THE ADVERTISER.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.

FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,

Publishers and Proprietors.

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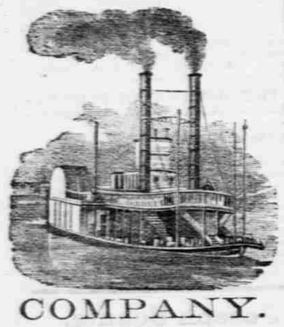

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EDUCATION.

A Dialogue on That Topic.

Detroit Free Press.

"Now, Children, you have told me how many members we have in the legislature, who presides over each body, how laws are made, and how often a United States senator is elected, and in return I will——"

I had reached this point the other evening when there came a ring at the door-bell, and after a minute I discovered that Mr. Old Fogy had decided on another attack. He meant to give me fits this time. He brought along two or three teachers with him, and they at once walked into my school room. I did at first have a sign of "State Prison" over the door, so as to make it seem like a regular school house to the pupils, but, as they insisted upon regarding it as a novelty, I removed the sign.

"Well, you have been teaching, I see?" observed Mr. Old Fogy.

"Yes, six of these children belong in the neighborhood, and don't attend any regular school."

"We don't exactly agree on the school question, you know?" said Mr. Old Fogy. "You did rather stump me the other night, but I'd like you to ask some of these teachers a few questions."

"Very well, Mr. Blank, how many bushels of wheat will make a barrel of flour?"

"Why, that isn't a regular question," he replied as he looked around.

"Isn't it? Your arithmetic says that sixty pounds of wheat make a bushel, and because it does not say how many bushels make a barrel of flour, the farmer who is figuring on his year's supply must be left in ignorance. Here is Charlie—only nine years old—he may answer."

"Now Mr. Blank, can you name the more prominent stars?"

"I can, sir."

"I thought so, but can you tell me how many spokes there are in the front wheel of a buggy—can any of you?"

"I protest!" cried Mr. Old Fogy, but they didn't answer for all that.

"Well, Mr. Blank, can you translate Latin?"

"I can sir."

"No doubt of it; but can you tell me how to preserve cider?"

"There you go again!" cried Mr. Old Fogy, but none of them could tell.

"Are you familiar with cube-root, Mr. Blank?"

"I am."

"But can you tell me the salary of our Governor?"

None of them could.

"Try some of the ladies," suggested Mr. Old Fogy, after a few more questions.

"All right. Miss Blank, are you good in algebra?"

"I think so."

"And can you tell me how many yards of cotton to buy for a pair of pillow slips?"

"Why, no."

"Do you know what will take stains out of a table cloth or grease spots out of a carpet?"

"No, sir."

"Can you mix a mustard plaster, tell me a ready family antidote for poison, suggest a family remedy for a cold or sore throat, tell me how many yards in a bunch of dress braid, the number of yards of ticking to make a bedtick, a way to remove paint from windows, or how to make gruel for the sick?"

"No, sir."

What are you driving at?" indignantly demanded Mr. Old Fogy.

"I'll let my class go and tell you. Let me first remark that I haven't asked a question which these children here can't answer. This little girl will probably answer everything I have asked Miss Blank, and yet she is not ten years old. A month ago I told her that alum and brown sugar mixed together would relieve croup. A week ago, at dead of night, roused from sleep by her parents and the wails of her sick brother, she prepared the remedy while her father was after the doctor and her mother was excited and helpless, and in half an hour the croup was gone. You ask me what I am driving at? Women are called helpless, and we do not look to see them have presence of mind. Why are they so? Simply because they may know algebra by heart, and yet not know what is an antidote for almost every poison. They learn astronomy, and yet don't know what is good for a burn, or how to stop the nose bleed. They know all about botany, and yet cannot tell what to do for a person who has fainted away.

"But I'm not a housekeeper," protested Miss Blank.

"No; well, every woman looks forward to marriage; they were born to. Every female expects to marry rich, but not one in five hundred can so marry as to throw the entire responsibility of her house on hired help. Six out of ten may have a servant, but, unless the mistress knows how things should go, what can be expected of the girl? As the lady sits in the parlor and realizes that she can draw, play the piano, read French, the help, left to experiment and having no interest, breaks, smashes, and throws away, and the family are soon looking for a cheaper house. Miss Blank here may marry and never lift a hand, but if she knew every duty—if she knew remedies and receipts—wouldn't she have more self-reliance and be better prepared for the responsibilities.

