

AGRICULTURAL.

Winter Care of Sheep.

Galen Wilson, in the *Country Gentleman*, tells how Mr. Peter Dubois winters his sheep. He feeds them nothing but bright straw, except occasionally grain is added from April to grass. The straw is run under cover from the thrasher. It is fed in bunks, a quarter more than the animals will eat up clean. Before feeding, the refuse is thrown out for bedding. The animals first pick out the chaff, empty heads, leaves, joints and any fugitive stalks of hay and weeds. Now, as to results: The ewes have good, strong limbs, and they very seldom lose one. They are small Marino sheep, and average eight pounds of wool. They are never constipated like timothy-fed sheep, and come through the winter in good condition. Possibly he might get more wool by feeding hay and grain, but this is doubtful. He certainly could not get a better quality of wool. Mr. Wilson concludes: "Seven years ago I had 25 lambs to winter, and to hay. I fed barley-straw freely and a little less than two cents worth of barley per week, when barley was 50 cents a bushel. Two of them never got a mouthful of grain. They would not go to the feed-trough. When first turned to pasture in spring, every one of them was in so good condition that a local butcher wanted to buy them for immediate slaughter. These lambs were snow-eaters, and would not follow a good path 60 rods to water. There are several witnesses to these facts and my position is impregnable. I have no sheep to winter now; if I had they would get good straw (preferably barley straw) and a quarter of a pound of grain each per day." There is a great difference in straw. Late-cut timothy hay is by no means as good as early-cut oat or barley straw. We presume Mr. Wilson would prefer to prepare his own straw to feed—and if a few kernels of corn were left here and there, it is hardly likely he would object.

Feeding the Stock in Winter.

The two most important times of the year when changes in the animal system make feeding an important and critical work are the Spring and Fall. In the first the animals are changed from dry feed to fresh grass and any sudden change will produce suffering or disease in the systems. Another change is in the fall, when they are taken from the pastures and the open fields to the dry winter fodder and to enclosed stables. Any sudden radical change is bad for the stock, and in acclimating them to the new winter life, this should be borne in mind. The animals should have the run of the pastures, when their own health, and not the good of the grass lands, is considered, until late in the fall. Late pasturing is generally injurious to the pastures, but this can be overruled by selecting some grassy field that is going to be plowed up next Spring for corn. Turn the stock into this field, and they can do no harm. Let them remain out through November, and often up to Christmas time, keeping them in only during excessively cold days. The animals do not get much nourishment from these late pastures, but nature gradually limits their amount, so that they can be taken from the field to dry fodder. As the food grows less plentiful in the grass fields, increase the amount of dry fodder given to them in the stables. The exercise which the stock gets in the Fall of the year by being turned loose in the pasture fields is also quite an item for consideration. It keeps their systems in good condition and makes them ready for standing the enervating influences of confinement during the wintry days.

Night sheltering, however, should be begun very early, for the nights of the Fall are always inclined to be so cold as to tax the strength of the animals. As soon as they are given night shelter a little dry feed should be given to them morning and night. This can be increased very gradually until the pastures yield very little grass. Then a good amount of dry food must be fed to them. They will eat very little dry food so long as the grass is of any length and sweetness. Their own desire for dry fodder will regulate the matter largely, for they will come to the stables at night hungry if the grass has not been sufficient to nourish their systems. The dry fodder should be cut, and bran or grain mixed with it to make it more palatable. It is only by such gradual intelligent transitions from green to dry fodder that the health of the stock can be preserved. There is no strain brought upon their systems nor any sudden change. The winter health of the stock depends so much upon the early condition of the animal when first sheltered in the Fall that this practice ought to be universal.

E. P. SMITH.

With the Dairy Commission.

