

DANGEROUS SELF-HYPNOTISM

WILLIAM JACKSON SPINNEY, who was partly hypnotized three weeks ago by Prof. Flint, a traveling mesmerist, remains in a state of mesmeric suggestibility, there is great concern lest his mind finally weakens under the strain. It is feared that he will die, because he neither sleeps nor eats.

He is seventeen years old, the son of Mrs. Joseph W. Spinney of Fitchburg, Mass. Prof. Flint is a Massachusetts physician, who has been interested in hypnotism for several years. He went to Fitchburg four weeks ago and gave exhibitions in Whitney's opera house. The meetings were crowded. The young people went wild over some of his remarkable performances. A dozen boys offered themselves as subjects for hypnotic suggestion, and among them was Spinney. Prof. Flint tried in vain to mesmerize him. He could not impress him for more than a minute at a time. He could lock his hands together—the physical test generally tried first—but they would break away in a little while.

Spinney was interested in hypnotism from the first, and felt badly because he was not a "subject." He attended every gathering and spent most of his time during the day in practicing on his boy companions. He succeeded in hypnotizing several and was elated. One of the boys went to sleep in a doorway under the influence of his fixed gaze and the waving of his hand. Then Spinney told the boy that he was a ball, and the boy curled himself up in a wad and rolled along the ground.

His success in this and other cases caused him to procure books and spend a great deal of time studying the science. He talked mesmerism to his mother and elder brother constantly and tried to influence them.

On the day that Prof. Flint went away from Fitchburg, Spinney had a bad headache and asked him to try to cure it. They were together in the opera house, and Prof. Flint passed his hands over the lad's forehead and told him that his head had stopped aching.

And it had.

But when he went out of the building and down the street it was noticed that he acted strangely. He stopped and stood to mesmerize every one he met. Stopping a young boy on the walk, says the Fitchburg correspondent of the New York World, he seized his head and rubbed it, saying, "You are blind!" The lad began to stagger and grope along the street. Spinney laughed wildly and, snatching his fingers, brought him out of it.

That night at his brother's house Spinney conceived the idea that he could hypnotize himself. He is a fair-skinned, blue-eyed, brown-haired lad, and intensely nervous and energetic. Placing himself in front of a looking glass he gazed into his own eyes and rubbed his forehead, repeating, "You can bend over backward and it will not hurt you." Then he tried it, and sure enough he bent backward till he touched the floor with his hands. Then he stood up and deliberately fell over backward and struck his head on the floor. His mother and father were in the room and tried to stop him. They could not hold him, and the heavy blows on his head did not seem to hurt him. Then he would suggest that one of his legs was made of wood, and would stick pins in it to show that it was numb, and would walk stiff-legged.

In the following few days the family became alarmed. He was not quiet for a second. Whatever thought came into his mind he would instantly start to put it in action, showing, as Prof. Flint said afterward, that he had hypnotized himself and that he made his own "suggestions."

One of the books he had procured told how to hypnotize one's self, and how one else could bring him out of it. He was sitting in the kitchen reading, and musingly passes at himself when his mother became exasperated and put the books in the fire. She is sorry now. Perhaps the books would have told how to bring him out.

He sat still for a while and then disappeared. It was 10 o'clock that night, after every one had retired, that Mrs. Spinney discovered he was not in the house. The family turned out and hunted the house and the barn, but did not find him. At 12 o'clock Alexander King of Cleghorn, two miles from West Fitchburg, brought the boy home. He had been found at that village in an excited state of mind. He had gone into a front yard and broken a pane of glass from a window and was sawing his right index finger off on the broken glass to show that it did not hurt him.

When surrounded and captured he could not give his name, but said that he was Jesus, and had come to that village to see his father, God. Kindly people took the lad in and finally Mr. King walked with him to this city, the boy showing him where he lived. When the door of the kitchen was opened Spinney threw himself upon the floor and began to pray. Two days he was possessed of the idea that he was the Savior. Then the idea left him altogether.

But the strangest thing about this self-hypnotic was that on Tuesday of the week he became unsettled he had an argument with his father in which he alleged that it was not necessary to sleep. He said that if he simply told himself that he didn't need to sleep he would not sleep.

To prove this he made passes before his face and repeated, "You do not need to sleep! You do not need to sleep!" And he has not slept a wink for the last three weeks.

