tried this way to get is simple enough, and abandon your house, and does not cause it yourself for a few ve suffered and died. of gloves and some reak the soda, which ed with unprotected sufficiently small to or stoneware vessel the holes, so that the nay be saturated with ts try to get out, they da and scratch at it, et blistered and they solid pieces. keeps the soda alrats find themselves verely burned when eir haunts they will the premises.

A HIGH HAT. groom Turns Tables

Tormentors. ldings some years ago custom to batter the oom as he was leavwhich the ceremony e of these occasions couple (relatives of rmined to carry e of this custom to bridegroom heard their plans and disger to the carriage, g, with his hat some his departure. Then, of a male relative gainst him, he preto the carriage.

he got to the door furiously assaulted yed. He walked out atered the vehicle; attered hat from his into the hands of exchaiming, "Hey, 's your hat," and amid the cheers of Dougall was the un-Scotland for some

m," said the lawyer, there is no hope for dey tells me I'm ." Have you made suh; I done will ter aid the lawyer, in vay, "have you got "Oh, yes, suh!" man, joyfully; "one eumatism!"—Kansas

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Napoleon • Smith.

By a Well-Known New York Author.

CHAPTER II-Continued.

A blush of anger overspread his face for a moment, and that was succeeded by a look of pride as he answered: "My father gave it to me, and his name was also Napoleon Smith."

I became interested and asked him to take a chair, and said: "Now then, my man, what is that medal on your left breast?"
"That is a new wrinkle in the States.

"That is a new wrinkle in the States. That, is a badge of the G. A. R.—Grand Army of the Republic."

"Ah yes, I have heard of it. Now, what can I do for you?" and I looked expectant of the usual demand on my time, money, or patience.

"You can't do anything for me. I only came here to report I am an American citizen. I am here on peculiar business. I want some backing and moral support, that is all."

"No claim to the throne of the Empire, I hope, Smith? By George! you might win by your face and name," and I laughed heartily.

Again the blush overspread his face, and he said in a husky tone:

"Captain, you might make a worse guess several times before you made a better one. Have you time to spare me a few minutes?"

I nodded assent.

"Can you read French?"

'Can you read French?"

I nodded again.

"Well, look that paper over and tell me what it is," and he laid a yellow sheet of paper with a printed heading and Imperial N on it, before me.

"It appears to be a household roster of the suite of the first Napoleon while he was at St. Lenena."

was at St. Lenena."
"Right you are! Now, do you see the name of Smith there?"
"Yes, twice: Anna Moline Smith and her son Napoleon Smith, aged twelve

"Is that a genuine paper, Cap?" said Smith, leaning forward with an anxious

"I should say yes, and valuable as an antiquarian curiosity or as containing an autograph of the great Napoleon."

He took it reverently, folded it up, and took from his breast-pocket another yellow saper. saying. "What is this paper about, Cap?"

"This appears to be an abstract copy of Napoleon's will at St. Helena," said I.

"Is the name of Smith there anywhere?" and Smith breathed excitedly. "Yes, Anna Moline Smith and her son are mentioned again," said I. "Now then, Cap, read this one which is addressed to the boy Napoteon Smith," and he smiled exultantly. "This, my friend, seems to be an admission of a peculiar interest in the boy, and hints at further revelations to be made at some future time. He also here speaks of making the acquaintance of

you men call unwritten history. I am the son of that Napoleon Smith of St. Helena. I am the grandson of Anna Moline Smith, and while Dutch blood wears the Imperial N, I am an American sergeant in the United States Army. Sinclairville, Maine, is my home. There was a great deal of anwritten history in St. Helena in 1821 and 1822, but I am going to write some of it, and all I ask is that you just believe me. Just wait, and when I want a word of advice, give it like an American and a brother. Perhaps you will hear of me again, perhaps not."

So many strange ideas thronged into

perhaps you will near of the again, perhaps not."

So many strange ideas thronged into my mind that he had arisen, made his army salute and passed out before I was ready to speak. I heard his martial step in the hall, and the whiteling of the ridiculous tune, "Johnny Comes Marching Home Again, skewball," and I dreamed a moment of Broadway and the returning regiments.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.

As the rope-walker feels that he is losing his balance when in the most dangerous position of his aerial feat he does not allow himself to fall, nor does be ignominiously sit down and cling to the rope, but as he feels himself losing his head he precipitately turns a flipfiap, and amid the plaudits of the astonished crowd turns a moment of weakness into a triumph.