"Can you name any married lady in Detroit who makes use of algebra? Can you name one who is ever inconvenienced for the want of a knowledge of geometery? Do you know of one who wouldn't trade off all her Latin for a cure for corns?

Mr. Old Fogy said that he thought it looked as if we would soon have a snow storm.

Then take the other side. We do not teach our boys to be observing, and then we turn around and call them heedless. We pass the things of everyday life to let them grasp at the theoretical; they thus become helpless; they can name the planets, but they cannot tell the size of a brick; they can name every ancient philosopher, but can't put up the stove-pipe; they can figure in cube root, but they can't tell all wool cloth from half cotton. We let them attend school for years, are proud to find that they know so much, and then discover that they can't tell why hickory wood will burn longer than pine, and we hear somebody say of them: 'He has a fine education, but no horse sense.'"

Mr. Old Fogy mentioned that it was getting very late.

"Now, then, some of you tell me of a business man who has made his money through a classical education. Tell me one lawyer who wins by flowery speeches and I'll name you a dozen who win by arguments which even boys can digest. Name a merchant who buys at random, as we educate children, and I will name the day of his failure. Name one who can tell you how to saw out a bootjack, build an ice-box, putty in a pane of glass, mix paint, or hang a gate, and I'll show you that he is doing a safe business, dictated by observation and common sense. Last year a gentleman with a fine collegiate education opened a grocery store on a certain street in this city, asking no advice as to location and making no observations on the movements of the public. He had got nicely opened when a bootblack called in one day and bluntly asked:

"Gimme a cent's worth of peanuts."

"Peanuts! Boy, I don't keep a peanut stand!" was the indignant reply.

"You won't keep even a peanut stand here two months from now!" chuckled the lad, as he lounged out.

In five weeks there was a failure, and the grocer was $3,000 cash out of pocket in seven week's time. The observing boy knew that store was too far down-town, because he had watched the movements of the people who bought at retail. The grocer had been at Yale college, and he didn't deem it necessary to know a lamp post from a salt barrel in order to establish a trade.

The other day a lady, who can speak several languages, and who graduated with high honors at Vassar, wanted some mince pies made and put away for New Year's. Neither of her servant girls knew how to make them, and so the lady went out among her neighbors. She tried to remember what they told her, but her pies were made without sugar or salt, and with only one crust. When told why "they tasted like basswood chips" she burst into tears and sobbed out:

"They educated me to be an idiot instead of a woman?"

The Roads of Ireland.

The public roads of Ireland are absolutely perfect. Go where you will through the rural districts, and the roads are thoroughly turnpiked, thoroughly drained and as level as a board. The bridges over the creeks and rivers are all of stone. Every road has a sidewalk for foot-passengers elevated about six inches above the main road, and from four to six feet wide. The fences on either side are of solid stone masonry, to the hight of from four to six feet, upon the top of which are growing hedges of hawthorn or furze, or grass and wall flowers. The walls inclosing the roads are festooned with ivy and wild flowers, producing a charming effect. Every country seat is thus "hedged in" from the outside world. There is no getting over the barrier, and access can only be had through the lodge gates, which are in charge of the lodge-keeper, generally a woman, who admits only a favored few. The constabulary are always on hand to arrest trespassers. "Tramps" have a poor show in Ireland. They must keep the roads, or go to jail.—*Correspondent Reading Times.*

Duping the Negroes.

Numbers of negroes have left for Kansas, and more declare they intend to leave as soon as navigation is open up the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. Secret agents have worked up the scheme, by declaring that they are employed by the government, and that all the colored emigrants will be given homes, allowed to establish local government for themselves, free from white molestation, etc. An intelligent planter informs us that his plantations have been nearly depopulated by these silly misrepresentations. It is the same old story of forty acres and a mule.—*Vicksburg (Miss.) Herald.*

Mary had a little lamp
Filled full of kerosene;
She took it once to light the fire,
And has not since benzine.
—*Exchange.*

The California Chinese have two newspapers.

THE WINE-CUP.

BY COL. FORNEY.

