(Continued from first page.)

'In sparing him I save his sister likewise,' he said to himself. 'Let him not begrudge me my reward when the time comes for me to take it. I do to him as he did to me—I save his life and I take Lilian. I am not to blame. Richard was a light man, and altogether undeserving of his death.'

Thus he quieted all scruple, and fancied that he alone of all men had found the clue with which to thread this labyrinth.

The rest of the world judged differently. Poppy had taken Richard's desertion so patiently, so gaily, she had shown herself outwardly so indifferent, that in her brother's quarrel with Lancross she was not counted. It was jealousy of his interference between him and his cousin Miss Challacombe which was the cause of that scene on the beach. All the world knew that Richard was Edgar Davenant's friend, and therefore he was dead against his cousin's marriage with Thurlstone. Here was motive enough for hatred in a man of his temperament, a temperament strongly given to jealousy and rage when thwarted, as his passion for Miss Challacombe had proved. To gain her, he had thrown down barriers which to other men would have been insurmountable—to gain her he had schemed and plotted in ways which barely escaped dishonor. He had cowed Mrs. Challacombe—by what means let him say if he dared; he had got one rival—Harwood—sent out of his way, and he had broken off Lilian's engagement with another. All this proved him to be an unscrupulous man, for such things could scarcely have been accomplished by fair means.

Thus, like a cloud of witnesses, past acts were brought to bear against him, and scarcely a voice was raised in his defence. Even Lilian herself, when, with terror-stricken eyes and shrinking hand, she hid the missing pistol, so strangely found, half condemned him, believing that, in some inexplicable way which would yet leave him innocent, his was the hand which had slain Richard Lancross.

Day by day her father sat silent at the inquest, and brought her back word of what had passed; and day by day, hour by hour, her bloom withered, her beauty faded, her eyes grew tearless and haggard, and her form shrank. She shivered in the sunshine, and neither words nor tears broke from her to bring relief.

Again and again she had written to Poppy, imploring an interview; but the invariable answer came back, couched in the same words—

'I cannot see you. It is better we should not meet.'

So his sister feared to see her, lest she should betray him. Lady Ramsden had come to her twice to weep over her hysterically, to wring her hands, and cry out that she had never thought to live to see this bitter day.

Light, flighty, frivolous as she was, the mother's heart was strong in her still, as the anguish written on every line of her pretty face too plainly told. All her vainglory in her new marriage was quenched in this flood of grief; her son filled up every avenue of her thought, to the shutting out of her daughter, to whose speechless woe she seemed strangely blind. The sole thing affecting her with regard to Poppy was the shadow which evidently the Lancross and Broadmead families were disguisedly endeavouring to cast on her reputation. This roused her spirits into unwonted action—she telegraphed at once to Lord Ramsdon to return to her.

'They are striving to fix the name of assassin on my son—they shall not fasten a worse name on my daughter,' she said passionately.

These words were spoken to Lilian, to Captain Challacombe, to Lieutenant Luffincot, to whosoever turned a sympathic ear to her outcry of grief and indignation.

'Why has that idiotic Werrington woman left England?' she asked of Luffincot. 'She and her daughters ought to be compelled to come forward and say how late Poppy remained every evening in their stupid company.'

'The Major has done that,' returned poor Luffincot, with his heart in his throat.

'But he has not given his evidence in a proper manner. It is not true that Jocelyn called for his sister; the Major brought her home himself, as I am sure my servants can prove.'

'Luffincot's eyes grew full of pain; they were fixed on her in a way that startled her. In breathless expectancy she waited for him to speak.

'Since your servants have not been called for by the other side,' he said nervously, 'I should advise you not to offer their evidence. Miss Saterleigh's name ought not to depend in the least on the breath of servants.'

'You are right,' she answered quickly—'you are always right. You are a true friend. I will wait till Lord Ramsden comes, as you counselled yesterday. Is there any news of Jocelyn?'

Luffincot shook his head silently.

'Has he not written to you? Has he not sent a line to any of his brother-officers?' she asked piteously.

'Not to one. Surely, had he felt it his duty to write, it is to you and to Miss Challacombe he would have written.'

With a deep sigh Lady Ramsden bent her head. She had no word to say in reply to this. It was a bitter truth; it could not be answered.

