

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Household Recipes.

FRECKLES.—Mix together of glycerine twelve ounces, rose water three ounces, of sulphocarbonate of zinc one ounce, of spirits of neroli half a drachm, and of alcohol three ounces. Apply twice a day, leaving on the mixture from half an hour to an hour.

SUNBURN.—Mix together three-fourths of an ounce of glycerine, six drachms avoirdupois powdered borax, and twelve ounces of rose water or elder-flower water. This is recommended as a harmless and beneficial daily cosmetic wash.

CANNED FRUIT.—Canned fruit should be kept in a cool, dry, dark closet. If one hasn't such a closet, fruit may be kept covered with paper or cloth and the light be excluded from it. Light seems to have an influence on canned fruit unfavorable and injurious to its flavor. Have any of our readers tried painting the outside of their glass cans to exclude light from them?

A writer in The Medical World gives the following remedy, having used it with complete success for common cold in the head: Dissolve half a grain of tartar emetic in four ounces of water, give a teaspoonful of this every fifteen minutes for four doses, then hourly, and after that every three or four hours. The disease is often cured in the course of one day.

RHEUMATISM.—A German writer gives this as a remedy for inflammatory rheumatism, of which malady he was cured in two days' time: Make a decoction of the stalks and roots of celery. Cut the celery into bits, boil it in water till soft, and then serve warm on pieces of toasted bread; drink the celery water. In Germany the roots and stalks are boiled and eaten as a salad with oil and vinegar.

FLORIDA WATER.—Dissolve in one half-gallon of 90-per-cent alcohol one ounce each of lavender, oil of bergamot and oil of lemons, and one drachm each of oil of cloves and cinnamon; add one gallon of water and filter. 2. Mix together and filter three ounces of bergamot, four drachms of oil of cinnamon, two ounces tincture of benzoin and one gallon 75-per-cent alcohol.

KNITTING BAGS.—Very charming little knitting bags are made of square silk handkerchiefs embroidered in each corner. The handkerchief is made up with the embroidered part inside. A running string is put in a circle just inside the corners, which hang outward so as to show the embroidery. It is better to cut a circle of stiff card, cover it with material of the same color as the handkerchief, or line the latter with something which harmonizes with it. This circle forms a steady base for the bag and keeps it in shape. It must be sewn in the center of the handkerchief, which is finished off with lace, and ribbons are sewn at the points where the string comes out, to form a kind of handle.—Philadelphia Call.

Care of Hanging Plants.

Most plants in baskets or hanging-pots are unsatisfactory. This is not the fault of the plant, but of the grower, in most cases. Hanging plants are usually less convenient to get at than those growing in pots on a plant stand, and because of this they are pretty sure to suffer from neglect. They seldom get water enough. A pot that is hung up dries out much sooner than one occupying a lower position because it is in a warmer stratum of atmosphere, and is exposed on all sides, and generally it is small, and the earth in small pots always dries out rapidly. Hanging plants should be watered daily through the greater part of the season. In the heat of the summer they generally need an application night and morning, but they do not often get it. A step-ladder should be kept conveniently near at hand, and by means of this it is easy to get at the plants. A large sponge, filled with water, can be placed on the surface of the soil. It is very easy to re-saturate this when the moisture has been absorbed from it. Occasionally the plants should be taken down and cleaned by dipping them into a tub or pail of water. When well grown, hanging plants are very ornamental.

Housekeeping.

Comparatively few housekeepers, says Marie Parloa, in Good Housekeeping, consider how slight an extra effort is required to give the family a great deal of additional comfort and happiness. Many feel that they are their neighbors' inferiors in administering domestic affairs, simply because they have failed, owing to absence of inclination or lack of skill or means, to load their tables with elaborate dishes. Let it be remembered that, in the long run, a simple diet will bring better health and more happiness; get, let it also be remembered, that a wise housekeeper will seek to lift herself from ruts in which she may unconsciously have fallen, and, by making a little change here and there present such a variety of food as shall render the table attractive at every meal. To substitute new dishes for some with which the family have had an extensive acquaintance does not necessitate great expense. Housekeepers frequently study and experiment with receipt after receipt for making cake without stopping to think that the same amount of thought, money, and labor expended in the preparation of some simple savory dish might afford much more satisfaction.