Mr. Spinney became alarmed at his son's condition and consulted with the city marshal. A telegram was sent to Prof. Flint, who came at once.

"You hypnotized him, and now bring him out of it," said the father.

Prof. Flint found the boy in bed, cheeks flushed, nerves rigid, eyes set and staring. "He is under the hypnotic spell, all right," said he. But when Flint tried to bring him out of it he had no more effect on him than he would on a piece of stone. "I did not hypnotize him, for if I had I could have brought him out of this," said Prof. Flint. When he heard the stories of the boy's actions he said the lad had mesmerized himself, and he was the only person who could bring him forth sane and sound. But when would he do it?

After Prof. Flint went the family physician was called in. He is one of the best physicians in Fitchburg, but he has not treated many men who have hypnotized themselves into believing that they do not need sleep. He found that the lad had not slept for a long time, and he gave a small injection of morphine. It was a small injection that would not have affected the

ordinary man in the least, but it opened up a new proposition in the field of mesmerism, and showed that a patient under the influence of hypnotic suggestion must not be treated with medicine.

All last Monday night young Spinney's life was despaired of. The drug had no effect upon his mind, but the injection of morphine nearly stopped the action of the heart altogether. It fluttered weakly all night, and there was hardly enough breath to keep him alive. From dusk to dawn his father and brother walked him mercilessly up and down the floor, pounding him with shingles to keep up the circulation. At daylight the action of the drug wore itself out and the physician had the satisfaction of going home knowing that the mysterious patient would live another day at least.

Tuesday night a much lighter dose of morphine was given him, and he seemed to rest all right, but it was believed he did not become unconscious. His mind seems constantly awake.

Another interesting feature of the case is that the boy will lie in his bed hour after hour and day after day in one attitude, his body apparently asleep, but his mind obeying the command not to sleep. It is the opinion of the physician that in time this state will wear itself out, and he will emerge from it himself again.

But he is growing thin. He eats hardly anything. Thursday he made some pretense at eating.

One of the indications of the state of hypnotic suggestibility is the fact that while he rests on his bed in a front room he is conscious of everything that happens in the house and the neighborhood. His mother told the story of the affair to the reporter in a whisper in the kitchen. It was impossible for him to hear a word. And yet when the reporter went in to see him he knew everything that had happened, and even knew the thoughts of the reporter before he expressed them.

His mother has heard that the Buddhist priests of India practise this state of coma, and that their bodies apparently sleep while their minds are liberated and go traveling through space conscious of things that happen in distant places.

His eldest brother, James B. Spinney, who is a bright young man, has studied hypnotism. He said to the World reporter:

"I think that Prof. Flint had nothing to do with it. My brother has hypnotized himself, and it is one of the rules of the science that only the person who gave the suggestion can recall it. If my brother should happen, in the strained mental condition he is in to have the thought 'Go to sleep and get rested,' he would sleep and come out of it. We cannot suggest it to him. He pays no attention. When that one idea strikes him he will sleep like an infant, and will wake well. It is a mysterious science, full of awe, and should not be trifled with."

The family physician is of the opinion that the boy is temporarily deranged by overstudy and work. He has studious turns of mind and has been a great reader of books.

Some of the Queer Words of Our Queer Language

"Wanted immediately—Capable snarler; also goffer, buffer and boy to dolly." An advertisement similar to this is alleged to have appeared recently in a newspaper, and there is no reason why it should not have done so. The advertising columns of a newspaper should be fascinating study to the philologist. There are to be found in them words in common and daily use by people in certain trades and professions which are entirely unintelligible to people outside of those employments, but were once common property. Take this specimen "ad." A capable snarler would at once suggest to the average mind some disagreeable acquaintance, whose qualifications ought to get him the job upon application. But that is not the brand of a snarler wanted—there is no need to advertise for that brand; they are bound to happen. A capable snarler may be a snarler in one who flutes hollow metal ware with a snarling iron. He works on teapots and such like articles and makes them look pretty.

A goffer does not necessarily play golf. In some parts of England people who make knife blades are called goffers, though most commonly goffers are people who raise figures on metal or leather, like the figures on embossed leather. In old style bookbindings certain ornamental styles of edges for the leaves were said to be "goffered." The word goffer is also used to mean fluting or crimping.

