

EAGLE VERSUS TIGER.

The Pleasant Experience of a Yankee Tourist at Monte Carlo. I entered the gaming saloon immediately after a gentleman who had the air of a Yankee, and was no little surprised to notice an official, in well uniform, approach the American, and with a shrug of the shoulders in pure French style, intimate that visitors are not allowed to wear their hats while within the precincts of that sacred room. Of course, the "wide awake" was immediately put into a place for safe keeping. From this little incident, the Yankee was very much observed; but in the course of thirty minutes he became quite a hero. He soon approached the roulette table, and observed the play very closely, but apparently could not make up his mind to venture; and, in succession, he made a tour of all the roulette tables, but did not stake even a five-franc piece, which is the highest stake the croupier would allow to be placed on the table, and was informed by a gentleman standing close to him that the amount was nearly equal to five hundred pounds in English money. I may here remark at this game no odds are given; therefore the winners receive the extra sum staked—of course, in addition to the money ventured. "Well," said our Yankee visitor, "I guess I'll go for the swing" and go he did; and, to the amazement of the entire company, he came off a winner. The first winnings were coolly placed in his pocket, leaving his first stake on the table for another venture. The curts were again dealt out, and again he was on the successful color. Once more the winnings were placed in safe keeping.

By this time, the American was a man to be envied, and others followed his example. The third venture had an immense pile of notes and gold on the same color that the man from the New World had been so lucky with; and again it proved the trump card, and much to the amazement of players in other parts of the saloon, a hearty cheer greeted this announcement, and the "bank" was broken. But those who are acquainted with Monte Carlo well know that the breaking of the bank is only of short duration—viz., whilst the croupier goes to headquarters for another supply of the "ready." On the croupier's return, down went the Yankee again and again, until he had made hazards ten times, and each time to the fullest extent allowed by the rules of the establishment; and his extraordinary run of fortune made him the winner each time. The period had now arrived for a change of croupiers, which takes place at regular intervals during the day. Our hero of the hour, noticing this move, and not quite understanding its purpose, turned to the retiring croupiers and remarked, "Thank you, gentlemen; this is the first time I have had the pleasure of playing this game, but I assure it shall be the last." And he quietly retired from the room, a richer man by nearly 5,000 pounds than when he entered about half an hour previously.—Liverpool Post.

FLORIDA'S WHITE ANTS.

How the Busy Insects Assist Nature in Her Processes of Change. One warm morning, after a heavy rain during the night had saturated the ground, as I went to the well, I caught sight of my favorite toad squat in the grass, covered with winged ants, and darting out his tongue to keep a place clear about him. But the oncoming crowd swarmed around and over him. He never winked, though they walked heedlessly across his eyes, on his nose, anywhere to get a point of vantage from which to take flight. Soon the air was full of them up to a great height, going in all directions and rising from every stump and decaying log of wood. Some stumps and partly buried masses of wood were white with them, a constant stream from beneath the ground, clambering up higher over one another in their struggles to get up and take flight. Where were they all going? Where were they brought up against a tree, a house, stump or bit of wood, their flight ended, and by an instantaneous and amusing twist of their little bodies the wings were thrown off and they started by the shortest route for the ground. Some in their seemingly aimless flight would strike a piece of wood or a tree within a dozen feet of the starting point, but off went their wings with a jerk, and down they traveled. What is the meaning of this? Why are these little beings so intent on distributing themselves everywhere? No wonder every piece of wood under ground, or even lying upon its surface, is inhabited by its colony of termites, each busy for itself in eating and living, but carrying out the wonderful and, in this southern climate, rapid process of change, destruction and new forms of life. No sooner does a tree fall to the earth than myriads of these white ants find a home and food in it, and so hasten its destruction. If a stake is driven to support a lily or tuberosa it will shortly be set upon by these busy consumers, and you will soon find it prone or needing support rather than giving it. Living wood they do not choose.—American Agriculturist.

I am persuaded that one extreme of profanity, improvidence and misery which are so prevalent among the laboring classes in many countries, are chiefly to be ascribed to the want of education.—Robert Hall. Philosophers tell us that there is such an intimate connection of the various sciences upon each other that knowledge upon one point is found very helpful in learning about matters which are apparently wholly dissimilar. They tell us, and they doubtless know, that there is such an interweaving of facts in the various lines of thought and study that any thing which is learned will be useful in any and all other fields of inquiry.

HANGING FEELS GOOD.

So Says a Young Man Who Has Gone Through the Experience. I learned from the hotel clerk here, says a New York Herald correspondent at Elmira the other day, that a young plumber doing business on the principal street had once been hanged, and when cut down was thought to be dead. Here seemed a good chance to investigate from first hands the tortures of the operation which has relieved the State of so many of its ornamental citizens.