Ability to be a perfect housekeeper is not confined to every woman, but it is possible to be a good one without sacrificing all other interests in life. While one is learning, to be sure, it may seem as if there were not many interests beyond the household, but

after the art has been mastered, there is a freedom and a sense of power worth all the struggles made. Of course, the kitchen is not the only place in which burdens are borne, yet the care of the table generally makes itself felt more than anything else; and no matter how well conducted all the other departments may be, if this one be neglected, discomfort and unhappiness will ensue. Cooking is a science, and for this reason girls are often more successful than their elders in culinary experiments, because they comply strictly with directions instead of guessing what quantities of ingredients to use in order to produce desired results. Experienced housekeepers might avoid much disappointment if they were always equally careful.

Lace as an Heirloom.

Foreign Letter of Jenny June.
Lace in quantity is never seen in the street in Antwerp, unless it is worn by English or Americans, for no Antwerp lady would wear her rich lace in the street or allow herself to appear in a cheap imitation. These rules still hold good, though there is less rigidity than formerly, and young girls wear contrasts and their mama's designs in form and fabric which they would not have dreamed of ten years ago. The domestic and social habits, however, hold good, and are maintained as a matter of pride by the gentle ladies of Antwerp. One of these was only a child, and would naturally have inherited a magnificent collection of lace, gathered and inherited by her mother. But she was not inclined to work with the needle, and rebelled against the necessary conditions imposed to learning how to mend and actually make lace, so as to keep it in perfect condition. Her mother did not force her, but simply told her that the lace would never be hers, but would be left to some member of the family able and willing to "entertain" and care for it. This threat was sufficient to induce the young lady to fulfill her mother's wishes, and she is now not only possessor of one of the finest private collections of lace in Antwerp, both modern and antique, but can repair any of it so that it is exactly the same as before. Yet this lady recently papered and painted two rooms with her own hands, at a cost of 15 francs for materials, because business being dull, she did not wish to subject her husband to the cost of a house painter and decorator, who had estimated the work and material at 225 francs. A lace dress as made in Antwerp, is a very desirable possession. It is not cut up and wasted from the piece, as with us; but an accurate pattern is sent and the dress is outlined from it, and the pattern wrought in according to cost. The lace pieces for bonnets, fans, parasols and every article of the toilet for which lace is used, are all made and finished upon the edge in the same way, and are all beautiful and permanent possessions. The cost of a real lace dress is not more than one covered with imitation lace is with us; but the difference in elegance and finish, in permanent beauty, cannot be put into words. It is a difference in the morality and aesthetic influence of a lifetime. An Antwerp lady of the middle or business class looks forward to the acquisition of such a dress as a New York lady of the same condition in life might to the acquisition of a sealskin cloak, for the reason, probably, that less money is spent in Antwerp on trifles and on the costly articles of street attire, bonnets, parasols and, above all, gloves, which are such an important and costly article in America. Besides, the men know that a lace dress means something, it is equivalent to their dress coat. It will be worn at the great family reunion and anniversaries, over all black, over color, with silk sleeves under the lace, with lace gloves alone, in short, with slight additional expense, it will make several dresses and be a great economy as well as elegance.

