

# DAIRY AND POULTRY.

## INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

Now Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.



THE London (England) Live Stock Journal for October 18th contains an account of the milking trial at the London dairy show. Several quite interesting facts were brought out in this trial. There were 126 entries as against 87 last year and 86 in 1893. That shows that the interest in these trials is increasing. A challenge cup, valued at \$250, was put up to be won. This cup was won by a cross-bred Shorthorn-Ayrshire cow seven years old, with a total of 139.8 points in her favor. Another cross-bred Shorthorn cow came second with a total of 137.8 points.

The morning's and evening's milk of two days of the show were weighed, sampled, and analyzed. The milk of those cows competing in the butter contest only was taken for one day, separated, and each cow's cream churned separately. The prizes in the milking trials were awarded on the number of points obtained on the quantity of milk, the analysis of the same, and the total number of days since calving. The prizes in the butter yield contests were awarded on the total quantity of butter actually obtained out of each cow's cream by trained butter-makers under the superintendence of the judges. In the butter trials, the buttermilk was kept over night, and an examination showed that there were great differences in the amount of cream left in the buttermilk after churning. In all cases where the milk showed a high per cent of butter-fat and a low yield of butter resulted, the lost butter fat was found in the buttermilk.

Another noticeable fact is that there was an extremely large proportion of the cows present whose milk showed less than 3 per cent of butter fat. Of these, nine were Shorthorns out of seventeen in this position, two Jerseys, one Guernsey, four Red Polls, and two cross breeds.

The Live Stock Journal says: "In view of the fact that all these animals were brought up by their owners in the belief that they were good cows, this large proportion is noteworthy."

Whether in England or America, every time cow owners set about testing their herds they strike the same amazement those Englishmen did; everybody wakes up to the fact that they own altogether too many poor cows. Yet it may be fairly said that about the most difficult thing in the world is to get a dairyman to give his cows a fair Babcock test for even a month.—Hoard's Dairyman.

### Too Much Butter Color.

"What is the matter with that butter? Do the cows give bloody milk, and does the blood show in the cream?" We did not make that butter, that came from the store. Why in the name of all that is good makes the creamery man put in such an overdose of butter color? It must be because it increases the weight, the increase costing less than so much cream.

Years ago, no matter how many—any how it was before any creameries or butter fat tester either—a firm in New York manufacturing churns offered fifty dollars as a premium for the best essay on butter making. I thought I would compete because I had years of experience under a lady then my wife who had learned and practiced the art in Delaware county, New York, one of the best butter counties in the Empire state. So, having some use of the pen and also a little of the English language, I set to work, commencing with the empty pen and in the cow yard. The committee was composed of practical men and also an editor of an agricultural journal, Thurber by name. It seemed to me a long time before they reached a conclusion. The committee had debated long and seriously. They thought me entitled to the premium, but because a lady competitor of Jacksonville, Illinois, had recommended or advocated butter color, stating the eye ought to be pleased as well as the taste, of course I bowed respectfully—because the premium went to a lady. I have not changed my mind at all, and would not for \$50. The deepest orange color is to me repulsive, and I cannot help thinking of oleo when it is placed before me. Corn meal, pumpkins, bran and carrots, and, if on hand, rutabagas, or mangolds, with fine hay, red-top and clover, will make naturally yellow butter which is attractive, rather than repulsive.—Geo. W. Murtfeldt in Journal of Agriculture.

### Winter Care of Fowls.

Now that the winter is beginning to be cold the hens should have a warm meal every morning. Holl some Irish or sweet potatoes or turnips and mix with them some bran, ship-stuff and corn meal in equal parts and feed hot. Give them just what they will eat up clean. At night before they go to roost feed a mixture of whole corn and oats in equal parts. If the weather should become so cold as to freeze water, then they should have water slightly warm given them two or three times a day. Always see that they have green food in the shape of grass, clover or vegetables, every day, and a feed of fresh bones, cut or broken fine, two or three times a week will greatly assist in the production of eggs. Meat scraps and fat will also help them. Give a variety of food and keep warm and dry.—Southern Planter.