'You wish to see Poppy,' she said presently, as if only just remembering that he had asked for her. 'She is in the garden. She sits by the sea all day.'

'I will go to her if you will permit me,' returned Luffincot, rising. 'I hope it will do her good to see a friend.'

'Yes,' said Lady Ramsden vaguely; but naturally she is in great grief. Jocelyn is her brother; until we hear from him, and his name his cleared, she and I cannot hope for good.' She stooped and caught up her little dog upon her lap, with a flitting smile that had no meaning in it. 'Flip, I wish you could comfort me,' she said. 'Poor dog, I thing he is sorry. He barked yesterday when I showed him Jocelyn's ulster, and then he lay down on it and whined piteously.'

(*To be continued.*)

— Sow not wishes in other people's gardens; wish not for that which you are not, but earnestly desire to be the very best of what you are. Endeavour your best to perfect yourself where you are, and bear manfully all the crosses you may encounter. This is the leading principle and the least understood in a good life.

— Never tell a man that he is a fool. In the first place he will not believe you, and in the next place you make him your enemy.

Miscellaneous.

Overboard with a Shark.

CAPTAIN LONGSTREET'S ADVENTURE WITH A MAN EATER.

Captain David Longstreet, of Seabright, N. J., is a fisherman. He is a very successful fisherman, too, says the New York *Sun*, and at this season furnishes the hotel boarders and cottagers of Seabright with choice bluefish and sea bass.

Captain Longstreet and his hired man hoist sail on the Selby at 4 o'clock every morning, when there is a wind, and make for the rocks three miles straight away off Seabright beach, known to fishermen as the Middle Ground. In the cool, shaded waters, ten fathoms deep, about the rocks, bluefish and sea bass disport, feeding eagerly upon the varieties of shell fish that make the rocks their home. At the usual hour on a recent morning, a fair land breeze serving, Captain Longstreet made sail on the Selby and put off for the rocks. After the anchor was cast the hired man chopped mossbunkers into fine pieces, and at dawn, Capt. Longstreet began to scatter them astern.

'Fishermen,' said Captain Langstreet, 'call this making 'a slick,' because the oil in the mossbunkers gives the water a greasy look; the bits of mossbunker float away, making a long trail from the stern of the boat. With this trail bluefish can be brought from miles away. They run up the trail, swallowing the bits of mossbunker until they near the boat, and then they are liable to swallow a hook baited with a tempting bit of mossbunker. We fish with a stout line, the hook being fastened with several feet of wire. There is no sinker on the line, and when the tide runs strong the baited hook keeps just a foot or two below the surface. When I thought I had made a long enough trail, I cast my line and stood up in the boat to handle it spryly. Well, I hauled in bluefish and sea bass now and then until about 11 o'clock.

'Then I noticed that the bites became rarer. I told my man to heave over more mossbunker, and he did. But that didn't seem to do any good. I was puzzled. The day was fine, the sea was right, and the trail was strong. Suddenly I felt a strong pull, and a splash told me that I had hooked a prime bluefish. I began to haul in leisurely. When it was within about 15 feet of the boat, on the port side, it made a sudden plunge forward. At the same instant I saw the dorsal fin of a shark close behind it. The shark's tail churned the water fully 12 feet away, and I knew that the shark must be at least 15 feet long. Next the head rose out of the water, and the great mouth, set with teeth like those of a log saw, opened and shut in a vicious snap at the bluefish.

'A common shark has a shovel nose, and must, on account of the shortness of the under jaw, turn over on his back to seize his prey. But the black shark, the 'man-eater' of southern latitudes, has a longer jaw, and snaps at his victim as an ordinary fish does. I saw that the shark nearing the boat was a man eater, the largest one that I ever heard of in this part of the world. I say frankly that I lost all interest in the bluefish on my line. I was willing to let the shark have it if he would steer clear of me. I let go my line, but the bluefish darted straight for the boat, slipping under it and escaping. The shark, following closely with open mouth, plunged his nose through the 'tuck' of the boat, about a foot forward of the stern, and his under jaw closed on the keel with a crash like the cut of an axe in a dry tree trunk. Water spurted into the boat. The shock threw me head foremost out of the boat. I sank, and, as I rose, I felt that I was kept under by the agitation of the water by the shark's tail, which stirred the water like the propeller of a tug.

