# The Stouffville Tribune.

Support Legitimate Home Manufactures and Enterprises.

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The Tribune.

—IS PUBLISHED—

Every Thursday Evening

—AT THE OFFICE—

MAIN STREET, - STOUFFVILLE, ONT

TERMS.

$1.25 Per Year; $1.00 if Paid in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES:

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| One column | $70 | $40 | $25 |
| Half column | 40 | 25 | 15 |
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Professional Cards one inch and under, $3 per year, $2 for 6 months, (including copy of paper.)

Transient Advertisements must be sent in not later than Thursday noon. Notice of change of standing advertisements must be given not later than Monday noon, and copy must be sent in not later than 9 a.m. on Wednesday.

Advs. of Farms for Sale, one inch and under 1 month $1, each subsequent month 75 cents.

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Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted every issue until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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We have also a first-class Jobbing Department in connection, and are prepared to do business in that line at prices that cannot be beaten.—TERMS CASH.

WM. MALLOY, B. A.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.



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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.,
Has removed to the office in Sander's Block formerly occupied by the late F. W. Hill.

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STOUFFVILLE, - ONT.

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, ETC.
OFFICES—Masonic Buildings, Toronto St. Toronto, and Main St., Stouffville.
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DR. SMITH,
DENTIST,
STOUFFVILLE, - ONT.,
(L. D. S. of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons Ont., D. D. S. of Toronto University.)
Begs to inform the public of Stouffville and vicinity that owing to the increase of his practice he has decided to make this place his permanently located here, and his office will be open daily, except Monday, for consultation and practice in Mr. Sadlier's block, where he will be during the P.M. Anæsthetics for painless extraction. Gold and crown work a specialty. Call if possible on Wednesday, Thursday or Friday to make appointment.

A. ROBINSON,
DENTIST.
Will be at Miller's Hotel, Stouffville on the 15th, and at the Tremont House, Markham, on the 29th of each month. Roseman's Hotel, Mt. Albert, on the 14th; Victoria Square, on the 21st. When these dates fall on Sunday the following Monday will be understood.

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GRADUATE IN HONORS
of Ontario Veterinary College, and Honorary Fellow of the Veterinary Medical Society. All diseases of domestic animals treated skilfully on the latest scientific methods. Orders by telegraph or mail, night or day, promptly attended to. Charges moderate. Special attention given to Dentistry.
Office and residence—Same as J. G. Clarke's, West End, Stouffville.

AUCTIONEERS.

N. E. SMITH,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
for the counties of York and Ontario. Sales of farm stock, etc., attended to on shortest notice and reasonable rates. Stouffville, Ont.

JAMES O'BRIEN,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
for the counties of York and Ontario. Orders by mail or telegraph will receive prompt attention. Charges moderate. Stouffville, Ont.

TONSORIAL ARTISTS.

CALL AT
THE PARIS TONSORIAL PARLOR
for first-class Hair Dressing and Shaving. Satisfaction guaranteed.
My stock of Shaving Soap, Cosmetique, Magnesia, Lather Brushes, Strops, &c., is complete.
Also first-class Razors for sale and guarantee Razor Honing and Shears Sharpening a specialty.
J. W. SHANKEL, Proprietor.

P. R. HOOVER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,
GREEN RIVER, ONT.

J. L. BAKER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Residence corner of Main and Albert Sts., west of G. T. R.,
STOUFFVILLE, ONT.

W. P. HARTNEY.
DEALER IN LUMBER
Lath, Shingles, Salt, Plaster, Coal, Water Lime, Plaster Paris, Coal Tar, Tar Paper, Fire Brick, Fire Clay, &c. &c.
Cash paid for Hides, Wool, Sheep Skins, and all kinds of Grain.
Warehouse opposite Railway Station, Stouffville

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INSURANCE, REAL ESTATE
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GENERAL AGENT FOR
The Sun Life Insurance Company.
Agent for Leading Fire Insurance Co's.
Money to Loan
On Farm and Village Property.
Farms and Village Property for Sale and to Rent
Office: Daley's Block, Stouffville.


### The Prince of Wales in Canada.

The Prince of Wales has only been in this country once—in 1860. He reached Newfoundland on July 24, 1860, accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle as his "governor"; on July 1[illegible] he visited Halifax; on August 18 he reached Quebec and on the 25th Montreal. On September 1 he arrived at Ottawa, the new capital of the united provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and on the 2[illegible] he laid the corner-stone of the beautiful Parliament buildings there. On September 20 the Prince crossed the border to Detroit; on October 3 he was in Washington and was presented to President Buchanan; on October 9 he reached Philadelphia; on the 11th he reached New York and on the 17th Boston; and on the 29th he sailed for England from Portland, Me., the winter port of the Canadian steamers.


