[Written for the Detroit Free Press by a man 83 years old.]

Like to an oak upon the mountain top
Whose crown is sore with age, I stand
Among the younger folks of later years,
A "thinking ruin," and as time unfolds
My lengthened life to view in retrospect,
My spirit wakens me to solemn memories.
I do remember much of childhood's joys,
And how the hours and weeks and months
Did glide away "with down upon their feet;"
When hope and expectation grew apace,
And all the future glowed with mellow light.
Ambition fired my young heart, lending
Imagination wings, and, joining hands,
Wafted my vision toward untried fields,
And painted, with golden tints, the hill-tops
Of ideal bilss. Illusions thus beginning
Follow through all the stages of our lives.
Forever on the wing, the years glide fast,
Weaving, with watchful eye, the web
Of life: itself a mystery stupendous, Weaving, with watchful eye, the web
Of life; itself a mystery stupendous,
Mocking man's impotence of its solution.
Indulgent Heaven! beneath thy starry vault,
For all these eighty years these eyes have
viewed,
With wond'ring gaze, the drapery of the skies,
And scan'd thine azure dome with childish

Now in this "sere and yellow leaf," the wonder Grows. The stars that twinkled at my advent Twinkle still, and all the beauteous host, Sun and moon and stars and the ethereal Blue of visible glory, greet my dim vision As In my childhood's morn. The change is

In them but me. As contemplation wraps Me in sweet embrace, a solemn imupulse
Bids me ask the years, if in the long record
There shall be found some act performed
Of good, to tell the world, when I am gone
That I lived not in vain. Tell me, That I lived not in vain. Tell me,
Oh buried years, if posterity
Shall find in the long record a token
Raised in virtue's realm to save
From swift oblivion the name I bear?
The answer comes, and only this—
"Stillest streams oft water fairest meadows,
And lo! the bird that fluttereth least
Is longest on the wing." Propitious Heaven!
And is this all the fruit of eighty years?
Ambition's but a vain conceit that
Cheats me with delusive hopes of good
That never shall be mine. Well, well!
This dream is almost finished.
A few to-morrows yet may come and go, A few to-morrows yet may come and go, And leave my yesterdays but vacant space, Till out this nightmare of eighty years I wake to fairer realms, to find, At length, the motive of my being.

BRACELET NIGHT.

"Oh I'm in such a delemma. That dreadful cook has gone. Took the twelve o'clock boat and left me here without a word of warning; and here's the house full, and Paul Graynor, who is so fastidious, has come. And I do assure you, Eve, Lucette hasn't the least idea about cooking; and I'm not sure whether you put eggs and butter, or cream of tartar and vitriol in pie crust!" And pretty little Mrs. Wallace-the bride of six months, and the hostess of Belle Tarleton in a state of semi-distracfive belles and six desirable gentlemen plus Paul Gaynor, newly arrived—looked, as well she might, the picture of despair.

Eva Ashton laughed merrily— "That's what it is to be married! Do you know I never could imagine why penetrable coolness, like straws from all the dramas and romances end in polished steel; but the lofty Eve for marriage and a glare of rose lights? But then you know, saucy cooks and sitting by Mrs. Wallace; and wouldn't tough apple crust would sound dreadful- even look up when Paul recommended ly after billets, and I'm thine forever."

ing home Paul Gayhor, and I without a

can make biscuits," rejoined Eve, pinning up her flowing sleeves-revealing a pair of snowy rounded arms. "Biscuits!-you?"
"Yes; and tarts and blane mange, and pies; and roast meat, and-and everything!" answered Eve majesti-

"Oh, you delicious creature! But then, it would never do at all-what

would people say?" "Not half so many disagreeable things as they would over a poor sup-

per, or none at all!" "But that lovely dress-and your hair is so becoming! I want you to fascinate

"Half a dozen are about that business already. You should take a peep into last year, and looks like the last fashion plate. Maude is in an attitude, reading. Effie is on the rug, tossing her curls while Lute-guess what Lute is doing?"

a calico frock for a poor child." Mrs. Wallace went off in a peal of silvery laughter.

