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ROVING BILL NYE,

He Talks on Prison Life From a Varied Experience. William Writes from Newark, O.,

About Glassblowers, Aztecs and Jails —Opening Strawberry Jam is Not all Joy and Rapture.

[Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.]

Newark, O., is not as large in point of population or manufacture as Newark, N. J., but it is a very good looking city, well paved, with wide, handsome streets, a certain number of miles of which are paved each year in the most durable style possible.

Newark has also a glass works. We visited this institution. It is not devoted to the manufacture of cut glass, but mostly to the construction of the prosaic beer bottle of the work-a-day world. Can any little boy or girl who reads this tell me how a beer bottle is made?

In the first place, different ingredients are fused into a red hot molten mass. The molten mass is not a religious service, though it has the same temperature as the doctrine which was taught me as a child by my pastor, who was a rigid man and loved to scare me with his wonderful and gifted pictures of hell.

Quite a lot of ingredients are used in the manufacture of glass, and I would love dearly to tell my readers all about it, but just before I left the works I promised the owner of the factory that I would not reveal the process of making glass

OPENING THE STRAWBERRY JAM.

under penalty of being boiled in soap at low tide and afterward used in a Chinese laundry, so I think it is better to simply describe the making of bottles as briefly as possible.

At the proper moment the glassblower inserts a long, hollow brass tube into the molten mass of salt, soda, sand, etc., which goes to make glass, and turning it about in the midst of it withdraws the tube, on the far end of which is a gob of red hot glass. The blower now rolls this gob over a sort of table covered with oil or something of that sort, meantime standing at a respectable distance from it, for it is quite hot. Then when it is properly shaped he drops it by means of the tube, but still attached to it, into a mold which he can open and close by pressing a lever with his foot.

Opening this mold he lets the rosy gob fall into its open jaws, closes it with his foot, blows gently into it through his long tube and then removes it at once a complete bottle with the exception of the rim or nozzle, which is put on the top of the neck by another man.

It is quite a trick to obliterate the seam made on molded glassware, and workmen who can do this get a little better price for it, I am told. As the reader knows, perhaps, the glassblowing fraternity is better equipped for controlling wages and prices than any other trade in the world. Only so many apprentices are admitted each year, and the foreign and domestic glassblowers have a mutual understanding so that wages remain good, and very likely always will, and yet there are no strikes necessary.

This factory also makes the various kinds of fruit jars used in putting up fruit. I bought a dozen and a half of these fruit jars, hoping this season to put up some berries for home use and possibly some for the market, also a jar of jell for the pastor.

There is a new jar, sort of a self sealer, which works on the principle of the beer bottle, with a rubber stopper and iron fastener, which by pressure with the thumb opens or closes the top so that when closed it is as air tight as the best old fashioned fruit jar, and even more so, it is said.

I put up a jar of strawberries one year myself, according to a receipt which I read in The Gallded Plowman, a paper which I have taken for years. I noticed as the glad Yuletide approached that the corner of the jar seemed to have a convex appearance, but I recked not.

I had some difficulty in starting the lid of my fruit jar, as the pressure from the inside was greater than I had wotted of. By and by, however, there was a low, hissing sound like that made by a steam radiator that has been cornered; then I noticed a strawberry halo around the chandelier.

Once, also, I read a receipt in the same paper telling how to preserve eggs for winter so that they would taste like a new warm summer day in a clover hay-mow. I was to put the eggs in bran, I believe, either with the large or the small end down, after varnishing them with shellac or gum copal, and then set in a dark place.

Where the man who wrote the receipt erred, I think, was in neglecting to tell how to properly open the eggs for use in winter. He should have said that they ought to be opened on a deserted fair ground by means of a revolver at thirty paces after obtaining a burial permit from the city.

At Newark it is the custom of the youth to attend the various entertainments at the opera house without paying any admission. I spoke there to a large and intelligent audience. Most every one was spellbound and delighted beyond measure. The speaker went on at some length to speak to the audience in a terse way, expressing himself in wonderfully beautiful language, some of which conveyed ideas. Every one was pleased and delighted.