MILLER, STARK & CO.
BANKERS,
Daley's Block, - - Stouffville.
MONEY TO LOAN
ON GOOD SECURITY.
Sale and Farm Notes Cashed
AND TAKEN FOR COLLECTION.
Drafts issued on the Imperial Bank and its Branches, and on all points in Canada and the United States.
American Currency Bought and Sold.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.
Interest allowed on deposits.
NOTES COLLECTED AT LOWEST RATES.
Office Hours—10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Saturday's 8 a. m. to 9 p. m.
W. J. STARK, Teller.
WALTER MILLER, Manager.

STANDARD BANK
OF CANADA.
HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.
CAPITAL PAID UP, - $1,000,000
RESERVE FUND, - $525,000
AGENCIES AT
Bowmanville, Cannington, Harriston, Bradford, Chatham, Markham, Brantford, Colborne, Newcastle, Brighton, Durham, Parkdale, Brussels, Forest, Picton, Campbellford, Stouffville.
—ALSO AGENTS AT—
Montreal, New York, London, Eng., Winnipeg, Northwest Provinces and British Columbia.
Drafts issued and collections made on all points in Canada at lowest rates. Farmers' notes discounted. Sale notes and good business paper negotiated at current rates of interest.
SAVINGS BANK
Has been opened in connection with the branch at
STOUFFVILLE
Where deposits of $1 and upwards are received and interest allowed thereon at current rates. Deposits of a special nature, trust funds, &c., received on favorable terms.
Office Hours: From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturday's from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.
For further information apply to
JOHN ELLIOTT - AGENT.


### MERRY MOMENTS

Lawyer—"Are you a single man?" Witness—"No, sor, Oi am a twin."

"What a weary look that young woman has!" "Yes; she married the man she wanted."

Agnes—"Well, I want a husband who is easily pleased." Maud—"Don't worry, dear; that's the kind you'll get."

"At last I have reached the turning-point of my life," remarked the convict when they put him on the treadmill.

Jaspar—"I Carson married?" Jumpers—"He must be. He has been smoking bad cigars ever since Christmas."

Prof. Garner says that gorillas do not talk with chimpanzees, but neglects to tell us which party is at fault or which began it.

The fellow who starts out for a staving good time often has a barrel of fun before arriving at his home in a badly bunged-up condition.

The mistletoe, all withered, crouched
Mid the leaves that hid it;
"Alas!" it cried, "I'm fading fast—
'Twas overwork that did it."

"I've been lying low for some time now," said the Fire; "and I believe this is a good chance to go out." "Oh, no, you don't!" said the Coal, as the janitor dumped the hod; "I'm on to you!"

Don't crowd the virtue of a year
Into the 1st of Jan.,
But eke it out from month to month
On the installment plan.

Mamma—"Lloyd, have you given any fresh water to your goldfish this morning?" Lloyd—"No, mamma; they haven't drunk up what they have in the globe already."

We know that Christmas has gone by,
For, as we walk the streets,
We see a shining, brand-new tie
On every man we meet.

"There's lots of good in that Mrs. Slack who lives up street." "Do you think so?" "I do; she is constantly borrowing things from her neighbors, yet she never has an ill word to say about any of them."

Bodkins—"Doctor, how can insomnia be cured?" Doctor—"Well, the patient should count slowly and in a meditative manner 500, and then—" Bodkins—"That's all very well, doctor; but our baby can't count."

"She is a very good-hearted girl. Why, you should just see how that girl lavishes presents upon her chaperon and how kind she is to her." "You call that being good-hearted? I call it being level-headed."

Hotel clerk—"Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you?" Barney (new boy)—"Yis, sorr; but it's so afeard to thrust him Oi was, sorr, Oi blowed it out mself, sorr."

"Take the world as you find it,"
Through life from their birth
To some, evidently,
Means wanting the earth.

Jess—"Did you know there was an antenuptial agreement between Mr. and Mrs. Slivers?" Bess—"No, but I'm not surprised. If they ever agreed about anything it must have been before they were married."

His wishes now that he had more—
Midst all his Christmas splendors:
Of shirts and pantaloons to grace
These neckties and suspenders.

Ballet girl (to admirer)—"Only think of it; the society for the prevention of cruelty to children was here to-day to inquire about me." Rival—"What a shame; I can testify that you are very good to your grandchildren."

She—"Mr. Curtis, you cannot be serious. I have heard that you have told your friends that you wouldn't marry the best woman in the world." He—"When I said that I had no idea that you would listen to a proposal from me."