To call a person a "buffer" is no insult. A buffer may be either young or old. Generally a buffer is a woman, points out the New York Press. The buffer is a person who stands by a revolving wheel covered with leather and by a mixture of sand and oil smooths off the surface of any silver goods in the process of manufacture.

Other workmen who might have been called for in the advertisement are "wrigglers" and "worm-eaters." Wrigglers and worm-eaters might be thought to have some mysterious trade affinity. But a wriggler does not wriggle, nor does a worm-eater make a diet of those repulsive creatures. Wrigglers are engravers who devote their working hours to the tracing of those zigzag lines which are so often a feature of cheap Britannia metal teapots.

Worm-eaters are persons who assist the makers of spurious oak furniture to deceive the public by drilling worm holes into the wood so as to give it an ancient appearance.

"A boy to dolly" means that a boy is wanted to tend a dolly machine. Now there are several kinds of dolly machines. In general a dolly is a machine with a revolving wooden disk in it. One kind of dolly is a washing machine and another is a machine for separating metals.

There recently appeared in an English paper an advertisement which would puzzle any American and most Englishmen. It read: "Swillick for sale, or can be added. Apply Rose Nook." Swillick is an old Yorkshire name for swill, or pigs' food. "Addie" is another Yorkshire name for "earning" and "nook" means cottage. So the advertisement read: "Swill for sale, or can be earned (worked for.) Apply at Rose Cottage."

Transformation of Siberia Waits on America

MORE wonderful than any transformation seen on the stage has been the real transformation of Siberia. Melodrama has done its share in creating the impression that Siberia is nothing more than a howling waste of snow and ice. One of the widest spread and longest lived popular uses to which this popular impression of Siberia has been put exists in the police force in almost every large city in America. Most of these cities have sparsely settled suburbs, the homes, for the most part, of men employed in manufacturing establishments. An assignment to police duty in these localities is in the nature of an exile, and so, in the language of the police, the cop who is condemned to punishment is "sent to Siberia." Erroneous as all these impressions of Siberia are when the test of to-day is applied, yet it is not the foreigner only who holds this mistaken belief. To the majority of the inhabitants of St. Petersburg and Moscow Siberia is as unknown as it is to the clay enterer of the Southern United States. Those Americans who have asked men of affairs in Moscow what clothes to take to Siberia have been told that furs always are necessary, owing to the extreme cold. Yet in the Siberian city of Krasnoyarsk the thermometer for days in August registered 110 degrees, and any clothes except those made of silk and linen were absolutely unendurable.

"Let Siberia speak for herself," says Thomas Smith, our consul in Moscow. She is a country inside of which the whole of the United States could be put with plenty of room to spare. While the world's knowledge of Siberia to-day is marvelous compared with that of even ten years ago, vast portions of the country are still unexplored, even by the Russians.

It will take American mining enterprise to open up the wonderful mineral resources of Siberia, and that America's hand in the development of this country is not altogether hidden is evident to one who stands in the streets of Tomsk and sees American mowing machines rattle through on the way to the wheat fields, or to one who, passing along the dusty highways of Krasnoyarsk, sees a policeman whirling along on an American bicycle.

To-day the New Yorker can go from this city, by way of Berlin, Moscow and Irkutsk, to Vladivostok, on the Pacific, in twenty-five days. A railway almost connecting Asia and America at the Bering straits is predicted for the future. There is, engineers say, no obstacle in the way except the terrible cold of winter and the immense fields of tundra, or "steppes," through which a path must be cut. A railway line through such a country as Northeastern Siberia will be so difficult to construct as was the line of the White Pass and Yukon route. Siberia has many cities of from 10,000 to 50,000 inhabitants. Hotels supplied with comfortable rooms, restaurants which may truly be said in many cases to be palatial, electric lights and telephone connections are not difficult to find. One may traverse Siberia with his hands folded, if he so wishes; as the elegant weekly vestibuled train is supplied with bath, piano, dining saloon, drawing room, leather sofas, easy chairs and observation car, the whole fitted with electric lights and call bells. The cost of this remarkable journey of 3,200 miles, including sleeper, is only \$44, first class.