The Franco-Prussian war, on the part of Napoleon III., a military flip-flap to allay the giddiness of the French, and allow him time to resume his balance in his aerial feat of astonishing Europe.

He fell and broke his neck.

The world stood entranced in 1870, and gave reasons pro and con. anent the war. "Au Rhin!" shouted France. "Am Rhein!" shouted France. "Am Rhein!" shouted fermany. England sapiently remarked that the greed of France aimed at capturing the Rhenish Province. The rest of Europe more sapiently said, that Bismarck aimed his armies at Alsace and Lorraine. To be sure, in 1866, Benedetti had gone down in diplomatic skirmish before the keen lance of Bismarck, and his master had ever since felt the sad defeat of his Minister.

All these were said to be reasons for war, and Gladstone raised his hands in horror at a causeless conflict, and the Beaconsfield had wendered at the cruetly of involving millions in bloodshed, forgetting their own blood-stained India. But no one had alluded to the real cause of the rupture between France and Germany. The Rhine, as it sang on its way to the sea a song of eternal peace, disclaimed any knowledge of a cause for armed men singing as they gazed on her blue tide, "Die Wacht am Rhein." Alsace and Lorraine ripened their grapes or barley beneath a peaceful sun, or went in and out of factories and huts, and sang and worked and said, "the cause is not in us."

Up in the very zenith of his power and glory, Napoleon, as his head sw in for a moment said:

"All the world is looking; now for my greatest flip-flop before I lose my balance."

He reasoned that the Bonapartes came into power through mill

He reasoned that the Bonapartes came into power through military glory. The French worship military heroes. The Prince Imperial, a pretty boy with his mother's fair hair and sparkling eyes, r. ust see a battlefield, and a Gravelotte must catch a ricochetting and spent cannon-ball, and the Emperor must say of him. "Ha! my boy is a Bonaparte." Ye gods! this is the clap-trap we put on the stage when we make history, and yet we sometimes argue that melodrama is too stagey and impossible.

Was France ready for war? Well, since 1866 she had been a large eamp of instruction.

mmmmm At the Arc de l'Etolle tewnty-five thousand troops had been reviewed at a time. On the Champ de Mars brilliant evolutions had shown the discipline and elan of French Infantry of the line. Who could have told, amid all that flash and could have told, amid all that flash and could have the bayonets were not-metal. elan of French Infantry of the line. Who could have told, amid all that flash and glitter, that the bayonets were pot-metal furnished by contract, and the muskets cheap toys, and the powder blackened sawdust. Who could have told that the munitions would burst sooner than the shells they hurled at the enemy. Ah! the preparations France had made for war were like the material of a stage war, made only for show, and 1870 was to teach a sad lesson to France. In the meantime Bismarck had been laying the foundation for a superstructure of glory as solid as his own stalwant frame. Silent and stern as fate, the stolid columns of Von Mol'ke approached the line of disputed territory, and every grain of powder, every bayonet, every piece of artillery was as perfect as modern science could make them.

"Au Rhin! Au Rhin!"

I stepped to the window and looked out. It was a dashing cavalryman with jacket looped with gold braid, with troasers too large for the attenuated legs,

sers too large for the attenuated legs, and dangling behind the legs a sabre which the little chap could only wield with two hands. It was he who sang. which the little chap could only wield with two hands. It was he who sang. Further down the street a company of infantry is turning by platoons into the main avenue. Ah! What drums these Frenchman have. The windows rattle and the heart throbs in sympathy, and the blood comes up into the cheek while the eyes brightens as the platoons came in line with the eye, and fifty legs move in a long line in cadence with the drum. What! are the fifes playing the Marsellaise? Napoleon, there is danger in that tune! and these volatile Frenchmen can be sung or played into demons. Now the platoons wheel to the left and move off by the right flank, while the fifes cease their music, and the drums are tossed over the left shoulder. I see now why they clear the streets—a battery of field antillery is coming down the avenue on the jump. The postillions are leaning forward lashing their horses, and the camoneers are clinging to the hand-rails of the caissons as the heavy wheels bound over the roug, pavement. A youthful artillery officer alongside each piece, with he chin-piece of his shako in his teeth, and his sword glinting in the sun. "En avant!"

his sword gilleng at avant?"