"Crochetting?"

"What are you laughing at," pursued Eve, reprovingly. (Lucette more sugar!) "I assure you, it is the pretti- Nell, the pretty quadron chambermaid, est tableau. If Mr. Gaynor can resist that, he must have a heart of adamant.' "But seriously, Eve, do you know I remarkable lava braclet."

wanted you to make a conquest of Paul? Eve was grave in a moment.

"My dear Ethel, never say that to me again. I have no words with which to find it?" express my contempt for women who angle for men's hearts and fortunes, and study smiles and pretty speeches, as an actor does his part. No, Ethel-If Fate is ever so unkind as to marry me off, the eapricious goddess shall at least give me a man who has surprised my respect and affection-not one whom

I have hunted down." "Good gracious," exclaimed Mrs. Wallace, surprised out of all elegance of expression, by seeing the handsome mischievous face of Paul Gaynor, peering through the vine-shaded window.

What is it?" asked Eve, looking up, but seeing nothing. "Nothing, nothing; only you are so fearfully strong-minded. Is that almost | motionless and speechless. done? You are getting flushed. I am

afraid you will be a fright.' "No comments, Mrs. Wallace. In so important a matter as the composition of a tart, it is necessary that my sereni-

ty should not be disturbed. Go up and entertain your beloved Paul." Mrs. Wallace cast another glance at the window. Paul was gone. Was he triumph at Lute, but quick as it was, with that odious Belle Tarleton?—how Mr. Wallace saw it and at once half

much had he heard? What did he think of Eve? Meanwhile the tart and biscuits were finished.

"Would you like anything more?"

Of course not. There was fruit and and I will soon solve this mystery." cream and all sorts of things, and, fair-Wallace hurried Eve off to the drawing went down to the water. There was a is, we are glad to know, enjoying a cirroom, where her first glance showed her low, rustic seat under the shade of a culation as wide as the country itself. without delay. If fuel is out of doors it was winding silk.

"Such occupations are the only ones," he observed, with unusual distinctness, "Eve," he said abruptly, "what is as they entered the room, "fitted for a this? Can you explain?"

lady. All course employments are irreconcilable with my idea of an elegant

and refined woman. "Ask him if he likes biscuits and tarts?" whispered Eve maliciously, as taking up a book, she went to the farthest window; where enshrined behind white muslin curtains, she looked

out on a glowing western sky, and water rosy in the day's dying gleam. After awhile the murmurs in the drawing room died away in silence. Belle Tartleton had moved and seconded that they should walk, and there was a bringing out of broad brim hats-and then Eve had the drawing room to her-

Presently some one parted the cur-

"Lovely, isn't it?" asked Eve, without looking up, supposing that it was

Mrs. Wallace. "Very," returned a deep voice that made her start. And she encountered a glance from Paul Gaynor—expressive of admiration, doubtless, of the land-

He stepped in, and without further ceremony seated himself beside her, while Eve drew aside her full skirt as calmly as if it had been her great-grand-mother, and sat quietly looking out. She was in no hurry to talk. If Mr. Gaynor had any ideas he couldn't help airing them presently; and if not-why, it would simply be a waste of time to talk for him. She never had on hand a store of ready-made smiles and glances, manufactured for appropriate occasions; and Mr. Gaynor, who seldom had a chance to see a handsome face in a state of anything like repose, improved the opportunity and studied the broad, calm brow-the eyes, full of grace, tender, bright, and the mobile, sensitive mouth, as though he was asking a mental daguerreotype of her. Then, laying aside that Paul Gaynor had smiled, complimented and held silk reels for ladies that day, the real man came out, and basked in the light of Eve Aston's upright, earnest nature, and talked as not one man in five hundred can, and not one in a thousand ever does talk to

a woman. It is a fact the bell rang for supper, and neither of them heard it, so that Mrs. Wallace (who, having tiptoed into the drawing-room a short time before, had tiptoed out again enchanted; and had been malicious enough to keep tion at the foot of the stairs till the bell rang, under pretence of discussing her new point collar) was obliged to come and call them.