In the midst of the speaking there was a slight noise heard overhead and a boy's leg was seen to suddenly burst through the ceiling and agitate itself through the brilliantly lighted atmosphere. The incident attracted a great deal of attention and made a success of the entertainment. It was heartily enjoyed by one and all, with the exception of the boy, who will have to get another pair of trousers, it is thought.

Newark has one wonderful feature. It consists of an ancient fortification and numerous Indian mounds of uncertain age. The fortification must be many centuries old, as there are trees growing in the embankment and in the most which are several hundred years old, no doubt. Inside the fortress there is now a race track, and the whole is used as an inclosure for a fair ground or agricultural exhibit each year.

Some think that this fort is the work of the Aztecs. Of course no one can tell accurately, though a great many scientific men come here, look wise and go away to write the whole thing up and settle it for all time. I presume I have just as good a right to my theory as any one else. I am the author of the Aztec theory. I have made a study of the Aztec people, and the Montezuma family is as familiar to me as my own.

My theory is that the Aztecs once owned and operated the entire country now known as the United States, but yielding to the false and wicked Blandishments of free silver they at last were driven to poverty and shame, and gave up one after another the different states called doubtful till at last they were driven to Mexico and were succeeded by Pocahontas and Columbus.

The Aztecs obtained a good many good ideas from the Toltecs, some say, before they went to Mexico, and others after. At any rate, they were well advanced in some of their arts and sciences, though they were idolatrous and often sacrificed human beings to their gods. Here they also used very poor judgment. If instead of offering up their most attractive young people, girls especially, they had used the politicians as far as they would go, the Aztecs would have been on deck to-day no doubt and the Montezumas would have been giving pink teas on Pennsylvania avenue.

It is estimated that the Aztecs sacrificed over twenty thousand people annually to their gods, notwithstanding the fact that these gods had repeatedly shown their total inability to attend to things. History tells nowhere of a more inadequate set of gods than those employed and paid by the Aztecs. The Aztec god was also a complete artistic failure, being excessively plain. He was also very unsuccessful socially. All that he could do successfully was to accept the bleeding sacrifice of innocent school children, look pleasant and scare the farm horses.

The fortress near Newark is only one of several peculiar earth works regarding which we have no authentic history. They may have been erected by the Aztecs, the Toltecs or the Woodtecs. No man can tell. Only a few have tried to do so, and they did not know.

Newark has the most desirable jail in the state of Ohio, and possibly in the United States. It is built of cut stone, in a modern and artistic manner, with a beautiful porch, handsome lawns around it, and in every way resembles the dwelling of a wealthy merchant instead of the calaboose of a city.

PRISON STUDIES.

Criminals come here for hundreds of miles to be incarcerated. Men contemplating crime try to arrange it so that the offense may be committed in Newark and themselves also. It is certainly one of the most neat and attractive jails that I have ever seen, and I have made jail life a close study for years. While in France I visited a facsimilie of the old Bastile, which had been constructed exactly by a French architect.

The Bastile was built in 1370 by Charles V. It was the state prison. The stones of the old Bastile are now used in paving the streets at the forks of the road in Paris, called the Place de la Bastile, or where the Place runs into one the Rues. Paris is the greatest town for Rues that I have ever seen.

The Bastile had eight towers, five stories high, in which prisoners could be confined and be entirely cut off from the rest, and even the prison authorities did not need to know they were there.

Here literary people who had written pieces for the papers over the signature of "Veritas" were incarcerated for weeks and months and years, only to be at last beheaded by the light running and noiseless guillotine. Those who sassed the administration were gathered in by means of the *Letter de Cachet*, and that was sufficient. We should be glad and proud that we live in a land where one can have not one trial alone, but seven or eight, together with an arrest of judgment and executive clemency.

The Bastile was destroyed by the French revolutionists July 14, 1789, and now it is the great national holiday. July 14 all the French yeomen and alliance people throng the streets, bringing their lunch with them, including a long, black bottle of sour wine, with which they fill themselves in a wild and ineffectual effort to get intoxicated.