Penelope (triumphantly)—"I heard last night that Jack was head over ears in love with me." Grace (jealously)—"You cannot believe all you hear." Penelope—"No; but I should not wonder if there was something in it." Grace—"Why? Who told you?" Penelope—"He did."

"I never felt really discouraged about my husband until this year," sighed a gentle little woman the other day. "But when he mistook the folding sachet for ties which I gave him, for a dress-suit protector, and a little cut-glass olive dish for a soap tray, I began to despair about him."

### Man Overboard.

"Only those who have been roused from midnight slumber on shipboard by the terrible cry 'Man overboard!' can comprehend to the full its terrible meaning, the fear and horror in its sudden alarm."

"Oh, they can," replied a little lame man, who was not much of a traveller, "and the one when I wasn't near the ship I realized the horror of it more than any one else."

"You did," persisted the little lame shoe-maker. "I was the man who was overboard."

# A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

CHAPTER IX.

THAT MISS WILLIAMS AGAIN.

"Then is the dinner at Miss Talbot's home?" asked John, puzzled.

"You will see her there."

"But I hope I may know whose house I am going to?"

"To your cousin's. To Mr. Nevill's. Jessica Nevill is a great friend of mine."

"Miss Williams, I really regret very much that I did not know this sooner. Of course, you were not aware, but there are circumstances which make it peculiarly awkward for me to meet Miss Nevill."

"Oh we know all about that. Jessica has told us. But don't be alarmed. Mr. Nevill and Jessica know you are coming, and are delighted, I assure you. And it's your only chance of seeing Talbot. Besides, it's too late to turn back now. Would you leave them thirteen to dinner? I do assure you it is all right," said Flora, alarmed, for John showed serious symptoms of stopping the carriage and escaping. There seemed to him a horrible indelicacy in thus finding Miss Talbot under the very eyes of Jessica Nevill. However, escape there was none. They were arrived and that sharp-tongued Flora was saying "Only cowards run, Captain Farquhar; and Englishmen never betray a surprise. Mother and I particularly hope you'll remember that."

At this moment John found his hand warmly grasped by his cousin, the heiress's father, who was talking away to him most cordially, though the young man, his heart thumping like a schoolboy's, scarcely heard one single word he was saying.

"My daughter has a bad cough," said Mr. Nevill, passing his arm through his kinsman's affectionately. "She does not look well tonight. Come and let me introduce you. Jessica, my dear——" a little impatiently, for Jessica was covering her confusion by an unnecessarily prolonged and effusive greeting of Mrs. Williams and Flora. As for John, he was in no hurry, for he was looking all about the room for Talbot, and had no eyes to spare for mere Jessica Nevill.

Until the young hostess raised her head at last from Flora's shoulder, and advanced with an air of desperation towards her cousin, and let John found her the rough darling of his search—found her in his cousin herself, in the hostess, the heiress, Jessica Nevill.

The room swam round for John Farquhar, and he did not know if he stood on his head or heels. He heard Flora laugh, and he saw Mr. Nevill standing by smiling, and he knew Jessica, and saw that she was looking at him, and that in her eyes—large, wan, troubled eyes—was the same wistfulness that he had seen there on the night of his mother's death, when she had asked to share his watch, and he had not dared to speak to her because he loved her so. John saw all this as in a dream, but he had not the faintest idea what he was saying or doing himself, and after a minute he was swept away in a procession to the dining-room under charge of an elderly woman named Snow, who planted him at a table very far away from the hostess, and talked to him diligently all through many courses till she gave him up as a hopeless dummy of a blockhead.

John never knew how he got through that dinner; and as for Jessica, she got whiter and whiter and whiter, till Flora began to think her comedy an error, and to feel that the sick headache had for once arrived in good earnest, though most inopportunely. After dinner Miss Nevill disappeared altogether. And the guests said "Poor child she is obviously ill, and no doubt has slipped away to her bed."

But they were all totally mistaken. Jessica had no headache whatever, and was sitting quite comfortably on a bench in the garden, with her cousin, John Farquhar.

He had invited her out there alone to tell her, of course, all about his engagement to Flora; and Jessica took her courage in both hands, and stepped out with him when no one was looking. And there they sat hidden among the trees; and the moon shone through the branches, so that they could just see each other as they talked—he looked quite content and smiling and happy, and she with the wild eyes and forced cheerfulness of agitated heroism.

"Then it was Jessica all the time!" said John, with gentle reproach.

"Didn't you know? Didn't she tell you? Didn't Mrs. Farquhar tell you? I told her."

"My mother! Jessica, how glad I am to think my dear mother knew! But no, no one told me. I had no idea till to-night—till I saw you."