All Ethel's merry glances and wicked innuendoes glanced off from Paul's imonce blushed crimson, and insisted on the biscuits to everybody, saying that if "Oh, you quiz! you haven't a bit more they knew what he did about them, feeling than Fred. To think of his bring- they would eat double the usual quan-

And Belle Tarleton had Paul all to "There-there, Ethel, don't look so herself that evening; for immediately perate. Remember, I am a New after supper Eve disappeared, and was England girl; and if I can't Redowa, I nowhere to be found, though Mrs. Wallace looked for her everywhere.

This desperate state of affairs, however, lasted little more than three days. After that Eve recovered her equanimity, and took long walks, and rode, and boated, and danced with Paul, without any recurrence of the same alarming symptoms; though she had taken up a habit of blushing like a rose if Wallace perpetrated even the most innocent and ndirect little jest on the subject.

By degrees, five or six. young desirable young gentlemen dropped off, leavng only Fred Batham, who, having been refused by all the young ladies successively, passed the last evening of his sojourn at Rose Glen, in the company of his trunk and valise, and departed early in the morning, in a very the parlor. Belle Tartleton is really melancholy frame of mind indeed. supurb-looking, and she is netting that | That evening Eve also was missing-to purse that she's been finishing for the the chagrin of Paul, with whom she had promised to take a moon-light ride, and who fully intended during said ride, to secure the monopoly of all other rides about, and playing with your grayhound; she should chance to take in the course of her mortal life. She was late in the drawing room the next morning, also, "Nothing of the sort. She is making (an unusual thing with her); and there were dark violet circles around her eyes, and an uneasy flush in her pale face. Paul looked at her in astonishment; and she grew still more uneasy beneath his searching glanee. At that moment, came up somewhat hesitatingly, holding in her hand a handsome and somewhat

"Is this your bracelet, Miss Ashton?" he asked.

"Yes, returned Eve, promptly, "I missed it last evening." Where did you

"Nell hesitated. "Where did you find it?" repeated

"I-I can't quite remember, Mis Ashton.'

"Can't remember?" exclaimed Mrs Wallace. "Why Nell, what do you mean? Speak out at once." "Well then, if I must," said Nell desperately, "I found it this morning,

right by the corner of the fireplace in Mr. Bayham's room. There!' A dead silence succeeded her words.

Belle Tarleton and her cousin Lute looked at each other with a sneering smile. Mrs. Wallace turned crimson. Paul rose hastily and went out, while Eve stood

Mr. Wallace was the first to recover "My dear Eve don't look so," he said, kindly. "There is some mistake. When

did you first miss the bracelet?" "This morning. I wore it last even-ing, and I thought I laid it on my table." Belle cast another lightning glance of

divined the mystery. "My Dear Eve, give yourself no fur-ther trouble," he said. "Give me the privilege of examining your room, and

go out and take a walk. Mrs. Wallace

"What?" she asked, calmly, as he stopped, apparently at a loss. "I acknowledge that I lost my bracelet, and I don't doubt Nell's word, though I can't tell any more than you how it came there. But, granting all this, is your respect for me based on so slight a foundation that a breath can overthrow it? I think you, at least, might have known me better."

If Paul hadn't been in love, and as a consequence ridiculously and insanely jealous, he would have seen and felt that truth itself looked out of that clear eye, and the pride of uprightness flushed that fair cheek; but, being in love, and of course, absurd, he persisted:

"But your absence last night, Eve. Only explain that; tell me where you

were and what you were doing."
"Never—never!" murmured Eve growing crimson. "Never? Think again, Eve. You

may never tell the world, but I-I have a right to know." "You are the last person in the world whom I would tell!" answered blunt, impolitic Eve.

