NOW, IS BILL A LIAR OR NOT?

From Time.

"Bill Jones is a liar,'
Said father to Joe;
"I'm sure that he is,
For he told me so."

"For that very cause."
Said Joseph apace,
"I'll prove that Bill Jones
Is off of his base."

"He says he's a liar,
Well, now, if that's true,
There's no sort of sense
In what he told you.

"Because, don't you see?"
Continued the youth,
"He can't be a liar
And tell you the truth."

"If Bill tells the truth
He's a liar, you see;
And if he's a liar,
It's quite plain to me.

"That on his own word
(We cannot go higher),
He lies when he says it,
And he isn't a liar."

AN UNEXPECTED VISIT

It was with the air of a man profoundly indifferent to his own successes, that Gerard Strickland, twitching his cuffs and stretching his arms, before letting his hands fall into his lap, sank back into the luxurious arm-chair by his library fire, after throwing on the table the letter that announced his promotion to an enviable post in the civil service. As he thought of the post, his advancement seemed to him no subject for congratulations, but only one of those grim jets with which fortune delights to mock disappointed men.

An old man-servant, one of a sort growing rare, entered the room with an evening paper. He laid it at his master's side, and stood at a respectful distance, waiting, half-hesitating, with some anxiety legible in his countenance.

"Well, Thomas?" asked Strickland!

"I beg your pardon, sir; but do you remember what day it is to-day?"

"No, Thomas."

"Your wedding-day, sir!"

Strickland's face clouded.

"I did not know, sir, whether you would wish for dinner the same wine—as you used to have."

"No, Thomas; I shall probably dine at the club."

"I ordered dinner as usual, sir; and a bouquet, in case" ——

"Quite right, Thomas, quite right.'

For an instant the heart of the promoted official sank. The fidelity of his old domestic was humiliating. How he would once have resented the suggestion that Thomas would remember this anniversity better than himself! And that it should fall to the old servant to order from the florist the bouquet Gerrard himself had been formerly so proud to bring home, on this evening; to his wife. But the slight sense of annoyance passed away quickly. It was with absolute indifference that, seeing the man-servant still waiting, he asked—

"Anything else, Thomas?"

"This morning, when you had but just gone, a young lady called. Hearing you were not at home, she said she would call again this evening about 6. She wished to see you on important business."

"Her name?"

"She left none."

"Did you see her?"

"No, sir."

"Did John say what she was like?"

"Rather tall, sir; a young lady, dark, and fashionably dressed."

"If she calls I will see her. You may go, Thomas." The servant left, and Strickland continued to himself.

"Tall, young, dark, well-dressed, business with me. Who can she be?"

"The lady is here sir, in the drawing-room," said Thomas, returning to the library after about ten minutes.

Strickland went to the drawing-room. At the door he paused a moment to steal a look at his visitor. She stood by one of the tables idly turning the leaves of a photograph-album. Her back was toward him and he could distinguish only the tall and graceful figure of a woman, well-dressed and wearing expensive laces.

"Madam!" he said, advancing.

The lady turned, Strickland started as if he had received an electric shock. To conceal, to the best of his ability, his surprise and the sudden pallor of his face, he made her a profound bow.

"I hope I am not inconveniencing you," she said, at the same time returning his salute. Then, with a quiet ease she selected a chair and sat down.

"Not in the least; I am at your service," said Strickland.

"As I shall avail myself of your condescension, I hope that was not merely a compliment."

"May I ask you how I can oblige you?"

The lady stroked the soft fur of her muff, and once or twice lifted her searching eyes to his face. Apparently she was hesitating to name the purpose of her visit. Meanwhile, Strickland gratified his eyes with a good look at her, lovely, fascinating still, as the first day he had seen her, Only her pure profile had gained more decision, and her eyes had a profounder meaning than when he last looked into them, as those of a woman who had lived and suffered.

At length she said:

"Do you still correspond with my father?"

"Yes. It is, however, a fortnight since I last wrote to him."

"I received a letter from him esterday. He is coming to town -morrow."

This time Strickland made no attpt to conceal his surprise.

'o-morrow! Your father, who leaves home!"

medical men order hi to the oast, and he will, on his way, town, to spend the night

sed.

ghter," said Strickland.

his son. And so we find ourselves in a pleasant embarrassment."

She leant back, and with a small hand began drubbing a waltz on the table at her side.