Antiquated and expensive methods are in use by even the largest companies for working the placer deposits; these methods having undergone no improvement in the last fifty years. At many mines in Siberia 2,000 men and 500 horses are used on a single property to produce gold not exceeding \$2,000,000 a year. In some cases, as in the platinum mines of the Ural, this quota of men and horses is employed for an output not exceeding \$500,000. This on ground, too, where the employment of dredges and mechanical excavators is in all ways feasible, and where oftentimes the auriferous gravel could be conveyed advantageously to the washing machines by wire rope gravity trams. Mr. Purinton states that, according to conservative calculations, if mechanical conveyors and improved types of sluices were installed in mines in Siberia at present worked by the old methods, the gold output of the Russian empire would be increased at least three times over its present amount. On account of the general flatness of the country, mining by means of hydraulic power will never have a great future in Siberia; but in many districts sufficient grade can be obtained for the use of hydraulic elevators. For dredging rivers the method of placer mining now pursued with such success in California, Montana and New Zealand, could well be employed in the Siberian gold fields. The miles of auriferous river beds capable of being so worked, number tens of thousands.

The quartz deposits in Siberia are entirely undeveloped. There are probably to-day not over a dozen stamp mills operating in the whole country, and it is doubtful if over 150 stamps are in use. Of the old type of roter type gold mills, there are also a few. But even with the makeshift contrivance in use, the operations frequently pay large profits. Deep mining is unknown; it is doubtful if there is a single shaft in the limits of the Russian empire which has penetrated a precious metal deposit to a depth greater than 700 feet. At water level, where the free milling ore shops and sulphurates begin, work is discontinued; and, except in two or three instances along the Ural chain, the working of concentrates by cyaniding or chlorination is unknown. So far as is known, only one operator has installed thoroughly up to date milling, concentrating and chlorination plants.

The difficulties of transporting machinery to such deposits are much less than generally supposed. Of high mountains, such as the Rockies and Sierra Nevada, Siberia has practically none. In the Caucasus alone are precipitous peaks and high passes. As is well known, the interior of Siberia is penetrated by a network of vast waterways, rendering inland transportation easy and cheap. Heavy freight can be laid down in Central Siberia, at the majority of the mines along the Yenisei river, at prices not exceeding \$40 a ton from New York. It water transportation is made use of, this price may be reduced nearly one-half. Freight loaded at Hull, Eng., is transported by way of the Arctic ocean to the mouth of the Yenisei river, where, being reloaded by steamers of lighter draught, it is shipped direct to Krasnoyarsk, the crossing point of the Trans-Siberian railway, and even as far south

as Minusinsk, close to the Mongolian frontier. From San Francisco to the gold mines of the Omgon river, in Eastern Siberia, says the New York Press, it is a matter of water transportation entirely, the route by way of the Amur and Omgon rivers being navigable to steamers the whole distance to the mines. The same is true of many of the rich placers along the Zeya and Selima, further up the river Amur. Regular steamers lines, furnishing excellent accommodations for passengers, ply during the open season from Nicolayevsk, the mouth of the Amur, to Stretensk, the present terminus of the railway, a distance of nearly two thousand miles.

Labor, its cost and kind, is an important factor in the future development of Siberia's mineral wealth. Prices paid for labor in Russia and Siberia are exceedingly low—from 15 cents a day in the region of the Southern Urais, where much grain is raised and where the country is thickly settled, to \$1.50 a day in Northern and Eastern Siberia, in the regions of intense cold, and where the mines are remote from the sources of supply. In all cases the cheapness of mining labor in Siberia is that the wants of the people are few. The workmen are of the peasant class, and it may be said that the larger proportion of them can neither read nor write. Their food consists of mutton, black bread, domestic fowls, eggs, milk and tea. Most of the necessities of life are supplied by their own farms or gardens, and their purchases, besides tea, sugar and vodka (the national stimulant), are few. Their clothes cost little, and their enjoyments are usually limited to the celebration of the numerous civil and religious holidays by mutual visiting and the consumption, in greater or less quantities, of vodka. In no country can be found men who more cheerfully sustain the hard labor, privation and sudden and severe changes of climate than the Russian and Siberian peasants.

Why Willie Walks With a Tired Feeling

"Hoo, hoo, hoo," rang through the house at 2 a. m.

"Great Governor! What is that?" and the head of the house sat up in bed and blinked at an electric light shining through the window.

"John, stay right where you are; I'll not let you go down stairs to be killed. Did you ever hear such a noise?"

"Mama, what is it?" came in an agitated whisper from the next room, and then the daughter rushed wildly into the parental bedchamber.