Keeping Cabbage Through the Winter.
A Dakota farmer writes to ask how a man who has no cellar can keep cabbages through the winter. We are happy to assure him that nothing can be simpler. Plow three or four furrows along the ground at a point convenient to the farm buildings, making a bed say about four feet in width and as long as you please. In these furrows lay your cabbage heads, with the root stalk up, as close together as you can place them, a double row in each furrow if necessary. Put a light covering of hay over them and then cover with earth eight or ten inches deep. About Christmas put a good load of straw or hay over the whole. As the cabbages are wanted for use take them out, beginning at one end of a furrow and going through to its other end. It is only necessary to dig away part of the dirt above till the root stalk of a cabbage is reached, then pull it out without disturbing the others. Cabbages stored this way will keep fresh and crisp during the entire winter, and will seldom freeze. It does not hurt them, however, to freeze, nor will a single thawing effect them particularly, but repeated freezing and thawing will soon cause them to decay. It may be said, also, that it is far better to keep the cabbages in this way than in the cellar, if this is under the house. Indeed, the odor of cabbages when their outer leaves begin to decay is so foul and so prone to generate such diseases as diphtheria and typhoid fever that we should counsel farmers never to store them in the cellars beneath their dwellings while a rod of earth can be made available for the purpose.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Riddance of Rats.
To exclude rats and mice is a very easy matter if done when the house is built. The cellar floor should be cemented and the wall built of cement concrete. The spaces between the studding are the weak spots. A very effective defence is to lay the floor closely through the studding on each floor, or to lay a rough-board floor first and set the studding upon this

and lay the matched floor afterward, closing up the spaces between the studding in every place with short blocks, which are also useful to stiffen the studs. Thus a mouse or rat cannot get into the spaces between the studs, and if one should by any chance, it is imprisoned in a cell and cannot get any further. This is also a very effective means of avoiding the spread of fire, which usually runs up through the studding and burns the roof with the whole house in a few minutes.

I purchased a farm with old buildings in which rats were everywhere, harboring in overwhelming numbers, harboring mostly under floors. I raised a foot clear above ground all floors which could be so changed—as pigpens, barn, etc.—and made small openings in all the doors for cats to pass through. The other floors were made on the ground, of sand and coarse gravel concrete, or of round stone pavement, made with water-lime and saturated when dry with hot gas-tar. The corncrib and granary was raised on four-foot posts covered with sheets of bright tin and a driveway was made through the center. Half a dozen cats, well fed with milk and bread, were kept, and having no other flesh meat and being never hungry, they had full time for sport, and caught the homeless rats or those few which had a hiding place until very soon not one could be seen.—J. N. H., N. Y. Tribune.

Will Varieties Run Out?

This question may be answered both affirmatively and negatively. In practice they do run out, as a rule. Let us remember that nothing in nature is stable. All varieties are undergoing modification, and most of all those varieties which we cultivate. This extra instability in the cultivated varieties is due to the fact that the conditions we make for them are varying and constantly changing. Could we make absolutely constant conditions the varieties might be retained with considerable, if not absolute, stability. Now it happens that in practice most varieties are grown by people who do not give them as good conditions as those under which they were developed, so degeneration follows inevitably. A potato fancier brings out a fine new variety under exceptionally good conditions. Now it will remain a fine variety so long as those good conditions are maintained, and no longer. This is the secret of most if not all of the degeneration of varieties.—Dr Charles E. Bessey.

Exhaustion of the Soil.

The commonly used term, "exhaustion of the soil," is relative and not absolute. The soil consists of many indispensable ingredients, and while it remains in existence these remain, and to say they are exhausted is a contradiction in terms. The phrase really means that the soil has been deprived of its power of producing certain crops by the exhaustion of the larger part of the soluble portion of one or another of these ingredients or elements by the too often repeated culture of some special crop. Then the return of this special element to the soil restores it to fertility. This is all that is meant by this term, and no good farmer need fear to undertake the restoration of what is called an exhausted soil if he will patiently apply the remedy. This is slow no doubt, but it consists in growing different crops from those previously cultivated, and the application of the needed fertilizer. Clover is the best of all these restorative crops.