Many Breeders. There are but few persons who make a business of raising thoroughbred poultry alone, but the number is increasing each and every year. I have known men of small means, after they have proved to their own satisfaction that they could make a fair profit keeping fifty fowls, who have ventured to increase the number, until enough had been procured to occupy their whole time and bring in a good profit and the expense of living. In a great many instances there is a great saving of time when business is done on a large scale. Today we can find poultry plants that require the services of several men, attending and feeding the fowls, gathering and packing the eggs, and getting fowls ready for shipment. Taking the East, West, North and South, poultry keeping is more generally practiced than any other business that you could mention. More people breed poultry today than can be found in any other branch of industry. In many cases only a few fowls are kept to supply the eggs for the table of a family. The greatest number are kept by the farmers, in flocks ranging from fifty to three hundred. The farmers should be the poultry keepers; they have the best facilities for raising the chickens; they can take advantage of a sure supply of insect food, which promotes growth. There are farmers who raise poultry more or less, as a source of income; and this income, though it seems small, helps to obtain many a thing without which there would be discomfort.

The importance of this branch of industry must be recognized by every one who likes good fare; take away the eggs and see how many dishes would be spoiled. The poultry interest is so much scattered that its value is not properly estimated. Just look at the new journals that have been bobbing up all over the United States. People at large are better informed in regard to taking care of poultry than our forefathers were; they house their fowls more comfortably. Wealthy people have taken hold of the business, and it is this class of people which help along the "fancy" wonderfully. Poultry will always be kept, in large or small flocks, and will always interest a greater number than any other branch of livestock breeding.—Poultry Monthly.

### Commonplace Observations.

The feeding of fowls and chicks should not be done in a heedless manner, and the food used should be given for a definite object. Feeding poultry merely because one thinks they must be "filled up" before going to roost is not the idea at all. Proper feeding of a flock requires good judgment, both as regards the selection of food and the time certain kinds should be given, and why they are more suitable at one season than another. The feeding of fowls and growing chickens is necessarily quite different.

Fowls require food for nourishment, after they have ceased to grow, and any amount beyond the bodily requirements that is given goes to form fat or eggs. Careful experimenting by intelligent poultry men has proved beyond peradventure that certain foods are required for egg production, and that, while there are also some foods that will help egg production, they have such a fattening tendency that it becomes necessary to use them sparingly; otherwise the hens will become too fat to lay many eggs.

There is also a great difference in the effect of food upon the various breeds. The Asiatics are of a sluggish nature, not much inclined to search around, if they are too liberally supplied with corn, no matter how excellent a foraging ground they may have. Consequently they should not be fed too much corn in any shape, and if fed too liberally it during the hot season serious loss is apt to occur.

The Spanish breeds are very active, and apparently take great delight in foraging over their runs, no matter how well they are fed. Their activity almost borders on nervousness, and on this account they can hardly be overfed. It is a saying that corn will fatten Asiatics like hogs, but that Leghorns will keep in prime condition if their food is almost exclusively corn, provided they have a good run.—Ex.

### Saved by the Poultry.

Everything that usually goes to the swill barrel can be turned to more profit on the farm if it is put in proper condition for feeding the poultry. Potato and turnip parings boiled are good to put with the mixed food. All table scraps make the very best of food; even the meat bones can be crushed, and will more than pay for the trouble in the increase of eggs. The buttermilk used in a scalding state or sour or sweet milk the same add increased nourishment to the mixtures mentioned. The whey when curd is made can also be utilized the same way. Whole grain should be fed at evening. Wheat, barley, buckwheat, corn and rye are valued as respectively enumerated. The fowls show a preference for corn, but if fed too liberally it will make the hens too fat for profitable egg layers. Of course, excessive feeding of wheat will have a like tendency, but in not so quick or so marked a degree.

Train the Cows—For profitable dairying you should get the best cows your means will admit of. If common stock or grades, breed always to a thoroughbred bull of good butter strain. Train your cows from the first to milk nine or ten months in the year. Wean your calves and raise them by hand. Feed liberally all the year, never more at one time than the cow will eat up clean.—Ex.

Pretty little pen wipers seen this season are made of several layers of brightly colored felt with a doll's head, with a frill for the neck glued to the felt.

# THE PRODIGAL SON.

THE LATEST SERMON BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Text: "Put a Ring on His Hand."—Luke xv: 23—Behold What Manner of Love the Lord Has Cast Upon Us That We May Be Called Sons.