"Keep cool, now. Don't go into no high-strikes. I'm going to see what that is," and he dug up an old muzzle-loading pistol he had carried in the Civil war and that had been loaded since 1873. "I'll show 'em. Every man's house is his own cast—"

"Hoo, hoo, hoo," rang through the house at 2 a. m.

The father dropped the gun and it blew a whole corner off the bureau. (The daughter dived under the bed and the mother yelled "Murder!" at the top of her lungs.)

"Shut up!" ordered the veteran, as he reached for his artillery. "Stay right where you are. I'll fight my way to the telephone and get the police. If they get to shooting down there don't show a light. I know the house and they don't."

"Hoo, hoo, hoo," just as the old gentleman reached the top of the stairs. He went down like a cartwheel and shot a hole in the ceiling as big as the bottom of a tub.

"Did you hear my owl?" shouted Willie, as he dashed from the third story.

"Got him in the country yesterday and hung him in the dining room when I got home last night. Hain't he a dandy?"

Poor Willie! He walks like a boy with inflammatory rheumatism, and the last he saw of his owl it was flying over the barn toward Redfield.—Detroit Free Press.

Puttee Paralysis the Newest War Disease

In soldiers invaded home from the Boer war a new disease has been discovered, to which the doctors have given the name of "puttee paralysis." Instead of wearing leggings in South Africa many officers and soldiers wore strips of cloth called "puttees" wound around the lower leg. These, being bound tight, seem in some cases, to have pressed upon certain nerves, and when the men became weak from fever a paralysis of the feet and toes resulted. At first the disease was called "enteric feet," as it generally appeared in men who were recovering from enteric or typhoid fever. Upon investigation, however, it was found that the primary cause of the disease was the puttee, so it became "puttee paralysis."

The long marches, the tense movements of the legs, especially when infantry soldiers were mounted, and the uneven pressure of the puttees caused such a condition of things the disease could easily be accounted for. Hereafter leggings will probably never be abandoned for puttees.

Stars That Outshine the Sun.

Prof. Simon Newcomb, writing of stars which are so distant that they have no measurable parallax, remarks that one of these, the brilliant Canopus, can be said, with confidence, to be thousands of times brighter than the sun. "Whether we should say 20,000, 10,000 or 5,000 no one can decide." The first magnitude stars, Rigel and Spica, also are at an immeasurable distance, and must, in view of their actual brightness, enormously outshine the sun.—Youth's Companion.

Beyond Him.

She—Are those Russian names really as twisted as they look?
He—They are, indeed. Some of them are so hopelessly involved that even a railroad brakeman could not pronounce them.—Indianapolis Journal.

Single-handed Fights WITH BIG GAME In South Africa.

There have just been received in England particulars of the tragic death of Harry Attrill, formerly well known in South London, and a member of an old Camberwell family, who was killed while hunting elephants. It was in Addo bush, not far from Port Elizabeth, South Africa. Attrill was out, accompanied by his head native assistant—named Crick. They had killed one elephant and had wounded a calf, when they came unexpectedly upon another huge female. Both fired, bringing the monster to her knees; but she was up again in a flash, and charged with great ferocity. Both men separated, and got into positions whence neither could see the other. Suddenly Crick heard terrible screams proceeding from a ravine on his left, and found, on running to the spot, that the enraged animal had got his master down and was tramping him to death. Eventually the elephant fell to the native's rifle, but Attrill was then dead.

The narrowest escape from death of F. C. Selous of South African big game fame, was in a fight with an elephant. It was an old bull, and had been badly wounded, but managed, nevertheless, to charge fiercely, trumpeting loudly at the same time. Selous fired twice at it as it advanced, and was just pulling the trigger of his reserve rifle for a third shot, when the elephant struck him, and he went down under it.

Quick as a flash the vicious beast knelt, hoping to crush its antagonist, but Selous was too nimble. Rolling quickly to one side, he just escaped being caught beneath the falling elephant in its death agony.

C. Allan Cooke, the Indian hunter, single-handed, once tracked a wounded tigress to its lair, and there slew it. The wounded animal had taken refuge in the furthest corner of the cave, the entrance to which was by a narrow and tortuous passage along which Mr. Cooke had to drag himself on his hands and knees. The dead body was found to measure 9 feet 3 inches—one of the largest tigers ever killed in India.