Prof. Robertson, who has been visiting the butter-making factories established in connection with the dairy commissioner's working in Oxford County, says that the cheese factories have been increased and equipped for the manufacture of butter during the winter. The farmers of the district are according a most enthusiastic support to the project at Mt. Elgin, where T. J. Dillon and J. W. Hunt of the dairy commissioner's staff are in charge, and twenty farmers furnish over 7,000 pounds of milk daily. The milk is run through an improved centrifugal cream separator, and the skim milk is immediately delivered to the farmers to be carried home in the same cans. At Woodstock the cream-gathering plan has been adopted to establish a comparison between two methods of guidance in future years. About 250 pounds of butter were made at the Woodstock creamery on the day it was visited. The quality of butter in both cases is pronounced by the Dairy commission as excellent. It will be shipped to the British market, and Mr. Robertson confidently affirms that it will sell as high as the finest Danish butter. He considers the possibility of developing a trade in the fresh made creamery butter that may equal in excess our great cheese trade is an active one for all who are seeking to promote a better condition of affairs in agriculture. The altering of cheese factories into creameries for manufacturing butter of uniform excellence during the winter promises to gain for our butter a reputation and trade quite equal to that which has been won in cheese.

Prof. Robertson was the guest of the New York State Dairywomen's Association early in the week at their annual convention held at Oswego, N. Y. The altering of cheese factories into creameries for manufacturing butter of uniform excellence during the winter promises to gain for our butter a reputation and trade quite equal to that which has been won in cheese.

Why Hens do not Lay.

From the direction given in poultry journals and by manufacturers of specifics for egg production, many persons start out with the confident expectation of uninterrupted success in raising chickens and eggs, to find at last that the business has for some reason become unprofitable. In purchasing hens for laying, particular attention should be given to the color and

appearance of their combs, which should be bright and red. Where the comb has a dull, sickly color, and a kind of flattened appearance, no amount of feeding or care will force the laying of eggs so long as these conditions exist. Again the legs should be smooth and clean and free from scales or the appearance of spurs, both of which indicate that the hen has passed the laying age. The cock should be brought out of a different flock and be as purely bred as possible. The principal causes of failure in egg production are believed to be: First, keeping hens that are too old; second, breeding in and in, or a failure to introduce new blood from sources entirely outside of one's flock, and third, keeping the flock too long in the same runs.

Feeding for a Object.

We must have an object in view when we feed cows, and should keep that object steadily in view. If we make butter, choice of feed should include those kinds best adapted to the purpose; if for milk, then we should feed those feeding stuffs that produce the greatest yield of milk. While some cows will give a good yield of milk, says the Stockman, if fed on almost any kind of feed that is sound and palatable, their yield can be improved in both quantity and quality if fed better adapted to the making of milk. For instance, some cows feed on corn-meal and hay will do well in milk-giving; substitute some linseed meal, bran or middlings in place of part of the corn-meal and the yield of milk will be increased. If we are feeding for butter and the cows are fed a grain ration of bran alone, then the addition of corn-meal or cottonseed meal will pay well in the increased richness of the milk. The price of different kinds of feed must always be taken into consideration; it may pay better to feed a ration not quite so good for the purpose we are feeding for as some other more expensive one, but the difference in cost may be so much in favor of the cheaper one that the feeding of it will be the proper thing to do. We can almost always make up a ration that will answer our purpose and yet not have it too costly. A small quantity of a certain high priced feed added to another at a lower price may make the latter of much more value than if fed alone. Always keeping in mind our object in feeding, and watching the markets, we can buy to better advantage than if we merely buy the cheapest feed we can get without regard to its adaptability to our purpose in feeding. Experience, founded on experiment, will soon teach us how to feed profitably.—*Farm Field and Stockman.*

Practical Hints to Dairywomen.

An open Winter is a blessing to cows if their owners are slack enough to have open stables. Some of the shipping stations are getting so much milk that they have a surplus, which they are working up into cheese. Many village people who buy their milk slur the family cow, but by those who have tried her, especially those who have large families of children, she is pronounced a decided success.

When we have cheap cattle-foed, a good grade of cows, and high prices for dairy products, dairywomen can say up more money in a rainy day. These conditions largely exist at this period, and those who have to buy butter, cheese and milk should not begrudge dairywomen their good luck, for it is richly merited through past seasons of low prices.

Which is better, to take your milk to a creamery whose butter sells for 30 cents per pound and whose cream is sold at 10 cents, or to make your own butter? If you think best to make the butter at home, why not adopt the creamery plan and get the creamery price?