How Much Milk the Cow Gives.
It is often worth while to see a cow milked twice in succession—twelve hours between the milkings. Thus the buyer may see just how much milk the cow is giving. If the cow has a sucking calf it complicates matters a little, but a first-rate cow ought to give much more milk than the calf will take, so if the buyer takes two teats on one side and leaves the other two for the calf, accurate conclusions may be arrived at. The seller almost always overstates the milk his cow will give. His quarts are small. If one is buying a \$35 cow all this trouble need not be taken. She may be worth \$20 for beef, and if she gave no milk at all might soon be made worth \$25 or \$30; so one is really paying little for milk. But if the price of the cow is \$75 or \$100, as we have supposed, it is quite worth while to know what one buys before the money is paid.—Mason C. Weld.

Cheap Land in Southern States.
Cheap land is in the Southern States, which are all large and sparsely settled. The soil is generally rich and fertile naturally, and the uncleared forest lands, especially in the mountain region, are the richest in the Union. The climate in the mountain region, which includes West Virginia, West North Carolina and Georgia and East Tennessee, is exceedingly pleasant and healthful; the barometric pressure is from two to four inches less than at sea level, the elevation being 2,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea; the air is pure and bracing, and the water is cold and pure; the low latitude causes mild winters, snow and ice being rarely seen and lasting only a few days at the longest, and the elevation secures a cool summer temperature. The nights are cool and mosquitoes are nowhere found. Land in this region can be procured for \$1.50 an acre from 12 to 20 miles from railroads, and for \$5 to \$10 near them. The latter prices prevail generally all over the South excepting in a few localities, as in West Virginia and parts of Tennessee which are thickly settled, where farms are worth \$100 an acre down to \$40 or \$50 for second rate ones.

How to Build an Icehouse.
An icehouse may be built very simply and cheaply as follows: Set eight large posts, 10 or 12 inches thick and 12 feet long, in the ground 6 feet apart; this will make an octagon 15

feet in diameter. Fit pieces of 3 by 12 at the ground for sills; and on the top for plates; midway, for girts, set in flush with the post strips of 2 by 4 on each side. Then nail on side boards on both sides and batten on the outside. Fill in the spaces with dry sawdust, and then spike on flat a plate of 2 by 12 all around. Then put on a roof of one-third pitch, leaving it open at the eaves for ventilation; also put a ventilating pipe in the centre of the roof. The roof should be perfectly watertight. One side should be provided with a doorway, and the inside of the doorway should have loose cross boards, to be put in one above the other as the house is filled up. This space is filled with sheaves of straw when the house is closed. In packing the ice a foot of sawdust is put on the ground and the foundation must be made quite close so that air is not admitted. Eight or 10 inches of sawdust is put around the ice and 2 feet on the top of it.

Going the Whole Hog.

From the Chicago Mail.
"Yes, sir; the American hog is a great institution, and we have him for all he's worth out here."

The remark was made by a prominent stock yards packer to a reporter of the Mail regarding last year's slaughtering.

"For the year commencing March 1, 1884, and ending March 1, 1885, there were killed 4,332,582 hogs in the nineteen porkpacking houses at the stock yards. That represents quite an amount of pork, and it is sent to all parts of the world, too."

"But that is not all the purposes the hog is put to?" inquired the reporter.

"Bless you, no; the rendering department is a big industry in itself. But the minor matters—those of which no one would think—go to make up a great whole. The entrails are cleaned and sent to the fertilizing works. The bristles are carefully gathered up after shaving and sold to the hair man. Trustee Scholl has a twenty-acre field southwest of the yards, where he dries and sorts them, and, after they are in proper form, ships them to manufacturers of brushes. They are also used for a thousand new purposes to which they are being applied every day. The blood has even been sold to the fertilizers for a long time past. It is excellent for that end. But there is a new use for it now. Some ingenious Eastern man has discovered a process by which blood can be hardened and manufactured into buttons, handles for knives and similar articles. Even that is not all. We want the hog, body and boots. We pull off the hard shell which covers the cartilage of the foot and sell it to parties who manufacture springs for railroad cars. It is said to be superior to and more lasting than rubber, for which it is being rapidly substituted."