Paul sprang to his feet; for he had seated himself beside her.

"Farewell, and forever, Miss Ashton." "Farewell, but not forever!" retorted Eve, undaunted and indignant at his want of faith. 'Not forever; for you will one day find what injustice you have done me and come to beg my par-And catching up her garden hat, she walked back to the house so fast that, though she had chosen the longest path, she was there as soon as he. Mrs. Wallace met them with a face beaming with smiles.

"We've found it all out. Come up to Eve's room. John, go and call Miss Tartleton. . Come Eve.

Bewildered, Eve followed her eager hostess to her own room, where she found Mr. Wallace triumphant, and Effie looking very odd and uncomfortable indeed.

Presently in swept Belle. "You all know," commenced Mr. Wallace, "that after Nell's curious story, which threw us all into so much confusion, I sent Miss Ashton out to walk, and you see that she has just returned; and you, Maud, Lute and Effic are witnesses that Mrs. Wallace and myself have been guilty of no double dealing, and that the explanation of the mystery lies here (tapping Eve's jewel casket), untouched, as when we discovered it. Here it is (lifting out a heavy only get bracelet for bracelet!"

"Hush! you are too severe," whispered Mrs. Wallace.

"Not a bit; she deserves the utmost censure. "Can you forgive me?" asked Paul of Eve, an hour after, in the dear old bow-

But it was not till a year afterward that, by dint of coaxing and teasing, he elicited the fact of her whereabouts on what he called the "bracelet night." Then it came out, something in this fashion: 'You won't laugh at me?"

Positively?" "On my honor." "Well, then-but you're sure you won't laugh? It was so silly. I was was very silly), and very much afraid bunch of white lilies. And I picked up a little stone and thought, if I can hit was nearly suffocated in the mud-and my slippers were full of it—and I could scarcely drag them home-and my clothes were dripping—and I had lost my ride with you—all for nothing (because I fell before I could see whether headache-you wretch! you've broken till the tears ran down his cheeks. And all that Eve has to say to get him in good humor when he has the sulks (even model husbands do sometimes have the sulks, girls), is "Bracelet for bracelet."

The Great Bell of Moscow. The Czar Kolokol, or "King of Bells, at Moscow, is much the largest bell in the world. It weighs no less than 193 in diameter. In the tower of John the Great, at Moscow, is the most stupendous bell now in regular use, but this weighs only sixty-four tons. The next largest is in Pekin, fifty-one tons; then comes Nienna, eighteen tons; Montreal and a half tons; "Great Peter," in York Minster, ten and three-quarters tons; "Great Tom," at Lincoln, five and a half tons. The Czar Kolokol was suspended in a tower of vast strength in 1734, but three years afterward it fell down during a fire, and a piece six feet high and three feet wide was broken from it. It remained sunk in the earth until 1837, when the Emperor Nicholas had it raised and placed upon a pedestal of granite. This giant communicator of sound has since been consecrated as a chapel, and religious services are held in it.—Baptist Teacher.

The Coming Days.

In the coming days of woman suffrage. 'Our candidate has risen from the humblest walks. When but a little girl picking huckleberries, barefcoted, too poor to own a sunbonnet, she read Homer's 'Odyssey' in the original tongue. What do we see here now? A voice : "The same homely, freckled, saucy thing she always was; so there.' Meeting breaks up amid great confusion and tearing of hair .- New Haven Regis

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, published Glad to escape from the pitiless eyes in New York, is one of the best publiy boiling over with impatience, Mrs. that were on her, Eve took her hat and cations in this country for children, and spreading tree, and there she sat down holding the reel from which she winding silk.

Such occupations are the only ones, "Such occupations are the only ones, with unusual distinctness, beeventered the room, "fitted for a beeventered the room, "fitted for a beeventered the room, "fitted for a brown and came and stood before her.