Ah! if show and music and hurry would only win bantles.

Napoleon nad said in his heav, orncular way: "It will be a long and conclusive war. Whichever nation is defeated will be forever incapable of fundamental and a conquest."

speed them, for France needs bleeding sadly."

I dislike this old wretch, and yet he is honored, and I often meet him in the best society. Bonaparte has held the old aristrocracy in expectancy, and has doled out enough of the confiscated estates to keep them silent if not loyal. What have I heard of this eld man which makes me hate him so? No matter—it is nothing to me.

"We have a proverb, Marquis, 'when rogues fall out, houest men get their dues,' but it is just as true that when honest men fall out 'rogues often get more than their due," and I turn to my desk.

"Manufacturies a Verley III he

more than their due," and I turn to my desk.

"Monsieur is a Yankee. He leans to the Reds, and would rejoice to see again the guillotine at work on the aristrocrats," and the grizzled mustache trembles in another sneer.

"Possibly you are right," and I pow him out and greet in the doorway Napoleon Smith.

"Say, Cap, I am going in for this thing."

"What thing?"

"This war. I am stuck here in Paris, and these French fellers tell me that I can get a non-commissioned officer's position on my record in the U. S. army. This G. A. R. badge takes like not cakes."

"I can send you out of the city, it you wish to go, even after hostilities commence," and I pushed a chair toward him.

you wish to go, even after hostilities commence," and I pushed a chair toward him.

"I don't wish to go. I came here on an errand of importance, and I can go on with it as well if I am in the National Guard, and perhaps better, for these French police are devils to follow a feller up and know his business. Besides, this ain't goin' to be much of a skirmish," and he drummed on the desk and hummed his favorite tune.

"My friend," I said, "this is going to be a terrible war. Think twice before you embroil yourself in it."

"Cap, excuse me but you make me laugh," said he. "There ain't room in Europe for a Gettysburg. If would lap over into Asia or get crowded into the water. Great Scott! I wish McMahon could have seen Pickett's charge. When ten thousand men walk at common time across a field a mile with sixty pieces of artillery playin' on 'em, and walk up to sixty thousand men shootin' pintblank with Springfield rifles, and then leave five thousand of those men m front of the works and walk to reform under fire, that is fightin."

"Yes," said I, with just American pride.

"And when you see, Cap, as I did, at Mission Ridge, forty thousand men in one line move up a steep hill on a fortified enemy, and in just sixty-five minutes capture forty-seven pieces of artillery and thirteen thousand stand of small arms, that is gittin' there with both feet, ain't it!" and he leaned forward and smiled fiercely.

"Hurah for Grant!" I shouted, forgetting where I was.

"And a tiger!" said Napoleon Smith.

"Why, Lord! Cap, there ain't no chance of such fighting here. They will just tear around for a while and burn powder and make children deaf and scare cattle; but now there was Brandy Station, 2nd U. S. Dragoons and some bully Volumteer cavalry regiments went in with sabres. Ground shock, heads split open, bugles blewin', when—I just wish these mounseers could see a fight once, yum yum!"

"Ha, ha, 'Smith, but what did you want of me?" and I resumed a magisterial air.
"Have you ever read much about how de Bonaparte died?" he asked.
"Yes, considerable. He made a will remembering and rewarding his friends and suite. He received the consolations of the church from two Italian priests. He wished a post mortem to be held on his remains to determine the cause of his death. Much surmise was indulged in as to the disposition of his yast fortune accumulated by conquest. He never reveated that," I said.
"Yes, he did," and Smith leaned forward.

ward. "What?" said I. "Ward.
"What?" said I.

"Let me give you right here some unwritten history. He called to his bedside a boy—a boy he was fond of and who was always with him. And he handed to that boy a red morocco case and told him to go to England with Captain Maitland, and from there to go to the United States, and sometime to carefully study the papers in the red morocco case, and he could become the richest man in the world. That boy was my father, and he was a weak, cowardly man, and died in Sinchairville, Maine, a poor man, but a good father to me. God rest his soul! I have been a traveller in many lands. I have stood on the ground where the great Bonaparte fought his first boyish battles at Brienne. I have lain under the grape vines of Corsica where he was born. I have stood on fields where his name was made immortal, and of what do you think I have dreamed—I, the Yankee soldier, the uneducated waif, the poor toiler in the poor soil of a New England village I have dreamed, Cap, that though fate may have tinged the circumstances with shame, and the truth must hear its sting, I have dreamed, Cap, that though Bonaparte blood in the world;" and a tear stood in the beautiful brown eyes.