"You call it pleasant," said Strickland.

"I did not come here to discuss words, but to discover a plan of action."

"I see none."

"And you are a politician, a man of genius! If those subtle arts, that have been so successfully employed in your own advancement, could be, without predjudice to you, this once employed to extricate me from——"

"Excuse me, madam; but your reproaches are scarcely likely to assist me to exercise my imagination."

"Bah! Well, I have a plan. First, I do not wish, cost what it may, to let my father know—the truth."

"The unhappy truth!"

She made a little grimace, and proceeded: "My father would be cruelly hurt, and the sins of the children ought not to be visited upon their parents. My remorse—I beg your pardon, that is of little consequence here"—she looked aside to warn him not to expostulate, and continued: "Hitherto, thanks to our precautions, the distance of my father's residence, and the seclusion in which he prefers to live, has been spared this sorrow. To-morrow our clever edifice of dutiful falsehood falls to the ground, and I, at least am unable to conjecture the consequences."

"And I."

"Mr. Strickland, it is absolutely necessary to prevent the scandal. I trust you will assist me. My father must find us together; and we must avoid everything that would serve to awaken suspicion."

She spoke sadly, as well as earnestly. A deep shadow of concern settled on her hearer's face. Wrapped in thought, he delayed the answer. His visitor became impatient.

"Your promised courtesy costs too much?" she demanded.

"No. I am ready. But I see many difficulties. The servants?"

"Give the new man-servant I found here this morning a holiday. I will speak to Thomas."

"If a friend should call?"

"You will see no one."

"If we meet your father, people will see us together."

"We will go in a closed carriage."

"Your father will stay here several hours. Good and simple-hearted as he is, do you believe it possible he will not recognize a—bachelor's house?"

"I will send my work, my music, and so on, this evening. My room?"

"Is as you left it."

"Sentimentality!"

"No—respect."

"Have you any further objections?"

"None. It remains to be seen whether we shall be able to deceive Mr. Gregory."

"By playing the affectionate couple. Can you remember your grimaces and fooleries of two years ago?" she asked sarcastically.

"No; I have forgotten them," replied Srickland, with a frown.

And the two looked into each other's eyes, like two duellists.

"When will you come here?" asked Strickland.

"This evening. I will bring my things, and I shall slightly disarrange this and that. I hope I shall not inconvenience you. You are not expecting any one?"

"No one. I was going out. If you wish I will stay and assist you. My engagement is unimportant."

"Pray go. We should have to talk, and we have nothing to say to each other."

"Nothing. Will you dine here?"

"No, thanks; I'll go home now, and return by and by."

She rose. Strickland bowed in response to her bow, conducted her to the door without another word, and returned with a sense of relief to the library.

When he returned home, shortly after midnight, the house had resumed an aspect long strange to it. Lights were burning in the drawing-room, and a little alteration in the arrangement of the furniture had restored to the room a forgotten grace. Bouquets of flowers filled the vases, and a faint sweetness of violets floated about the hall and staircase. The piano was open, and some music stood on the bookstand. On the boudoir table was a work-basket. By the hearth his visitor was sitting in a low chair, her little feet buried in the bear-skin rug, and her head reposed on her hand, while she gazed wistfully into the fire.

Was it a dream? Bertha's flowers; Bertha's music. Bertha herself in his home again! Two year's misery cancelled in an evening! In a moment rushed across his memory a golden wooing, a proud wedding, happy months, and the bitter day of separation. He turned away, and passed to his room, saying, "Good night!"

"Good night!" replied his wife without moving.

The strange event that had taken place in Gerard Strickland's house prevented none of its inmates enjoying a wholesome night's rest. Bertha, persuaded that to-morrow's comedy could affect no real change in her relation to her husband, went to her room with the feelings of one who spends a night in a hotel. Strickland, similarly regarding the past as irremediable, read in bed for half an hour, and then fell asleep.

To get married they had both committed a thousand follies. After meeting her at a table-d'hote, Strickland had pursued her half over Europe, vanquished the difficulties of an approach to her father in his secluded country house, and ultimately, assisted by the lady's prayers and tears, gained the old man's reluctant consent to surrender his idolized daughter. The young married people, passionately attached to each other, enjoyed fifteen months of remarkable happiness, then came the end.