Such occupations are the only ones, "Eve," he said abruptly, "what is the entered the room, "fitted for a brown and there she sat down only to start up again the next moment, choice stories and other matter appropriate for the young, it is fast finding its clearing out and whitewashing, remove all old litter from the laying boxes, and give them and the perches a dressing the vertical transfer of the young, it is fast finding its clearing out and whitewashing, remove all old litter from the laying boxes, and give them and the perches a dressing the vertical transfer of the young, it is fast finding its clearing out and whitewashing, remove all old litter from the laying boxes, and give them and the perches a dressing the proposition of the point of the point of the young it is fast finding its clearing out and whitewashing, remove all old litter from the laying boxes, and give them and the perches a dressing the proposition of the point of the young it is fast finding its clearing out and whitewashing, remove all old litter from the laying boxes, and give them and the perches a dressing with kerosene. If infected with vermin, crib should be housed where it will keep dry.

The chicken house needs a thorough the roughly dry or free from swell. The chicken house needs a thorough dry or free from swell. The chicken house needs a thorough the roughly dry or free from swell. The chicken house needs a thorough the count is to be cribed and replete with choice stories and other matter appropriate for the young it is fast finding its count in the beats."

The chicken house development the order of deadheads and replete with choice stories and other matter appropriate for the young it is fast fin Paul, on a footstool, before Belle Tarle- spreading tree, and there she sat down | Copiously illustrated and replete with | should be housed where it will keep dry.

PLEASANT PEOPLE.

As we pass along
In the way of duty,
Through the rosy lanes,
By the homes of beauty, Or in city streets, Grand with spire and steeple, What a boon it is Meeting pleasant people.

Looking into eyes
Full of fellow feeling,
All the kindly thoughts
Of the heart revealing,
How the longing soul
Cheers up and rejoices,
Like a flower refreshed,
Hearing pleasant voices. Meeting ready hands
When the burden wearies,
Answers kind and true
To our earnest queries.
Friends perhaps in need
When our own have left us,
When the reaper death
Has of kin bereft us.

Finding open doors, With some friend to greet us, When within our own There are none to meet us. Then a hearthstone bright, With the fire ne'er dying Of home's altar, love, Ever time defying.

Oh, the kindly word, Little does it cost one, And the simple smile Heaven to the lost one. Let us scatter these Without stint or measure. As they others bless Will they bring us treasure.

AGRICULTURAL.

Why is Fancy Poultry so Costly?

The above question is often asked by those intending to purchase high class poultry, and the fact that the prices are high, compared with that of the common market, is probably the principal reason why the farmer hesitates to invest. But if he would look into the matter a little I think he would find that, after all, the farmer makes but little profit, and the prices are not unrea-

In the first place the breeder must get his stock, and this will cost him considerable, if he is a true breeder and "gets the best." He must then prepare for keeping them, and unless he builds good warm houses and has all the facilities for raising young chicks, he might just as well "sell out" immediately, for he will never be successful. Now, for the next three or four years he must study his fowls carefully and constantly, for as much depends on his knowledge of gold band bearing the name of Belle mating, feeding and all the many good Tarleton). I would advise you not to and bad points of his fowls, as upon the wear it the next time you arrange your quality of his original stock. Then neighbor's jewelry, as the clasp is inse- about the third or fourth year, after he cure, and you may find, as in this in- has spent a large amount of time and stance, that instead of ruining your money, after he has been subject to the friend's character and happiness, you'll adversities which so often attend the raising of poultry, after he has faithfully fought disease, vermin and bad luck generally, if in the meantime he has not become disgusted and quit, he will probably have a dozen chicks for sale. Now, is it surprising or preposterous for him to ask \$5 a pair for them? At best fancy poultry cannot be raised I think she did; for she married him. nearly as cheaply as the common mon-

Wheat as Food for Stock.

