him stretched cold and lifeless on the floor. If I had felt lonely before, I felt a thousand times more so now. My conscience made a slave of me, and I fled from the presence of the dead man.

Ah sir, the horrors of the time I spent in that light-house, alone with the corpse of the man I had so cruelly treated! I ate very little during the day, and wandered aimlessly about the stone steps and the little living room.

As the shadows began to fall on the stormy sea outside, a new dread took possession of me. How was I to light the lantern when that body lay in the room? My first impulse was to throw him into the sea, but I knew that if I did, that I should be accused of foul play, for had not the authorities already been warned that we were not on good terms.

Still, it would be a crime greater than that of which I had been guilty to fail to light the lantern and warn ships at sea on this wild night. But I could not move from my place at the window where I stood, the wind and rain beating in upon me. The knowledge that there was no person living within many miles, unless some vessels were passing by, and that overhead lay the cold body of Williams, made me want to shriek with terror.

As I stood there, fancying that above the howling of the storm I could hear the whispering voice of the old man saying:

"If through any fault of yours this light fails and lives are lost, you will be a murderer."

I saw a light suddenly appear three or four hundred yards away. A second afterwards it had gone and then it came again.

I knew that it was a ship drifting on the reefs, those on board her relying upon the guidance of the light I had never lighted and believing themselves safe. A cold, damp moisture slowly broke out all over me. I shouted till my throat ached, but the shouts came back on the wind like the cries of the wretched people who would soon be dashed on the rocks below.

Nearer and nearer labored the vessel, her close-reefed sails looming in the darkness like a mighty spectre hastening to wreak its vengeance on me.

A few moments later I heard the crunching of the timbers against the rocks, the crashing of the masts and spars, the shrieks of the sailors, and overhead I could hear the footfalls of old Williams tottering toward the staircases. I could hear his shuffling feet on the stone stairs, and I feared to look over my shoulder lest I should see his ashy white face staring reproachfully at me.

Ah, sir, I have tried to give you some idea of my feelings, but I am afraid I have failed. At this most exciting moment everything disappeared from my mind like a flash, and opening my eyes, I found old Williams standing by my bedside, with a frown upon his calm, earnest face.

"You have been drinking again," he said, solemnly. "Where is the brandy concealed?"

I could not understand what he meant until he told me that I had been shouting and talking delirious in my sleep, and that he had been compelled to wake me.

The rays of the rising sun that shot over the calm waters through our little window bathed him in a flood of golden light, and, rising from my pallet, I put my arm around him and kissed him. Do not smile. Ah, we Frenchmen are very fervent!

When the light-house boat came in the afternoon to take me off, Williams would not let me leave him. From that day I have been a reformed man, and for ten years we lived together by ourselves, here in this same old light-house.

When he died I thought I should have followed him, so terrible was my grief, although I was still a young man. I have never had an assistant since. All the work, I do myself, but the authorities are going to send a younger man next year, for if anything happened to me and the light failed, who can tell how many lives I might be responsible for?

SAVED BY A LIFE-CHAIN.

The Most Thrilling Rescue on Record Made by Some Lads.

There is a newly-made hero down in the little post village of Sandy Hook, Conn. He is Stephen Keane, a bright lad of fifteen years old. Stephen has been a valorous boy all his life, but it was not until last Monday that he became a real hero.

He and a party of his classmates from St. Michael's parochial school, at Sandy Hook, on that day went skating on Nisantic mill-pond. In the party was Michael Keating, a boy of twelve years. Michael, venturing where the ice was thin, broke through and fell into the water, Stephen Keane cried:

"Form a "life-chain," boys, and we'll save little 'Mike' easy!"

Lying flat, face downward on the ice, he directed one of the boys to lie down as he had and hold tightly onto his ankles. The ankles of this one were in turn grasped by another lad, and so on until a "life-chain," of six brave boys was formed.

Keane wriggled his way carefully out on the thin ice. Before him was poor Keating struggling for life. Once he went down, and still the first link of the "life-chain" was crawling slowly on the ice far away. Down he went a second time.

"Hold tight, boys!" cried Keane.

Just as the drowning boy was disappearing for the last time Keane seized his coat.

Crack! went the ice and the first two links of the "life-chain" were also in the icy water.