Jessica swallowed a sob. "Oh, do forgive me! I only meant it for fun. I wanted to see you so—to get to know you," she pleaded, in her agitation saying all the things she had meant not to say.

"What can I possibly have to forgive?" said John, and paused for a few minutes, watching her and smiling.

"Let me tell you a little about myself," he said presently; "may I? though the story is not entirely flattering to either of us. Listen, Jessica." Then he began: "When the wish was expressed that we should marry, I knew nothing about love—nothing. I was a good deal perplexed just then, Jessica, and hardly knew what I was doing. But, as you remember, I did offer myself to you, and you accepted me out of sheer generosity."

"Oh no," cried Jessica; "I didn't want to marry you at all! I wasn't generous. It was all papa's doing."

"How could you have wanted to marry me?" cried John indignantly. "I was a shabby, mercenary wretch. The whole matter was a blunder. It was worse than a blunder—it was a crime. I didn't like it at the time—that much I can say for myself. But Jessica, what waked me up, what showed me that the thing couldn't and shouldn't be done, was that I fell in love."

"I know that!"

"Did you know it?" Again he paused and looked at her, but Jessica's eyes were fixed on a gap in the trees, and she wouldn't see his smile. "There came some one into my life quite different from all I had seen before. I loved her from the first moment I saw her—on the Hercules—and every day I loved her more, and always more. Sometimes I fancied—perhaps I was wrong—I hoped, perhaps presumptuously—that she——But, Jessica, I was engaged to Miss Nevill. Think! I was engaged to Miss Nevill, and not a word could I say to that other. Then I wrote to you—to Miss Nevill—and told her I couldn't do her the wrong of marrying her when my heart was elsewhere. It is a very confusing story Jessica; can you follow it? I wanted to woo my darling! and to win her I was ready to give up anything. But I was rather too bold, wasn't I? I have hardly a sixpence in the world, and yet I have fought her out; and, beggar as I am, my prayer to her now is to come and share my sixpence. It is better than riches, isn't it? Jessica! Love and a sixpence! Love, Love!"

"Yes," said Jessica bravely, "You are right. But she is not poor. You will be quite rich enough, John."

"Never mind the riches; all I want is her dear self. Will she come to me? Will she forgive all and come to me?"

"Oh, how can I tell?" said Jessica, pinching her fingers. "Yes, I imagine so. Let me go, and I will send her to you now."

"Who?" exclaimed John, bewildered.

"Flora! Oh, don't say it is not my dear Flora!"

"Flora?" repeated John. And then he put his arm round the trembling girl and drew her to him gently. "No, it is not Flora. It never was Flora. Oh, Jessica, don't you know? Don't you understand? Jessica!"

"Oh!" said Jessica.

After that they somehow arrived at a very good understanding indeed. And they forgot all about the dinner-party, and sat there for an immense time in the moonlight, till it was quite too late to reappear in the drawing-room.

Before the party broke up, Flora resolved to find out what had happened; and she slipped off to her friend's room, and found her sitting there alone

All kin' o' amily roun' the lips,
An teary roun' the eyes,

and quite ready to talk. And after Flora had gone, Jessica still knelt on by her window, till the last carriage had driven away, and the house was very quiet, and the lamps of festivity were all put out. But all the while conversation was going on in her father's room below; and Jessica recognized John's voice, and knew that he was there still. At last she heard his foot in the passage, not going to the hall door but disappearing into one of the spare rooms. And then Mr. Nevill, candle in hand, came upstairs to bed, and went into his dressing room and shut the door.

Then up jumped Jessica, still in her white dress, with the string of pearls in her hair; and she fleeted along the lobby, and burst the door open, and flung herself into her father's arms.

"Oh, papa, dear, dear papa! Has John told you everything?"

Mr. Nevill unlaced her strangling clasp, and seated her in his armchair, and stroked her cheek. "My dear Jess," he said gently, "if you had told me the facts long ago, you would have spared yourself a great deal of needless distress."

"Oh no, papa!" cried Jessica; "it has all turned out most beautifully. We haven't the least objection now to marrying each other, papa. And I shall be so glad, please papa, if you will be fond of me again, as you were before I get the money; and—and the cough at Tangier," ended Jessica, blushing and laughing, and gay as her old self.

Well, she married John Farquhar in the autumn, and every one said they made a very pretty couple. But do you want to know the sequel to the story?

Mr. Nevill, after his daughter's wedding, lived by himself for a full year, and was so lonely and miserable that every one said he was quite content to marry again. Rumor said also that Miss Snow was prepared to accept him. But Mr. Nevill, whose wife had died at twenty-five, and whose daughter had deserted him at nineteen, knew nothing about elderly ladies, and was not particularly fond of them. I fear it ran in the family, that espousing of women thirty years too young. Old John Farquhar had done it, and instead of taking warning, Mr. Nevill went and followed his example.

