

AUTUMN DAYS.

A wealth of beauty meets my eye—
Yellow and green, and brown and white,
In one vast blaze of glory fill
My happy sight.

The rich-robed trees, the ripening corn,
Bright colored with September fire—
Fulfillment of the farmer's hope
And year's desire.

Sweet in the air are joyous sounds
Of bird and bee and running brook;
And plenteous fruits hang ripening round
Where'er I look.

The mellow spendor softly falls
On morning mists and evening dews,
And colors trees and flowers and clouds
With thousand hues.

O dreaming clouds, with silver fringed!
I watch ye gathering side by side,
Like armies, in the solemn skies,
In stately pride.

I love the woods, the changing woods,
Fast deepening down the russet glow,
When autumn, like a brunette queen,
Rules all below.

The soul of beauty haunts the heavens,
Nor leaves for long the warm-faced earth,
And like a kind mother, the kind air
To life gives birth.

But death rides past upon the gale,
And blows the rustling golden leaves;
They whirl and fall, and rot and die,
And my heart grieves.

Farewell! O autumn days—farewell!
Ye go; but we shall meet again,
As old friends, who are parted long
By the wild main.

—William Cowan.

POLES APART.

Dick Fellowes flung himself back against the frail door-post of the summer house till the airy building rocked to its foundations.

"Say one kind word, Stella. My love may not seem much to you, but at least it is the best I have to give," he said, earnestly, looking very white and hurt.

Stella Howard, sitting sweet and calm in her white gown and pearls, half glanced toward her impetuous lover, then dropped her blue eyes again with a suspicion of a dainty shudder.

Dick's hands were so very big and red, and his evening dress looked as if it came out of the ark. Of course he was very good and nice, and Stella did not mind his clumsy, little attentions when no more interesting was at hand; but to be made love to by a big, awkward, young civil engineer working on the new railway line! a creature who couldn't sing or ride, or play ball ards; who entered a room like a wandering elephant, and was forever buried in diagrams and calculations, instead of talking society chatter! Stella could not help feeling it a decided liberty on Dick Fellowes' part to imagine himself entitled to love Colonel Howard's only daughter, and she heartily wished she had never suggested his being invited to dinner—at which he had overthrown a glass of chablis over her new lace flounce—or consented to show him the garden in the soft sunset glow of that June evening.

"I don't know what to say. I've told you it isn't the least use, Mr. Fellowes; your life and mine are poles apart; we can't make them meet. I'm very sorry you should be pained. Try to forget it all," she answered, trying not to show her disdain too plainly.

"Forget!" echoed Fellowes, the blood rushing to his temples. "No, that's not likely. I tell you while you live no man will love you as I have done. Good-by, Stella; I can't stand any more. Heaven bless you, although you are so cruel!"

And he was out of sight down the garden path before Stella could have stopped him, even had she so wished. What curiously abrupt manners he had, thought she, as she made her way to the drawing room through the sweet scented roses to sing the song Captain Thurlow had begged for in a whisper as she left the table. How odd to go without bidding good-by! And he was leaving Christine the next day, she knew.

Captain Thurlow's polished manner was a positive relief after such behavior, and as he turned the pages of the "Bohemian Girl" and murmured compliments into Stella Howard's well-learned ear Dick Fellowes and his wooing faded from her mind like a disagreeable dream.

Only once did she hear his name in the two years that followed, and that was in connection with the scheme of some proposed Government works, and he was called "Mr. Fellowes, the well known and rising engineer."

Dick rising! Dick famous! Stella was sensible of a little shock of intense wonder.

But there was very little time for any thought of the outside world after that. Colonel Howard died in Afghanistan, and Stella found herself a penniless orphan, dependent on the distant relations with whom she was living. Even in her sorrow and despair there was a little ray of comfort in the thought of Captain Thurlow. Surely there was one strong arm and brave heart that would not fail her.