Bertha became jealous. Devoted to her husband, proud, hasty, immoderate in all her thoughts and emotions, she resented with all the intensity of her nature, a meeting between Strickland and a former flame, a dance, a note, half-an hour's conversation. The husband unfortunately met her passionate expostulations with the disdainful insouciance of an easy temperament. The inevitable consequence ensued, a bitter misunderstanding. An imprudent servant, a malicious acquaintance, half-a-dozen venomous tongues, lashed the wife's jealously into madness. An explanation demanded from her husband was refused with a sneer. He had begun to think her a proud, unloving woman, and, under the circumstances, judged self-justification ridiculous. The following morning she entered his library, and with marvelous calmness, without quavering over a single word announced to him their immediate separation—for ever. Taken by surprise, Strickland tried to temporize, acknowledged that he had been thoughtless, did all in a man's power to avoid the rupture. Bertha only replied so proudly, and with so much severity, that self-respect forbade him further self-defense.

They separated. Strickland externally bore his misfortune with quietness, and, in counsel with his own conscience, concluded his life broken and ruined by his own want of tact. The husband and wife met two or three times, as people who barely know each other. He devoted himself to professional duties, resumed some of his bachelor habits, and amused himself as he could. She led a quiet, almost solitary life, restricting her pleasures to such simple enjoyments as she could provide herself at home, and seldom appearing in public. On one point both agreed, repeating such stereotyped phrases as "Bertha is well, and sends her love. I believe she wrote to you a few days ago." "Gerard is well, and at present very busy. He will not this year be able to accompany me to the seaside.

It will be easily believed that to go to her husbands house and to ask a avor of him had cost Bertha's pride a struggle. "For papa's sake; for papa's sake!" she repeated to herself, to steel her nerves to the humiliation, which, however, Strickland's cold courtesy had considerably lessened. If he would be equally considerate on the morrow, a little spirit, a little self-command, and some clever pretending might enable them safely to conduct her father through the few hours to be spent in town, to see him off from Victoria, and, with a polite bow, to separate and return to their several existences.

* * * * * * *

Dinner was ended, Mr. Gregory smiled contentment and happiness, and the two actors at the opposite ends of the table of necessity smiled too.

Their parts had proved difficult. From the moment of the old gentleman's arrival they had had to call each other by their Christian names, and to use the little endearments of two married people still in love. More than once, a word, an intonation that sounded like an echo of the dead past made Strickland pale and Bertha trembled. Their embarrassment momentarily increased. The more perfect their dissimulation, the bitterer was the secret remorse that wrung the hearts of both of them, whilst they exchanged for meaningless things, words, looks and smiles, once the most sacred signs of affection. With the fear of betraying themselves by an indiscretion was intermixed another, a misgiving lest, while they acted affection, they should be guilty of real feeling warmer than the courteous indifference with which they desired to regard each other.

On the stairs, when Mr. Gregory, preceding them, was for an instant out of sight, Bertha turned back and bestowed on her husband a grim look of fatigue that meant, "How are we to continue this?"

"'Tis only till to-morrow, Bertha," he replied, in an undertone, wishing to help her. But the Christian name (which, because he had in the last two hours used it so frequently, unwittingly slipped from his lips), caused her to turn her face away with an angry frown.

By the fire in the back drawing-room Mr. Gregory appeared actuated by a desire to ask all the most awkward questions, and to broach all the topics of conversation most difficult for his host and hostess.

"Letters are welcome, Bertha," he said, "when people cannot meet, but I have enjoyed my little visit more than all the pages you have sent me. There is very little in letters. Don't you think your wife grows handsomer, Strickland?"

"I tell her so every day."

"And so he tells me, Bertha. His letters are all about you. You have a model husband, my dear."

"I have, papa."

Strickland hung his head and regarded the pattern of the carpet

"I should like to see your house, Bertha," said Mr. Gregory, after a moment.

The little party set out on a tour of the mansion. After an inspection of several rooms, as Strickland preceded them into the breakfast room, the father stopped his daughter and said:

"Bertha, where is your mother's portrait?"

"The frame had got shabby and we have sent it to be regilt," replied the daughter, promptly.

"Where does it generally hang?"

"There."

She assigned to the picture, which she had taken with her, the first empty space on the wall that met her eye.