He married that Miss Williams.—(Blackwood's Magazine.

## REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

**The Ideas of a Boston Man Who Does not Believe in Ben Franklin.**

The hard times in the United States have set people moralizing on how to meet the emergency. Here is what one philosopher says:—Never keep money which is due to another. Simple as is this rule, there is none so generally disregarded. We have a large class in this community whose bank accounts would allow them to owe no man anything save charity and good will, yet who make it a matter of pride to pay small debts save by lordly courtesy, or at such times as it may please them to mail a check to the marketman or the mechanic. To them it appears as though the good name they have always borne put them above suspicion. They would pay instantly upon being dunned by the humble creditor, and latter would await their pleasure months and borrow money rather than ask for his due, since to demand his own would be to lose their custom in future. If you cannot pay what you owe, or owe nothing, you have no duty in this respect; but if there is the least sum due for work or purchases see to it that the sun does not set to-night until that sum is put into circulation.

Spend all you can possibly afford to disburse. I give this advice boldly, says a writer in the Boston Transcript, although it is just to the contrary to that usually offered. But one does not have to be a political economist to see that the relief thus instantaneous. Debt is a thing to be avoided, but the last available dollar is a blessing to the community. What possible good does money do which is hoarded instead of being put into circulation? Suppose a man in the possession of an income of $10,000 a year were to enter into one of our suburban villages and daily spend among its inhabitants that proportion which he would receive each day? I do not mean giving it right and left for the support of the poor or shiftless, but buying the labor or products of his poorer brethren. Does it require any instruction in political science to see that he would at once turn that town into a very paradise of prosperity? And if all those in comfortable circumstance would scrupulously do this, the dissemination of comforts would increase in proportion to the money spent. The philosophy of Benjamin Franklin has cursed this country with a mania for hoarding. We fail to realize that the identical economy which may be commendable in the young mechanic, may be a positive wrong in the rich man's purchase.

Did you ever calculate the amount of good done by (let us call it the Franklin phrasology) the useless extravagance of inviting a lady to the theatre? In the first place, in accepting, she will probably disburse for gloves, millinery or seamstress work quite a pretty sum, each payment being a blessing to the one who receives it, sometimes representing to the employe the very means of life. Then your own disbursement will help support the hack driver, the florist, the hotel where you dine together, while it would be impossible for the worthy corps of the employes of the theatre to get their daily bread were it not for just such extravagance as that of which you are guilty.

To rigidly economize at such times as the present, so that you may have the means to give for benevolent purposes is simply to withhold with the one hand that you may disburse with the other. If the two rules herein recommended were observed by every person in the community, only the inebriate and the culpably shiftless would be a charge on their fellows. As intimated here, I do not in the least share the general commendation of Benjamin Franklin. His maxims are worldly, sensual, selfish, entirely ignoring chivalric, spiritual or lofty ideals. The effect of his parsimonious ideal of human conduct is to be seen in just such stringency as that which is now felt by the American people.

### Their Own Were Too Large.

"Have you any second-hand shoes?" inquired a young lady at a Liverpool shoe manufacturers.

"We don't sell second-hand shoes, miss," said the shopman, shortly.

"No, of course not, I didn't want to buy them, but if you happened to have any that had been left here by persons buying new ones, you know," she suggested mysteriously.

"Oh, certainly. Here are a pair of buttoned boots—kid—but quite worn out. Would they do?"

"What number are they?"

"Two's—small two's at that. And here is one bronze slipper, thirteen size."

"But thirteen is an unlucky number," she said, anxiously.

"Not in shoes, miss. And here is a No. one, not badly worn."

"I will take them all. Thank you so much," and she proffered the shopman payment for the refuse shoes.

"There is no charge," he said, as he handed them to her in a neat package. "I suppose you want them for a hanging basket?"

"Mercy, no! My sister is to be married this evening, and we want them to throw after the carriage. Our own are all new, and it must be an old shoe to bring luck."

"I see," said the shopman, and he gazed dreamily after her retreating form, muttering in a vivid monotone: "And the family shoes range from sixes to eights—I see."

Anybody can see through people who make spectacles of themselves.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### A Farm Idyll. "Butching" Hogs.

They are chappin' up the kindlin' and they're filling up the kettle,
The folks here et their breakfus' before the break of day;
Dad is at the grindstone a-sharpening up the mattle,
And I've me ancient pants on—we're killin hogs to-day.

We've built a royal gibbet,
Each carcass to exhibit,
They'll soon be strung upon it—hark! listen to their tom,
Their makin' load appealin',
An' mos' tremendjus squealin'
For they've been starved a-purpose since yestiddy at noon.