The chief trophy in the Sports Club, St. James' Square, London, is an enormous lion skin, the original wearer of which was killed in single combat by Capt. George Campbell, in Somaliland. The animal, on being wounded, charged down upon the gallant captain with a long, swinging gait, bowled him over, and began chewing his twelve-bore rifle, growling and snarling horribly all the time.

While engaged in this interesting pastime a Small attendant actually seated himself astride the huge brute, who, in turn, had Capt. Campbell beneath him. His majesty, however, had received his death wound, and, while each of his two two-legged enemies was debating within himself what was best to do next, he heaved a tremendous sigh, his splendid head dropped, his erstwhile bright eye grew dim, and, with scarcely a tremor, he was dead.

The natives of the Nigris, India, tell to this day of the slaying of "The Jhoot Demon" by Col. Downing of the East India company's service. The brute was a man-eater, and on each occasion when he had committed one of his murders a strange lungoo (monkey) had been seen in the neighborhood. This curious circumstance set Col. Downing thinking, with the result that he had a native child put to sleep in a cot on the veranda of his bungalow, while he himself watched, armed with a heavy express rifle.

For three nights nothing happened. On the fourth a lungoor hopped out into the clearing in front of the bungalow, the jungle shook, and a gigantic tiger, absolutely naked of hair, followed the little creature. The lungoor lifted its head in the moonlight and it then became evident that it was stone blind. Its eyes were of a dull, dead white, without light, intelligence or movement.

Arriving within jumping distance of the sleeping child, the lungoor gave a low signal cry, and the tiger bounded straight as an arrow at its prey. But while it was yet in mid-air the colonel's rifle rang out and the brute's huge, hairless body fell with a crash on the veranda. The second bullet put an end to the career of the lungoor guide.

Sir Robert Harvey of Langley Park, Slough, once shot and wounded a huge East African buffalo—by common consent among big game hunters regarded as the most vindictive of wild beasts. The beast received the contents of both barrels of an express rifle, but had nevertheless sufficient light left in him to charge fiercely. Sir Robert grabbed one of its enormous horns and was jerked fifteen feet into the air. His native gun-bearer bravely ran to his assistance, and was gored to death in the twinkling of an eye. In the confusion Sir Robert managed to seize another rifle, and finished the monster with a shot through the heart.

On another occasion he fired at a lioness at thirty yards and missed. The smoke hung, and Sir Robert stooped to peep under it ere firing again. At that moment he felt a current of air above him, as though some heavy body were flying over his back. The lioness landed several feet on the other side of the stooping hunter. He turned sharply, and fired just as she was crouching for a second spring, breaking his back.

T. W. Greenfield fought a duel to the death with a Somaliland lion. He had shot and slightly wounded it, and was following it up through a dense brush, with a couple of native attendants. Suddenly he stumbled almost right-atop of his lionship, crouching in a small clearing. The animal sprang, growling terribly, and Greenfield let him have both barrels right in the face. The lion never paused, however, but pinned his assailant to the ground with one paw and tore a piece out of Greenfield's thigh. The lion turned over on his face. The lion sank his talons in the muscles of the man's back and felt for his throat with his teeth. Luckily help was at hand and the lion was shot through the head as he was within an ace of finishing his man. In relating the occurrence afterward Greenfield insisted that all the while the lion was mauling him he felt absolutely no pain. What he did feel was the lion's hot breath in his face and his blood welling up from his wounds over his face.

"I have strong doubts about Ten-spot's being a genuine fisherman," said Curmo.

"Why?" asked Cawker.

"He never refuses to trout a speckled beauties."—Detroit Free Press.

White Holland Turkeys.