There are two diseases responsible for these heavy losses, hog cholera and swine plague. As they are much alike in symptoms and occur under similar conditions, they may be treated as one disease. Both are germ diseases of such fatal character that only a small percentage of the hogs attacked ever recover. Medical treatment is not very effectual. Preventive measures are more successful and are the ones to be adopted.

These diseases being due to germs cannot exist without the germs being present. They are taken into the body with the food, water and air. The closest animals come in contact, the great possibility of spreading; hence the healthy and diseased animals should be separated as soon as the disease is recognized. The healthy hogs should be taken from the sick and not the sick from the well, as in the latter case the excrement and secretions containing the contagious principles are left in the pen, on the ground, straw and troughs. During an outbreak, it is better to have the herd divided in bunches of about fifteen in small pastures, rather than a large herd in a large field.

The hogs should not have access to ponds or wallows, as this affords favorable conditions for the germs. The drinking water should be from deep wells. The food should be clean and often changed. If a hog has been separated from the herd and recovers it should not be returned to the herd for several weeks, as it is capable of giving the disease to others, although it may appear to be perfectly well. Hogs should not be placed in pens where the disease has been for three months. All dead animals should be burned or buried deeply in places where hogs will not graze for a year. Diseased hogs should not be driven through lanes or other public highways. The healthy hogs should be cared for first and then the diseased, otherwise disease bearing material may be conveyed to the healthy. Clean the pens, use plenty of air slacked lime on the floors before using again.

The following formula given by the Bureau of Animal Industry is as efficacious as anything known as a preventive and remedy. It has given fair results:

Wood charcoal, one pound; sulphur, one pound; sodium chloride, two pounds; sodium bicarbonate, two pounds; sodium hypophosphite, two pounds; sodium sulphate, one pound; antimony sulphide, one pound.

Give a teaspoonful once a day to a 150 pound hog. Give in sloppy feeds, as bran, middling, crushed oats, etc. It will cost about \$1 to have it filled.

A. W. Bitting, Veterinarian.

### First Domestic Animal.

The sheep was the first animal that was domesticated, says Sheep Breeder. This is not to be doubted, because in the earliest written history of mankind we learn of man being a keeper of sheep. And those equally expressive proofs, viz., those found in the remains of mankind in his ancient cave dwellings, the mounds of refuse of long inhabited villages, and in other connection with human remains, we find the bones of sheep, and doubtless the soft woolly skins were then used for man's clothing. We cannot believe that having been found so valuable, nay indispensable, to mankind, the sheep will ever be dispensed with and discarded as useless; for its flesh and its fleeces fill a place in the supply of the necessities of mankind that for want of the gentle animal, loved by the good shepherd, essentially a domestic companion, and indispensable as a part of the stock of any civilized agriculture, mankind would be at a loss to find any substitute.—Ex.

Flax Straw for Feeding.—At our request Harry Snyder, the Minnesota station chemist, made an analysis of flax straw, threshed clean, and reports as follows: Flax straw is composed of water, 4.86 per cent; ash, 3.10; fat, .89; protein, 4.96; fiber, 61.50; carbohydrates, 24.61. Flax straw is richer in protein than wheat, oat or barley straw. It is not as rich in ash as those straws, which is a point in its favor. The flax straw is also dryer. Although the flax straw has a large amount of fiber, wheat straw, as well as the straw of other grains, contains so much silica (sand) as to make up for a large portion of this difference in fiber. The flax fiber has the power of absorbing water and increasing in volume nearly three times. Hence in feeding flax straw care should be used so as not to cause abnormal expansion of the digestive organs; in other words, do not let flax straw be eaten at will, but deal out such quantities as experience shows to be safe.—Farm, Stock and Home.

A Good Ration.—Coarse-ground oats, ground rye and wheat bran would make a very complete ration mixed as follows: Two quarts of ground oats, one quart of ground rye and three pints of wheat bran. This should be mixed with boiling water, stirred in until the mixture has assumed a crumbly nature, not a sticky one. Feed while it is about milk warm. This makes a good morning meal for old and young. Ground barley can be substituted for the ground rye; boiled potatoes can take the place of wheat bran; so may other boiled vegetables when alternating the diet.—Ex.