We're sharin' in the kindlin' to make the water cold,
The vat is tilted nicely in the middle of the yard,
An' in the handy cook house the wimmen is unstalled,
They's scoured the copper kittle for fryin' out the lard.

The sausages in all the passages
Are stripped for hangin' season,
An best yet all and lucky we've got a brass new moon,
For they've been starved a-purpose since yestiddy at noon.

Now everything is ready, old dad takes up his axe,
We move upon the pizzen with sleeves rolled up and ropes,
The pigsies see its comin', his chops each porker smacks,
Of buttermilk for breakfus, each one of them his hopes.

Alas! no more they'll fill
Themselves with choicest swill,
For soon upon the grocery stoop on high they'll hold their legs,
An' they'll be filled with greens,
Likewise be baked with beans,
Assisted by the poultry they will furnish ham and eggs.

An' now the yells of piggy rend the chill December air,
We dump him from the pig-pen and souse him with a rush,
We slam him on the platform and strip him of his hair,
An' all the yard is full of steam an' smoke an' hair an' slush.

The girls is all excited
When the carcass it is "kited,"
An' daddy slits its abdomen with strong and steady arm,
An' when the night completes it
There is no job that beats it.
Like killin' fat December hogs upon the dear old farm.

—[The Khan.

### Give Cows Good Feeding.

C. L. Goodrich in Hoard's Dairyman, in replying to an inquiry made through that journal about keeping cows without bedding gives excellent advice on that subject as follows:

"I would like to give a little experience of mine in that line. When I began keeping cows in nights this fall I had no bedding and they either had to lie on the bare floor or stand up, and they chose the latter a good share of the time. Occasionally we would see a cow lie down but she would get up again in a few minutes apparently disgusted. When we began using bedding we noticed a great change. As soon as a cow was milked she would lie down with a sigh of contentment that meant she was perfectly happy. When we got through milking nearly every cow in the barn was lying down.

"Some one truthfully said that the man who kept his cows on half rations did not deserve the privilege of sitting down to a good dinner. I say that a man who pretends to be a good dairyman and makes his cows lie on a hard, bare floor does not deserve a feather bed or spring mattress to sleep on."

Dairying developes the humane side of those engaged in it, especially the successful ones. And it is pretty certain if there are those in it that are not humane or inclined that way they will be unsuccessful.

### A Remedy for Smut.

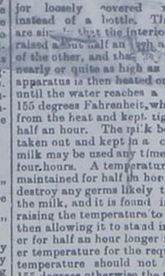
The Department of Agriculture recommends the following remedy for stinking smut in wheat: Immerse the seed for a few minutes in scalding water not much above 132 degrees, and not in any case above 135; place the grain supposed to be affected in sacks in quantities of half a bushel at a time; immerse it first in water having a temperature of 119 degrees, and when warmed plunge it in another vessel where the heat shows the temperature required. The volume of scalding water should be six to eight times as great as the seed treated, and the thermometer should be consulted all the time wheat is in the scalding water. The grain, after remaining 15 minutes under treatment, is taken out and dried. It is best to treat the seed just before planting. Before placing in the sacks again these should be thoroughly boiled 15 minutes. This is done to prevent any spores of smut which have escaped from the dry wheat remaining to infect the seed after it has been cleaned.

### Sterilizing Milk.

At the request of the secretary of agriculture, the chief of the bureau of animal industry has furnished the following simple directions for the sterilization of milk:

The sterilization of milk for children, now quite extensively practiced in order to destroy the injurious germs which it may contain, can be satisfactorily accomplished with very simple apparatus. The vessel containing the milk, which may be the bottle from which it is to be used or any other suitable vessel, is placed inside of a larger vessel of metal, which contains the water. If a bottle, it is plugged with absorbent cotton, if this is at hand or in its absence other clean cotton will answer. A small fruit jar loosely covered may be used instead of a bottle. The requirements are simply that the interior vessel shall be raised about half an inch above the bottom of the other, and that the water shall reach nearly or quite as high as the milk. The apparatus is then heated on a range or stove until the water reaches a temperature of 155 degrees Fahrenheit, when it is removed from the heat and kept tightly covered for half an hour. The milk bottles are then taken out and kept in a cool place. The milk may be used any time within twenty-four hours. A temperature of 150 degrees maintained for half an hour is sufficient to destroy any germs likely to be present in the milk, and it is found in practice that raising the temperature to 155 degrees and then allowing it to stand in the heated water for half an hour longer insures the proper temperature for the required time. The temperature should not be raised above 155 degrees otherwise the taste and quality of the milk will be impaired.