Finally all of the boys were dragged out, the worse only for a wetting.

When a crowd gathered about young Keane and showered praises on him for his forethought and pluck, he only said: "I read in a newspaper how to do that trick, and I thought I'd try it."

THE HOME.

SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

POTATOES.

Potatoes baked in their skins should have a piece cut off the ends before baking, in order that the steam may escape. Prepared in this way they are light and dry when eaten.

When boiled, they may be prepared in the same way, and the skin removed just before serving to each individual. Potatoes are unquestionably dryer and finer of flavor when boiled in this way, than when pared before cooking. The utmost care is necessary to prevent their being cold when eaten, as they grow cold rapidly after skins are removed; and of all things potatoes should be hot in whatever form they are served, unless it be in a cold salad. It is not regarded in good form to place boiled potatoes upon the table in their skins.

For fried potatoes the skillet should be hot and the butter be thoroughly hot also—that they may fry quickly and absorb as little grease as possible.

Mashed potatoes, besides being made smooth with a masher, should be beaten light with a fork, a little milk having been added. In this way all heaviness is prevented, and the greatest lightness and creaminess secured.

After boiled potatoes have had the water poured from them they should be sprinkled with a little handful of salt and set a moment uncovered on the stove. In this way they become quite dry, and even tend to break, so perfectly is all steam and moisture removed.

Mashed potatoes left over from a former meal may form a dainty dish if milk and beaten eggs are added, and the whole baked and browned nicely in a dish in the oven. Salt should be mixed with the potatoes before baking.

No vegetable should be served repeatedly and continuously in the same way. It is so pleasant and stimulating to see things in new forms. Cut lengthwise in quarters or sixteenths, this vegetable is delicious when dropped in hot butter and lard mixed and browned quickly after the manner of doughnuts.

When there are no baked potatoes to use for breakfast, everyone knows that raw ones may be sliced and fried quickly. They are more apt to be soft and light if a very little water is added in the beginning and a cover placed over them for a few minutes, the butter having been hot before the sliced potatoes were put in the skillet. In a few minutes the cover may be removed, and they may continue to fry for a little while.

EGGS.

For poaching eggs, that most painstaking way of cooking them, there are now poachers to be had made of tin. They resemble a tiny set of gem tins, and have to be placed in a shallow pan which accompanies them, the cover being set right over all; and the steam cooks the eggs perfectly. Eggs poached in this way never touch the water; but are removed from the buttered tins in round moulded form, as little or as much done as desired.

For boiling eggs there are now tiny barrel-like porcelain receptacles about the size of an egg, into which the egg is broken. The top is then screwed on securely and the little porcelain egg cup is put in boiling water, and the egg boiled exactly as if it were in its own shell. When done, the top is screwed off and the egg is ready to be eaten with no further question in regard to the shell. This way of cooking eggs is especially nice for an invalid; for eggs being so suitable as food to the sick, are difficult to prepare for eating by anyone confined to a sick bed; and every possible comfort and convenience should be provided for the invalid.

CRANBERRIES.

Cranberries should never be too ripe, or when cooked they will be dark and dull in color and lacking in flavor. While some prefer these refreshing berries cooked in their skins, the most elegant way is to put them through a colander, the skins being thus removed. The fruit should then be turned into a bowl, which will give a pretty moulded form when the jelly has congealed. When cold, this jelly mould should be turned with the rounded bottom upward upon a plate or in a ruby colored glass dish. For all state occasions cranberries should be served in this way. The rich clear red of the fruit is most beautiful in a rich red glass dish; and although such dishes are less favored than formerly, nothing is prettier for fruit moulds and jellies of the same hue. Artistic and harmonious effects are more charming than those achieved by frigid following of the latest fashion or fancy.

Good Manners at Home.

Perhaps no single thing in the education of children shows its value in the family circle more than the inculcation of good manners. Fathers and mothers, older brothers and sisters, should exercise good manners at home as well as teach their benefits to the younger members. Much of a family's happiness, indeed, depends on this, and therefore no one who is a member of a family circle, with or without children, can afford to heedlessly ignore the fact. Good manners are as effective a means of building up good feeling in a household circle as can be found, but, unfortunately, they are rarely found there. Fathers and mothers are apt to think "good manners don't matter for home use." But they are mistaken. It is said that "familiarity breeds contempt," and certainly, if it does not go that far, it has a tendency to cause each member of a family to loosen the check he or she keeps upon his feelings, especially on his selfishness, though when among strangers he finds himself expected, and almost compelled to control himself.