But Captain Thurlow was endowed with a knowledge of the world, which made him keenly aware of the nice difference between Miss Howard the pretty daughter of his reputedly wealthy Colonel and Miss Howard the penniless orphan. His engagement to a Lancashire manufacturer's daughter was in all the society papers within a fortnight; and as Stella tried to crush out the mortification and resentment from her heart, which seemed full to overflowing, there sounded in her ears, as if it were a prophecy, Dick Fellowes' parting words:

"No one will ever love you as I have done."

Was it all the perversity of a woman's nature that made Stella's memory dwell so often and so kindly on the recollection of that wooing as time went on? In the old days life had held so much love for her that Dick's seemed a thing little worth the having; now that she was that lonely thing, a governess in other people's houses, she wondered how she could have despised any love so honest and so true, and her recollection of clumsy Dick grew to be a very kind and gentle one.

And that her lot was as hard as that

of many; indeed, the Bouchers were very kind to her. Her pupils were good and affectionate, with the careless affection of children; she had plenty to eat and drink and nothing to complain of, except that her life had passed her by. She tried to do her duty, to teach the children well and wisely, to help Mrs. Boucher with her numerous guests and society cares.

The house was to be full for regatta as usual, and Stella had promised to give up her holiday till they were all gone again. She was writing notes for a great garden party when the little girls burst in upon her in wild excitement.

"Oh, Miss Howard! only think! Sir Richie is coming—our own dear Sir Richie. Isn't it lovely!" they cried.

"And who may Sir Richie be?" inquired Miss Howard, very composedly, directing another envelope.

"Not know our Sir Richie? Why, everybody knows him. He plays tennis with us, and rows us on the lake, and buys us dolls. Fancy, mamma, Miss Howard does not know our own darling Sir Richie!"

"Miss Howard has been out of society so long that there is an excuse for her not knowing at least the name of Sir Richard Fellowes," responded Mrs. Boucher.

The pen rolled over upon the newly addressed envelopes and ruined two. "Sir Richard Fellowes?" was all Miss Howard could gasp out.

"Yes, the great inventor and civil engineer. He had his baronetcy conferred a few months ago, when he finished his great railway line to Tibet; and he's just been stopping at Osborne. Is it possible you've never heard his name? Why, he was one of the lions of last season, young, rich, and the fashion. I'm lucky to get him here, even for a flying visit; but my husband and he are old friends, and he is wonderfully fond of the children. Can it be that you have never heard of him, really?"

"I—I met him some years ago," Stella managed to falter.

Gladly would Stella have hidden herself in her distant school room that night and pleaded neuralgia or any other synonym for a broken heart rather than enter the crowded drawing room, whence the soft flow of voices and laughter floated out from the open windows over to her own room in the wing. But Mrs. Boucher had told her that they would want some singing and governesses must not indulge their feelings when other people's entertainment is at stake.

Stella's heart seemed beating in her ears as she entered the great drawing room behind a tray of coffee cups and hid herself in a sheltered nook near the piano.

At first she could see nothing clearly, the rose shaded lamps threw so dim a light; then she grew aware of a group of smiling, interested people, all bestowing their most gracious smiles and attentions to a tall figure in their midst. Could that be Dick Fellowes—that broad shouldered man with the brown mustache and close cropped, curly hair, who moved and spoke like a man confident of his own powers and used to succeed and please? Stella thought of the ill-fitting garments of old days as she noticed the shapely cut of his coat collar and the grace of self-possession in his every movement. Dick had red hands and big boots and suggested a bull in a china shop. Was there some mistake after all?

A moment and then he raised his head and she caught the old merry smile and the flash of the quirk, gray eyes; and half blinded and bewildered with a rush of recollections, Stella made her way to the piano in obedience to Mrs. Boucher's smile and nod.

Why had Mrs. Boucher asked her to sing "Golden Days?" It was Dick's favorite song long ago, and Stella felt as if it would choke her. Her voice shook so that Mrs. Boucher's guests thought their hostess had a good deal overpraised her governess' style, and a Miss Verney near by remarked to Sir Richard Fellowes that she did not admire that tremolo kind of manner so many girls affected.