On this day also the beggars and cripples of France are permitted to invade Paris, and one will see a greater assortment of excrescences and deformities than in a New York hospital in a lifetime. Remunerative abscesses and incurable sores are brought out on the beautiful boulevards, and the Champs Elysees swarms with beggars whose limbs are so crooked that they seem to be trying to climb up their trunks. Odd and whimsical wens start out from these people on the slightest provocation, and curious wounds are utilized to rake in the centimes. One man has a bullet hole in his trachea, or windpipe. By closing his mouth and nose and inserting the mouthpiece of a bugle in this hole he was able to play a tune pretty well, and he seemed to have a crowd around him most of the time.

He told me that he was very thankful because a kind Providence had provided him with such a convenient slot, as it were, for people to put their francs and centimes into.

Winter grain is looking especially well in Ohio, and the green hillsides are dotted with bright new lambs. The coming summer bids fair to be the best that the farmers have ever experienced.

BILL NYE.

A COWBOY ON COWBOYS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

(In Harper's Weekly.)

The first cowboys I ever saw greatly disappointed me by their appearance. These first cowboys I saw in Montana were a very ordinary-looking lot of young depot-loungers, peculiar only because they wore big, flat-brimmed hats, and because they had a long line of broncos fettered to a hitching-rail near by.

This same band of plainsmen had long noticed a course of behaviour on the part of a Northern Pacific train-conductor which they determined not to tolerate. The conductor did the worst thing, in a cowboy's opinion, that any man could do—he acted like a dude; he "put on style." He actually went so far as to swing himself off the cars before they stopped, and, with one arm extended and head offensively erect, would shout; "Dingleville! All out for Dingleville!" His whole manner was artificial, affected, and unbearable. This being noticed—and no one is quicker to notice the hollow trickery of an Eastern man than cowboys are—the boys decided to "take him down." So one day they assembled on the station platform in a semicircular line, into the curve of which he must run as he leaped from the moving cars. The conductor did as he was expected to, the cowboys surrounded him, and he was bidden to dance.

"Dance,——you!" they shouted; "dance, or we'll shoot the toes off you!"

At the words each cowboy pulled his pistol, and began shooting down into the platform planks, not exactly at the conductor's feet, but so as to narrowly miss them. They blazed away and he danced, until, after he was all but exhausted and they had no more shots to fire, they bade him go on with the train, and never "show up" at Dingleville until he could behave like a man.

I heard other stories about cowboys on that trip. One of the best of them was told by a globe-trotting Englishman.

"They are a very rum sort of beggars,' said he—"a very rum sort. But they're not half-bad as a lot, d'you know. The first cowboy town I got into there was a poor clerk standing up over his books at a desk in a shop on the main street, and there was a drunken cowboy riding up and down the street. Well, the cowboy saw the clark, and his sense of humor was aroused by the idea of shooting at him, d'you know. Those cowboys have a very remarkable sense of humor. So the cowboy ups with his pistol, d'you know, and he shoots the poor clark right through the head, killing him instantly. Well, now, that sort of thing is very distinctly frowned upon by cowboys, as a rule, and in this case the cowboys held a meeting, and resolved that the fellow with the lively but dangerous sense of humor should be hanged at once. They put a rope around his neck, and, there being no tree anywhere in sight, they hung him to the side of a Pullman as the train came rolling in. I've seen a number of occurrences of that sort, which makes me quite positive in stating that though they are a very rum sort of beggars, they are really not a bad lot."

I greatly enjoyed a morning spent with a cowboy of great fame in his business, of twelve year's experience.