This young man's name is Miles Doyle. He is a fine, strapping fellow, a member of Assemblyman Bush's crack Twenty-sixth Company. He has always resided in Elmira, where his parents were among the first settlers long before it became a city. The event which culminated in his hanging happened five years ago, and at the time attracted much attention from the local press, although his description of his feelings while dangling from the neck was never recorded. It was a school-boy's escapade. While chasing a rabbit through the grounds of ex-Alderman Hughes, he attempted to run over a raised platform upon which the housewives stand while hanging clothes upon a revolving reel. There is no date obtainable as to the length of time which ensued from the moment he ran upon the platform and the time when a servant girl opened the kitchen door and was horrified to see a young man, his face black and blue, dangling from a gallows on this reel. One glance at the distorted features convinced her that the youth was dead, but she gave a shriek which called the neighbors to the scene.

Ex-Speaker Jere McGuire was among the first to arrive, and with considerable presence of mind cut young Doyle down and, with the assistance of Mrs. Hughes, proceeded to resuscitate him. At first it was thought life was extinct, but in less than half an hour he had been sufficiently restored to be conveyed to his home.

Such is the narrative of the occurrence, all the parties named being well-known residents of this community. I found young Doyle at his mother's residence, 660 Columbia street. The young gentleman was making active preparations to join his military company. When I asked him what were his feelings while hanging he replied: "At first I experienced a slight wrench in the neck, but no pain followed it. I thought then that I had jumped from the top of a high building, and when going down I kept wondering when I was going to alight. Gradually the air seemed to thicken, and then I thought I wasn't going to fall any further, but that something under me kept me floating in the air. I could hear distant music, and a wonderful light flashed through the scene that made the whole place the most beautiful I had ever seen. I felt awfully happy, and when I recovered my senses my first thoughts were of resentment to the rude persons who took me away from my beautiful vision."

"I think hanging is about as happy a death as one can choose, if he's got to go."

A TANK INCUBATOR.

New Way of Hatching Chicks for the Philadelphia Market. Not many spring chickens are being raised by incubators in Berks County, Pennsylvania, which clings to the old-fashioned way. But Mr. Hoch, of Oley, made a success in that line and introduced some new ideas. He makes his own incubators. He runs two of them this spring, the one having a capacity of 550 eggs and the other 100. His incubators are heated with hot water, the tank being immediately over the top of the drawer containing the eggs. Mr. Hoch claims that this is far better and safer than the oil-lamp heat. Each day, two or three times, he taps off a quantity of water and refills the tank with boiling water, enough to keep the temperature in the egg drawer at 103 degrees. When the eggs have been in the incubator five or six days they are tested, and Mr. Hoch says he can then tell whether they are fertile or not. The sterile eggs are thus removed and the good ones placed back in the incubator. At the end of the time required by a hatching hen—three weeks—the drawer is full of chicks, nearly every egg producing one. "But where do you get a mother from to take care of the chickens?" asked an Eagle representative. Mr. Hoch replied that he had a building for this purpose called a brooder-house. The building is forty-six feet long by ten wide and ten feet high. The side toward the east slants to within two feet of the ground, and is supplied with windows which, by means of a twine and pulley on the inside, are raised and lowered at will. Thirty-six feet of the house are divided into pens four feet wide, and in these the chicks are placed as soon as hatched. The floor of the house is double, with four inches of space between the two. In the space is a coil of inch pipe and the building is heated by the hot-water system. The water pressure in the ten-foot room at one end of the building. Instead of using a stove, as others do, to heat the water, Mr. Hoch merely walled in a coil of five one-inch pipes one foot long, with five one-inch pipes. In each four-foot pen a small tin pipe protrudes about two inches above the floor. Over this is placed an ordinary stool with four legs about three inches long. Around the edge of the stool is tacked a piece of calico, which hangs nearly to the floor. Under this stool the chicks gather and are as comfortable as under the wings of a hen and out of danger of insects.—Reading (Pa.) Eagle.

—I must raise \$1,300 to-morrow of my note will go to protest, and if my creditors once get started and after I am a ruined man." Wife—"Don't fret, dear. You can surely raise that much on my diamonds. You know you said they were worth \$3,000 at the lowest valuation." And \$3,000 at the lowest valuation! He had sold the day he gave her the lot set of gems rose up before his intellect, the miserable man huddled himself into the outer darkness with an exceedingly bitter cry.—Terra Haute Express.