As she rose from the piano stool her eyes met those of Sir Richard, who was standing close to the piano. There was nothing beyond the most casual recognition in the slight bow on both sides, and Stella got away somehow to her own quarters to find vent for the passionate flow of tears that overcame all her self control.

The next day was to be the grand garden party. Miss Howard was supposed to be unostentatiously in the background, dressed in her best, to keep a supervision over her little pupils. Ethel and Maud, wild with delight, hastened her out to the tennis lawn long before any one could possibly be expected to arrive.

"Just one little game before the people come to the grounds, Miss Howard. You know we may not play when all the grown up people are here, and we do so want a little, tiny game," begged the children.

Miss Howard, mindful of her best cream gown and the difficulties of tennis when combined with long gloves and plumed hat, vainly endeavored to escape.

"Only a little scrap of play. Ah! you know you can't refuse," they said.

And Stella was forced to laugh and yield to their entreaties.

So that was the picture that met the eyes of the idle gentleman who sauntered down the shrubby path, among the fragrant syringas, and turned the corner of the terrace steps—a girl's figure in a creamy gown, vivid in the hot sun against the trees and shrubbery; a shade hat which threw into relief the crisp, bronze hair and the soft flush on her cheek, a racquet poised aloft, and a flutter of white-winged pigeons toward the dark blue sky. He stopped short, as if spellbound.

"Oh, sir, Richie, you're just in time! Come along and have a game with Miss Howard—do, do!" cried the children.

Stella turned with a violent start; the racquet slipped from her gloved hand and struck her left wrist a violent blow. The pain turned her faint and giddy and she felt herself grow white to the very lips.

"No, no, young woman," she heard the voice that was so like, yet so unlike, the voice of other days say: "Miss Howard won't play with me—she never would."

Then he turned to her with a sudden change from the laughing tone:

"Have you hurt your arm? I am afraid I startled you," and he came forward hastily.

But Stella drew away as he approached.

"Nothing—it is nothing; pray don't trouble me," she said, almost crossly. And as a stream of gaily dressed people emerged from the conservatory and began to spread themselves over the terrace and approach the lawn Stella turned and fled into the shrubbery.

She had reached the fountain by the statue of the dancing faun before she was overtaken.

"Pardon me," said her pursuer, in a tone that was certainly not Dick's—it was too commanding. "I do not want to contradict you, but I can't believe it is nothing."

And in another moment the little bruised wrist, from which he had stripped the glove, was in Sir Richard's firm, light grasp, and Stella meekly surrendered.

"Sit down here," was the order, and she found herself placed on the mossy step of the old fountain, while with quick, deft fingers Sir Richard dipped his handkerchief in the cool, clear water, and bound it round the slender wrist.

Could it be Dick? Was it not all a mocking dream? Stella could only hope with all her might that the awakening might be long delayed.

The splash of water in the old stone basin and the wondrous whisper of the wind overhead were the only sounds that broke the summer stillness. The tennis was too far off, for them to hear the merry players; they were quite alone.

Did Dick remember the last time they had been alone together? He came and sat down on the broken step by her side.

"Stella, do you shrink from me still? After all the years I have been working and toiling to be worthier of you, am I no nearer the goal than when we last parted? Must I ask in vain, as I did then, for the least little word?" he said slowly and gravely.

Not a movement, not a sound from the shrinking figure at his side. His face grew graver still, and he bit his lip.

"Am I to go away again, then?" he asked, after a pause.

Still no answer.

With a sudden impulse, Sir Richard stooped and peered under the broad hat which hid her face from him.

"What! crying, Stella?" He was on his knees beside her on the moss. "Have I made you cry?" My darling! my own!

He was trying to take her in his arms, but she struggled to free herself.

"Ah, Dick, I told you once that our lives were poles apart; it was false then, but it has come true," he murmured, brokenly.

"If it had, which I deny, the relative positions would be the same. You are, as you have always been, a world above me in all things. But love can bridge any gulf, Stella. Won't you let me try? It is my trade, you know."

And then she struggled no longer.

"Dick," she whispered, by and by, when conversation had had time to become a trifle less absorbing, "do you remember what you said that night at Christlone? You told me no one would ever love me as you had done. I didn't believe it then, but I know now that you were right."