"Folks in the East think that cowboys are savages and eat grass," said he; "but I find 'em about the best men I ever knew; by that I mean that they are the manliest and squarest men I ever saw. There's one thing I will say, you put 'em in the best hotel there is, and they'll order ham and eggs three times a day, the reason being that you can't make 'em believe there's any better food than that agoing. They work hard, and they live hard, and when they smash, they go all to pieces. I know one, as smart a cowboy as ever roped a steer, smart at every part of the business—one of your true cowboys, he was, that's too proud to cut hay, and the kind that says, as I heard one say once, when a big cattle-man came on from the East, and asked him to saddle his horse: "Saddle him yourself," says he; 'if you don't know how, you ain't got no business out on a range. Anyhow, I don't have to saddle no man's horse as long as I can ride the way I can now.' This fellow that I speak of was one of the regular sort like that, and yet he is sunk so low that a painted woman is keeping him. I saw him to-day, and he borrowed money of me, which, when I gave it to him, I knew I was flinging it into the gutter. Do you know why I gave it to him? It was because I know hundreds who would do the same for me. They would whack their last dollar with me, for standing by your friends is the cowboy's religion.

"Rum, cards, and women are the epitaphs in the cowboy's grave-yard. Some bunches all three, and some cuts one out of the herd, and rides after it till he drops; but however they take 'em, those are the things that rounds up most of 'em. It's curious, but if they quit horseback, and go into business, those are the three businesses they choose from, or the two, I should say, for cards and liquor go together.

"How do I dress when I'm with an outfit? Well, mostly in rags. Truth is, I don't care how I dress so long as I've got a good hat and boots and saddle. I've got shoes on now, because I've quit my horse, and am hoofing it. You can't walk in a cowboy's shoes; they fit too much. You see, we wear high-heeled boots and get 'em as small as we can. When a cowboy goes into a shoe-store, if two men can get a pair of new boots on him without a good deal of trouble, he won't buy 'em; he'll say he doesn't want a whole hide to slosh around in, he just wants shoes to fit his feet. Cowboys are very particular about the look of their feet, and have a right to be, because they pay fifteen dollars for a pair of boots. A good broad-brimmed hat'll cost up to twenty dollars, and a plain Cheyenne saddle and trimmings is worth forty dollars; but the boys like to get their saddles all stamped up with patterns, and will pay fifty-five dollars for one like that.

"Folks East think the Indians are such fine riders. We cowboys may be conceited, but we don't think an Indian can ride for sour milk. It is true they are on horseback all the time, but their horses are little played-out old racks that you could mostly put in your pocket. An Indian can ride a horse that I've rode down and quit, but I always say the horse goes to git out of misery. You see an Indian ride once. You often have? Well, then, there's no need o' my tellin' you that he keeps his heels humping into the horse's ribs the whole time he's riding him, or that he has a quirt, with which he keeps a-whipping and lashing the horse the whole time.

"Indians can't ride. Do you know what they do when they get a horse that's got some spirit? They put a stake in the ground, and tether the horse to it with a long halter. Then all the squaws, and children, and old men in the camp get around with whips, and sticks, and stones, and they holler, and chase, and beat the horse around and around that stake till he's well-nigh dead. When they've broke his heart and got him nearly dead, some buck will get on him and ride him, whipping him and digging him with his heels. The horse will go to get out of misery. That shows what the Indians know about horses.

"Cavalrymen are fairly good riders—on a road. They can move along a road, if it's in good condition, quite fairly. But, great Scott! what we call riding is to take your horse across country wherever a horse can go—down gullies, up bluffs, and just as it happens. A good cowboy rider is unconscious that he is riding. A man who is conscious that he is on horseback ain't a good rider. You want to get on your horse and let your legs flop around loose from the knees down; and you must let your body sit loose, except where it joins the horse and is part of him.

"A cowboy is drunk twenty minutes after he strikes a town. We used to 'shoot up' the towns, but now they disarm us. Was I ever in a fuss? Well, little ones, once in a while. When a man raises a gun on me, I'm going to do whatever he wants just as quick as I can. I've heard men in towns say they wasn't afraid of a gun. Well, I am; and so would they be if they had ridden from Texas to Montana as often as I have. I've also heard men say they'd like to see the Indian they'd be afraid of. Well, I've seen a good many I've been afraid of, no matter what bluff I made to show that I wasn't scared. As I say, I like to oblige a man that drops a gun on me, because the man is apt to be drunk, and when he is drunk he is apt to be a little mite nervous.