President and Mrs. Hayes continue to exclude wine from their table in the White House. Mr. Evarts, the Secretary of State, has secured an exception to this rule at the diplomatic dinners, although Mr. and Mrs. Hayes will preside without glasses before them.

The French statesmen use wine moderately, and spirits almost never. They prefer their own light wines, leaving champagne to the last; and nearly all their public dinners are finished without speeches.

The cultivated English are far more temperate than in former days. At state dinners, which are costly and luxurious, the Ministry are proverbially frugal, though Lord Derby, the late chief of the Foreign Office, was inordinately fond of sherry. Nobody smokes in a private house, unless it is in the billiard room. But the English club-men are generally hearty drinkers. There are over seventy clubs in London alone. Gambling is not as common as it was in the days of Charles James Fox, who often lost £1,000 a night while in the zenith of his Parliamentary fame, and thought nothing of it. The Raleigh in the Pall Mall is still believed to indulge in cards for money, but modern John Bull prefers whist, brandy and soda, and hot Scotch or Irish whisky. Excessive dissipation is confined to the London gin palaces, which abound in frightful proportion, where men and women drink fire-water and bad beer till they are sodden; and it is no infrequent sight to see a child made stupid by the milk of a drunken mother.

But the Russians bear the palm. They purchase most of the costly French champagnes, and they prefer "a mixed drink" of their own—a fearful compound—after dinner, which is something like the English claret cup, that Charles Dickens loved to "compose," with fiery liquids added.

President and Mrs. Hayes are not altogether alone. They are doubtless more rigid than other rulers; but Queen Victoria is a model of her own house, like the good Prince Albert, and I happen to know that Gambetta, Laboulaye, Leon Say, Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo, the Orleans Princes and the Bourbon pretenders are moderate and careful men; and it is but just to say the same of the Emperor of Germany, the Russian Czar, the young King of Italy and the widower monarch of Spain.

Garrit Smith, who died at a great age (78 I think), sat in Congress two years, from 1853 to 1855, and was one of the most genial, generous and hospitable of men. He gave many splendid entertainments, and never had a drop of wine on his table. The jolly men were much amazed at his course, but he never apologized for it.

My other good friend, Horace Greeley, when he became a candidate for President in 1872, was an extreme temperance leader, as pure as cool water, even in his blunders, but as much out of place as a Presidential nominee as Bishop Simpson in the Vatican. After he agreed to stand for that high office, Southern politicians called on him at Chappaqua, his country seat on the Harlem road, and he benevolently asked them to drink from his famous spring. They were surprised, but submissive, until he offered them a second draught, at which Gov. ——, of Louisiana, somewhat testily declined, with the remark, "That that was a beverage he never internally applied." The legend runs that when the party left the white-haired editor the Governor sadly observed that he had to drink several cocktails to keep the nomination down.

Geese, or Gooses?

The particular kind of smoothing iron known among tailors as a goose came near upsetting the reason of a Chicago tailoring establishment the other day.

The manager wanted two of the instruments mentioned, and so told the clerk, but after the latter had sat for some time writing on the order, he looked up in a bewildered way, and asked:

"What do you call the plural of tailor's goose?"

"Why, geese is plural for goose," said the master.

"Well, you wouldn't have me write an order for two tailor's geese, would you?"

"That doesn't sound hardly sensible in this connection," replied the proprietor; "how would it do to say 'two tailor's gooses?'"

The boy turned to the dictionary, and shaking his head, remarked:

"Webster doesn't give any such plural to goose, and I ain't going to."

The situation was growing serious, when the clerk suddenly set to writing, with the exclamation, "Now I'll fix it!"

And the order which he soon handed to the head of the house to sign did fix it, for it read:

"Messrs. Brown & Co., hardware dealers, Fifth Avenue: Please send me one tailor's goose, and send me another one just like it."

But the question of what is the plural of tailor's goose has not yet been settled.

A Washington court has decided that funeral expenses are to be regarded as preferred claims against the estate of the deceased.

Parasitic Cause of Influenza.