"Are you insane, Smith?" I shouted

"Are you insane, Smith?" I shouted "No, do I ask any recognition? Do
I come here for your endorsement? Not
at all, but I want one soul on God's
green earth to sympathise with me," and
he turned away to conceal his emotion.
"But if you had evidence of this," I
linted.
"For what humbers? The war of the control o

"For what purpose? To create another worse than a Tichborne case. To become the laughing stock of Penny-aliners. Not any for me," and he smiled

copie the laughing stock of Fenny-aliners. Not any for me," and he smiled
again.

"But for my private satisfaction," I
himted again.

He put his hand into an inside pocket
and drew out a worn red morocco case
adorned on the side with a jewelled N.
From this he drew a folded paper and
threw it on the desk, saying.

"Tell me what that paper is about.

I glauced at it a moment and sain,
"It seems to be a memorandum of
several large sums of money. As it is
computed in francs it would be nearly
or quite two billion tranks," and I
turned it over curiously.

"Now look this over," and he handed
me another paper.

"This paper," said I, "appears to
record sums secured at different dates
and different localities. Cities in Italy
are icentioned as well as Spain and
Germany. This was undomiredly a
private paper, which Napoleon kept for
his own use," and I handed it reverently
back.

"Now here," said Smith, "is an object

Ah. it show and music and hurry would only win battles.

Napoleon had said in his heavy, orncular way: "It will be a long and conclusive war. Whichever nation is defeated will be forever incapable of future atter pts at conquest."

Proor fellow A dynasty was to dispart a nation.

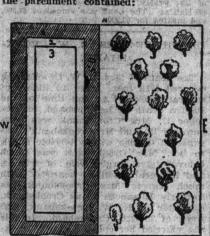
"Is Monsieur pleased with the grand preparation for war?"

I turn from the window to meet the sneering face of Marquis Larne. He is of the Quartier St. Germain. It is grey mustache, his padded shoulders and his teernal sneer are hateful to me. I know him for ear all designed and said in his heavy, back.

"Now here," said Smith, "is an object which England, in 1822, would "ave given a laronetcy for, or Italy would have given a la

piece of perchaent he language cally.

Evidently I was looking upon what the first Cons il intended should be a revelation to the one who should become possessed of it, but to me and at a causual glance it revealed nothing. I will draw here a rough diagram of what the parchment contained:



"Evidently," said I, "this represents a large building fronting on a park. The

"Evidently," said I, "this represents a large building fronting on a park. The oblong square represents the several stories. The figures would seem to represent length, and location of certain deposits may be taught by the large N, which, by the way, is colored on the parchment to represent gold or copper. A copper N would seem to be the idea. On the whole, Smith, I would give up the military idea and hunt for a large building answering to these dimensions and located as this, and become a rich man. My friend, I begin uo betieve in your Utopian dreams, and if I associate with you long will come to the conclusion that the Arabian Nights is a chronicle of true Asiatic history. By George! this begins to look tangible, and, as we say in New York, I begin to take stock in it."

"No," said Smith, "I will enlist. Vive la France! I will see more of the country if I become a soldier. I will be more trusted and have more freedom in my search, and to tell you the truth my five years' service have spoiled me for a quite life; I will see just enough of service to make my blood circulate. And now, whatever happens to me, I will leave orders for my comrades to communicate with you, and if I die you will fall heir to my papers and my secret. God bless you Cap! forgive me for my rough army style in calling you Cap, and now farewell."

He grasped my hands a moment, a tear stood in his eye, but he brushed it away with a sleeve and ran down the hall to the street, and I heard him whistle again that absurd, "Johnny Comes Marching Home," as he went down the street.

CHAPTER IV.