'But I struck out vigorously, and, to my horror, came to the surface alongside the tail of the shark. I put out my hand before I realized fully where I was and touched his cold body, and I remember I thought 'how hard and strong this is!' As I turned to swim toward the boat my right foot struck his long tail, and here is the mark of the contact. As soon as I got to swimming I felt at ease. I didn't seem to realize, as I do now, the terrible fate that awaited me if the struggling monster alongside of me got his head clear of the boat. But I expected every moment to see him turn, and snap me up as he would a weak fish. I climbed into the boat, helping myself by putting my knee on the shark's back. The boat was full of water, and sank nearly to the water's edge. My man had remained in it. We threw over the fish and bailed, all the while shouting for help.

'John Irons, of Seabright, and his hired man had been fishing about a quarter of a mile away. They had hauled in their anchor and began to row home. They heard our cries and pulled for us like men. We sprang into their boat and felt like men rescued from a shipwreck. I got our anchor aboard, and we began to pull toward the beach, towing the Selby. I tell you she was a heavy tow, a quarter full of fish, water-logged, and dragging that hungry sea devil, weighing, probably, close to a thousand pounds, pulling and splashing. Another fishing boat, sighting our strange tow, overhauled us. At that instant there was a tremendous splash behind us and our tow was lightened.

'The shark had got clear, and next we saw his dorsal fin circling about the boat. We concluded that the best way to get rid of him was to right the Selby as far as we could. We got her between the other two boats, stuffed my oilskin coat and trousers and my hired man's in the breach made by the shark, and bailed. Then we shifted the fish to the bow, canting her forward, and towed her stern foremost. But the shark still circles about us, his dorsal fin hissing through the water. As we got to shallower water, he rolled over, and, with a heavy lurch and a parting splash of his tail, plunged out of sight. This dogged pursuit is a characteristic of 'man-eaters.' They hold on like a bull dog when their teeth meet their prey, and drag it down by their sheer weight.

'When we beached the Selby we found gashes in her keel, made by the shark's teeth, that looked as though they had been made with a hatchet. A man could crawl through the hole in her side. The city people boarding in the hotels and cottages flocked to look at the boat and listen to our story of the encounter with the shark.'

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CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., or

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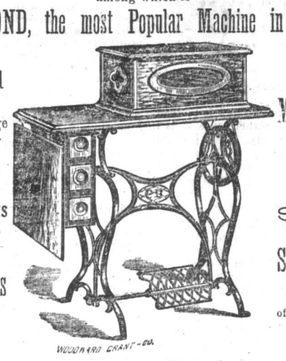

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Just Received from Montreal: A large Lot of

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S. N. Fallesen, Merchant Tailor,

Bridgetown, July 6, '79.

BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works.

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Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad

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EACH PLUG OF THE

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IS MARKED

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IN BRONZE LETTERS.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

TO LAWYERS.

A FRESH LOT of Summonses and Executions just printed and for sale at this office.

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

Summer Arrangement.

Time Table,

COMMENCING

THE 14th DAY JUNE, 1880.

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Express Daily.	Pass and Freight Mon., Wed and Friday only.	Passengers and Freight Daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
0	Halifax—leave	7 45	9 00	3 00
14	Windsor Junc—leave	8 22	10 13	3 45
			P. M.	6 10
46	Windsor	9 40	12 30	6 30
53	Hantsport	10 00	12 54	6 58
61	Grand Pre	10 22	1 21	7 13
64	Wolfville	10 30	1 36	7 21
66	Port Williams	10 35	1 44	7 35
71	Kentville—arrive	10 50	2 00	
	Do—leave	11 05	2 30	
83	Berwick	11 36	3 18	
88	Aylesford	11 50	4 02	
		P. M.		
95	Kingston	12 04	4 26	
98	Wilmot	12 12	4 37	
102	Middleton	12 23	4 55	
108	Lawrencetown	12 40	5 15	
111	Paradise	12 48	5 27	
116	Bridgetown	1 01	5 46	
124	Roundhill	1 20	6 13	
130	Annapolis — arrive	1 40	6 40	
	St. John by Steamer	7 30		