A more pressing point for farmers to consider just now is the utility of making use of a great deal of their new wheat crop at home for stock-feeding purposes, instead of pressing it on the market unvery much in love with you (Paul that | der the disadvantageous circumstances just mentioned. Wheat meal may be that you fancied Belle Tarleton (sillier made an admirable substitute for oil still); and I sat down by the water and cake in fattening cattle and sheep; was thinking about it, when I saw a hence those farmers who have been accustomed to make heavy outlays in the purchase of oil cake for winter feeding that topmost lily, he loves me; if not, of stock, will act imprudently if they do no. And I threw it with such force that | not abandon the system this year, and I lost my balance and went after it, and fall back on their heavy stock of homeproduced wheat as a substitute. Wheat meal is reckoned even better than barley meal for pig feeding, and it would be economy to keep back nothing but tail barley for pig consumption this sea-son, marketing the whole of the head the stone hit the lily or not); and next corn, and making use of wheat largely morning, you looked at me so, I thought for the production of pork. Prices of you knew all about it, and I had such a store pigs have been low for some considerable time, and remain so at present. your promise!" for Paul was laughing Farmers of an enterprising turn will take advantage of this circumstance by buying large store pigs and converting them into pork, chiefly by the consumption of wheat meal.

Apples for Milk Cows. in the National Live Stock Journal says that they are just as good for cows as stint. They must be dealt out to them, according to the judgment of the breeder. "A half bushel per cow daily, in two feeds, could be used with advantage. The writer once fed thirty-six (Roman Catholic Cathedral), thirteen | cows running to pasture, each per day, a peck of common apples, for forty-five days, and the daily milk and cheese record of the season showed a production of 430 pounds of cured cheese due to feeding the apples, equal to 17 ounces of cheese from each bushel of apples, which was worth, as dairy cheese is now, 10 cents a pound. The whey from the increase of milk to make that amount of cheese, reckoned at 75 cents per 1,000 shipstuff and vegetables. pounds, was worth \$2.90, making the total product from 405 bushels of apples fed, \$45.90, equal to 111 cents per bushel. It costs less trouble to feed the apples to the cows than to deliver them at a cider-mill, though one was quite convenient. We have no statistics of remaking butter, but consider them quite and have them so situated as to be ou as valuable for butter as for cheese production. Preparing for Winter.

Farmer's Review. On almost every farm there are specal things needing to be done as a preparation for winter. It may be the stables need overhauling, new planking for the stock to stand on, the stalls repaired, broken windows made whole, loose battens nailed tight, or the doors made to fit more closely. Implements are standing out of doors which ought to have been housed before, and should be now

shut up tight and fumigate thoroughly out and well aired before storing the with burning sulphur, repeating the corn. operation in ten days afterward, the chickens being of course kept out during such fumigations and until it has been thoroughly aired. The barn yard needs a thorough cleaning out, and its scrapings, spread over the meadows, where it will give better returns than if used almost anywhere else. The cellar, if not already renovated, should have a thorough clearing, and a coat of lime wash and proper arrangements made for the necessary degree of ventilation during the winter. The more it can have without allowing the temperature to fall below freezing the better for everything stored in it, and for the health of the family above it. The cellar is too often a breeding place of sickness in the family without the cause being suspected. It should have a pipe connection reaching from near the bottom up through the floor and into the flue of the kitchen stove, with proper arrangements for admitting air from the outside. This will keep up a constant circulation, carrying off all foul odors or unwholesome gases generated. But of all the other things needing to be done, none is of more pressing importance than providing shelter from the storms for such stock as it is not intended to stable. The fall thus far has been unusually warm. But the cold, bad storms will certainly come and find the stock illy prepared to meet them, because of the previous warm weather. It is not a difficult or expensive matter to construct sheds which will protect the animals from such storms and add greatly to their comfort. They should be open to the south and enclosed on the three other sides Where timber is valuable the three sides can be built up of logs notched together at the corners with a framework of poles overhead, and a covering of straw or slough hay. Where timber s not available the sides can be built of lumber and roofed with straw or hay. Let a cold storm strike stock without the up grade again, during which time the tale. the food they consume is little better than wasted, since they show no gain in weight. If young animals, their growth is for the time checked and at a loss to the owner. There is no more pitiable sight under heaven than to see live animals out in a cold storm trying to shelter themselves under the lee of a rural fence with backs arched and tails turned to the wind. They cannot be so exposed without pecuniary loss to the owner. It is the poorest kind of economy to try to save the expense of furnishing shelter to live animals when the profit to the owner depends upon their making the largest possible gains from the food consumed. Sacred Cattle in Texas.