Dr. J. H. Salisbury, of Cleveland, Ohio, who has already attained notority as the claimant of the discovery of the germ source of malarial diseases, now becomes again prominent in medical literature through his alleged discovery of a peculiar microscopic organism always present in the acute catarrhal attacks usually called influenza or catarrhal fever. This peculiar little creature the doctor believes to be the cause of diseases of this class, including cases in which whooping-cough occurs a second time.

Dr. Salisbury claims to have examined and treated more than 1,000 cases of this form of diseases, to which he has given the name "infusorial catarrh." Most of these cases are usually considered as colds. The disease begins in the nostrils, being accompanied by great irritation of the nasal cavity and also of the eyes. It extends downward to the throat, and finally into the lungs, inducing violent coughs, and even asthmatic attacks.

Dr. Salisbury employs as appropriate remedies for these cases such agents as are well known to be destructive to infusorial life. A saturated solution of salicylic acid with borax is an excellent local remedy. It may be used as a gargle, diluted as a nasal douche, or inhaled as a spray.

The air is more or less filled with germs of these minute parasites, and drinking water often contains them in abundance, especially such as are contaminated by even a trace of organic matter, so that the cause of these affections is sufficiently common to account for their frequency.—*Good Health.*

The Apple in the Bottle.

On the mantelpiece of my grandmother's best parlor, among other marvels, was an apple in a vial. It quite filled up the bottle. Childish wonderment constantly was, "How could it have got there?" By stealth I climbed a chair to see if the bottle would unscrew, or if there had been a joint in the glass throughout the length of the vial. I was satisfied by careful observation that neither of these theories could be supported; and the apple remained to me an enigma and a mystery.

One day walking in a garden, I saw it all. There, on a tree, was a vial tied, and within it a tiny apple, which was growing within the crystal. The apple was put into the bottle while it was little, and it grew there.

More than thirty years ago we tried this experiment with a cucumber We laid a bottle upon the ground by a hill of cucumbers, and placed a tiny cucumber in the bottle to see what would be the result. It grew till it filled the bottle, when we cut it off from the stem, and then filled the bottle with alcohol and corked it up tight. We have it now, all as fresh, with the little prickers on it, as it was when first corked up.—*Exchange.*

A doctor who had one day allowed himself to drink too much was sent for to see a fashionable lady who was ailing. He sat down by the bed side, took out his watch, and began to count her pulse as well as his obfusticated condition would permit. He counted: "One, two, three, four." Still confused, he began again: "One, two." No, he could not do it. Thoroughly ashamed of himself, he shut up his watch, muttering, "Tipsy, I declare—tipsy!"

Staggering to his feet, he told the lady to keep her bed, and take some hot lemonade to throw her into a perspiration, and he would see her next day. In the morning he received the following note from the lady, marked "Private:"

"Dear Doctor—You were right. I dare not deny it. But I am thoroughly ashamed of myself, and will be more careful for the future. Please accept the enclosed fee for your visit" (a $10 note) "and do not, I entreat you, breathe a word about the state in which you found me."

The lady, in fact, had herself been drinking too much, and, catching the doctor's murmured words, thought they referred to her. He was too far gone to see what was the matter with his patient, and she too far to observe that the doctor was in the same condition.

Wearing Flannel.

Put it on at once. Winter or summer, nothing better can be worn next the skin than a loose, red woolen flannel shirt; "loose," for it has room to move on the skin, thus causing a titillation which draws the blood to the surface and keeps it there; and when that is the case, no one can take cold; "red," for white flannel fulls up, mats up and becomes tight, stiff, heavy and impervious; "woolen," the product of sheep and not of a gentleman of color, not of cotton wool, because that merely absorbs the moisture from the surface, while woolen flannel conveys it from the skin and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirt, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it, and, by its nearer exposure to the exterior air, it is soon dried without injury to the body. Having these properties, red woolen flannel is worn by sailors even in the midsummer of the hottest countries. Wear a thinner material in summer.

It is asserted that women can bear want of sleep better than men.

Fables And Anecdotes.

BY LITTLE JOHNNY.

Uncle Ned, he sed: 'Johnny, you kanow of a bowt Santy Cloz, and Crismiss trees, and hangin up yure stockns, and pertickler you kanow a bowt terkys and puduns, and sech nollidge is mighty valible, but, Johnny, tween you an me, can you tel me wot is Crismiss?'