I rather liked the quiet aristrocratic air of Quartier St. German, and as I formed acquaintances among the denizens easily, I found relaxation and positive rest from my arduous duties at the legation by wandering off to some heavy-portalled dark hotel, and there mixing with the educated and artistic relies of the old regime. If there is a charm to an old ivy covered ruin where we may wander amid silence and decay and yet see in the magnificent fragments evidences of a past beauty, or tracing amid the overgrown turf the worn flagstones worn smooth by thousands of feet now turned to dust, why may we not see more of beauty in the ruins of a past glorious state of society, ruins of a gentility of manners, and a sort of ivy-covered and dusty courtesy to be seen in the remains of a higher ruling class

now gone to decay? We may be as democratic as we will in America, and as practically in weighing everything in the scales of utility, but when we step into the wide velvet-carpeted rooms, and meet one of those white-haired calm old ladies or gentlemen who are the blossom in perfection of thirty or forty generations of well-fed, well-educated ease and restfulnes, there will be an involuntary homage to a perfect monhood or womanhood which never comes from the activities of trade or the muscular development of toil. Yes, I know what you will say. You will say that the manhood evolved from freedom and equality in the race of life gives us more of the real and true manhood; but while I admit it, I at the same time shrug my shoulders and remark inwardly that the new type is more of the flesh fleshy, and cast in a rougher mold, and I wonder if the original Adam was not too much like the animals he named, and whether I would not like better the smaller, but more courteous, gentlemen of the old school of 1792. Did not Shakespeare touch a ver deep truth when he said, "There's such divinity doth hedge a king," and is not that hedge an involved.

"There's such divinity doth hedge a king,"

"There's such divinity doth hedge a king," and is not that hedge an involuntary respect which ignorance and coarseness pays to calmness and refinement?

I have been told that our Union soldiers, when marching through the conquered South, sacking and plundering plantations, were often made to desist from their depredations by an involuntary homage which brute strength paid to superior cultivation and calm assertion of a higher civilization coming from ages of rule of an inferior race. Vitneration the rude soldier would meet with, curses or abuse he could answer with strength, but the calm assertion of power by a lady often protected the household gods from plunder and it e house itself from destruction. Logically, equality is right and is the means of elevating the race; but sentimentally I early fell a victim to the charms of a higher ruling class. higher ruling class.
In the Quartier St. Germain I often

early reil a victim to the charms of a higher ruling class.

In the Quartier St. Germain I often visited a lieutenant of the Guards, Hippolyte Boh. Hippolyte was not of the old regime, though living amidst its fading splendors. On the contrary, he was absurdly and most realistically of the volatile, bombastic French class which creates at will a Monarchy, an Empire, or a Republic. He could sing the Marsellaise or shout himself hoarse for an Emperor, or toss his cap and and climb up on a table and shout for a King, but love of France was a predominant color in all the kaleidoscopic hues which flashed through his brain As the servant ushered me into the wide, cool parlour, the lieutenant had tossed up against the ceiling a paper-covered volume, and was standing on one leg, singing "Le Sabre de Pere." I stood a moment laughing, and then he rushed up to me and embraced me.

"Ah, my friend!" said he, "have you read the marvellous book, "L'Art de Battre les Prussiens," by M. Louis Noir? See the wonderful book!"

"How to batter the Prussians?" said I. "Well, Lieutenant, that is what you want to know now, and if M. Noir can show France how to do that, he will be the great benefactor of his country, for believe me, Lieutenant, as we Yankees say, you have a big job on hand."

"It is nothing," said Hippolyte, brushin up his front hair with his right hand and extending his left in an oratorical manner; "it is a mere bagetelle. MeMahon will charge over the ranks of the sleepy Germans in a cataract. Bazaine and Troehu will astonish the dull pig Von Moltke. France will have another Austerlitz, Marengo, Aboukir."

"Ah, never!" said he, "no more Watez. loos—see our armies. Behold the arma-

"Well, Lieutenant," said I, "I trust you are a good prophet, but there is scmething about the quiet, stolid determination of Bismarck and his generals which I do not like. There are too many discordant elements in France to-day to presage victory. As the Marquis Larue said yesterday"—

"Yes," said Hippolyte, suddenly quieting down and approaching me; "what did the Marquis say yesterday?"

"He said France needed bleeding sodly" and I smiled.

"He, the Marquis, said it, did he?" and he shook his fist and granned in anger until his white teeth gleamed. "Do you know what this Marquis is, my friend?"

"One of the old aristocracy, is he not?" I asked.

"The Marquis is a villain, a deep-dyed black-hearted villain!" said the Lieutenant wrathfully. "He is one of those who fied to England, when the Reds set up the guillotine in the Place de Greve, and when he came back under the Presidency he kept silent, like a watchful cat, but when the Empire was set up he came out into the sunshine of favor, and by flattery won back his titte, and then by lies and fraud turned out his niece from her birthright and made her a wanderer and beggar. Let me whisper, my American friend—what is tag Marquis doing now? It is hinted that he is in communication with Bismarck, and when the German is victorious, which he never will be, the Marquis will again be in the sunshine of favor. Do I know the Marquis? I would to Heaven I never had known him !"