New Mexican Stock Grower.

experience in Victoria county, Texas, called on the Stock Grower this week and a conversation with him proved the very few breeders in this country of Brahma, or sacred cattle, of the East to speak of raising "menagarie stock," but Mr. O'Neil will soon be able to prove to stock men of the west that this strain have met together. will show as many good qualities as the

much-talked-of Herefords and Durhams. The first sacred cattle brought to America consisted of two lots, one of which went to Georgia and the other to Louisiana. In 1879 Mr. O'Neil noticed cross between the natives and the Brahmas, and were the property of a neighbor. The winter and spring of 1879 the "die off" was something tremendous. Our observing friend saw in the good one to cross with the native stock. Mr. O'Neil secured a bull and two cows (thoroughbreds) from the Louisiana tician. herd and afterwards increased the number from Georgia. The result of the cross was satisfactory. They are of good size, fine beef qualities and possess

the best rustling qualities of any breed. Mr. O'Neil obtains the best results It has doubtless been the prevalent from a cross between the sacred cattle opinion that apples are not good to feed with pure Durhams, and the male stock to milk cows. On this subject a writer from this cross he runs with his natives. There is a heavy demand in Texas for the Brahmas, as they are called, but it ing the sacred cattle. The thoroughbreds are described as being of a rich! cream color, and the bulls have a very prominent hump on the shoulder.

FARM NOTES.

New York and Pennsylvania grow wo-thirds of all the buckwheat produced n this country.

In feeding corn to pigs that are being fatted better results will be obtained if the corn is fed in connection with bran,

Mr. John Gibson, of Trempeleau county, Wis., has made over 2,000 gal lons of choice sirup from sorghum this season, averaging about 160 gallons per

The ground is not a safe place for th fowls at night, as croup is engendered by sults from apples fed to cows when the cold earth. Always provide roosts of draughts or currants of air.

Milk is excellent for fowls, and it will pay to buy and use it for them, as it materially increases the number of eggs. It may be fed either sweet or sour. It is given either in dishes or mixed with the soft food.

Layering grapevines may be attempted at any time after the wood has be come firm, and before the buds in the spring. The difference between layers and cuttings in that the lavers are not detached from the parent vine, which is thus enabled to nourish the new plant.

A Winconsin farmer stoutly maintains that he prevents the ravages of the beetles in his potatoes by planting one or two flaxseed in each hill. He says the bugs will shun the flax every time, and contents, whether of manure piles or of that he has grown potatoes in this way for ten years and secured good crops when others failed.

Although some of the breeders of heavy draft horses maintain that all the French breeds are classed as Normans, the French only recognize the Percherons as the true thoroughbreds, and admit no others to be classed in the stud books. The term Norman is an American one, and unknown in France.

From 60 to 63 degrees is considered the proper temperature for churning, though the temperatures vary in different dairies, for much depends upon the conditions. Sweet cream should be churned at a lower temperature, and for a longer time, than sour cream. The amounts of butter obtained vary under apparently the same conditions, and although r fair yield may be obtained one day it may be much less the next.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

The Duke of Cambridge won the learts of the men of Kingston by begging to be relieved of police protection while eating his dinner at St. George's Yacht club prior to his embarkation.

When the emperor of Brazil was embarking for a pleasure trip on a small steamer, a few days ago, he fell into the sea. He was rescued by the inspector and the chief engineer of the steamer.

Detaille, the French battle painter, has been studying Russian military types, and has received every courtesy and advantage that the Russian authorities could offer, even in giving a royal palace for a lodging place.