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Passengers and Freight Daily.	Pass. and Freight Tues., Thurs. and Saturday only.	Express Daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
	St. John—leave	.....	.....	8 00
				P. M.
0	Annapolis—leave	.....	6 30	2 10
6	Round Hill	.....	6 56	2 30
14	Bridgetown	.....	7 22	2 49
19	Paradise	.....	7 42	3 02
22	Lawrencetown	.....	7 55	3 10
28	Middleton	.....	8 20	2 27
32	Wilmot	.....	8 37	3 38
35	Kingston	.....	8 51	3 47
42	Aylesford	.....	9 24	4 02
47	Berwick	.....	9 46	4 16
59	Kentville—arrive	.....	10 40	4 47
	Do—leave	6 35	11 15	4 57
64	Port Wiliams	6 55	11 35	5 12
66	Wolfville	7 02	11 45	5 18
69	Grand Pre	7 15	11 57	5 26
		.....	P. M.	
77	Hantsport	7 41	12 30	5 50
84	Windsor	8 20	1 15	6 13
116	Windsor Junct	10 15	3 40	7 35
130	Halifax—arrive	11 00	4 30	8 10

N. B.—Trains are run on Railway Station Time 16 minutes added will give Halifax time.

Steamer "Empress" leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8, a. m., for Digby and Annapolis, and leaves Annapolis on arrival of Express Train from Halifax at 1.40 p. m., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, for Digby and St. John.

Western Counties Railway trains leave Digby every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 3.30 p. m., on arrival of Steamer "Empress" from Annapolis, and every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 12.15 p. m., for Yarmouth and Intermediate Stations, and leave Yarmouth at 7.45 a. m., daily for Digby, connecting on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays with Steamer "Empress" for Annapolis and Halifax.

International Steamers leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

St. John & Maine Railway trains leave St. John at 8.00 a. m. daily, for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of the United States and Canada.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. INNES, General Manager.

Kentville, 14th June, '80.

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UNDERTAKING attended to in all its branches.

JOHN Z. BENT.

VEGETINE

Made a New Man of Me; Cured my Wife of General Debility.

TORONTO, ONT., 1879.

MR. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—Some time ago I got run down in health and had no appetite, and some of my friends advised me to take VEGETINE. I did so, and it made a new man of me. Before using it my hair was falling out, and I was quite bald. Since I used it new hair is growing all over my head, and I know it was the VEGETINE did it. My wife used it also, for *General Debility*, and it did her full as much good as myself.

THOMAS SAULTER.

Complaints of Five Years' Standing Cured.

TORONTO, ONT., Nov. 27, 1879.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Sir—Having taken eight bottles of VEGETINE, I must state that I have derived great benefit. My complaint is of five years' standing, and nothing that I have taken gives me such speedy relief as your VEGETINE.

Yours respectfully, CHAS. HALL.

I hereby certify that the above certificate was given me unasked for, and the medicine purchased at my stores.

JOSIAH GREEN, Pharmaceutical Chemist.

A BLOOD PURIFIER.

TORONTO, ONT., Sept. 21, 1879.

MR. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I used your VEGETINE as a *blood purifier*, and can recommend it as an *honest medicine*. It did even more than I expected.

JOSEPH BONNER, 35 Ann Street.

CHRONIC HEADACHE.

GENERAL DEBILITY CURED.

TORONTO, ONT., Nov. 25, 1879.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq., Boston:

Sir—I have much pleasure in testifying to the virtue of your VEGETINE. For years past I have suffered exceedingly from *Chronic Headache* and *General Debility*, from which I obtained no permanent relief until I was induced, about a month since, to try the VEGETINE. I am now better in health than I have been for the last four years; enjoy my food better, am much stronger, and quite free from my old enemy, the *Headache*. Hoping that my testimony may induce others to try the same remedy, I am respectfully yours,

MRS. D. A. JOHNSTON, 100 Lippincott Street.

I have very great pleasure in endorsing the above statement of the benefit to my wife's health since she commenced the use of the VEGETINE.

D. A. JOHNSTON, Late Minister of the C. M. Church.

Pimples and Humors on the Face and Body.

MONTREAL, P. Q., Jan 28 1880.