CRAZED BY PROSPERITY.

Too Much Success Drives a Musical Composer Mad. The sad story of William Rob, the composer, who has just been placed in a lunatic asylum, from which, according to the doctors, he is unlikely ever to go out again, gives a striking illustration of the dangers of overprosperity. His story is very curious. Twenty years ago he led the life of an out-and-out Bohemian—a sort of an elegant imitator, cashless Arab of art. At that time he was the familiar of two singers, who had a tremendous reputation among the frequenters of the low-reputable musical halls at Vienna. At their entertainments he was the orchestra, for the sole accompaniment in these places is the piano. Besides this, he could make for them the not very moral couplets with which they made their mark. The life might not be unpleasant, for though the wages were not good, and Rob often had to go all day without a meal, he could compensate for it at night. When his two "divas" were asked out to supper he went with them, and, by stuffing himself with good things and champagne, he made up for forced asceticism.

One evening a lucky thing happened to him. Somebody had suggested to Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild that it would be amusing to visit one of these singing saloons; and he went. As is well known, he is a musical amateur, and particularly fond of Viennese music. So when chance brought him to the place where our trio were performing he paid little attention to the rather commonplace charms of the two sirens, while he noted with surprise the brilliant execution of their accompanist, who performed valses of Strauss and Laura as well as his own compositions in the interludes. Now, Rothschild had been thinking for some time of getting together a company of twelve first-rate musicians for his palace at Witten, and the idea came across him—which he ultimately carried out—of installing Rob there as permanent chief. Here was a chance for the poor Bohemian. At the touch of a magician's wand he found himself transformed into splendid apartments, fashionably clothed, waited upon by servants, with his pockets full of money, and publishers clamoring for the rights of publishing his songs. His new patron was proud of him and took him to London, Paris and other places, got him to play before the Prince of Wales and otherwise made a lion of him. Everywhere the explanation went about like a great lord; everywhere he was treated with the deference paid to wealth and the friends of millionaires. The change proved too great for his brain. The derangement of his faculties soon began to be shown by the development of extraordinary eccentricities. He developed an incredible refinement of taste, and even the table of the Baron de Rothschild was not exquisite enough for him. As to champagne, he gave over drinking it and used it externally. This got worse and worse. The Baron, who treated him as a spoiled child, thought to obviate the first symptoms of madness by traveling about with him to the Alps and elsewhere, but in vain. He got worse and worse, and eventually had to be handed over to a specialist, a sad case of a man's brain being overturned by prosperity.—London Globe.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS.

Rights and Benefits She Has Gained in the Past Century. In Washington's time women had scarcely any rights or opportunities out of the domestic circle. A married woman was a legal nonentity. The husband was the legal guardian of the wife, or rather he possessed all the rights of both. In law the twins were one, and that one was the husband. To-day a wife is in many respects a distinct, independent being in law. She may acquire, hold, convey and will property. She may engage in business, carry on trade, make contracts. She may sue and be sued, may enforce her rights and defend them. Both married and unmarried women have acquired political rights. In certain Territories a suffrage equal to that enjoyed by men has been conferred on them. In some States they may vote for certain officers and hold certain offices. Everywhere there is a growing tendency to enlarge the political rights of all women, as there is to enlarge the civil rights of married women.

Still more striking has been the opening of a vast and varied sphere for the occupation of women. In literature they have come to the front in large numbers. In trade and industry countless thousands are employed. They are found in office and store, in a shop and factory. A large proportion of the sex have ceased to be dependents of the men, and have become wage-earners and self-supporters. They are respected and honored for battling with the necessities of life and earning their own livelihood. And this vast army of employed women and girls is destined to increase with every coming year.—N. Y. Herald.

—Florida people can hold their own in the way of titles. The Palatka Herald remarks: "Yesterday we made it our business to keep a record of the number of men in our town holding some sort of title, and in less than three hours the figures showed up six Generals, fifteen Colonels, eight Majors, nineteen Captains, ninety-eight Privates, nine doctors and only twelve judges, and they were defeated candidates for office."

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Over 90,000 Fijians gather regularly for Christian worship. —Praying without faith is like pumping where there is no spring of water—all the effort is in vain.—Exchange.

—A Scandinavian woman's semi-regular first of its kind in this country, is to be erected at Red Wing, Minn.

—In the South there are 16,000 colored school teachers. They have colleges, universities, seminaries, and are worth \$2,000,000 in property.

VANDERBILT'S KITCHEN.