"I don't think that a very good place!" said the old man. "Ah, what a woman she was! What a wonderful woman! You should have known her, Strickland. You owe her your wife. When she was leaving me, poor dear! she made me promise never to hesitate to make any sacrifice that should be for Bertha's happiness; and so, when my little girl came to me and said, 'Papa, I can never be happy without Gerard,' I thought of my dear wife, and let her go. I feared, when I sent her abroad, I should lose her. Well, you were made for each other. Do you remember your first meeting in Paris?"

They remembered it.

The tour of the house was completed, and they returned to the drawing-room, Gerard and his wife congratulating themselves, not without reason, that the good papa was not very observant, for many a token of something abnormal had been plain enough.

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With a common sigh of relief the two actors sank into their respective corners of their carriage, after seeing Mr. Gregory off the next morning from Victoria. Not a single word was spokem Bertha watched the drops of rain that trickled down the windows. Gerard studied the back of the coachman. They had again become strangers.

Presently, moving accidentally, Strickland touched his wife's arm.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"Pray do not mention it."

Perfect strangers! Yet both in the silence were anxiously meditating every event of the past few hours, remembering the most trifling impressions and studying all they signified. As they came near a cross-street the husband asked:

"Shall I drive you to your own house?"

"I am coming to yours, to superintend the packing. My maid cannot do it alone."

On arriving, the wife at once went to her chamber. Strickland, conscious of his utter purposelessness, returned to the back drawing-room and took up the paper. Bertha passed backward and forward. Once or twice he caught a glimpse of her moving about the room. At last he looked up.

"You will tire yourself," he said; cannot I assist you?"

"No, thank you. I have nearly done."

A few minutes later she came and seated herself on the opposite side of the fire. She appeared tired. As she sat, she looked around to see if anything had been forgotten.

"I think it rains less," said Strickland, who had laid down the paper.

"No. It rains just the same as before.

"Is the carriage ready?"

"I have sent to know."

The carriage would be ready in ten minutes.

Those ten minutes seemed an eternity. When the servant entered to say the carriage waited, Bertha rose and stood for a while before the mirror, arranging her laces and ribbons, with difficulty; for her fingers trembled. Then she slowly drew on her gloves and turned toward her husband. He had risen and was standing waiting.

"Good morning," she said, bowing slightly.

He bowed, but made no reply. She turned, and quietly, with calm, even steps, walked from the room. She could hear that he followed her.

They were in the hall. Suddenly he stepped to her side.

"Bertha! You are not going without first forgiving me?" he exclaimed in a voice in which grief mingled with passion.

She turned round, and in an instant had thrown herself into his arms.

"Darling, you will never leave me again?"

"No, no, love. Never!"—From Murray's Magazine.

Pleasures of Being Chewed by Wild Beasts.

In a recent letter to Junius Henri Brown author of a paper of "The Fear of Death," Sir Lyon Playfair writes:

"I have known three friends who were partially devoured by wild beasts under apparently hopeless circumstances of escape. The first was Livingstone, the great African traveler, who was knocked on his back by a lion, which began to munch his arm. He assured me he felt no fear or pain, and that his only feeling was one of intense curiosity as to which part of his body the lion would take next. The next was Rusten Pasha, now Turkish ambassador in London. A bear attacked him and tore off his hand and a part of his arm and shoulder. He also assured me that he felt excessively angry because the bear grunted with so much dissatifaction in munching him. The third case is that of Sir Edward Bradford, an Indian officer now occupying a high position in the Indian office. He was seized in a solitary place by a tiger, which held him firmly between his shoulders with one paw, and then deliberatly devoured the whole arm, beginning at the end and ending at the shoulder. He was positive that he had no sensation of fear, and thinks that he felt none during the munching of his arm."

Mr. Vanderbilt's Flagstones.

There are now being shipped at Oxford station, on the Ontario and Western Railroad, a lot of the biggest flagstones ever quarried in the United States. They come from the Clark quarry, about a mile from the station, and are intended to form the sidewalk in front of Mr. Frederick Vanderbilt's new house on Fifth Avenue, New York. There are twenty stones altogether, and each is twenty feet long, ten to fifteen feet in width, and about twelve inches thick. The largest stones now lying in a New York sidewalk are the enormous slabs in front of the Equitable Building, but the Vanderbilt flags are considerably bigger and heavier than those. As they are now being shipped thy are in the rough, and are consigned to Hastings on-the-Hudson, where they will be dressed and finished. The flat cars on which the stones are transported were specially built of a strength to bear the great weight, and special machinery is required for loading and unloading the flags. It is estimated that the stones when laid down in the walk in New York will have cost $1,000 apiece.—N. Y. Times.