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.:

Dear Sir—For Several years I have been greatly troubled with Pimples breaking out on my face and body. I had consulted several physicians and also tried several preparations and obtained no relief. I thought I would try VEGETINE, as I had heard several speak in its favor, and before I had used the first bottle I saw I had the right medicine. I have used three bottles and my health is very much improved, and the Pimples have entirely disappeared from my face and body. I recommend VEGETINE to all who are troubled as I was.

Yours truly, J. OSBURNE.

I am personally asquainted with Mr. J. Osborne, and know the above to be a true statement of the facts. I sold him the VEGETINE.

P. O. GIROUX, Druggist, 601 St. Joseph Street, Montreal.

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and intermediate stations, and at Digby with the Western Counties Railway, for Yarmouth and intermediate stations.

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Fare—St. John to Digby $1.50
" " Annapolis 2.00
Fare St. John to Halifax 5.00
" " and return 7.50
Fare—St. John to Yarmouth $3.50
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Round Trip Tickets to Halifax via this route good to return by Intercolonial Railway, 9.00

Tickets may be obtained on board Steamer, at H. CHUBB & Co.'s Ticket Agency, Prince Wm. street, and of

R. B. HUMPHREY, AGENT Union Line Office, 41 Dock St.

F. PHEASANT Freight agent, Empress Warehouse, Reed's Point. jun14

35 PER CENT!

AS 35 per cent is now the duty imposed on American Furniture, the Subscriber wishes to inform the public generally that

HE DOES NOT INTEND

raising the prices of his FURNITURE, as may be seen in his list below; but intends making

Still further Reduction,

as he hopes his Sales will increase under the New Tariff. He has his FACTORY fitted up with the MOST IMPROVED MACHINERY, and is running full time. He also intends adding to his now large STOCK, and can offer better inducements to Customers.

PARLOR FURNITURE, in Suits, from $60.00 to $120.00.

BEDROOM SUITS, in Pine, from $25.00 to $40.00. A good suit for $28.00.

SOFAS, $19.00 to $24.00.

WALNUT CHAIRS, $3.50 to $6.00.

CENTRE TABLES, in solid Walnut, $8.00 to $10.00.

CENTRE TABLES, in Marble Tops, $14.00 to $16.00.

BEDSTEADS, $2.50 to $3.00.

WASH STANDS, $1.00 to $1.25.

Please call and examine my STOCK, and you will find as good an assortment as is generally kept in large Cities, and as times are hard I will sell at Prices that will DEFY COMPETITION.

JOHN B. REED.

Bridgetown, April 2nd, 1879. 50tf

BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN

BOOK STORE

So universally known for many years at 101 Granville Street, has taken a move to the upper and shady side of the same street. Remember, nearly opposite the old stand.

BUCKLEY & ALLEN, 124 Granville St., Halifax, N. S.

July 17th, 1878. n13 y

Agricultural.

Fall Top-Dressing Land.

A valuable exchange has the following article on top-dressing: Many farmers are drawing our manure to top-dress fields intended for plowing next spring. Top-dressing is coming to be the favorite mode of using manure, and there can be no doubt that farmers who have it can hardly do better than apply it now. In any cases, however, the manure being used is the remains of what was made last winter, and has been in the barnyard during the summer. Thus far it is an evidence of past bad management, as it should have gone on spring crops or on winter wheat. But there are some advantages of top-dressing grass lands in the fall. The rains and melting snows dissolve the manure, while the grass and roots hold it from washing, except on the very steepest hillsides, where the flow of water is sufficient to form gullies, carrying roots, grass and manure to the plains below. But if the ground is well covered with grass, there is little danger from this source, as the roots hold the soil from washing, and catch the particles of manure as they are held in the winter.

A good many farmers are top dressing young clover. This is a very natural practice, in view of the great importance of the clover crop, and it is one which we formerly advocated. But experience and observation have satisfied me that it is a great mistake. Clover is so easily smothered by covering of any kind, that one of manure is more likely to hurt than to help it. Gypsum ashes, or lime in moderate quantities, is the only top dressing which can be profitably applied to young clover. Unless the soil is very poor, these will usually cause a fair growth of plants, and prepare the way for something better the next time the field is seeded. But after the second year of clover, manure may be applied freely. The field is to be plowed next spring, and the clover, having mostly ripened its seed, will make no further growth. The soil, too, is in the best possible mechanical condition to be helped by the manure.—The clover roots have mellowed it, and in their decay leave passages which the fertilizing material enters and fills, thus giving succeeding crops a reservoir of rich plant food. We are satisfied that many times one-half of the manure applied in the spring, would do more good to the crop had it been spread on the land the fall previous.