We raised a small flock of these beautiful birds this year. Several years ago we tried raising turkeys, but near neighbors also were in the business, so that by fall our turkeys were so badly mixed up that we were at a loss to decide to whom they really belonged. So we sold off all that we could honestly lay claim to and went out of the turkey business as we supposed for good and all. But as all of our neighbors kept the Bronze variety we at last concluded to try it again, and this time got a trio of white Holland. I do not know whether they were the pure breed or not, but they were pure white anyway and we could by that means identify our property. We had very good luck in getting a nice lot of little fellows hatched out. One hen came off with sixteen out of seventeen eggs she had been sitting on. The other brought off six and with a few others hatched by our old Brahma hens we had a nice lot to start with. In the first place the chiggers came very near getting the best of us, but by putting some lice-killer in the bottom of the coop and around the sides, and by greasing them with kerosene and lard mixed we got rid of the chiggers. And how those little fellows did grow. Then a hawk took a liking for tender, juicy turkeys and he feasted on them for awhile. But a number of them escaped his alert eyes and now they are a beautiful sight. We think them more beautiful than the Bronze. Indeed, we are partial to white poultry of all kinds and now have White Brahmas, white guineas and white turkeys. And a beautiful sight is seen when they all mix up over a plot of grass or a clover field. Turkeys are good insect destroyers and will forage for hoppers over a large area of wheat fields, and will destroy enough of those voracious insects to pay for all they eat in the way of grain. We think that for that purpose alone they should be found on every large farm. Of course if you live on a few acres and are engaged in gardening, we would not advise keeping them.—J. O. Shroyer in Prairie Farmer.

Grandmother's Raised Doughnuts.

Raised doughnuts are much more wholesome than those made with baking powder or soda, as they do not absorb so much fat in cooking. Grandmother's raised doughnuts were especially delicious, and were always served at the Thanksgiving feast. I give her recipe, and any one who tries it will feel amply repaid if directions are followed.

Use one cup each of milk, water and lard, two cups sugar, two eggs, one heaping teaspoon salt, half a cup yeast, or one yeast cake softened in half a cup water. Set the sponge at noon in this way: Mix the lard, salt and sugar together, add the egg and beat all together. Warm the milk and water as for bread, and pour over the eggs, lard and sugar. Add the yeast, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Beat thoroughly and set in a warm place to rise. By bedtime it should be very light and ready to mix up hard. Add half a teaspoon soda, half a small nutmeg grated, and enough flour to handle nicely.

Knead the dough like bread until smooth and elastic. Place in a pan, cover and set in a warm place to rise again over night. In the morning, roll in a thin sheet and cut into rings. Let remain on the board until very light, then fry in nice, sweet lard. While yet warm, roll the cakes in powdered sugar.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Dairy Pointers.

If the butter is mottled, work it a little after salting.

Whitewashed stables mean fewer flies and more milk.

Crosses are usually better for farmers than pure breeds.

Do not wet your hands when milking—if you do you flavor the milk.

You waste 25 per cent of your butter in summer by not using a separator.

Adding hot water to cream while churning is the worst of all practices.

If the butter is too soft feed the cow some potatoes.

Whenever possible test the cow's milk before buying her.

A cow that tests below 3 per cent is not worth keeping.

Cows and horses should not be allowed in the same pasture.

Richer feed does not mean richer milk; it means more milk.—Rural World.

Apple Butter Recipe.

To make apple butter in large or small quantities that will keep a year, have apples pared the day before; next morning hang on kettle, fill with cider and let come to boil; skim off all impurities, dip out one-third of the cider into another kettle and keep both kettles boiling. Now take a meat chopper and run the apples all through, then put all in first kettle and begin to stir; as it cooks down fill up with boiling cider from the other kettle; keep filling and stirring until apple butter is ready to take off, which will be between two and three hours, or whenever a thin skin forms on top of dish when cooled. Whenever cider settles around in the dish the apple butter made in this way will be smooth and firm and fit for the table of a king. Twenty-five gallons can be made in three hours; and, oh, what an improvement of time, labor, patience, fuel, etc., over the old way; have tried both and know whereof I speak.—Mrs. John Gailard in Practical Farmer.

Poultry Points.

The odor of oil of pennyroyal is always disagreeable to vermin.

Sand does not make a good substitute for gravel in the poultry yard.

If your fowls are not looked after do not expect too much from them.

Animal food, like meat or milk, is always appreciated by the poultry.

A little flaxseed meal in the food will help the old fowls to pass their moult quickly.

Air-slacked lime, freely dusted everywhere, is cheap and will destroy lice, gapes and roup.

Poultry brought from rural districts in Russia and Italy are fattened in specially devised cars while in transit to England, so that when they arrive they are in better condition than when they started.

Remember that the sooner the hens moult the sooner they are to laying in the fall. The shorter the moulting period the more active and vigorous they are. Add a mill of linseed meal to each quart of soft food and you will help things greatly.