"You go the whole hog, sure enough."

"Yes. Nothing escapes here but the squeal, and we are endeavoring to devise some means to utilize that."

The Betrayer of Gen. John Morgan.
The Atlantic Constitution gives the following account of the recent life of the woman who betrayed the great confederate raider to his death while he was a guest in her husband's home:

"The death of Gen. John Morgan was compassed by the treachery and demonic daring of a wild, reckless woman. She was the graceless daughter-in-law of Mrs. Col. Williams, who was the cheerful hostess of the great cavalryman on that ill-starred night. Lucy Williams rode her horse through the stormy darkness and summoned the federals from Bull's Gap to surprise Morgan, and capture or kill him. The history of the deed is too familiar to need repetition. The wanton and cold-blooded heroine of the exploit was afterward divorced from her worthy husband and fled the country with a married man of Greenville of the name of Fitzgerald. They went to Arkansas, and lived, I believe, as co-partners in adultery at Helena. Sometime ago she abandoned Fitzgerald, and married a man of some means who was then a widower of three months' standing. In a few months after the marriage with the ex-Mrs. Williams, the new husband also died, and she has disappeared with the lure of which he was possessed. Fitzgerald, thus thrown overboard and being afflicted with a fatal malady, wrote to his long abandoned wife and family, confessing all his misdeeds and begging to be allowed to return home to die among his children. The request was granted him, but did not profit him in his misery, for he died before he could reach home, and without seeing the faces of his wronged wife and children."

A Rip Van Winkle Toad.

While Bliss Smith was superintending some work at Smith's mill, Scadoue, his attention was directed to an unusual appearance in the cross section of a solid trunk of rock maple they were engaged in sawing into hard-wood plank. To the astonishment of Mr. Smith and the men they discovered the saw had just sliced off the roof from the residence of a toad that had taken up his quarters in the heart of the tree. Mr. Smith picked out the squatter with two nails. The animal was perfectly soft, and appeared to be in a semi-torpid condition. Unfortunately, however, while the men were examining this ancient king of the maple, he fell down upon the mill floor and rolled through an opening in the boards. Mr. Smith hunted after him for half an hour, but with no success. This is a veritable Rip Van Winkle toad. The maple tree was large and solid, with not a sign of decay anywhere. The toad lay at its very heart and must have been there for many years. Think of it! Asleep for perhaps one hundred years, and then seeing the light.

IMMORTALITY OF LONDON.

"Cockaigne" Explains Why the Recent Exposures are Disregarded by the Aristocracy and Nobility.

London Letter to San Francisco Argonaut.

Instead of applauding the nobility of purpose and independence of character shown by the Pall Mall Gazette in fearlessly publishing to the world the existence of this great wrong; instead of upholding by word and deed the publishers and editors of the brave journal, no stone seems to be left unturned by the squeamish Pharisees and prigs with which "society" abounds, to injure and ruin the paper and its owners. What I especially desired to point out, and what I began by referring to, was the utter inconsistency of high society, not only in ignoring as much as it can the prevalent practices, but in being incensed (as it is) at the fact that an effort has been made to suppress the evil.

Still, one is not so very much surprised when one comes to think it well over. Whatever this selfishly good bringing up of young girls in high life may be, it is strict or it is loose, certainly the present condition of high society in a moral sense is sadly deplorable. Let me give a few instances of what is winked at and allowed in the highest society that England can boast. As a first illustration I don't know that I can cite a better instance than that of the Duke of Beaufort. And it is one, as well, which seems peculiarly apropos of the subject we have just been considering. Several years ago his grace, with a few other jovial spirits like himself (among whom, it is said, was the Prince of Wales), was dining at the Orleans Club. The enlightening influences of unlimited Pommeury Sec had reached far beyond the mellowing point, when it was suggested that the party seek what the Germans call bakfische. I can't begin to follow the subsequent careers of all the youthful fish that came to the nets of the entire party of licentious libertines on the occasion, but is pretty generally known that the one who fell to the lot of his grace of Beaufort has ever since remained under his immediate protection, and at the present time is a favorite actress of the London board. It is quite needless to say that the duke is still in "society."