Many—we grieve to say most people—are often rude, careless and even unkind in their manners toward those nearest and dearest to them, who yet will be kind and courteous in company. This is not as it should be. Emerson says that one must agree to sacrifice his own feelings sometimes, to secure the peace and harmony that should dwell in every family, and he is right. No family can ever grow up in good feeling and real love toward one another, that has not been taught to cultivate good manners.

"Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices." Remember this, mothers, and when you are teaching the little ones at your knee to be gentle, affectionate, polite or unselfish in manner, reflect that you are helping your child to grow up a man or woman who will leave an impression for great good on the family, and therefore on the great wide world. Forget not also that example is one of the easiest means by which to inculcate habit, and father and mother have it in their power thus silently to teach their children in many a pleasant way, when they are gathered round the board, or clustered at the fireside.

In no way can the precepts of kindliness, good will to each other, and sacrifice for each other, be more effectively learned than this, in the teaching of good manners at home.

Could This Elephant Read?

"Speakin' about animals, to my experience the elephant is the smartest of the whole caboodle," said the ex-canvasman. "I remember back in '56, when I was with Barnum ole Emp'ror showed one day he could read."

"Oh, come off."

"I won't come off, neither. An' I'll prove it to you in about two minutes. Well, as I was sayin', the old fellow got into a scrap with the royal Bengal tiger, and 'fore we could get 'em separated he got his trunk purty badly clawed up. After the scrimmage was over, Emp'ror he breaks loose and starts down the street on a dead run. 'He's goin' wild,' somebody hollers. 'Don't you believe it,' says I. 'Now, where do you suppose that chere elephant went to?'

"Went to the surgeon's I suppose. Say, can't you get up a better yarn—"

"Naw, he didn't go to no surgeon's, neither. He went straight to a little portmanteau shop which had the sign out that said 'Trunks repaired while you wait.' Of course he had made a mistake, but what do you expect of a pore dumb brute?"

PRACTICAL FARMING.

Ice House and Dairy.

Among the most imporant and necessary improvements on the farm, we would mention the ice house and dairy. It is only upon an occasional farm that we find a clear, cold spring flowing the year round, giving an abundance of water that never needs to be iced, and is the means for the construction of the best diary in the world. In the absence of this great natural convenience most of us have to build an ice house and dairy, and how it can be done best is the topic to be considered. We favor building the two together, it being more economical in cost, and more convenient in use, to do so. A building 16x24 feet in size is sufficient to meet all demands on the farm, unless dairying is made a specialty. This will give a space of 16x16 for ice, and 8x16 for the dairy. The dairy part should be excavated to a depth of two or three feet and drained and ventilated with a six-inch tile. The walls of the foundation may be made of either brick or stone laid in cement. Our dairy is floored and walled up with sawed stone and is very satisfactory. The superstructure may be of wood, brick or stone, as preferred. If stone or brick is used, the ice house will have to be lined with boards a few inches from the wall, or the ice will not keep all through the season in a very satisfactory manner.

The dairy should have a good-sized ventilating flue in the ceiling, as well as a couple of small openings on the two ends, and these should be provided with shutters or means of opening and closing as necessity demands. Besides a good heavy shutter for the door, a strong wire door should be swung on the outside, so the dairy may be thoroughly ventilated at night during the summer season. A stone or cement trough on one side of the room, raised about a foot from the floor, gives us a very convenient place to cool the milk or keep the cream and butter, and a cake of ice placed therein once a day, gives us all the dampness that is desirable, and a temperature that will insure good, cold milk for the table, and butter that is nice and solid. The cost of constructing a combined ice house and dairy, as the above, would be about $250, if brick is used, or $150 if it is all made of wood above the foundation. We would use no wood in building the dairy. We would not only have the walls of stone and brick, but would arch the dairy overhead with the same material so there would be nothing to rot or become foul, give rise to odors to damage the milk and butter. Then walls and ceilings may be washed and scrubbed, and the whole room kept in the best possible condition.