Listen attentively to all that you hear in the institutes this Winter in regard to dairying. If you wish to reject any of the sentiments as unpractical, that is your privilege, but the bulk of the institute talk grants a golden grain that you cannot afford to throw away.

Ordinary cows do not yield butter in Winter that has a natural golden hue, deep enough to satisfy the buyer's eye, so it is expedient that a little commercial color be added to the cream.

The amount of work entailed through the Winter care of cows depends on how you winter in the Fall. If you do not make any thorough preparation, and then carry out an organized plan, you will find the care of cows very laborious and the result unsatisfactory.

Have the stable warm, keep the cows bedded from the start, and clean the dropping from the stable at least once a day, and you have reduced the time to be afterwards spent in keeping the animals clean and comfortable to a minimum. There is always less real work about taking care of milk animals properly than there is in the neglectful, slovenly way, where a general digging out becomes imperative after a length of time.

During this open Winter weather do not commit the mistake of turning your meadows into a barnyard for the cattle. Thousands of dairywomen in the past have been making just such grave mistakes, and what is worse they are still continuing in the error. The grass crop of 1892 will suffer thereby, and the Winter milk-flow of this present season will be curtailed by the bad practice. Then why continue a custom so replete with damage to the dairy in general?

If you use a thermometer in the house to gauge the temperature of the living-room by why not hang one in the cow stable and give it a casual glance now and then? The little quick silver tube would give you some telling points on the comfortable or uncomfortable condition of the stable.

Don't drive the cows out two or three times a day to drink ice-cold water. They need the water, but its freezing temperature and their exposure to Winter blasts is contrary to their comfort and profit. This applies with great force to cows that are in milk at this period of the year. If you seek profit from Winter dairying give your cows all of the water they will drink, at a temperature as far above freezing, but below 70°, as you can secure. Water that can be made to run into the warm stable answers the purpose admirably. This generally can be done with less expense and trouble than by artificial heating.

Don't trust an inexperienced hand to take care of your dairy, because it is Winter, and you can get his help by giving him his board. It wouldn't be any wonder if it would be the most costly board-bill in the end that you ever paid.—(George E. Newell, in *American Cultivator.*)

THE CRUISE OF THE WILL-O-THE-WISP.

A Yarn of the North Sea.

BY WILL T. JAMES.

A fair wind favored the coaster, *Kate*, Off Shetland Isles on a starry night; The water below in a circling state, Entwreathed with smoke in a murky light.

Their yams of wrecks were and sirens false And mermen seen to with mermaids wait. Ben Bluff—a reticent, gruesome man, Whose wild eyes beamed with mysterious fire— Spoke not a word since the talk began, So they did why he was mute enquire. "Spin us a yarn, Ben," a messmate said; "You're pale enough to be sick or dead."

"Mebbe I am,"—and he made a pause, That plainly proved he was ill at ease; "I don't get white, though, w'out a cause. I know a yarn, as yer blood ud freeze— Summat wot 'appened in this 'ere sea, An' 'ere it is, if ye'll list to me.

"Mark you, before I the yarn begin, I'll give ye chillis, 'cos it's rather queer; Taint all about yer I aintaben, Nor one ye've eard for this forty year. It's true, I'll vouch, as the Phantom Ship Seen round the Cape a most ev'ry trip."

As condiment to the yarnster's speech, His messmates kindled their pipes anew, Then gathered closer each unto each, While Ben his hand o'er his forehead drew, And posed to them as a ghost-crazed man, Ere thus his narrative he began:

"It's gone ten year since the *Will-o-the-Wisp* (A schooner, well found an' tant an' trim) In ballast sailed, with the weather crisp (Jim Jones was skipper—ye've eard o' him), Fur sev'ral ports uv this Northern Sea: A smuggin' cruise, such as used to be.

"She carried seven uv a crew, all told; The skipper, mate an' two boys an' me, A Roosian Finn, an' a wench as bold As ever follered a man to sea. She was the cap'n's niece—an orphan lass; In my opinion, A1 she'd class.