Praising His Minister.

Ordinary compliments are of small account, but now and then a man will recieve one that is worth more than the most learned criticism.

One Sunday the rector had been absent, and on his return naturally asked his clerk how he had liked his substitute on the previous Sunday.

"Well, sir," was the unequivocal reply, "saving your Honor, not very well; he was a little too pline for me. I like a preacher as joombles the r'ason and confoonds the joodgment; and of all the born preachers I've heerd, there's none comes up to your reverence for that!"—Churchman.

Horrible Details of a Premature Interment.

In Russia people are oftener than elsewhere condemned—unintentionally, of course—to that most grue some of all deaths, of which E. P. Poe had such unfeigned horror—buried alive. But the circumstances accompanying this frightful torture are seldom so characteristic or so horrible as in the case of the wife of a peasant in the government of Volhynia, on the borders of Austria, who, according to the local journal Volhynia, was lately buried in a comatose state. She was expecting soon to become a mother at the time of her supposed death. After the "corpse" had been kept the usual time, the parish priest, Konstantinoff, recited the prayers of the burial service in the churchyard; the widower cast three handfuls of earth on the coffin, and all departed except the grave-digger. In filling up the grave the latter shoveled in an unusually large sod of hard earth, which struck the coffin with a loud noise, and woke up the unfortunate woman from her sleep. The horror of her position at once dawned upon her. She cried out in most piteous tones to the gravediggers to rescue her from her horrible death. She solemnly promised them all her property if they would take her from the grave and coffin. The more she cried and entreated the more strenuous were their endeavors to fill in the grave; and on leaving the churchyard when their work was done they still heard her cries and moans. They at once hurried off to her husband, who was surrounded by guests, drinking to the memory of the deceased. Having related what had taken place, the matter was discussed by the guest and neighbors, who soon came rushing in, and it was finally resolved nem. con. that an evil spirit had taken possession of the deceased, and that, in order to prevent her walking at night and disturbing the people, it was absolutely necessary to disinter her and drive an aspen stake through her body. The mir sent a deputation to the priest asking permission to disinter the body and perform this superstitious rite deemed necessary in all such cases. The pope, horrified, hurried off to the churchyard and had the body disinterred in the hope of saving a life, but superstition had already got its victim—the woman was dead, but unmistakable signs showed she had struggled hard to escape from the most horrible death the human mind can conceive.

Brains or Beauty.

Dufresny married his washer-woman.

Goethe's wife was a woman of mediocre capacity.

Emerson says, "It is not beauty that inspires the deepest passion."

Therese Lavasseur, the last flame of Rousseau, could not tell the time of day.

Racine had an illiterate wife and was accustomed to boastfully declare that she could not read any of his tragedies.

Heine said of the woman he loved, "She has never read a line of writing and does not even know what a poet is."

It is an oft-quoted saying of Dr. Johnson that "a man in general is better pleased when he has a good dinner on the table than when his wife talks Greek."

"How many of the wise and learned," says Thackeray, "have married their cooks! Did not Lord Elden, himself the most prudent of men, make a runaway match? Were not Achilles Ajax both in love with their servant-maids?"

Jean Paul Richter declared that he would not lead a woman into the matrimonial noose whom it would not delight to hear the learned reviews of Gottingen, or the universal German library, when they sounded his praise, though it might be in some degree exaggerated.

Seven hundred people sat up all night to see the beautiful Duchess of Hamilton get in her carriage, but would one in a thousand lose a wink of sleep to get a glimpse of the learned wife of the pundit Yainavalka, who discoursed with the Indian in Sanscirt on the vexed problems of life?

John Stuart Mill regarded the institution of marriage in its highest aim and accept as "a union to persons of cultivated faculties, identical in opinion and purposes, between whom their exists that best kind of equality, similiarity of powers with reciprocal superiority in them, so that one can enjoy the luxury of looking up to the other and can have alternately the pleasure of leading and being led in the path of development."

Overstocked with Mediocres.