The volatile soldier was weeping.

would to Heaven I never had known him!"

The volatile soldier was weeping.

He touched a bell, and when the servent entered the room he said in a

vent entered the room he said in a tender voice:

"Tell Mademoiselle Aimee L would see her.

He sat with his eyes expectantly fixed on the door, while a look of pride and bender love made them luminous. I heard no step, but saw the heavy door turn on its hinges, and there entered the room the loveliest woman or child, or whatever she might be called, I ever saw.

the room the loveliest woman or child, or whatever she might be called, I ever saw.

She was not small; better use the French word petite. Small enough to be beautiful, with a pure, childish, gentle beauty, which instantly appealed to the heart for sympathy, for many protection. Large enough to be exquisitely formed, from the tip of the little twinkling feet to the low white brow which rose about two large luminous hazel eyes, which were shaded by long lashes, which as she looked down in modesty rested in a dark fringe on her cheek. There is a beauty to the conservatory flower which is not found in a blossom which opens under the dew and sun and has been pelted by raindrops. The wild flower is rich in coloring, but the flower of the conservatory has on its petals a velvety finish which a rough breeze or a heavy raindrop might disarrange. This little beauty who stood before me might be the flower of the conservatory. I imagined a dewy beauty to the lips, and a sort roundness to the cheek, or perhaps a velvety whiteness to the neck and exposed arms, which too ardent kisses of the sun or breeze might have displaced. Was she a child? Her robes were womanly and decollete to that extent that the swell of a womanly figure beneath the white column of the neck argued maturity, and yet the waist was girded by a wide sash of ribbon which trailed on the floor, while the nut-brown ringlets of her hair hung unconfined down her back. Beautiful, childish, ravishingly simple and sweet, as a French woman may sometimes be between the ages of twelve and twenty—never later.

(To be continued.)



THE CHURN

Some Timely Advice About Ma sping It Sweet and Clean.

Some Timely Advice About it's sping to some times hear complaints, about We sometimes hear complaints, about Will proper care, no churn need ere hear will proper care, no churn need ere hear will proper care, no churn need ere hear will proper care, no churn need ere somet comewhere has been the cuse concide to The Country Gentleman. Mismanagement comewhere has been the cuse concide to prescribe a cut, I can need every will restore its sweetness again, I can need every hear conditions and the current of the country of the cut condition.

In the fact condition whould need the cut of the cut condition of the cut condition. In the fact condition will restore its sweetness again, I can heal how to care fee it so that it will not a fact condition.

In the fact condition whould need the cut cut in the cut condition of the cut cut in the cut in the cut cut

one with galvanized hoops and castings. Sait soon rusts any other. The cork edge of the cover should be brushed thoroughly each time it is cleansed and all particles of cream carefully "emoyed. If a whitish coating comes upon the galvanized parts, it must be removed by scraping with a thin bladed knife, and more care taken to prevent its formation.

One mistake which many make is in screwing down the cover of the churn too tightly. When it is just tight enough to prevent leakage of cream, stop. To tighten it further injures the cork and necessitates doing the same every time.

Properly cared for, there is no reason why a wooden churn should not be in constant use for an indefinite period without getting rancid. When ice is used in the churn properly to reduce the temperature of the cream, it should the temperature of the cream, it should the churn may not be made rough by the pieces coming forcibly against it. There is also danger of the sharp corners breaking the glass in the cover.

Were the hens do not lay there is a cause, and it must be discovered. But this reason, when the weather is warm, the fault is not in the feeding. How may it be known that the management is incorrect? By simply observing the fowls. If an egg has a soft shell it is a sure indication that they are being overfed. When such cases are noticed the poultryman begins to give oyster shells and other substances in order to provide lime, but finds such remedies failure. The hens are too fat, their organs are obstructed, and they cannot produce eggs. The remedy is to give no food at all for several days, and then feed but little. Of course, such method will further reduce the number of eggs, but unless the hens are reduced in flesh they will not only cease daying altogether, but die off. The courage to resort to the heroic remedy of withholding all food is lacking with the majority, but when the hens do not lay the best plan is to get them back to a laying condition or suffer a loss, and to do this the only available method must sooner or later be accepted. Way Hens Do Not Lay.