The simplest plan is to take a tin pail and invert a perforated tin pie-plate in the bottom, or have made for it a removable false bottom perforated with holes and having legs half an inch high, to allow circulation of the water. The milk-bottle is set on this false bottom, and sufficient water is put into the pail to reach the level of the surface of the milk in the bottle. A hole may be punched in the cover of the pail, a cork inserted, and a chemical thermometer put through the cork, so that the bulb dips into the water. The temperature can thus be watched without removing the cover. If preferred, an ordinary dairy thermometer may be used and the temperature tested from time to time by removing the lid. This is very easily arranged, and is just as satisfactory as the patented apparatus sold for the same purpose. The accompanying illustrations show the form of apparatus described.



### Farm Notes.

The best farmers to-day are those who are the best students, who are trying to understand some of the principles which underlie successful agriculture. In England farming is considered a business which must be learned. A man without experience would have difficulty in renting a good farm there, no matter how much capital he might have; and, again, no matter how much experience he might have, he could not lease a farm unless he could show enough capital to operate it properly.

It has been proved that soil which has been deeply and thoroughly plowed contains more water than that which has been settled compactly by rains. It has also been shown by actual tests that a thin covering of loose soil, often stirred, protects the soil beneath from evaporation and enables it to retain water much longer than without this mulch. There are, however, many farmers who know these facts, but do not take advantage of them, and these are the very ones who grumble loudest when overtaken by a drouth.

One of the strongest reasons why farmers should work earnestly for better roads is that they increase the value of his lands. We can see this in any district or country where part of the roads are good and part bad. The farms which border along a hard, well made road, one over which full loads can be hauled in winter and spring as well as in midsummer, are always in demand at good prices, while farms which are perhaps equally productive, but situated upon roads which can be traveled throughout a good portion of the year only with constant annoyance and trouble, have much greater difficulty in procuring a purchaser, even though offered at a less price.

Buckwheat is one of the best crops to grow to exterminate quack or couch grass; it will also kill out Canada thistles if sown in plowing, sowing and harvesting. It should be sown rather thick, and have a good dressing of fertilizer to stimulate a good growth; and, although the grass and buckwheat will come up together, or with the grass a little ahead, the buckwheat will quickly outgrow the other, and by shading will kill it, and not injure the grass. If there are any places where it is not quite killed the first season, sow rye after the wheat, plow under in spring, and repeat the crop of wheat. Besides answering for this purpose, a good crop of buckwheat is fairly profitable in itself.

The farmers of Wisconsin are reputed to be the most prosperous agriculturists in the United States. For years farmers' institutes have been held regularly in every county in the state. There are nearly 1,000 silos in the state—nearly four times as many as in any other one. It has a great dairy interest, is a great hog growing state, and a great place for improved stock of all kinds. All these are factors in a great measure the outcome of the institute work.

The relative importance of the potato as a food crop may be judged by the fact that in Europe the crop for all the countries reported aggregates more than the combined bushels of the wheat and rye crop, and the crop of that continent exceeds in amount the whole wheat crop of the world. Germany is the greatest potato producing and consuming country in the world, with an average annual production of 900,000,000 bushels. The average crop of the United States is about 170,000,000 bushels. It would seem that there is room for an increase here.

While fair crops may be grown in a rich soil with indifferent preparation, the best growth and yield are only possible by having the soil in a fine tilth before planting the seed, and, as far as possible, keeping it in such condition during growth. With all cultivated crops the best plan of management is to plow reasonably deep, prepare the soil to a good tilth before planting the seeds, and then keep it thoroughly so during growth by shallow surface cultivation. This puts the available plant food in a good condition to be taken up by the growing plants, and helps materially in supplying the necessary moisture.

Small farms have certain advantages over large ones. On the small farm, where everything is on a small scale, avenues are open to the owners which are practically closed to the large farmer. The small farmer is not so crowded with work, so that he has more opportunity to look after the details of his business, pay more attention to the marketing of his produce, and, in fact, to farm more closely in many ways. He should feed all grain, hay and straw right on the place; in selling he should aim to get his products right to the consumer, without the intervention of a middleman. This will largely increase the profit from his operations. Extra care should be taken in the preparation of everything which goes to market. One can easily then engage all the good butter, fresh eggs, etc., to private customers at a much higher price than could be obtained for the same goods from the grocer. It is these little matters which count, and the small farmer is in position to take advantage of them.