"Did I say that?" he asked, laughing. "Well, yes, I was right, I dare say—only I put it in the wrong tense. What I should have said was 'as I have done,' but 'as I do,' and as I shall keep on doing as long as the world shall last. And that would have been truer still, my guiding star; so let it stand like that in the future."

And that point was settled without opposition once and for always.—Chicago News.

Fattening Swine.

Mr. A. B. Allen, who founded the *American Agriculturist* nearly fifty years ago, and was for many years its editor, is now spending the evening of his days on his farm near Toms River, N. J. As in early years, he is devoting very much of his attention to stock raising, and in the November number he gives the following advice about fattening swine.

Swine should be pushed forward now in mild weather as fast possible, as they will gain flesh much more rapid on the same quantity of food than in freezing weather. During the fattening process it has been found highly beneficial to feed a moderate quantity of pumpkins, for when this is done they assist the digestion of the grain or meal given them, and enables them to more perfectly and economically turn it into flesh, thus saving a considerable percentage in the consumption of food. Pumpkins, or what are richer and better, winter squashes, ought to be grown especially for this purpose by all swine keepers. Aside from this, they are excellent for the store stock, as they will do well if fed alone on these—that is, provided they are of a good, quiet breed.

When pumpkins are not on hand a few roots may be given raw, of which beets and carrots are better than potatoes, ruta-bagas, or common turnips. The last are very poor feed for this purpose, being better for cattle. Grass, and especially clover, is an excellent substitute for roots, so long as it remains green and growing in autumn, but when turned out to this, the swine ought to have a warm shed, into which they can come when fed and to protect themselves from dew and frost during the night as well as from storms.

To make superior hams and bacon, corn should be mixed with oats or barley, or perhaps rye might answer, at the rate of one-half to a third of one of the latter to the former, and ground together. Such feed increases the proportion of tender, juicy, lean streaking the fat, which is essential to produce a fine quality of hams and bacon. If fat pork for salting and barreling alone is wanted, then pure corn, whole or ground into coarse meal, is the best feed, joined with some pumpkin or roots, barley or rye, as recommended above.

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

Between the lights the soul has time to think,
To view in retrospect the vanished hour,
To call again hope's amaranthine flowers,
To stoop beside the fount of life, and drink.

Between the lights—no need of spoken word—
Our language is too poor when we are near
The ideal life—when other tones we hear,
Tones more divine than mortal ear hath heard.

Love chants of purer joys and nobler heights
Than music thrills the soul with deeper power,
And life grows richer in the quiet hour,
When we can pause and rest between the lights.

—Eva Gorton Taylor, in *The Current*.

IN THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

How Wealth Hunters Are Periodically Beguiled.

The daily scenes in the south African El Dorado were very similar to those I experienced in the gold mines of California. One day the news was, east of us they were finding diamonds by the handful; plenty of open ground, a sure fortune; and away went the gold diggers, while the speculative canteen-keepers followed. When one of the Americans from New York and I, after a three-miles' tramp under a scalding sun, approached the reputed mine, we found a dozen saloons in full blast, while several carts were coming on the ground loaded with divers suspicious-looking casks. It looked to us as if somebody was intent on starting a new town or was anxious to sell his stock of liquid refreshments at a single swoop, as it were. I saw the trick at once, and was mad with myself that I had been so simple-minded as to have been one of its victims. Near by was a hole, and packed close around were almost a thousand diggers, while in the cavity a black man was grubbing the lime. A few were marking out claims, but the majority, having seen no diamonds, declared indignantly. "This is a fool's rush." Suddenly a bloated old fellow appears upon the scene, nicknamed Mahogany Nose, from the vermilion-colored appearance of that organ, jumps up and down over his table and shouts:

"Diamond! diamond!"

A rush is made for him.

"Let's see it!" all exclaim.

"Oh, it's only half a carat, but indicates," and Mahogany Nose resumes his scraping.