"We'd been out, mebbe, a month or more, When summat wodd the Roosian Finn, Fur at the time w'en 'e ought to enore, 'E'd jabber just like a himp o' sin, Start up, asleep, in the topmast bank, An' cut sich capers, ye'd think 'im drunk.

"'E'd hawl the name o' the cap'n's niece Most loud enough fur to make 'er yell; The more 'e bud 'im to 'old 'is peace, The more 'e giv 'us a cause to fear. We told the skipper 'ow matters stood; 'E only laughed, as we knowed 'e ood.

"One night ('twas blowin' a spankin breeze; 'E'd let out every reef we dare), The Roosian Finn at the wheel I sees, With hey, like two red 'ot coals, afare, The bimacile light 'as gone clean out, 'Ho-ho! Ther's mischief,' sez I, 'about.

"Afore I turned in, I 'urried aft, An' asked 'ow 'e steered w'out no light. 'E looked as wild as a man gone daft, An' 'savage, as if 'e meant to fight. 'I say,' sez I, 'wot d'ye mea to do? You jest steer right, or I 'ails the crew.'

"'E grinned, the fiend, but 'e didn't speak I went below for to call the mate— Ther was a crash—she'd sprung a leak! 'Saw 'is scheme w'en it was too late. The mate an' skipper they rushed on deck To find the schooner a 'opeless wreck.

"The bows was jammed in betwix two rocks; 'Er foremast, snapped an' clear overboard, Was swimmin' round with the ropes an' locks. An' sich like tackle, which 'e'd moored, The surt an' spray, w'y it dashed as 'igh As the mizzen cross-tees or pretty nigh.

"'You furrin' lubber!' the skipper cried, An' whipped a pistol from out 'is belt Before the Roosian 'ad time to 'ide, An' banged away with the gun 'e 'elt. But safe 'e stood on the windlass still; It's 'ard the Devil's own son to kill.

"The girl then come up the cabin stairs, Calm as yer please, though a trifle scared. ('Taint allus wome'n wot satin wears As finches least in the danger shared. The girl for pluck I ud rather choose Who seeses plain an' wears low-e'led shoes.)

"'Now, mates, this 'ere is the strictest truth: The madman made fur the tremblin' girl, An' grabbed the harn uv our little Ruth;— Ther was the head uv our hoocon pearl. The cap'n fired with unsteady haim, An' shot'er. Poor man, 'e w'arn't to blame.

"Down fell our pet with a muffled thud; 'Er features blanched as she gasped an' died. We ran 'er corpse from a pool o' blood, An' buried it in the rock's bleak side. The madman dove with a dyin' yell; Next took the skipper a crazy spell.

"That day, the hull o' the ship broke up; The mate an' cap'n they both got drowned. Fur three long days not a bite nor sup 'Ad we, w'en timely a smack uv found, Right glad to sail from that rock so dread, In God's kind keepin' we left the dead.

"I passed that same rock five year ago, One summer night, w'en the moon shone clear. The wind 'ad dropped; we was sailin' slow, With 'eady 'eadway enough to steer. I quit my track at the wheel in fright, Fur haunted 'twas by a ghost in white!

"Upon the mound that still marks Ruth's grave, I saw distinctly the madman stand; At first 'e moaned, then began to rave, An' 'ear 'is flesh with a bonny 'and. 'Twas awful, mates! I can see it now, As on that night 'e'er the starboard bow.

"A cat's-paw tautened our flappin' sails, And you can get his help by giving him his board. It wouldn't be any wonder if it would be the most costly board-bill in the end that you ever paid.—(George E. Newell, in *American Cultivator.*)

OATBORING A SETTLER.

Half a dozen years ago an Englishman,

who was in this country looking it over with an air of if-I-like-it-I'll-buy-it, by some chance strayed to Lone Point in Arkansas. He wanted to look over the country at Lone Point, and, of course, everyone about the hotel had plenty to tell him about what a grand country he had stumbled into. Compared with Lone Point, the balance of the United States was as a description of the Garden of Eden beside that of the Sahara Desert. Nowhere was there such land, nowhere were such crops raised, such game or so many conveniences. As a matter of cold truth, Lone Point was twenty miles from a decent, nine saloons, one hotel and general grocery and post-office combined. There were two mails a week each way, and a third one was being talked of, which was to give Lone Point almost metropolitan postal facilities. The Lone Point folks made up their mind that if that Englishman was out looking for a place to settle, he must settle in that spot suited to his own fancy. If he was not suited to the place, he was not to be. They organized informal receptions, at which the elite of the town were pleased to appear and endeavor to make things interesting for the stranger.