Edward Atkinson says that the product of the hen mines is greater in value than the product of the iron furnace; is about twice the value of the wool product, and three or four times the value of our output of silver. While the mine of silver own our senators, he asks who crowns for the American hen in the halls of congress?—Ex.



WILL not rehearse the familiar story of the fast young man of the parable. You know what a splendid home he left. You know what a hard time he had. And you remember how after that season of vagabondage and penitence he resolved to go home and see his father. There is great excitement one day in the parable. The servants come rushing up to the old man and say: "What's the matter? What's the matter?" But before they quite have the old man cries out: "Put a ring on his hand." What a seeming absurdity! What can such a wretched man do as this fellow that is tramp on toward the house with a ring on his hand? Oh, he is the prodigal son. No longer of the swine-trough. No more blistered feet. Off with rags! On with the robe! Out with ring! Even so does God receive one of us when we come back. We are gold rings, and pearl rings, emerald rings, and diamond rings; the richest ring that ever flashed the vision is that which our Father upon a forgiven soul.

Know that the impression is abroad among some people that religion is a burden and belittles a man; that it takes the sparkle out of his soul; that he to exchange a roistering independence for an ecclesiastical straight-jacket. Not so. When a man becomes a Christian, he does not go down, he goes up. Religion multiplies by ten thousand. Nay, the multiple is in infinity. It is not a blotting—it is a polishing, it is an efflorescence, it is an irradiation. When it comes into the kingdom of God he is sent into a menial service, but the God Almighty from the palaces of heaven calls upon the messenger angels wait upon the throne to fly and put a ring on his hand." In Christ the largest liberty, and brightest and highest honor, and richest payment. "Put a ring on his hand."

Remark, in the first place, that when Christ receives a soul into his love, he puts upon him the ring of adoption. He is in my church in Philadelphia, he is the representative of the church in New York. He is with him eight or ten children in the street that he had picked up, and he is trying to find for them Christian homes; and as the little ones stood on the pulpit and sang, our hearts melted with us. At the close of the service a hearted wealthy man came up ahead, and I'll take this little bright-eyed girl, and I'll adopt her as one of my own children; and he took her by the hand, lifted her into his carriage, and went away.

Next day, while we were in the city gathering up garments for the poor of New York, this little child came with a bundle under her arm, and said: "There's my old dress; perhaps some of the poor children would like to have it," while she herself was light and beautiful array, and those who immediately examined her saw she had a ring on her hand. It was a sign of adoption.

There are a great many persons who put themselves on their ancestry, and glory over the royal blood that flows through their arteries. In their lives a lord, or a duke, or a prince, or a king. But when the Lord our Father, puts upon us the ring of adoption, we become the children of the ruler of all nations. "Behold the manner of love the Father hath loved upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." It matters not how poor our garments may be in this life, or how scant our bread, or how dark the hut we live in, if we have the ring of Christ's adoption upon our hand we are assured of eternal defenses.

Adopted! Why, then, are brethren and sisters to all the good of earth and heaven. We have the family name, the family dress, the family keys, the family wardrobe. The Father looks at us, robes us, defends us, blesses us. We have royal blood in our veins, and there are crowns in our line. If we are children, then princes and princesses. It is only a question of time when we get our coronet. Adopted! We have the family secrets. "The secret of the Lord is with them that love Him." Adopted! Then we have family inheritance, and in the day when our Father shall divide the riches of heaven we shall take our share of the thrones and palaces and temples. Let us not let us boast no more of earthly ancestry. The insignia of earthly glory is our coat-of-arms. This ring of adoption puts upon us all honor and privilege. Now we can take the name of Charles Wesley, the prince of hymn-writers, and sing:

Come, let us join our friends above,  
Who have obtained the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love  
To joy celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing,  
With those to glory gone,  
For all the servants of our King,  
In heaven and earth, are one.  
Have been told that when any of the havers of any of the great secret sages of this country are in a distant land and are in any kind of trouble, and set upon by enemies, they have only

to give a certain signal and the members of that organization will flock around for defense. And when any man belongs to this great Christian brotherhood, if he gets in trouble, in trial, in persecution, in temptation, he has only to show his ring of Christ's adoption, and all the armed cohorts of heaven will come to his rescue.