The bait takes. All seize their picks and pick until the ground is occupied. More people arrive. Claims are marked out. New-comers are astonished at the industrious scene, and conclude that this is the spot—the place that they have been so long looking for. No more room for claims, but those in the secret seize several claims; the pretended original owners get wrathful and threaten, and a riot is in prospect, when it is suggested by one of the "friends" that the matter of disputes be settled by the rules of the ring. Agreed to, and the winner is borne on his friends' shoulders to a canteen, where ale and beer is consumed in immense quantities to commemorate the victory. After awhile, when quiet is restored, it finally dawns upon the average mind of the "kapi" that Mahogany Nose has succeeded in playing his cards well. The canteen where so much fermented refreshment was swallowed belonged to Mahogany Nose, and he "planted" the diamonds he pretended to find. For reasons unnecessary to state, old Mahogany found it prudent to abandon his claim, enter his canteen, and give a free treat to all that come. That settled it, and all was forgiven, except on the part of some glum old diggers who had come many miles to the new El Dorado. They demanded brandy and got it, instead of "punching the beat of that d—d old wassail."

—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Accidents to Sleep-Walkers.

It seems strange, on the first blush of the matter, that so very few accidents befall sleep-walkers. The proportion of instances in which any injury is sustained by the subjects of this remarkable state of semi sleep is very small. The explanation of the immunity is doubtless to be found in the fact that it is a state of semi-sleep in which the sleep-walker makes his excursion. He is sleeping only so far as part of his cerebrum is concerned. The rest of his brain is awake, and therefore it is really not a strange feat to walk carefully and escape injury, doing all the necessary acts of avoidance while carrying out some dream purpose, just as a waking purpose is fulfilled. This hypothesis obviously requires a very full explanation of such an accident as that by which a sleep-walker recently came to her death—namely, falling out of an open window. It is not likely to have been part of the dream to get out of a window. There must have been some error in the carrying out of the process; such, for example, as turning to the right instead of the left on leaving a room, and thus walking through a low window instead of through a doorway. As a rule the senses are sufficiently on the alert to enable the sleep-walker to take all precautions for safety, and when he comes face to face with a difficulty involving more than automatic or sub-conscious self-control, he wakes. We should like to know more of the case which has just ended fatally from some competent medical observer who has studied the development of this interesting disorder in this particular instance. Surely a practitioner was consulted. No case of sleep-walking should ever be left without medical scrutiny and counsel. In sleep-walking there is the making of madness, and its inception this disorderly sleeplessness ought to be stayed.

—The Lancet.

The Lost Cord.

"Hear that piano—hear that piano."

"Yes."

"Old Snagsby's daughter. They just do it to tantalize me."

"Why, it seems, a very nice song."

"The 'Lost Cord,' I believe."

"Is that the name of it?"

"Yes."

"Meaner and meaner! The cheek of them snagsbys is something terrible! Here the old man stole half my woodpile last night, and his daughter's singing about the lost cord, right under our noses!"

—Chicago Ledger.

A REMARKABLE MAP.

An Interesting Specimen of Cartography of the Era of Christopher Columbus.