Then I spoke up real quick an sed: 'Bet yure life I can!'

Then Uncle Ned he looked at me long time out of his eyes, like preecher's eyes, and sed: 'Johnny, the xpression wich you have preferd for to use in this connecksn is a strongn for a little feller, but I spose you can justify it by yure anser. Now wot *is* Crismiss?'

Then I sed: "Its the day wen Crisifer Clumbus got lick like smoke by Genl Washnton, ten million hundred thousen' Brittishers a wollern in their gore, and ole King George a bustin thru the brush like zebries for to safe hisself, and John Maccoom a slottern fokes offle, hooray!"

And wen I had sed it I was so xcited I fel over Mose, which is the cat, and Bildad, that's the new dog, snook under the stofe and burnt the hair of off the spine of his back, and yeld like Injuns!

Then Uncle Ned he luked a stonish a wile, and then he blode his nose, and then he sed a other time: 'Johnny, yure Uncle Edard has been in Injy and evry were, and he has worship the deeties of ol nations, from the sacrid cracky dile of Egip to the silver doller of the hethen Madgigaskers. He is a plous man in ten langwages, and can keep the stopper in his temper wen the mometer stans at a hundrd in the shade of a ice house, but, Johnny, I'me golly be gum dasted to slipery ellum if you aint the dum bustedest mulligaloot on this side of ole Gaffer Peterses new barn!"

Wen I ast Uncle Ned wot was mulligaloot, he jest smiled sweet like he was sick to his stummick ake, and sed, Uncle Ned did: "Johnny, I was only tryne to say in broken Pattigonian that if you was bein xamined for to teech error to the ignorant, and if you had been giv the questions and ansers forehand, you wud get a first grade stifflket, slick like a wissle!"

But wen it comes to wissles I can make em out of willer, and Billy, that's my brother Billy, he can do it in his 2 fingers, loud like a engine. My mother she has tole me wot Crismiss is but I cant tel you, cos its got swearin in it.

Las time it was Crismiss I had a little picture card giv me, and it sed on it in poetry:

"Cristmis comes but once a year;
But wen it comes it brings good cheer."

And Missis Doopy, which has got the red hed, like a house a fire, she was to our house, and she makes poetry, too, so she sed: "Johnny, Ile finish this verse for you an make it jest nice." So Missis Doopy she rote be lo the other poetry.

"And when the cheer is brought and set in
It teeches us Crismis aint a day for to fret in."

Wude peckers has red heds, too, and tungs, pinted like a fish huke, and one time a wude pecker had made a hole in a log and seen a werm in the bottom of the hole, like down a wel. So the wude pecker he put his tung in a little way, and the werm it luked up and sed: "If yure a goin a fishn wy dont you thro in yure line were there is sum woter?"

Then the wude pecker it sed: "That is wot I wos jest thinkin my own sellef, but I gess I better put some bate on."

Sometimes it rains werms, and then the fishes is jest dlited, same as me and Billy wude be if it wude rain fishes, and I gess the liens and tigers wude be tickled if it would rain me and Billy.

Once there was a fish, and it sed to a other fish: "It looks mity black this mormin, like it was goin for to be a shour, we better go under the bank or we will git wet."

Then the other fish he sed: "Les wait a wile and see wether its agoin to be drink or wittles."

Jest then there was a red werm cum dow, and the fish which had spoke last he hollered: "Hooray! I tole you so, here goes for the first drop!"

So he snacht the werm, but it was unto a hook, and he was cot, the fish was. Then the other feller he shuke his head and swimb away, a sayn to hisself: "I notice that dinners wich is sent from Heaven ol ways begins with soop."

But my father he says: "Yes, and the soop is follered by fish." But a nice Crismiss terky is hi upper than a hock. One time Mary, thats the house maid, she seen a hock sailin roun and roun, up, up hire than steeples, and sed: "Wot keeps it up?"

Then my father he sed: "Mary, the sientiffical expination is that hocks is supported by the air."

But Uncle Ned hespoke up and sed, "Mebby so but the populer bleef is that they are supported by spring chickens and hop todes."

Hop todes is mity good for worts if you let em alone, and ole Gaffer Peters he has got a big one on his nose.