"But there was a time lately when a man pulled a gun on me, and I didn't like to do what he wanted. You see, I don't drink liquor, and I'd refuse five hundren dollars sooner than corral a spoonful of it. I was in a bar-room, and a man came in and asked me to drink. He was a stranger or he'd 'a' known better than to ask me, and he was steaming drunk, too. I thanked him, and told him I didn't care to drink. I was unarmed, but he was 'fixed,' and he whips out his gun—a 45-calibre six-shooter—and he says, 'Pour out a glass of rum and chuck it in yourself, or I'll make windows in you skull.' He had me, and I want to tell you that a man doesn't feel first-rate looking along a gun-barrel when he knows the weapon's cocked and the man is drunk, and has only got to press hard enough to move two ounces when the thing'll go off. A man doesn't get absent-minded under the circumstances; he 'tends to whatever business is asked of him. I replied that certainly I would drink, and that I didn't know he was so pressing. I grapped the bottle, poured out the poison, and was just raising the glass, with a "Here's looking at you, pard," when a friend of mine came in the door. He saw the lay of the land, and he walked up and stuffed the muzzle of his six-shooter right in the drunken man's ear, and he says, 'Drop it!' Up to that time, it had been a tableau and not a word spoken, but when my friend said 'Drop it!' the feller let his gun fall as you would have done with a mouthful of scalding hot coffee."

ALBERNI CHURCH.

A Monument to the Christian Zeal and Liberality of the District.

Opening Services and Sermon by the Pioneer Missionary of Presbyterianism.

On Sunday, the 1st of May, the Presbyterian Church on Alberni Townsite was formally opened and dedicated to the public worship of God. The services were conducted by Rev. Alexander Dunn, of Wawnock, who was the pioneer missionary to Alberni, having come from the Mainland in 1886, and leaving the district in 1889. The weather was all that could be desired, as being the brightest and warmest of the current year. The seat accommodation, consisting of chairs and benches, was fully occupied, there being about a hundred persons forming the audience. The old residents were well represented, many of whom had come from distant parts of the valley, but there were also present several of the strangers who have come in during this year, and are engaged in work in connection with the paper and saw mills, and other buildings in course of erection. A few Indians and some of the members of the R. C. Church were also present. Three or four infants formed a part of the congregation, one of whom was baptized by Mr. Dunn at the conclusion of the service in the presence of a small number of persons who remained. The musical part of the service was ably led by the eight members of the choir, under the direction of Mr. Howitt, the Organist. A psalm, two hymns and an anthem were chosen and practiced with special regard to the occasion and surroundings. The two readings from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament were performed by the resident minister of the church, the Rev. Stables Smith, and Mr. Dunn preached a very instructive and suggestive sermon from the text: "Thou believest there is one God; thou doest well; the devils also believe and tremble; but wilt thou know, O, vain man, that faith without works is dead?" Epistle of James, Chapter II, verses 19 and 20. Although Mr. Dunn spoke forty-five minutes, he seemed to keep up the attention of the audience to the close. The last fifteen minutes were confined to remarks having special reference to the past, the present and the future of the Presbyterian Church mission in Alberni. He spoke, as might be expected from the occasion and circumstances, with considerable display of feeling, and was listened to with more than ordinary attention. He said:

It is always pleasing to note signs of progress and prosperity in any community, or in any Christian congregation, and I think all must admit that progress has been made here—I mean all who are in a position to compare and contrast our first meeting for public worship, on the 13th of November, 1886, with our meeting on this, the 1st of May, 1892. Then I conducted service in the building used as a schoolroom during the day, and as a bedroom during the night, near Mr. Saunders' store, on the other side of the river. The building referred to was one of the most humble in which I ever preached, and I have preached in some very modest places during the last seventeen years in British Columbia. But comfortless and cheerless as the building in one respect was, there was a warmhearted and happy company of worshippers gathered there that day. I cannot forget the gladness manifested in each countenance as I stood up to give out the psalm, as also, when the service was over, the cordial manner in which I was received as one after another was introduced to me. Well, within six months, we were able to move to better quarters when the new log schoolhouses were completed by Mr. Huff. We then felt that the days of "roughing it" were past, and the days of comfort had arrived. To-day it is my pleasing duty to rejoice with you, and to congratulate you on entering upon what may be called the third stage of your history as a Church—seated as you now are in this comfortable and commodious church building. Before a building of these proportions and such finish could have been planted here sacrifices must have been made by many if not by all present. In a community struggling with many and adverse circumstances, the very purpose to build a house for the worship of God was a bold one, and by men of less determination and zeal the undertaking would have been deemed impossible. But to men of strong faith and perseverance difficulties which to ordinary mortals would seem insurmountable, vanish. And to-day this house of God stands complete in all its parts, comfortable and substantial, a monument of your Christian zeal and liberality. Yet I feel sure you are most ready to acknowlenge how little in one respect you have been able to accomplish for Christ's sake. How freely does this church building, reared through your pious exertions, express your gratitude to that Being who gives us all things—the very air we breathe—the very food that sustains us. When we give our best and do our utmost, what a poor return we make for the countless favors our gracious Father is daily showering around our path.

The blessed Redeemer gave His life for us. The precious blood He shed that we might be ransomed and quickened from the dead. This atoning death deprives disappointments of their sting, and gives a gladness to lives which would be otherwise unendurable, and enables us to meet death, the king of terrors, with calmness and courage.

My Christian friends, may it please Almighty God to remember your gifts and accept your sacrifices for Jesus' sake—to make this house His home, that this may in after years be a precious spot, which you and your children shall call blessed. May it be as a resting-place to the weary and wayworn, as a place of refreshment to those hungering and thirsting after righteousness—a place of which it may be said in many cases—this one, and that one, and that other, was born here.

My dear friends, your invitation, expressed in such touching terms, to be present at the opening of your new church moved me deeply. I felt that you had rightly interpreted my feelings toward you, and my continued interest in your welfare. It has been my great privilege, as a pioneer missionary, here and in other places in the western portions of this Province, to gather together the scattered portions of this Church, but in no district have I met with more kindness and true friendliness, and though it is now more than three years since we parted, I am safe to say that no day has passed in which I have not remembered the people of Alberni. And yet I hesitated for two weeks to comply with your invitation to be here to-day. True, I had great pleasure in the prospect of meeting with you all, but I recoiled from the ordeal of a second parting, remembering the anguish of the first. However, you were then in a very different position, as a Church, from what you are now. Then there was no certain prospect even of obtaining a missionary; now you have stationed amongst you an able and zealous minister, who will carry on the work of Christ begun by his predecessors, and an excellent church, which will be as a centre, from which, we trust, good and holy influences will flow over the whole place.

My friends, many changes—some sad ones—have taken place since we last met. Some have left, gone elsewhere, and some who, no doubt, would have been here today, have gone to their last resting place. Soon, soon, even at the longest, we must follow those who have gone before us. May death find each of us ready, trusting, simply trusting, only in Jesus Christ, the sinner's hope and the sinner's friend.

The building of the church in Alberni was begun six months ago, but owing chiefly to the prevailing wetness of the weather, it could not be conveniently completed and made fit for services. Viewed from the public road, the newly-finished church presents a bold and substantial appearance, and is a standing monument to the energy, zeal and Christian liberality of the inhabitants of Alberni. Members of all denominations contributed either money or labor towards its erection, and members and adherents of the church are much indebted to the kindness of friends in Victoria and elsewhere who have given or promised handsome contributions toward defraying the expenses connected with the building.

A general financial statement of the expenses prepared by Mr. Huff, the secretary of the building committee, shows that the whole cost of the building including voluntary labor amounts to a little over $1,000, leaving a deficit not yet paid or promised of not less than $150. The collection at the Sunday service amounted to the handsome sum of $47.50. After deducting necessary expenses connected with the occasion, the remainder and much the larger part of this sum will go to assist the liquidation of the debt as stated.

Written for the COLONIST.]

PRACTICAL POULTRY RAISING.

[By T. A. Willitts, Weston, Ont.]

(Continued.)