The Englishman had attached to him the *dolce pour niente* air, which is supposed to be the usual accompaniment to distinguished foreigners, with plenty of money, and is popularly believed to be acquired only by travel on the continent. He received their attentions with becoming condensation, and looked at their doings with surprise through his eye-glass.

"The strangest people I ever saw, don't ye know; I can't make them out, bah jove," he remarked confidentially to a stray drummer, who was stopping at the hotel for a day or two, and who thoroughly understood the situation.

"If that Englisher aint the derdest, laziest cuss I ever set one foot afore another, then I'm derved," remarked old Sim, the prevailing town oracle; "but they say he's got the dust, and that's what we're after." Thus it will be readily seen that each had an opinion of the other.

At a dance which the stranger had been persuaded to attend, he remarked to one of the participants: "I—aw—don't seem to be the rule here to appear in full dress at a ball."

"Full dress? Full dress, did you say? If there is any chap here that ain't in full dress you just p'int him out, and I'll fire him so quick he won't know what moved him. Full dress? Well, I should say so. I'll bet that nine-tenths of the people here are dressed in every rag they've got."

The Englishman saw that he was not understood but he made no further comment. Later on during the festivities, at the conclusion of a very energetic dance with the bells of the evening, she strolled closely and confidentially to the lion of the hour and whispered: "Say, mister, what's the matter with yer specs? Did you break 'em?"

The guest replied somewhat hesitatingly: "No, me glass is all right."

"Didn't break 'em yourself but some other sucker did; and 'yess don't want to give him away. Well, I'll tell you, mister, I don't mind sayin' that I'm hard gone on you, if you be a ferriner, and if you'll keep dead quiet about it, and not wear 'em for she's around, I'll hook granny's specs for ye, and you won't be in pain from havin' only one glass."

"Oh, but me dear girl, I couldn't think of it, don't ye know?"

"That's all right, you bet I'm your dear girl, and keep yer trap shut, an' I'll git the specs. I kin do anything for a feller I like. Mistef—mister—say, what is your first name?" She had gradually drawn the Englishman to one side, and took his dazed manner for bashfulness.

"My first name—aw, yes. Me christian name, say, yes—Claud."

"I don't set much by that name," lippled the maiden; "but I shall call you Claudy for short. Did they tell you Claud because you was a scratcher—a hustler? If they did it must have been when you was a derved sich younger than you be now. But that's nothin' to me, Claudy dear."

"Ah! really, this is an awful surprise."

"Don't let it stagger you, Claudy; there's swads of surprises in this country. But here comes Long Ike fer me to dance a break-down with him, so I must go. The time, Claudy, cause I dance with Ike, but come to the house ter-morrow night and we'll spunk a little, and I'll give yer granny's specs."

"Deah me! I deem me!" moaned the startled subject of the Queen; "that young person seems to think she'll marry me, Ah, deah me!" and without more adieu, he slipped out and went to the hotel.

The next day there was a select hunt gotten up for the benefit of the stranger, and he was mounted on the finest horse the town afforded—a wild brute not half broken—did the illustrious guest want to grass at the first buck. Then, for his safety, he was mounted on a mule. This mule had a habit of cringing or squatting when anything touched his flank. The first time the Englishman, in trying to keep up with the others, dug his heels in the mule's flank; he squatted, and at that instant a bevy of prairie chickens rose in the air.

"What made him do that?" asked the Englishman.

Old Sim who was nearest to him ever ready to stand up for the State of Arkansas, replied: "Ah, that's all right, mister. Ye see, that's a setter mule."

"A setter mule?"

"Yes, trained to set on game like one o' them setter dogs."