In Boston they tell a really shocking story to the effect that Miss Georgia Cayvan, while playing there, happening protection and the effect is at once one day to be in a florist's shop, pointed visible. In giving milk there is at once out a certain form and requested that it a large shrinkage in the amount. If be used the next time any of her admirfattening animals they come to a dead ers left an order for a floral tribute. It halt, and it is days before they get on is to be hoped that no one will believe

Col. Cauer, the sculpture of Garfield memorial bust in St. Louis, is 56 years old, and has made statues of nearly all the sovereigns of Europe as well as of other famous persons, those of Kaiser Wilhelm, Francis Joseph, Metternich and Bismarek being perhaps the best known. He has a son aged 22, who has executed a good statue of Count Moltke.

Miss Fisher and Miss Hosmer, the latter bearing the decorations presented her by Queen Victoria for services in the Zulu war, have arrived at Philadelphia to take charge of the training schol for nurses at Blockley almshouse.

Dr. Schlieman modestly calls his residence at Athens a "cottage," but it is by far the most beautiful villa in that city—a magnificent mansion, almost a John, O'Neil, a cattle raiser of life long palace, of the finest Penthelic marble and enriched within and without by the doctor's splendid "finds.".

A reunion of a more than usually inmost interesting. Mr. O'Neil is one of teresting character was that of the five daughters of Samuel Pine, of Buffalo, N. Y., but who now lives in Milwaukee Indies. It would at first seem farcial at the advanced age of 91 years. The youngest of them is 50 years and this is the first time in forty years that all

A quiet, reserved gentleman of 73 vears is Admiral Porter. His eyes are still bright, his voice is soft and entirely destitute of the husky, foggy character popularly supposed to attach to jolly old sea dogs. His face is bronzed, and his cows near his own home which were a hands large and knotty, but soft in texture. To relieve the monotony of the not over hazardous duties of a present naval commander the admiral has were exceptionally hard on cattle, and written a startling novel, which is now publishing in parts. He has already achieved a reputation as a brave naval spring that the Brahma cows were in ex- officer, a historian, an inventor, an aucellent condition, and after experiments | thority on projectiles, armament and he concluded that the breed would be a explosives, the designer of an ingenious and formidable submarine torpedo boat, besides being somewhat of a poli-

Providing for Daughters.

The way of happines and comfort for single middle-agea women would be made much easier if a different method was pursued by parents toward their daughters while they are still young. Nothing, of course, can recompense a woman for the loss in her tons, and is twenty-one feet in height and for pigs; but cows cannot, like pigs, be is utterly impossible to supply it. Mr. life of the love of husband and chilpermitted to help themselves without O'Neil intends to stock a ranch in this dren; but there is no reason, why, addterritory, when our New Mexico cattle ed to this bitterness, she should always owners will have an opportunity of see- have the humiliation of dependence. Half the terrors of a single life to a woman lie in the fact that she will never have a home of her own, but must remain a dependent on fathers and brothers, the one too many in the household; the beneficiary on sufferance in the family, though she actually work twice as much as the actual members. A father naturally sets his boy on his own feet at coming of age; but as naturally he keeps his daughters dependent upon himself. It is a pleasure, perhaps, to him to give her her gowns and pin-money at thirty as when she was three. He does not reflect that she has the longing, equally natural to every man and woman, to take her own place in the world; to be a rooted plant, not a parasite. The difficulty is easily solved. If the father is wealthy, let him settle absolutely upon his daughter when she is of a marrying age the amount he would have given her as dower, instead of doling out the interest as constant gifts; if he is a poor man, let him give her some trade or occupation by which she can earn her own money. This course would obviate the mercenary necessity of marriage which rises night and day before the penniless, dependent woman.

> "For heaven's sake, what are you doing, Mr. Schneidervrow?" exclaimed the leader of the orchestra to the second violin: "you're not keeping time at all; Corn that is to be cribbed should be count the beats, man, count the beats."