Now-a-days we hear farmers in the older provinces complain that their land is run down, and in consequence they cannot grow the crop that they used to thirty years ago, this with the competition from the immense grain fields of the North-West, where wheat can be grown at less cost, in greater abundance and of better quality, are fruitful sources of complaint.

Why not grow something else that will meet with a ready sale, and that offers a reasonable probability of being remunerative? It will be generally admitted that those farmers in Ontario and Quebec who pay the most attention to Dairying and Stock-raising are much more successful in their calling than their neighbors who depend almost entirely on grain growing; I think I am putting it mildly when I say that very few farmers will dispute this.

Now we will compare cattle raising with spring chickens; you raise a steer and sell him when three years old weighing a thousand pounds for four cents per lb. live weight, thus receiving forty dollars for an animal that you have fed for thirty-six months, and have kept housed in your barn for nearly half of that time, and which has had to be attended either by yourself, or your man every day that it has been so housed.

Now what do you propose to charge for labor? To say nothing of the feed, in arriving at an estimate of the cost of that steer.

We will figure a little on the cost of producing a thousand pounds of spring chickens; two hundred pairs of chicks of the right breed, will weigh a thousand pounds at the age of eleven weeks, and it should not cost over four cents per lb. to grow them; leaving their total cost, exclusive of the eggs from which they were hatched, forty dollars, but the cost of the egg is an important item, you had to set them about the first of February, when they were worth thirty cents per dozen, and we will suppose that you set seven hundred, this gives a liberal allowance for unfertile eggs, and casualties after the chicks hatched out, thus making the cost of your chicks $57.00.

These chicks if placed on the Toronto or Montreal markets about the end of May will bring readily 80c per pair, thus realising the snug sum of $160.00 of which $102.50 is profit, and it has taken just fourteen weeks from the time you set the eggs; now what about that steer? If he cost you nothing for feed, and you know only too well that he did, he has still cost three years of labor, which is about equivalent to what you get for him. Your thousand pounds of chickens give you over 150 per cent. more clean profit than the total amount realized from the sale of your thousand pounds of beef.

You don't believe that such a price as 80c can be obtained, we know that it can, but to meet your ideas of the matter we will say that you only realize 60c you still have left the respectable sum of $62.50 as clean profit.

Even if you are now satisfied that this price can be obtained, you perhaps doubt your ability to handle such a flock, and we are perhaps progressing a little too rapidly, but I have made this comparison of beef and poultry growing to attract your attention, to what I shall subsequently have to say on the subject. I don't wish you to think for a moment that you could accomplish this with your present methods, neither could you harvest forty acres of grain without assistance, if you used the old sickle of fifty years ago; but the modern self-binder enables you to easily dispose of such a crop. You are quite convinced that modern agricultural machinery is an absolute necessity to every farmer who desires to keep pace with his neighbors.

Then why do you still cling to the time honored methods that were in vogue when Noah's lone pair stepped into the Ark, in the management of your poultry?

(To be Continued.)

THE WORLD BY WIRE.

Narrow Escape on the Hoosac Tunnel Railway—More About Lieutenant Hetherington.

Austrian Currency Reform Inpracticable—An Anti-Christ in Texas.

EL PASO, Tex., May 11.—The Mexican government has taken severe measures against the village of Tomachie. The village has been in rebellion against the government for several months. The cause of the trouble was the appearance in the village about one year ago of an old man with long, white hair and beard, whom the priest of the village proclaimed to be the true Christ who had come to save them. The people quit their fields and flocked to the supposed Christ and carried on solemn ceremonies day and night. The government sent troops to the place to disperse the crowd and arrest the supposed Christ, but the priest exhorted the people to kill the soldiers and drive them away, which they did, killing a large number and driving the rest back through the mountains. The government then sent a representative to inform the people that if they dispersed the matter would be dropped. They drove the representative away. When this news reached the government a large detachment of cavalry and infantry started for the scene and took the place on all sides, cleaning it out. The soldiers when last seen were about two days from Tomachie, and it is said the attack of that place would be made May 5, five days ago. The people at Tomachie are well aroused and desperate. They are nearly starved out, but are firm believers in the alleged Christ.