We do not in this section top-dress meadow and pasture lands very extensively, partly because our money crops are grain and potatoes. Frequent seeding on land recently manured, brings good grass crops without fertilizing the grass itself. Yet on river bottoms, where there is an annual overflow, bringing a thin coating of earthy sediment every spring, the benefit of this top dressing is most apparent. It gives us a very good hint, too, of how little manure is needed to accomplish good results, as the sediment yearly deposited is often not more than a quarter of an inch deep, and is not always very rich. Its even distribution, and the fact that the water carries its virtues direct to the roots of plants, is the secret of its efficiency in giving a quick start to vegetation after these annual overflows. We have no doubt that leaf mould from the woods, or scrapings from the road side, would prove efficient fertilizers on poor meadows or thin pastures. The difficulty, in the absence of an overflow of water, would be to spread the top dressing thinly, and bring it in close contact with the grass roots. Something may be always done at this season of the year in breaking the clods of manure left by animals after pasturing a field through the summer. A double advantage is thus gained; the place occupied by the droppings are relieved, and a vigorous growth springs up there the following season and the scattered clods do ten times as much good as they otherwise would. This plan is especially important for meadows which have been fall pastured, as the clots of manure, if unbroken, will be gathered into the windrows with the hay, and scattered, if the mix-fork [illegible] is used.

Fall top dressing is undoubtedly the best mode of manuring orchards, where they are not making sufficient vigorous growth.—It is the only way to manure pear trees without inducing blight, as it usually does if the manure is plowed in. It is never advisable to manure trees heavily at one time. A slight top-dressing every fall is more favorable to vigorous growth, productiveness, and exemption from disease. In manuring orchards, be careful not to use straw, or other coarse manure, in which mice may harbor, and injure the trees while the ground is covered with snow in winter.

Trouble with Young Turkeys.

A farmer's wife complains of want of success with young turkeys. They seem strong the first week, when the middle toe begins to draw around like a fish hook, and in a few days the other toes turn in the same way; they lose all use of their feet, and die in a few days. Others seem well in the morning when let out, but sicken and die before night. This is cramp or rheumatism, about which I wrote a week or two ago in the *Tribune*. The trouble is brought on by dampness and cold. These two conditions are furnished by wet grass and damp ground. The chicks must be kept in proper places, where it is dry and warm, for the first week of their lives; after this they may be allowed to go abroad with their dam in dry, warm weather, but they should not be let out until the grass is dry in the mornings until they are a few weeks old, after which they are out of danger from cramps. Young turkeys are quite tender at first and need nice care and attention. The best feed for them for the first week is scalded cornmeal crumbs. It must not be wet and sticky, but of a crumbly consistence. Curd is good for young turkeys, and after they are a week old they may have as much of it as they will eat three times a day. Cracked or broken corn may be mixed with the curd, or fed separately. Good wheat screenings or sound wheat, or buckwheat, or barley, are a good and proper food for young chicks of any kind. In cool, damp weather a few drops of tincture of iron may be added to the water with which the feed is mixed.—*New York Tribune.*

— The mind that lies fallow but a single day sprouts up in follies that are to be killed only by constant and assiduous culture.

Joker's Corner.

Snakes.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.]

'Do you want some good items about snakes?' asked an agriculturally rural looking gentleman of the *Eagle's* city editor the other day.

'If they are fresh and true,' responded the city editor.

'Exactly,' replied the farmer. 'These items are both. Nobody knows 'em but me. I got a farm down on the island apiece, and there's lots of snakes on it. Near the house is a pond, about six feet deep. A week ago my little girl jumped into the pond, and would have been drowned if it hadn't been for a snake. The snake seen her, went for her, and brought her ashore. The particular point about this item is the way he did it.'

'How was it?' asked the city editor.

'It was a black snake about thirty feet long, and he just coiled the middle of himself around her neck so she couldn't swallow any water, and swum ashore with his head and tail. Is that a good item?'