The peculiar intimacy which exists between the Marquis of Hartington and the Duchess of Manchester is one that in any decent, consistent and well ordered society would result in the ostracising of both. The two are always invited to meet each other. If you want Lord Hartington to come you must ask the Duchess of Manchester, and vice versa. Of course, on the surface there is nothing to cavil at in their conduct. The affairs are quietly and judiciously managed. But people know pretty well what is going on. It is often wondered why Lord Hartington, heir as he is to a dukedom and some of the most magnificent estates in England, doesn't marry. The fact is, the Duchess of Manchester won't let him. To the credit of English women in high life—let us give them all the credit we can, they need it—the duchess is a French woman. But, all the same, she is an Englishman's wife, and the disgrace of the thing attaches to him. How, as a man, let alone a duke, he stands it, is past comprehension. But he doesn't seem to mind it a straw, and laughs and grows fat over what most men would regard as humiliation and degradation.

One of the favored "set" to meet the Prince of Wales at Goodwood this year, invited by the Duke of Richmond—as he is for every Goodwood week—was Mr. W. G. Craven. This gentleman's only son has just been up as co-respondent in the divorce court in a suit brought by a gentleman named Bosville, for seducing and eloping with his wife. Mrs. Bosville is the daughter of General Willis. Another co-respondent was the lady's trustee under her marriage settlements, a colonel in the army, and son of Lord Sidmouth—namely, the Hon. Charles Addington. The letters which this "honorable" wrote to his friend's wife, and which were read in court, were those of an simple and out-and-out scoundrel and blackguard. The verdict was against young Craven, and the divorce was granted, Craven paying the costs. Then there is Lord Alington's brother, Colonel Napier Sturt. An officer in the Grenadier Guards, he ran away with the pretty wife of a clergyman named Sparke. The clergyman got a divorce, and Sturt married the lady. The two go everywhere, and were at the receptions of the Duchess of Westminster and the Marchioness of Salisbury a few nights ago. Again, there is the Earl of Euston. Do you suppose he is left out of any swell entertainment because he is married to a prostitute? I should fancy not. His sister, too, she ran away from an invalid husband with Lord Suffolk's brother, the Hon. Walter Harbord, when he was fleeing to the continent after having been caught cheating at cards. The two are back in England again, "married and settled," and, as Lady Eleanor Harbord and daughter of the Duke of Grafton, society doors swing open to her. Harbord's offense, however, still keeps him out. You see, in the exalted opinion of society, cheating at cards is worse than the most flagrant immorality and viciousness. There are many other instances, but these will do. It is not to be expected, is it, that such people should take any interest in the suppression of immorality in any shape?

Several years ago Paymaster Tucker, Senator Logan's son-in-law, took advantage of a survey, and pre-empted certain lands in Arizona which had always been considered as belonging to the Zuni Indians. When the facts in the case were brought before President Arthur he issued a proclamation restoring the lands to the reservation. Senator Logan made an earnest protest against this decision, and the matter hung fire until Commissioner Sparks decided that the lands belonged to the Indians, and that Paymaster Tucker had no claim upon them.

A Curse to the Country.

The evil effect of Chinese immigration is being felt more keenly than ever before among the white artisans and laborers of British Columbia. Meetings are being daily held to protest against the employment of Chinese labor in that Province to the exclusion of the white population. At one of these meetings held a few days since at Victoria the following resolution was unanimously carried:

"That this meeting, considering the great mistake of the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments, in consenting and allowing contractors of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and of other public works, to employ Chinese coolies on their various works, causing an influx of 20,000 coolies into this Province to the exclusion of a like number of our own race, thus prostituting public works from their legitimate use and end, and, further, thereby setting a bad example, making it almost a matter of necessity on the part of citizens to employ Chinese, comparatively the only labor now available—therefore, expresses its unqualified disapprobation of such misappropriation of public funds, both in the past and for the future, and we hereby demand legislation making the employment of Chinese on any and all public works, in any province of the Dominion, a direct infringement of the rights of the people, and treasonable.