The Englishman was interested at once, and old Sim dwelt at great length upon the trouble and expense of training a mule, and seeing a jack-rabbit he rode up beside the mule and gave it a kick in the flank with his toe. Down went the mule and away went the rabbit!

and walked twenty miles to the next town and started on the back track for "Old Highland" without sending for his baggage at Lone Point. And to-day they tell a story at Lone Point about a wealthy Englishman who was going to settle there and marry one of the gals, but was thrown in the creek when out hunting.—[Edwin Ralph Collins in "Texas Sittings"]

The Sabbath Othime.

O let me feel Thee near me The world is ever near. I see the night that dazle, The tempting sounds I hear; My foes are ever near me, Around me and within; But Jesus, draw Thou nearer, And shield my soul from sin.

O let me hear Thee speaking In accents clear and still, Above the storms of passion, The murmurs of self-will. O speak, to reassure me, To hasten or control. O speak, and make me listen, Thou Guardian of my soul!

O Jesus, Thou hast promised To who will follow Thee, That where Thou art in glory, There shall Thy servant be; And Jesus, I have promised, To serve Thee to the end; O give me grace to follow My Master and My Friend!

O let me see Thy footmarks, And in them plant mine own; I hope to follow daily, In Thy strength alone! O guide me, call me, draw me, Uphold me, draw Thou nearer, And then in heaven receive me, My Saviour and My Friend.

—J. E. BOBE.

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday— The hands of the King are soft and fair; They never knew labor's stain; The hands of the robber redly wear The bloody brand of Cain; But the hands of the man are hard and sear'd With the scars of toil and pain.

The slaves of Pilate have washed his hands As white as the king's may be; Bar'bas with wrists unfettered stands. For the world has made him free; But the palms toll worn by nails are torn O Christ on Calvary!—(Anonymous.)

Tuesday— There is no love like Thy love, Who lovest to the cross; No love so pure and high love As thine who comest to us; Whatever pleasure bringeth, Of sweetness and care, And smile and sorrow mingled, If sorrowing, Thou canst bless.

O love beyond all praising, O life with love made fair! My heart is faint with gazing Across the radiant air, And back to that pure glory Which in the eye of faith Surrounds the simple story Of Thy pure life and death.

—[Wade Robinson.]

Wednesday—When we are animated by evil thoughts or unkind desires, when we are prompted to revenge a wrong, to reproach a sibling, to say bitter words, or to do cruel deeds, we should wait and suffer these hopeful feelings to cool and better ones to take their place. But, if there is any righteous deed to be done, any justice to establish, any kindness to express, any love to manifest, any joy diffuse, we should hasten to give it form and voice, knowing well that there is neither time to waste nor space to spare in the blessed work of doing good.—[Dr. Cuyler.]

Thursday—Who knows what's fit for us? Had fate Proposed bliss here should subvert me; My being; had I signed the bond— Still one must lead some life beyond— Have a bliss to die with, dim-desired, This foot once planted on the goal, This glory-garland round my soul, Could I desire such? Try and test. I sink back shuddering from the quest, Earth being so good, would Heaven seem best?—[Robert Browning.]

Friday—Like to think of Christ as a shepherd. The duty of a shepherd is to take care of his sheep. When a bear attacked David's flock he seized a spear and slew the intruder; and your shepherd will take as much care of you. Oh, what joy in the news to those who can say, "The Lord is my shepherd!" As a rule, shepherds know their sheep by their defects; and I think it is so with our Heavenly Father. He knows us all by our defects; and yet, with all our faults, he loves us. Oh, let us give thanks that we have such a good shepherd to guide and protect us; and the affliction may come upon us and seem hard at the time, let us remember His great mercy and loving kindness, and bow and kiss the rod.—[D. L. Moody.]

Saturday—Without Thy presence, wealth is bags of cares; Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet—sadness; Friendship is treason; and delights are sadness; Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness. Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they Nor have their being, when compared with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I? Not having Thee what have my labors got? Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I? And having Thee, what have I not? I wish no sea nor land; nor would I be Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of Thee!—[Francis Quarles.]

A WEDDING PRESENT.

The London Corporation Will Give \$25,000 to Prince Albert Victor and his Bride.