The struggles of geography in the middle ages were so far successful in laying the basis of modern scientific discovery that their results are even now admitted as evidence in the settlement of disputed questions; a notable instance of which fact is afforded by the second Borg or Ribero map, recently brought into consultation with a view to determining international rights of possession in the Caroline islands. This remarkable specimen of cartography is the beautiful work of Don Diego Ribero, of Seville, geographer to Charles V. According to tradition it was commenced about 1494, or from that date to 1503, and was not finished until 1529, the retardation of the work being justified by the active prosecution of geographical research at that time, and the desire to include all the latest discoveries. It is reputed to be the earliest map of the world in existence, for the first Borgian map does not pretend to completeness. Though full of the old absurd inaccuracies, it contains many shrewd guesses, or something more than guesses, at truth, and is especially remarkable as proving that central African exploration had been conducted to a stage of scientific discovery which modern geographers are hardly disposed to concede as the achievement of travelers three or four hundred years ago. The sources of the Nile and positions of the three lakes now called Albert Nyanza, Victoria Nyanza and Alexander Nyanza, have been very definitely though not accurately laid down. They are placed too much on the straight line from west to east, their size is too nearly equal, and their form is ridiculous guesswork. Moreover, they lie too far south of the tropic of Capricorn, but their presence on the map is, at least, sufficient testimony to the knowledge of their existence at the time when Ribero drew his work. Considering, too, that the western continent had only just been discovered, the whole eastern line of coast comes at least as near exactness as if a promising child of 10 had drawn it on his slate from memory of the school map. All the western shores of North and South America have been left undefined, and even in great part unsuggested. Like the earlier maps of imperfectly explored countries, such, for example, as those which are supposed to illustrate the travels of Marco Polo, Sir John de Mandeville, and others, this map, by Diego Ribero, is largely pictorial. The Spaniard's rule evidently was, when in doubt, to draw a stag, an elephant, a lion, a bear, or a tree. Prester John's common is symbolically indicated by a large church in its midst. Russia is in a state of most admired disorder, the lack of geographical definition being, however, compensated by a plenitude of zoology. The Holy Land is likewise much used; and Jerusalem, indicated by three crosses which obviously denote Calvary, is placed about fifteen hundred miles out of true reckoning. A country found by the English, and of no use—to wit, Labrador—is placed right up at the top of the map, far away from its proper longitude as well as latitude, and is signalized by a prodigious growth of forest trees. Gallions in full sail, each as large as a continent, hold their steady course either to or from Molucca, the maritime center, according to mediaeval geographers of the world.

This extraordinary map, which will repay an hour's attentive observation, has, by the liberal permission of the pope, been lent from the archives of the propaganda at Rome to the Colonial and Indian exhibition. Sir Augustus Alderley, K. C. M. G., the royal and executive commissioner for the West Indies and British Honduras, has also received on a loan from the congregation of propaganda at Rome a small statistical atlas and an engraving of the celebrated brass map of Marco Polo, the original of which is included in the magnificent representative of his famous family. Curious and ancient maps, rare engravings, work of art, antiquities, and other interesting objects richly illustrate West Indian history at the colonial exhibition, having been lent in great numbers. But unquestionably, and almost beyond comparison, the most interesting of these historical treasures is the Ribero map, which is indeed a document of priceless archaeological value. The parchment is seven feet long by three in height, and it has never been folded, its preservation being evidently due to the utmost care whether in keeping it rolled up or in displaying it under glass. The rich colors used in its adornment, the ultramarines, vermillions, and other heraldic tints employed in the coats of arms, quadrants, zodiacal signs, and miscellaneous devices, being as fresh as they could or should have been on the day they were painted. The notion that Don Diego Ribero commenced this map under Julius II. is somewhat favored by the fact that the family arms—conspicuous in which is the oak, emblematic of his name, Ribero—are emblazoned with the tiara at the bottom of the parchment. This would make the date 1503; but there are earlier indications. Nothing more minutely exquisite than the writing, which is not confined to geographical names, can be imagined. It is the perfection of calligraphy, rather Italian than Spanish in its graceful freedom. Many of the names are written in gold, and it is surmised that these, which occur in the north of Mexico and Peru, are intended to signify the presence of gold mines there about. The large lettering on the upper and lower margins is in Spanish, the line above being that of the "Universal map," in which is contained all that has been hitherto discovered of the world. Made by Diego Ribero, geographer to his majesty in Seville, 1529; while the words beneath, translated are: "The which is divided into two parts, according to the agreement made by their Catholic majesties of Spain and King John of Portugal, in Fontevilla, A. D. 1494." This is the important part of the inscription, recalling as it does the historical incident of the drawing a line across