Ole Gaffer has got a boy which was a saler, like Jack Brily, and the boy grode up and stopped in Spain, and got married. One time he rote to ole Gaffer, and sent the letter to my father for to be giv him, but my father he opened it his ownself, cos he thot it was hisn. The letter it had a photy grap in it, ann the photy grap was ole Gaffers gran son, which his father, thats ole Gaffers boy, rote was a fine feller and luked mity like the ole Gaffer. But my sisters young man he snook out the photy grap, and put a other in, wich was a man wich had a bed like a jackous. My father he dident kanow, and he giv the letter to ole Gaffer, wich luked at the picter and then red the letter carefle, and then thot a'wile, reel sollum, and then he sed: "When a young feller makes a fule of hissef, and gits married to a wild Spannerd, his boys dont look like fokes one bit."

But my father he sed: "Wy, Gaffer, I never seen sech a likenis to you as that picter."

Then Gaffer he put his spectticles on, and luked at it a other time, reel long and then he shuk his hed agin and sed: "Wel, wel, wel, ole age is onnable, but it makes a feller luke like a dam rabbit!"—*Argonaut.*

Hereditary Effects of Alcohol.

Respecting their opinions of alcohol there are distinctly two classes of physicians. One class regards it as one of the most important and almost indispensable of remedies; while the other regards it as a powerful drug to be used only with the greatest caution, and avoided whenever it can be.

To the latter class belongs Dr. Willard Parker, one of the most noted surgeons of New York City, who is the author of the following excellent paragraphs on the hereditary effects of alcohol:

"The hereditary influence of alcohol manifests itself in various ways. It transmits an appetite for strong drink to children, and these are likely to have that form of drunkenness which may be termed paroxysmal; that is, they will go for a considerable period without indulging, placing restraints upon themselves, but at last all the barriers of self-control give way; they yield to the irresistable appetite, and then their indulgence is extreme. The drunkard by inheritance is a more helpless slave than his progenitor, and the children that he begets are more helpless still, unless on the mother's side there is engrafted upon them untainted stock. But its hereditary influence is not confined to the propagation of drunkards. It produces insanity, idiocy, epilepsy, and other affections of the brain and nervous system, not only in the transgressor himself, but in his children, and these will transmit predisposition to any of these diseases.

Pritchard and Esquirol, two great authorities upon the subject, attribute half of the cases of insanity in England to the use of alcohol. Dr. Benjamin Rush believed that one third of the cases of insanity in this country were caused by intemperance, and this was long before its hereditary potency was adequately appreciated. Dr. S. G. Howe attributed one-half of the cases of idiocy in the State of Massachussetts to intemperance, and he is sustained in his opinion by the most reliable authorities. Dr. Howe states that there were seven idiots in one family where both parents were drunkards. One-half of the idiots in England are of drunken parentage, and the same is true of Sweden, and probably of most European countries. It is said that in St. Petersburg most of the idiots come from drunken parents.

When alcoholism does not produce insanity, idiocy, or epilepsy, it weakens the conscience, impairs the will, and makes the individual the creature of impulse and not of reason. Dr. Carpenter regards it as more potent in weakening the will and arousing the more violent passions than any other agent, and thinks it not improbable that the habitual use of alcoholic beverages, which are produced in such great quantities in civilized countries, has been one great cause of the hereditary tendency to insanity."

Pat on the Road:

An Irishman, driven to desperation by the stringency of the money market and the high price of provisions, procured a pistol and took to the road. Meeting a traveler, he stopped him with:

'Your money or your life!"

Seeing Pat was green at the business, the traveler said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do? I'll give you all my money for that pistol."

"Agreed."

Pat received the money and handed over the pistol.

"Now," said the traveler, "hand back that money or I'll blow your brains out."

Blaze away, my hearty," said Pat, "never a dhrop of powder is there in it."

General Bragg's speech against rebel claims reminds the New York *Sun* of the story of a worthy colored divine down South, who, being invited to preach to a neighboring pastor's flock, held forth on the sin of theft. As he warmed in his discourse he admonished his dusky hearers that even petty thieving, the pillage of a henroost, or the conveying of a side of bacon, was incompatible with true religion. At this point a white-haired deacon twitched his coat-tail: "Hold on dar, brudder; you is throwin' a coldness over de meetin'." The *Sun* is free to say that Bragg threw a coldness over the Democratic camp, that must call out a protest from those who best understand the weakness of the Southern brethren.—*Inter Ocean.*

To Make the Hens Lay.