The difference in the grade of a few quarts of seed becomes a difference in bushels in the crop. Hence it pays to select it with the most perfect care. This applies to corn, and, though a little late for this season, farmers might lay this item aside for another year with profit to themselves. Make the selection of the seed ears early, and let it be the sole business for the time being; pass along the rows with a half bushel basket, leaving the ears at the ends of the rows to be gathered up by the team. Get the well filled, early maturing, deep grained ears; have an eye to the stalk, also, giving preference to those neither too coarse nor overgrown to those having no suckers and to those bearing but single ears. One ear is enough. Whether in hills or drills, the corn should average a stalk to each foot of row. With one ear to the stalk this would give a yield of one hundred bushels to the acre. Avoid stalks showing any sign of disease. Leave a few husks on, so that the ears may be tied together in bunches; then hang them up where they will dry thoroughly before cold weather. When shelling this seed corn it will pay to make a second selection of a few dozen of the choicest ears for pedigree seed, to be planted by itself next year, from which to make further selection. This method will improve one's seed so that he need have no fear of its running out.

### It is the Mind that Sees.

How do we see? Did you ever chance to think? I have asked quite a number of people lately, and they reply: "With our eyes, of course, how else?" or words to that effect. Did you ever realize how much of our vision is mental? We see nothing properly and definitely until the mind lends its perception. We may be gazing steadfastly at a picture, yet be unable to see anything but a confused mass of color—because the mind is seeing faces or scenes a thousand miles away, perhaps. Call the mental vision back and the figures on the canvas take their proper places, at once we see the picture. Or shut your eyes. Can you not see the faces of those you love or hate as clearly as you ever saw them with the physical means of sight? How many times one glances at his watch, yet, when asked the time as he replaces it in his pocket, is unable to tell simply because he looked only with the eyes and not with the mind also.

### An Urgent Case.

Lady—"Doctor, I wish you would call around to see my husband some evening when he is at home. Do not let him know that I asked you, because he declares he is not sick; but I know he has consumption, or something. He's going into a decline."

Doctor—"I am astonished, but I will call. What are his symptoms?"

"He hasn't any except weakness. He used to hold me on his lap by the hour, and now even the baby tires him."

## THE AFRICAN COLLISION,

Death of a Gallant Young British Officer.

**The French Troops Fired Upon the English in Mistake—The Horrors of the Slave Trade—Sketch of Col. Ellis.**

The recent collision of the English and French in West Africa is referred to by many London papers as "an unfortunate mistake," which is explained in this way:

"It was bright moonlight when the French troops, early on the morning of December 23rd, surprised the British expedition. The French officer in command was mortally wounded by the British fire, but prior to his death in the British camp he was able to make a statement explaining how the blunder arose. Lieutenant Maritz said that in the moonlight the French force mistook the white camp-

CAPTAIN LUNDY.

paigning costume which was worn by the British officers for the white dress of Arab chiefs who were supposed to be commanding a body of Sofas. The French considered the opportunity an excellent one for a surprise attack, and accordingly approached and fired upon the British force before discovering their mistake. The British, being taken completely by surprise, returned an indiscriminate fire, which added to the confusion. The statement of the French commanding officer makes it abundantly clear that the mistake was made by the French force, and that no responsibility lies with the British troops for this deplorable affair. The place where the collision occurred is well within the British border, and it has yet to be explained what the French were doing in this locality."

ONE OF THE SENEGALESE TIRAILLEURS.

Among the killed was the gallant young officer Captain Lundy. In a letter to a friend written as early as July last he discusses the situation in the Niger country and gives the following account of

THE HORRORS OF SLAVE-HUNTING.

"People who live in a civilized country cannot realize the horrors which are perpetrated under the name of war in the regions behind Sierra Leone. Peaceable agriculturists are roused from their sleep by the blaze of the roofs of their villages, infants in arms too weak to bear the journey to the Soudan slave marts are torn from their agonized mothers, and their brains dashed out against trees and stones, while the women themselves are made the victims of the brutal lust of the Sofas, and the men who escape the chances of a general carnage are loaded with fetters and driven away hundreds of miles to be sold into slavery. All these atrocities are committed by the Sofas upon people living within the British sphere of influence, upon people who have a right to demand British protection, and who have, indeed, been promised protection. On the faith of that promise they have stayed in their homes until it is too late to escape. The whole of Kuniki is full of ruins of villages and the bones of children and of people who, being of no value from the slaver's point of view, were ruthlessly massacred. Can it be wondered at that the natives who have trusted in us, and have been betrayed, should curse the name of England and seek protection from the French who, whatever may be their faults, put down all such atrocities with a strong hand?" The events which led to the meeting of the two bodies of troops have been ascertained with

SOME MEASURE OF DEFINITENESS.

The British expedition was in the field against the Sofas, a tribe which has caused much trouble by raiding peaceable natives under British protection. The French force was engaged against the Almamy Samado