When any profession or calling is over-stocked it means, generally, that there's too large an amount of mediocrity in such profession or calling. Or, in other words, there are too many who can do the same thing equally well. There is always a place for the better worker, the man or woman whose individuality and originality can strike out in some new path and make an improvement on the old method, providing such worker has force enough to keep on pushing his or her talent to the front and not use that same force up in dwelling on discouragements.—Prentice Mulford in New York Star.

"Tom," said a small child to her younger brother, "if you are a good boy, when you die you'll go up to heaven and be an angel." Tom looked up at the blue sky with big inquisitive eyes, then he nodded his curly head. "I'll be a good boy," he said earnestly. "And if you're a very good boy maybe you'll be an angel before you die." Tom looked thoughtful for a moment, then he said doubtfully, I guess I won't be a very good boy."

THE FARM.

Agricultural Notes.

It is the same with butter as with all other products, a uniform quality coupled with quantity will always create a market demand.

The creamery system, as we find it in this country, is far from being perfect, and yet it possesses some advantages over the average farm dairy.

Two horses of one kind will do as much work as four horses of another kind, and it ought not to be hard to determine which is the more profitable.

To remove warts from a cow's teats a correspondent of Hoard's Dairyman recommends a mixture of one part of sulphur to three of lard, applied after each milking.

The necessity for every farm owner to understand the special properties of his soils is evident from the fact that, with the great diversity which exists in soils, no single compound can meet the needs of all.

Cattle of all kinds should be provided with shelter, and now is a good time to provide it if not already furnished. It need not always be expensive. Comfort should be the first consideration.

It costs something like $40 a year to maintain a cow, and the profit lies in what she yields above the cost of care and maintenance. From this it follows that even a small increase in the amount of butter very materially affects the value of the individual.

The Rural World believes that the general farmer with 200 acres of land should keep fifty sheep for utility's sake alone. Such men can afford to estimate the value of sheep from the standpoint of meat, fertility, and the the general advantage to the market price of the wool.

The finer the condition of the manure and the more evenly it is spread over the surface the sooner it will be converted into plant food and the better it will nourish the plants. As the fall is an excellent time to haul and spread the manure a little care given the matter of spreading repaid in the spring.

It is convenient and apparently economical to breed animals only eight months old, or even younger. The sow can be marketed when eighteen months old, being kept through only one winter. But immature animals cannot produce offspring as strong and vigorous as the offspring of older animals.

When farm implements are housed for winter they should be painted with crude petroleum mixed with enough coloring matter to give it a substance that will hold it on. If this is done their durability will be greatly increased, and one of the most serious farm expenses be correspondingly lessened.

An observant Maryland farmer, who has been traveling in the West, writes: "I am confirmed in my old opinion that if our farmers would practice the same rigid economy, industry and perseverance here that the emigrant is forced to do in the West, they would be as well or better off financially after a term of years."

There are in many pieces of corn this year an unusual proportion of what are called nubbins. These are imperfect ears, caused by drought just at earing time. It does not pay to husk and put these in the crib. Left on the stalk the cattle will find them next winter, and eat husk, corn and cob with a relish that will go far towards digesting the less palatable morsels.

Winter Rye.

On many farms, says the Ploughman, a few acres of Winter rye might be grown to as good advantage as almost any crop. It requires but little labor, and not much manure, and in most localities the straw will pay the cost, leaving the grain as clear profit. Very few crops draw so little from the land, and very few have so few enemies, or are so certain to produce good crops every year. Growing as it does in autumn and spring it is not affected by summer droughts, and it is gathering in substance from the surrounding atmosphere at a season when other crops use the least; for this reason a crop of rye takes but very little fertilizer from the soil.

A Good Rule for Stables.

The following is one of the rules of a prominent livery stable in this city where horses of many wealthy men are boarded. "No man will be employed who drinks intoxicating drinks. No man must speak loud to any one of the horses, or in the stable where they are. Horses of good blood are nervous, and loud, excited conversation is felt by every horse in the stable that hears it. Excited words addressed to one horse are felt by every other horse that hears them, and keep them all nervous and uneasy. No man may use profane language in the hearing of the horses." If such a rule prevailed in all the livery and many other stables through out the country, the welfare of all concerned would be promoted. Let it be generally adopted.

Making the Dairy Pay.

A well known dairy writer, in one of our exchanges gives the following five rules as being essential in the manufacture of first-class butter:

Set out the milk quickly as possible after milking.

Skim off the cream before the milk gets thick.

Churn before the milk gets sour, i. e., slightly acid.