Thin Cream From Cows.

It does not pay to let cows get very thin in flesh, for if they do both the amount and quality of their milk will be impaired for the ensuing year. An old farmer once said that when grain, and especially corn, was plenty and cheap he could always look for a profitable butter yield from his dairy. There is such thing as feeding too heavily with corn, thus fattening the cow and decreasing her milk yield. No good farmer is likely to make this mistake. There are very few herds of cows which cannot profitably be fed much more grain than they now receive. It is for this reason that we urge all farmers to grow corn for home feeding. It will be fed much more freely if grown on the farm than if it has to be purchased.—American Cultivator.

If there is one subject above all others that needs attention just now it is that of honey adulteration. We must have a national pure food law enacted pretty soon, or the business of pure honey production will be ruined forever. The shameless adulterators are constantly at work, and will so continue until compelled to stop by the enforcement of a rigid anti-adulteration law. The United States Beckeepers' Union has a big job shead of it. It will require the united efforts and funds of all keekeepers to win in this fight. It is well worth undertaking, however—in fact, beckeepers cannot afford to submit longer without soon finding their occupation gone.

—Wisconsin Agriculturist.

The Wonderful Lesson Taught by Them in Cattle and Sheep,

It is considered a "good sign" when a baby gets its teeth early and easily, and vice versa. There seems to be a connecvice versa. There seems to be a connection of concurrence, if not, of cause, between health and constitutional vigor, and the development of the teels. Turning these facts of human experience and observation over in aid of a judgment in regard to domestic animals, experts have observed that in this respect, as in so many others, the laws which govern human development obtain with the lower animals. We should therefore conclude that a calf or cell or lamb that

THE TEETH.



a post hammer, which is the best tool for setting ordinary fence posts I ever saw. Have used one for several years. I made mine from pine wood, but that timber is too light. Can drive an ordinary post into any kind of soil. Two men are to use tool, one man to each handle. Raise up stool and let fall on top of post, one man to stand on one side of post, and the other to stand on opposite side. I got the idea for making this tool from the ordinary pile driver.—J. E. Rotan, in Practical Farmer.

To prevent disease among your hogs quarantine all newly-bought pigs or hogs, until you know them to be free form

disease.

A hog in the torment of itching without the pleasure of scratching seems very uncomfortable. Set up a post for him to rub upon.

very uncomfortable. Set up a post for him to rub upon.

All grain fed to hogs should be perfect. ly sound, Heated or moldy corn will cause intestinal worms and bring on attacks of diarrhoea.

Keeping swine around the home and farm buildings, as you would house dogs, is like trying to make farm hands of tramps; they become unmitigated nuisances, of no use to themselves nor to anyone else.

Slop for hog feed at night should be prepared in the morning, and that for the morning feed should be prepared at night. It will become softened by being kept, and the temperature of the feed will generally be better.—Rural World.

The Manner of Milking.

Our way of milking is thus: Milk two teats until the milk begins to come a little slow and does not come in full streams, then change to the other two teats. By the time they are milked out, the milk will usually be all down the first two and they can be milked out. It is always best to change a few times from one pair of teats to the other, so as to be sure that the milk is all out, but the stripping should not be prolonged after the milk is practically all out.

As we have before said, the manner of milking is very much a matter of habit with the cow. Milk every time in about the same way and about the same speed. It one has been in the habit of milking slowly, and he should resolve that hereafter he would milk quickly, and start in with a good deal of vim, the chances are that the cow would not be pleased with the change, and at first not do as well for the sudden change.—Hoard's Dairyman.

Best Breeds for Broilers.

It is conceded that the best breeds for producing broilers of the highest quality are the Game and Dorkings; but it is well known that the Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks. Brahmas and Coching are most generally preferred. The reason is that while they cannot compete in producing broilers of the highest quality with the Games and Dorkings, the chicks are more easily raised, and that is a very important point in winter. It is the losing of the chicks when they are young that inflicts the heaviest cost. Hardiness is the first of all qualities to seek in a breed.

North Carolina's system of working convicts on the roads has, it is alleged, rid the state of tramps, as well as proved profitable to all who use the roads. The state law gives magistrates the option of sentencing prisoners to road-building.