Still further, when Christ takes a soul into his love he puts upon it a marriage ring. Now, that is not a whim of mine: (Hosea ii: 19) "I will betroth thee unto me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies." At the wedding-altar the bridegroom puts a ring upon the hand of the bride, signifying love and faithfulness. Trouble may come upon the household, and the carpets may go, the pictures may go, the piano may go—the last thing that goes is that marriage ring, for it is considered sacred. In the burial hour it is withdrawn from the hand and kept in a casket, and sometimes the box is opened on an anniversary day, and as you look at that ring you see under its arch a long procession of precious memories. Within the golden circle of that ring there is room for a thousand sweet recollections to revolve, and you think of the great contrast between the hour when, at the close of the "Wedding March," under the flashing lights and amid the aroma of orange blossoms, you set that ring on the round finger of the plump hand, and that hour when, at the close of the exhaustive watching, when you knew that the soul had fled, you took from the hand, which gave back no responsive clasp, from that emaciated finger, the ring that she had worn so long and worn so well.

On some anniversary day you take up that ring, and you polish it until all the old lustre comes back, and you can see in it the flash of eyes that long ago ceased to weep. Oh, it is not an unmeaning thing when I tell you that when Christ receives a soul into his keeping he puts on it a marriage ring. He endows you from that moment with all his wealth. You are one—Christ and the soul—one in sympathy, one in affection, one in hope.

There is no power on earth or hell to effect a divorce after Christ and the soul are united. Other kings have turned out their companions when they got weary of them, and sent them adrift from the palace gate. Ahasuerus banished Vashti; Napoleon forsook Josephine; but Christ is the husband that is true forever. Having loved you once, he loves you to the end. Did they not try to divorce Margaret, the Scotch girl, from Jesus? They said: "You must give up your religion." She said: "I can't give up my religion." And so they took her down to the beach of the sea, and they drove in a stake at low water mark, and they fastened her to it, expecting that as the tide came up her faith would fall. The tide began to rise, and came up higher and higher, and to the girdle, and to the lip, and in the last moment, just as the wave was washing her soul into glory, she shouted the praises of Jesus.

Oh, no, you cannot separate a soul from Christ! It is an everlasting marriage. Battle and storm and darkness cannot do it. Is it too much exultation for a man, who is but dust and ashes like myself, to cry out this moment: "I am persuaded that neither height, nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor any things present, nor things to come, nor any other creature shall separate me from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ my Lord?" Glory be to God that when Christ and the soul are married they are bound by a chain—a golden chain—if I might say so—a chain with one link, and that one link the golden ring of God's everlasting love.

I go a step further, and tell you that when Christ receives a soul into his love he puts on him the ring of festivity. You know that it has been the custom in all ages to bestow rings on every happy occasion. There is nothing more appropriate for a birthday gift than a ring. You delight to bestow such a gift upon your children at such a time. It means joy, hilarity, festivity. Well, when this old man of the text wanted to tell how glad he was that his boy had got back, he expressed it in this way. Actually, before he ordered sandals to be put on his bare feet; before he ordered the fatted calf to be killed to appease the boy's hunger, he commanded: "Put a ring on his hand."

Oh, it is a merry time when Christ and the soul are united. Joy of forgiveness! What a splendid thing it is to feel that all is right between my God and myself. What a glorious thing it is to have God just take up all the sins of my life and put them in one bundle, and then fling them into the depths of the sea, never to rise again, never to be talked of again. Pollution all gone. Darkness all illumined. God reconciled. The prodigal home. "Put a ring on his hand."

Every day I find happy Christian people. I find some of them with no second coat, some of them in huts and tenement houses, not one earthly comfort afforded them; and yet they are as happy as happy can be. They sing "Rock of Ages" as no other people in the world sing it. They never wear any jewelry in their life but one gold ring, and that was the ring of God's undying affection. Oh, how happy religion makes us! Did it make you gloomy and sad? Did you go with your head cast down? I do not think you got religion, my brother. This is not the effect of religion. True religion is a joy. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and her paths are peace."

Why, religion lightens all our burdens. It smooths all our ways. It interprets all our sorrows. It changes the jar of earthly discord for a peal of festal bells. In front of the blazing furnace of trial it sets the forge on which scepters are hammered out.

Would you not like this hour to catch up from the swine-feeding and try this religion? All the joys of heaven would come out and meet you, and God would cry from the throne: "Put a ring on his hand."