Wash out the buttermilk with weak brine.

Salt an ounce to the pound and pack in small packages.

If this article was written relating to milk set in open pans, with no modern appliances, and in any place best calculated to keep the milk, without the expense of preparing a place, the rules might work, except in regard to salting. This is too high for modern tastes. Three quarters of an ounce would come nearer the mark. But why advocate the old plan of open setting, when modern appliances have simplified this question, so that the milk of 10 cows can be set in a very small space, where if ice, or water from a spring be not at hand, cold water from the well may surround the utensils for creaming? —Prairie Farmer.

What Causes Baldness.

Speaking of the number of bald heads to be observed in public gatherings, a prominent physician said to a Mail and Express reporter: "I cannot tell you the cause of baldness. The most plausible view among many doctors was that baldness was especially liable to follow the wearing of a tight-fitting hat, the blood vessels being constricted and the scalp deprived of the necessary supply of blood. But this view has been controverted by a fact brought to light about the Parsees of India. The Parsees are compelled to keep the head covered during the day by a hat so tight as to crease the scalp and possibly the skull, and at night they wear a skull-cap; and yet not one of them has been known to be bald. The Orientals say that worry causes the hair to fall, and it may be true in some cases. The general state of health naturally affects the scalp, but the fact remains that no special cause can be given for baldness. It is doubtless congenital, like many other peculiarities, and the best thing a man can do about it is to keep his body clean, take care of his health and let his scalp alone."

Directions for Shipping Poultry.

The following directions for shipping poultry to market are furnished by the well known commission firm of New York, E. & O. Ward:

Poultry should be entirely cold, but not frozen, before being packed. If packed with any of the animal heat in it, it is almost sure to spoil. Slight freezing does not greatly injure the sale, but hard freezing, especially when it produces discoloration, reduces the value 25 to 50 per cent. Boxes containing about 200 pounds are the best packages. Barrels may, however, be used, they are better for chickens and ducks than for turkeys and geese, as the larger kinds get bent and twisted out of shape in them. For packing, use only very clean, dry and threshed wheat or rye straw in the bottom of the package, then alternate layers of poultry and straw, stowed very snugly upon the contents, keeping them firmly in place. Always put the different kinds in separate packages, and mark the kind on the cover. Generally our best markets for poultry are Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's. Turkey's sell well at either of these occasions, but best at Thanksgiving, especially large ones. After New Year's small turkeys sell better than large. Geese sell best at Christmas, and chickens at New Year's. Lots shipped for these special occasions should arrive in sufficient time before the event to meet the best sale. Poultry that arrives too late often meets a very poor market.

Emperor William's Income.

Epoch: William II. has no fixed salary as emperor of Germany, but there is about a million dollars that he can use if necessary. As king of Prussia, however, he has a civil list amounting to $3,550,000; but the taste for travel and other expenses incurred in the interest of the empire necessitates, it appears, an increase of revenue. So when the reichstag reassembles a proposal will be made to add several millions of marks to the imperial civil list. The emperor's recent journey to Vienna and Rome cost about $200,000. Among the presents that he distributed along his route were eighty diamond rings, thirty diamond and emerald necklaces, fifty scarf pins, thirty gold watches and chains, six sabers studded with diamonds and emeralds and a hundred boxes of cigars.

Dogs Have the Best of It.

Boston Congregationalist.

A city missionary, on her way to visit a poor family where a sickly child was dying from lack of nourishment, was detained at a crossing by a blockade of carriages. On the seat of one elegant turnout, by the side of my lady, sat a pug dog, a string of silver bells around his neck, gold bandages on his paws, and over his sleek coat a daintly embroidered blanket, whose pockets bulged with lumps of sugar. "How much some children miss by not being born pet dogs!" dryly remarked the missionary threading, her way among ths vehicles.

Great Mystery Explained.

San Francisco Call.

"Why do so many men part their hair on the left side?"

"Because," replied the barber, brushing back a stray lock. "They've been brought up to it from infancy. A mother facing her boy always holds the comb in her right hand, and it being easiest to comb the hair from left to right, she parts it on the left. The boy when he grows up and is able to comb his own hair finds the part on that side, and follows the line marked out by his mother. That's why the majority of men part on the left."

What is the difference between an apple and a pretty girl? One you can squeeze to get cider and the other you get 'side her to squeeze.