It is shown on unmistakable authority that the government has encouraged Chinese immigration to enable them to carry on the work on the Canadian Pacific railway at a minimum figure. In this way thousands poured into the Province who otherwise would never have crossed the Pacific. The Chinese question will be the main point of issue in British Columbia at the next general election.

Prowess of New York Policemen.

New York policemen possess the good quality of bravery, as a rule. The patrolman who outrageously clubs an inoffensive drunkard one minute will in the next respond so promptly to a call for daring that he commands forgiveness for his previous brutality. An Italian fruit-vender was beset by loafers the other morning, and so exasperated that he drew an immense dirk and stuck it through the heart of his foremost tormentor. He fled to a cellar. The first officer to arrive, seeing that the stabbed man was dead, set out without the slightest hesitation to search for the murderer alone, in the dark, underground hiding place. Within five minutes he came up with the prisoner, whom he had disarmed and overpowered. The members of the force, though largely appointed through political influence, are required to be under 28 years of age on entering the service, and of perfectly sound and robust physique. This excellence of strength gives confidence; but besides that they are disciplined to act instantly and courageously. Their prowess is fully recognized by professional breakers. Wes Allen, a pickpocket, was accosted in the Grand Central depot recently by a big, burly officer from Syracuse, who showed a warrant for his arrest and tried to take him prisoner. The response was a blow that felled the Syracusean. "No country chump's going to copper me," Wes exclaimed contemptuously. Then a New York policeman of the smallest permissible size, and so much out of health that he had been assigned to minor duty by the depot, coolly grabbed the thief by the collar, and led him unresisting to the nearest station, while the visiting officer followed, admiring the easy feat.—Albany Journal.

When to Laugh.

"There is a man in this city," said a well-known Washington lawyer to the New York Telegram correspondent, "whose chief stock in trade is in knowing when to laugh. 'Yes,' he continued, "and that man is a southerner, and his profession is that of a lobbyist. He is a smooth talker and always has his hands full of business. One day last winter I was in his company, when he introduced me to a Jerseyman, who had come down to Washington to look after some matters before congress. In the course of the conversation the Jerseyman told a joke—a veritable chestnut. My friend laughed immoderately, but as I had heard the so-called joke a thousand or more times I could not join in the merriment. The next day I met my lobbyist friend, who said: 'I was probably as much bored last night as you were; but the fact that I indulged my Jersey friend and laughed at his stale jokes has brought me duets. Here is his check for \$1,000, which he gave me as a retainer to represent his claim before a committee of the house. Sam Ward,' he continued, 'made fame and fortune by knowing how to feed people. I make money because I know how and when to laugh.'"

A "Fattery"

"Struck a big scheme out West," said a traveling man to a Chicago Herald reporter. "At Gilmore, 10 miles south of Omaha, a company has started a cattle fattery, if that is a good word. They have expended \$75,000 in the erection of big stables. There are 3,750 stalls, and by winter they will have 5,200 stalls. In each stall they will place a critter, and they will all be fed with food placed before them through a system of pipes. This food is cooked in enormous steam vats having a capacity of 1,000 barrels of feed an hour. They will ship in cattle from the western Nebraska ranches, and fatten them in these stalls. They expect to put 300 pounds of meat on each of 15,000 critters in a year. That represents something like \$260,000 of new meat, not counting the increased value of the original animal, as it were, after he is transformed from a range steer into a fancy beef. Corn and hay are cheap out in that country, and it looks to me as if the cattle fattery— which I understand is the first of its kind in the country—will prove a gold mine for its owners."