PORT TOWNSEND, May 11.—A letter received by W. W. Rupert, yesterday, intimates that the entire truth is not yet known in this country relative to the shooting of George Gower Robinson in Yokohama. The friendship between Lieutenant Hetherington and Rupert began almost in the days of their babyhood in Iowa, and has since continued, and when the news of the tragedy was received here, Rupert wrote to Consul Tillotson, whom he had known in this State, asking him to use his friendly offices toward the imprisoned Lieutenant. Evidently this was done, as appears from the following extracts from Hetherington's letter: "Tillotson is a fine fellow, and knows his business, but as he comes from Washington, you probably know what a good fellow he is without my telling you. Everything went along very smoothly at the trial, for I had a fine lawyer to defend me, Mr. Alexander Tison, of New York, who is professor of law in the Imperial University of Tokio. He made these English lawyers out here feel pretty sick. The stories that have been published in the papers at home are almost without exception false."

LONDON, May 11.—The Vienna correspondent of the Chronicle says: "The negotiations between the Austro-Hungarian Government and the Rothschild syndicate in the matter of the reform of the currency, have failed completely. Neither the Rothschilds' London house nor the Paris house will co-operate in the Austro-Hungarian gold operations."

LONDON, May 12.—Hon. Patrick Greville Nugent, brother of Lord Greville, and Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Westmeath, Ireland, pleaded guilty, in the North London Sessions, to a common assault on Miss Marion Price in a first-class railway carriage, on the London & Brighton railroad, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and hard labor. The charge of felonious assault was not pressed.

SOUTHAMPTON, May 12.—The Hamburg-American steamship Fuerst Bismarck has lowered the record eastward from New York to Southampton by 19 minutes, making the trip in 6 days 12 hours and 19 minutes.

LONDON, May 12.—The Court of Appeals has confirmed the compromise entered into by Mrs. Parnell, formerly Mrs. O'Shea, and other parties, to the contest regarding the will of the late Mrs. Wood Eltham, aunt of Mrs. Parnell. When the judge of the Probate Division of Her Majesty's High Court of Justice, to whom the application for probate was made, pronounced judgment in favor of the will of 1888, counsel for the defendant objected to the decision, on the ground that they had not been consulted concerning the custody of Mrs. Parnell's children. The judge overruled the decision, and an appeal was taken, the result being that the decision of the judge was sustained.

NORTH ADAMS, Mass., May 12.—There was a narrow escape from a disastrous wreck on the Hoosac Tunnel and Wilmington railway, when a passenger train collided with twenty tons of rock about two miles north of the Hoosac Tunnel. Engineer Perry Kingsley saw the rock falling and quickly reversed his engine. The shock burst the boiler and threw Kingsley and the fireman through the window of the cab. Both were painfully injured. The passengers were badly shaken and all slightly hurt. The cars did not leave the track.

NEW YORK, May 12.—A special cable from Caracas, Venezuela, says: This city, for the third time since the revolt against Palacio, was startled and terrified last night by a dynamite explosion. The streets were filled with people, who were panic stricken and fled in all directions. The police and soldiers came quickly, but the bomb-throwers had escaped. The bomb had been exploded alongside the residence of Minister of Finance Mattos, who recently advanced Palacio a large sum of money, said to have been supplied by Guzman Blanco, on condition that the latter was to take the customs' receipts until the loan was repaid. Considerable damage was done to Mattos' house and to the French consulate adjoining. This morning the police came across a dozen bombs, six flasks of vitriol and a large number of rifles. The occupant of the house had disappeared. Another discouraging piece of news has been received by Palacio. It is to the effect that the young son of General Crespo, who was captured by the authorities near the town of Bolivar, has escaped.

ZANZIBAR, May 11.—Advices have been received here to the effect that Emin Pasha had advanced as far as Bora Equstoria, but was then obliged to retreat on account of the lack of ammunition and provisions. Emin still hopes to recapture Wadell with Stuhlman's help.