The location of the ice house and dairy should be as convenient to the dwelling as possible, and on a sloping hillside, if one is at hand. In such case let the ice house be above, and a slight excavation for the upper end of building would make it very convenient in filling the ice room, thus saving a good deal of lifting and laborious work. In some cases it might be deemed advisable to construct ice house and dairy separate and apart from each other—the ice house near the pond for convenience in filling, and the dairy probably in an apartment of the basement or house cellar. With some sort of a refrigerator provided an arrangement of this kind is very satisfactory, and the whole cost would probably be less than that of the combined structure, as most any sort of a cheap board pen can be put up to protect the ice in. But where neatness and permanency are desirable features, we would prefer the plan of building a good dairy and ice house together, and make it of stone or brick. In arranging the dairy do not provide any more room than you expect to use, else the dairy is apt to be made a store house for roots and vegetables in winter, very much to the detriment of good milk and butter.

Thrifty Condition.

Economy in feeding is the best use of food material. When grain is as cheap as at present there is no good excuse for the average farmer allowing his stock to decline in flesh. Thrifty condition of all the farm stock is desirable for the reason that better health is maintained when the system of an animal is gaining a trifle in strength from the food of maintenance. A stand-still state is the most difficult to realize. Too little of food is more unsafe as a policy for working and growing animals than a trifle too much. The surplus is at once detected and can be reduced, but a deficiency may not be noted until serious decline has resulted.

The horses to be worked in spring and summer should be fed liberally in February and March previous, and at the same time should have liberal exercise—the freedom of a large lot or pasture, and will be better hardened for later labor if worked moderately every day. Colts under eighteen months old should have all they will eat with plenty of exercise and fresh air. The same policy is best for calves of same age, and for pigs and lambs under six months of age.

Meat producing stock, during the last ten weeks of maturity, require abundance of food of enticing quality and variety. Only moderate range and exercise is advisable, but fresh air and sanitary surroundings are essential and too much attention to securing a quiet, undisturbed condition is not possible, as repose is essential to a fattening animal.

The fattening animal, however, must be undergoed a trifle of a relish for food is to be maintained. It is the critical time when a distaste for its food may cause it many weeks delay in finishing the animal for the block.

To guard against loss in feeding for economical meat products, the early maturity of calves at twenty months to twenty-seven months of age, and of lambs and pigs at six months to eight months is advisable. Beyond this limit there is risk of a disordered digestion. It is settled conclusively, too, that meat is made at a much lower cost at this limited age, than where huge carcasses are the purpose. The quality, too, of such meat and food is much more to the taste of the masses and is thus in greater demand.

Dairy Hints.

The farmer does not have so much pressing work in winter as in summer; and what work he has to do too often does not bring in much cash. Would it not pay to give more attention to winter dairying and thus have more money coming in right along? Prices for dairy products rule higher in winter than in summer; so that the dairyman gets better pay for his labor in the former season than in the latter. With good, sweet corn ensilage, clover hay, and yellow corn meal, butter can be produced in winter practically as good and cheap as the products of the sunny month of June. The cow stable should be provided with an abundance of window glass to admit sun and light, and give things a cheerful aspect. Ventilators are also needed, that will not make draughts. As the stock must be kept inside now for the greater portion of five or more months, these matters deserve careful attention. Dairy cows must not be exposed. Yet they should have an outdoor "constitutional," for a half hour or so, upon all pleasant days. All animal life requires at least a little fresh air. Regularity in the management of stock is of the highest importance. Let the food and water be supplied at just such stated times. Otherwise, there will be a decrease of the flow of milk caused by the fretting and worrying of the cattle for their supplies. Just as man feels the need of food at regular hours, and is disturbed, if it is not forthcoming, so the lower animals learn to expect the feeder at the proper time for his appearance; and if disappointed, they suffer an injury. The milking should also be done very systematically and rapidly. Good milkers get more from a cow than indifferent ones. As soon as the milk is drawn, let it be immediately strained, and if for butter making set at once, for cream commences to rise almost immediately after being separated from the udder; and once it has risen, it cannot be mixed again with the milk, nor will as large a quantity of cream be ultimately obtained, if some of the fat is permitted to rise before the final setting.

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