While there has been much talk concerning the financial resources upon which Prince Albert Victor and Princess Victoria Mary of Teck will have to depend after their marriage, the corporation of the city of London has set an example which should be followed by the other municipal corporations throughout the country, would result in a very heavy addition to the now almost meagre coffers of the young couple. It has been said that the Prince of Wales feels a hesitancy about asking Parliament to make a grant for the proper support of his eldest son after his marriage to Princess Victoria Mary. It has been suggested in some quarters that the Lord Mayor of London should open a subscription for a fund for the support of the royal couple, but it is not believed that the Queen or the Prince of Wales would consent to any such means to raise money.

The London corporation, however, thought it would not be amiss to make a handsome present on the occasion of the marriage, and so, instead of voting a sum to purchase a set of plate or something else that perhaps would never be used by the royal couple, they took a practical view of the situation and voted the sum of £2,500, which will prove not only acceptable, but one of the most useful wedding gifts that could be devised.

The Belgian Chamber of Deputies has passed a bill prohibiting any public experiments in hypnotism.

Scarlet hair seems to be coming into fashion. Worn in conjunction with an emerald-green bonnet the effect is very remarkable, and excites as much attention as a fire engine.

EXCITING TIME ON A FERRY.

The Boat Begins Sinking in Midstream—

Panic Among the Passengers.

A despatch from Glasgow says:—An exciting scene occurred last evening on a ferryboat plying on the Clyde, and had it not been for the coolheadedness of the Captain a serious disaster might have occurred. On the boat, besides the crew, were 150 workmen who were returning to their homes in Renfrew. The men were sitting in groups quietly smoking their pipes, when some one noticed that the boat was settling in the water.

The news spread like a flash that the ferryboat was sinking, and a wild rush was made for the life belts. The men lost their heads entirely, and fought like wild animals to get possession of the belts. There were a sufficient number of life preservers to supply every one, but the men were so panic-stricken that some of them struggled heroically to get belts from others. The Captain rushed among his frightened passengers, and finally induced them to go to the stern of the boat.

This added weight in the stern had the effect of slightly raising the bow, where the boat was leaking, out of the water and prevented her from making water as rapidly as would otherwise have been the case. After the men had been driven aft the engines were forced to their highest speed. The boat was so far out of trim, however, that slow progress was made, and she continued to sink deeper and deeper, and though her passengers were now quiet they were still badly frightened. Fortunately she managed to reach a pier and all hands scrambled ashore in a hurry. They left her just in the nick of time, for the last man was hardly ashore before she went to the bottom.

A Black Squatter.

The white squatter is bad enough—too bad, in fact—yet he has not reached that high state of meanness which the negro squatter has attained. A traveler not very far from Guthrie, Oklahoma, came to a miserable shanty, built partly of mud; and, delighted with even this reminder of civilization, he rode up and tapped on the door.

"Who's dar?" a voice demanded.

"Open the door, please; I want to see a human being, I don't care who it is."

An old negro opened the door, poked his head out, and said:

"Yere I, sah."

"And I am glad to see you, too," replied the traveler. "I have been riding across this accursed country for three days and you are the first person I have seen. My mission out here is not a pleasant one. I am looking for a man that ran away with my wife."

"Lady wid him yit, sah?"

"No, she has deserted him."

"Tall man, is he?"

"Sorter got whisker on de side o' his jaws?"

"Yes, go on!" the traveler exclaimed.

"Lemme see. 'Bout forty years old?"

"That's the man."

"Talks sorter slow?"

"The very man. Now tell which way he went."

"Who went?"

"Why, the man."

"What man?"

"Why, the man you saw."

"Ain't seed no man."

"Oh, blast it, you have just described the man who ran away with my wife. Now, tell me when you saw him and which way he went."

"Neber did see him and neber did know which way he went."

"Look here, I don't want to call you a liar."

"Den what you gwine do it fur?"

"Because I am compelled to."

"Whut fur?"

"Because you say that 'yess haven't seen the man you describe."

"I didn't see him."

"How, then, do you know that it was that sort of a man?"

"Cause you said so."

"Because I said so! Why, you old fool, I didn't say a word."