the first map, by Pope Alexander VI., to settle some differences with the Portuguese in relation to the frequently vexed question of possession in newly discovered lands. Strange is it that within the past few months this same map should have served a similar purpose of defining territorial rights. At one corner is a drawing of a quadrant, accompanied by a written direction how to use it; and on a space borrowed from the Pacific ocean is an astrolabe, which should have a silken cord attached to the center. The line of division drawn by Alexander VI. is described exactly as on his map, with the addition that on each side the foot of it is a flagstaff, with the Spanish flag carried toward the west and the Portuguese toward the east. Though it is supposed that Alexander made one line of demarcation only, this map of 1529, sent from Spain to Clement VII., gives a second. But it will be found that the first line, drawn to the west of the Canary islands and the Azores, has merely its counterpart in the second, which, passing between Sumatra and Borneo, carries the division round or through the globe. It is curious that while the second line is so drawn as just to place the Moluccas within the limits it represents as having been assigned to Spain, the delineation of those and of the neighboring islands, in their then only partially discovered forms including what appears to be a bit of the coast of New Guinea, should have been added at the Western extremity of Alexander VI.'s map, while the eastern extremity of that map, which if complete would show whether the pope had drawn a second line, or had completed the first through the opposite hemisphere, has now disappeared, and may possibly have been mutilated at that time.—London Telegraph.

Carp for Every Farm.

Seth Green, the noted fish culturist, writes to the *American Agriculturist* for November:

To construct a pond, first stake off your land the desired dimensions; then take a plow and scraper, and with them make the necessary excavation. The pond should be about five or six feet deep in the center, gradually sloping up to the edges. The object in having the pond deep in the center is to provide the fish with a place to settle into during the winter without danger of the water freezing solid and thereby killing them, as would be the case in cold climates if the water was all shallow. The reason for having the bottom sloping is, that thereby the fish can have access to plenty of warm, shoal water, and also that in case the old fish are not taken out after spawning, the young fish will have the protection of the shallow water along the edges, into which the larger fish cannot swim if they should feel inclined to make a meal on some of their younger relatives.

The outlet should be about three feet wide, and so constructed that it can be well screened to prevent the fish from escaping, and so as to admit of the water being drawn off when it is desired to remove the fish or to cleanse the pond. The screens may be made of wire netting, and painted with gas tar mixed with one-third turpentine, or to the consistency of paint, and applied with an ordinary paint brush. The wire netting should be tacked to strong wooden frames, made to fit the space to be screened. To screen a carp pond effectively, three screens of different sized meshes should be used. These should slide in a grooved frame work, so that they can be taken out easily and cleaned.

Carp can be raised in well water, but water from a brook is preferable. They will succeed in the Northern States if the ponds are deep enough not to freeze to the bottom in winter. Carp do not require feeding in winter, as they burrow into the mud or hibernate, until the ice disappears in the spring.

There appears to be a difference of opinion among the authorities as to which is the best kind of carp. The scale carp are said to be the most prolific, and the leather carp grow the fastest. For my part I prefer the latter; it is the handsomer and finer fish of the two. As to their qualities as table fish, so far as my experience goes, I have not been able to discover any difference between them.

Protecting Small Fruits on the Prairies.

Snow is the cheapest and most abundant of all protecting materials, but to retain it where it is wanted is the point, yet it is simple enough if one will take a lesson from some neglected piece of breaking, or other piece of ground, that has been allowed to run to weeds. The snow will accumulate here to a depth almost corresponding to the height of the weeds, and will remain until late in the spring.

It will be a very easy matter when running the cultivator through between the rows for the last time, about the first of July, to scatter a little corn and allow the cultivator to cover it. This will grow tall enough to retain a large body of snow, and does not seed the ground and cause additional labor next year; a mulch of straw over strawberries or around bushes will also help. Many prefer flax straw above all other kinds of mulching materials, as it will stay where you put it.—*American Agriculturist*.

Australia's Rabbit Plague.

The farmers of Australia seem to be still troubled by rabbits, which breed in that country at a most enormous rate. One man has just accepted a tender for wire netting which is to make a rabbit-proof fence from Narromine to Bourke, and will extend over a distance of 203 miles. If the unfortunate rabbits search along to find the end of the obstruction they will be a bit weary before they have arrived at their destination. It is said that the work will cost £15,000, and at that rate, if a man could offer such a figure, it proves that the rabbit must be the most destructive animal in the antipodes.—*Galignani's Messenger*.