Prairie Farmer.

It is a good deal easier to have fresh eggs for winter than it is to do without them. But don't expect your hens to lay when you compel them to roost in the tree tops, on the fence or in an open shed during the entire winter. It will take every particle of food that the fowls can get to maintain animal heat enough to keep from freezing to death. Go to work and fix up your henhouse so that it will be comfortable; don't imagine that any old rickety building, where the wind and rain can get through almost anywhere, will do for your fowls, that is, if you expect them to pay for the cost of keeping. Don't you know that your fowls will consume one-fourth less food if provided with comfortable quarters?

The next thing in order is proper food and regular feeding hours. One half of our farmers feed their hens all the corn they will eat through the winter, and then growl because they eat so much and do not "shell out" the eggs in return. You must feed your hens early in the morning, not in the middle of the forenoon. Hens are early risers, and don't like standing round on one foot waiting for their breakfast any better than you would. The morning meal is the most important one of the day; the hens are cold and hungry, and for that reason give them some kind of warm cooked food. Fowls will eat almost anything if it is served up right; boiled potatoes, turnips, carrots, anything in the vegetable line, mixed with corn meal, oatmeal or bran and shorts, seasoned with pepper and salt, and fed warm, will make any well regulated hen cackle with satisfaction. Feed a few handfuls of wheat or buckwheat screenings at noon, and at night give a liberal feed of whole grain of some kind.

Fowls must have some kind of green food during the winter months. Apples, carrots, potatoes, turnips, cabbages and onions chopped fine and fed raw two or three times a week will be greedily devoured by hens who desire to fulfil their mission in life. As long as the mercury keeps away from freezing point, it is a good plan to tie up a head of cabbage where the fowls can reach it, and let them help themselves.

If you have plenty of milk, sweet or sour, or butter milk, give your fowls all they will drink—it will supply the place of the insect food that they get in summer. If you cannot get milk, you must give them plenty of pure water, and also manage to give an occasional feed of meat. When but few fowls are kept, the scraps from the table will be sufficient, but when large numbers are kept, get some refuse meat from the butcher, cook it and do not feed too much or too often. A small allowance twice a week will do. "A good deal of trouble for a few eggs." Yes, it is some trouble, but I never expect to get anything in this world without trouble of some kind, and then most of us are willing to take a little pains when there is money in it.

I have more to say on this sudject but this will do for one week. I do not want to tell you of so much to do that you will be discouraged to begin with; what I have told you here is worth all you will pay for the *Prairie Farmer* for another year. I know, I have tried it. FANNY FIELD.

The Scrap Book.

Every one who takes a newspaper which he in the least degree appreciates will often regret to see any one number which contains some interesting and important articles thrown aside for waste paper. A good way to preserve these is by the use of a scrap-book. One who has never been accustomed thus to preserve short articles can hardly realize the pleasure it affords to sit down and turn over the pleasant, familiar pages. Here a piece of poetry meets the eye, which you would long since have lost had it not been for our scrap book; there is a witty anecdote—it does you good to laugh over it yet, although it may be for the twentieth time; next is a valuable receipt you had almost forgotten, and which you found just in time to save much perplexity; there is a sweet little story, the memory of which has cheered and encouraged you when almost ready to despair under the pressure of life's cares. Indeed you can hardly take up a single paper without reperusing. Then hoard with care, the precious gems, and see at the end of the year what a rich treasure you will have accumulated.

Girls, if you want to encourage young men, get an album. It's the first thing a bashful young man grabs when he enters a strange house where there are girls. We've seen them look through one until they knew every picture by heart, from page one to Gen. Grant in the back part. It's wonderful what interest a bashful man will take in a girl's grandmother and pug-nosed uncle, at the first visit, but it's always so. Get 'em, girls. It's the best thing in the world to occupy a fellow's hands, and its a sure cure for bashfulness.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

The manager of the academy of music, in Pittsburg, has posted the following notice in the green-room:—"Any vocalist, male or female, attempting to sing 'Baby Mine,' will be killed at the end of the first verse."