'First class.'

'You can spread it out, you know. After they got ashore the girl patted the snake on the head, and it went off pleased as Punch. Ever since then he comes to the house regular at meal times, and she feeds him on pie. Think you can make anything out of that item?'

'Certainly. Know any more?'

'Yes. I got a baby six months old. He's a boy. We generally sit him on the grass of a morning, and he hollars like a bull all day; at least he used to, but he don't any more. One morning we noticed he wasn't hollering, and wondered what was up. When we looked there was a rattlesnake coiled up in front of him scanning his features. The baby was grinning. Bimeby the snake turned his tail to the baby and backed his rattle right into the baby's fist.'

'What did the baby do.'

'Why he just rattled that tail so you could hear it three quarters of a mile, and the snake lay there and grinned. Every morning we found the snake there, until one day a bigger snake came, and the baby played with his rattle just the same till the first snake came back. He looked thin, and I reckon he'd been sick and sent the other to take his place. Will that do for an item?'

'Immensely,' replied the city editor.

'You can fill in about the confidence of childhood, and all that, and you might say something about the blue-eyed cherub. His name is Isaac. Put that in to please my wife.'

'I'll do it. Any more snake items?'

'Lemme see. You've heard of hoop-snakes?'

'Yes, often.'

'Just so. Not long ago we heard a fearful row in our cellar one night. It sounded like a rock blast, and then there was a hiss and things was quiet. When I looked in the morning the cider barrel had busted. But we didn't lose much cider.'

'How did you save it?'

'It seems that the staves had busted out, but before they could get away, four hoop-snakes coiled around the barrel and tightened it up and held it together until he drew the cider off in bottles. That's the way we found 'em, and we've kept 'em around the house ever since. We'er training 'em for shawl straps now. Does that strike you very favorably for an item?'

'Enormously,' responded the city editor.

'You can fix it up so as to show how quick they was to get there before the staves were blown off. You can work in the details.'

'Of course. I'll attend to that. Do you think of any more?'

'Ain't you got enough? Lemme think. O yes. One Sunday me and my wife was going to church, and she dropped her garter somewhere. She told me about it, and I noticed a little stripped snake running along side and listening to her. Bimeby he made a spring and just wound himself around her stocking, or tried to, but he didn't fetch it.'

'Why not?'

'He wasn't quite long enough. He jumped down and shook his head and started off. We hadn't gone more'n a quarter of a mile when we saw him coming out of the woods just ahead of us. He was awful hot and tired, and he had another snake with him twice as big as he was. They looked at my wife a minute and said something to each other, and then the big snake went right to the place where the garter belonged. He wrapped right around it, put his tail in his mouth and went to sleep. We got him yet. We use him to hold the stove-pipe together when we put the stove up. Is that any use as an item?'

'Certainly,' said the city editor.

'You can say something about the first snake's eye for distances, and intellectually, when he found he wouldn't go 'round. You know how to do that better then me.'

'I'll give him all the credit he deserves. Can you tell us any more?'

'I don't call any to mind at present. My wife knows a lot of snake items, but I forgot 'em. By the way, though, I've got a regular curiosity down at my place. One day my oldest boy was sitting on the back stoop doing his sums, and he couldn't get 'em right. He felt something against his face, and there was a little snake coiled up on his shoulder and looking at the slate. In four minutes he had done all them sums. We've tamed him so he keeps all our accounts, and he is the lightningest cuss at figures you ever seen. He'll run up a column eight feet long in three seconds. I wouldn't take a reaper for him.'

'What kind of a snake is he?' inquired the editor, curiously.

'The neighbors call him an adder.'

'Oh yes! yes!' said the editor, a little disconcerted. 'I've heard of the species. When did all these things happen?'

'Along in the fore part of the spring, but I didn't say anything about 'em, 'cause it wasn't the season for snake items. This is about the time for that sort of thing, isn't it?'

'Yes,' chipped in the exchange editor; 'you couldn't have pickeed out a better time for your snake stories.

'Don't you think the Rev. Mr. K. a preacher of great power?' asked a gentleman, in reference to a pompous, long-winded divine, who spoke in a high-keyed, drawling voice. 'Yes, high drawlic power,' was the reply of the person addressed.