You are not happy. I see it. There is no peace, and sometimes you laugh when you feel a great deal more like crying. The world is a cheat. It first wears you down with its follies, then it kicks you out into darkness. It comes back from the massacre of a million souls to attempt the destruction of your soul to-day. No peace out of God, but here is the fountain that can slake the thirst. Here is the harbor where you can drop safe anchorage.

Would you not like, I ask you—not perfunctorily, but as one brother might talk to another—would you not like to have a pillow of rest to put your head on? And would you not like when you retire at night to feel that all is well, whether you wake up to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock, or sleep the sleep that knows no waking? Would you not like to exchange this awful uncertainty about the future for a glorious assurance of heaven? Accept of the Lord Jesus to-day, and all is well. If on your way home some peril should cross the street and dash your life out, it would not hurt you. You would rise up immediately. You would stand in the celestial streets. You would be among the great throng that forever worship and are forever happy. If this night some sudden disease should come upon you, it would not frighten you. If you knew you were going you could give a calm farewell to your beautiful home on earth, and know that you are going right into the companionship of those who have already got beyond the toiling and the weeping.

You feel on Saturday night different from the way you feel any other night of the week. You come home from the bank, or the store, or the office, and you say: "Well, now my week's work is done, and to-morrow is Sunday." It is a pleasant thought. There is refreshment and reconstruction in the very idea. Oh, how pleasant it will be, if, when we get through the day of our life, and we go and lie down in our bed of dust, we can realize: "Well, now the work is all done, and to-morrow is Sunday—an everlasting Sunday."

Oh, when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend in white,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end.

There are people in this house to-day who are very near the eternal world. If you are Christians, I bid you be of good cheer. Bear with you our congratulations to the bright city. Aged men, who will soon be gone, take with you our love for our kindred in the better land, and when you see them, tell them that we are soon coming. Only a few more sermons to preach and hear. Only a few more heartaches. Only a few more toils. Only a few more tears. And then—what an entrancing spectacle will open before us!

Beautiful heaven, where all is light,  
Beautiful angels, dressed in white,  
Beautiful strains that never tire,  
Beautiful harps through all the choir;  
There shall I join the chorus sweet,  
Worshipping at the Savior's feet.

And so I approach you now with a general invitation, not picking out here and there a man, or here and there a woman, or here and there a child; but giving you an unlimited invitation, saying: "Come, for all things are now ready." We invite you to the warm heart of Christ, and the inclosure of the Christian church. I know that a great many think that the church does not amount to much—that it is obsolete; that it did its work and is gone now, so far as all usefulness is concerned. It is the happiest place I have ever been in except my own home.

God's spirit will not always strive  
With hardened, self-destroying man;  
Ye who persist his love to grieve  
May never hear his voice again.

May God Almighty this hour move upon your soul and bring you back from the husks of the wilderness to the Father's house, and set you at the banquet, and "put a ring on your hand."

Great Silver Nugget. Attention has lately been called to a nugget of native silver weighing 606; ounces found, one of the sixty that have been found at the "Greenwood" group of mines in the state of Michoacan, Mexico. The other nuggets weighed from one to thirty-five pounds each. The large nugget is entirely worn, except in cavities, where some of the crystals are rounded and the form is still visible. It is almost pure silver, scarcely a trace of any gangue rock being discernible. This specimen was found on the surface, and, in its original state it is said to have weighed twelve pounds more. It is one of the most remarkable nuggets of silver ever found. The geological formation on limestone with outcroppings of limonite.—Great Divide.

The Seventeenth. It is a serious matter in Armenia should a maiden attain her seventeenth year with no prospect of marriage, for so surely as the festival of St. Sergius comes round she is obliged to fast three days and then eat salted fish, without the right to quench her thirst unless some kind swain be found who will promise to take her and be her "master."

An Abused Wife. Married daughter—Oh, dear, such a time as I do have with that husband of mine! I don't have a minute's peace when he's in the house. He is always calling me to help him do something or other.

Mother—What does he want now? Daughter—He wants me to tramp way up-stairs just to thread a needle for him, so he can mend his clothes.—New York Weekly.

Thus far no one has had enough assurance to suggest that the new woman's bible be read in the public schools.