Where a \$10,000 Chef Prepares Food in Silver-Lined Cooking Utensils. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's chef has had such renown that the temple in which he totes and the altar at which he officiates must be of interest. Both are worth his cost to import and worthy his talents. Mr. Vanderbilt's kitchen is really very beautiful to the eye. The purity of marble, the luster of tiles and the gleam of metal are what one sees. The floor is of marble, the shelves, the tables, the stoves, all of them are of marble and cut with the precision of jewels. The walls are lined with cream enameled tiles and all the angles are covered with brass moldings. Where these meet the doors and windows they are covered with these metal moldings, dispensed even with wood-trim. The ceiling is made of white enameled tiles set in cement. But one does not imperil the head of a \$10,000 cook with a loosely-set brick, so each tile is also secured with raised metal bolts.

Accounting all this gleam of white and metal is the large double range. It is set in one corner under a large semicircular hood enriched with embossed copper ornaments and swung from iron bars wrought in spirals and foliations. This hood is so powerful an agent in carrying off the odor and greasy steam that it will waft from the hand a newspaper held under it. The ceiling utensils are in keeping with all this splendor. They are of copper with wrought-iron handles, many of them ornamented, and some of them have been copied from special pieces in the Cluny and other museums. Luxurious cooking utensils are indeed the thing of the moment, and a wedding present not disdained is a set of copper silver-lined, such as are now displayed among gems and gold at the jewelers. Leading from the kitchen to the butler's pantry are spiral stairs entirely enclosed in glass to shut out possible odor, yet retain the light. And this is so successfully done that, although the kitchen is directly below the dining-room and butler's pantry, nothing disagreeable makes its way aloft.

Before referring to another attachment of this kitchen, attention should be made to the drains and hose outlet in the center of the marble floor, for it is by a hose which may play fearfully in any part of the room that the kitchen is kept clean. Connected with the kitchen, and built under the sidewalk, is a series of vaults. These are for ice, meat, vegetables, milk and eggs, and are built in three sections of hollow masonry, that they may be kept free from damp, and have perfect ventilation. The heavier articles, such as ice and meat, are put in through the sidewalk with derrick and hoist, which relieves the kitchen of a good deal of unpleasantness, as every housekeeper may imagine.—N. Y. Letter.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

Some Useful Suggestions About the Care and Training of Children. All children possess imagination in a greater or less degree, and in the management of the nursery this faculty may be ranked among the important ones. In trifling matters where no real principle is involved I always consider the easiest way is the best way, as, for instance, this morning, when my three-year-old girl took it into her head not to be dressed as usual, and curling her tiny pink toes beneath her gown declared indignantly against enforced obedience. Papa was in the sound morning sleep that betrays a night worker, a cry must be avoided, if possible, so as a thought struck me I held the small stocking invitingly open, and said, pleasantly: "The naughty little foot said it wouldn't go into this stocking, but the stocking said I'm going right on that foot to keep it warm all day, and the stocking went right on," as sure enough it did, while baby looked up with a laugh and the question: "What other 'toekin' say, mamma?" and the difficulty was over, though each article of clothing had to say something as it was put in place.

Long ago I devised a somewhat similar method for nail-cutting and hair-combing processes, neither of which give me any trouble, though some of my more prosaic neighbors, who do not "believe in such things," have a continual howl from beginning to end of the operation. My oldest was an only child for several years, and a very delicate one, so in a winter she was housed a good deal, but I had scarcely any difficulty, for imaginary playmates visited as for weeks at a time, assisted in the doll-housekeeping, slept and ate with her and gave her as much happiness as real one could have done. She was a timid child, disliking to go into a dark room or upstairs alone, so I made use of the imagination that she would be afraid to fall in conquering it, for she would cheerfully go anywhere as long as the pretended visitor accompanied her.

A capricious appetite that refuses a plain slice of bread and butter will relish the same if cut into small squares and called "caramels," as I know from experience; and so in a thousand and one ways a mother can use her child's imagination as a factor for good in his education, and by ingenious devices reduce him to assist her in various nursery dilemmas.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

PROTECTING TREES.

Effective Remedies to Be Applied Where Rabbits Are Very Numerous. A nurseryman recommends the following remedies: A teaspoonful of tincture of arsenofatida in half a bucketful of liquid clay, mud or muck of any kind, applied with a brush to the stem and branches of young trees will preserve them from the attacks of rabbits without injury to the trees. Two or three applications during the winter will be sufficient. A mixture of lime water and cow manure made pretty strong forms an excellent anti-rabbit composition. There should be plenty of the latter ingredient, both to make it adhere properly and because, if lime be in excess, the mixture dries too white upon the trees and is unsightly, whereas, if properly mixed, it dries just the right shade of greenish gray. When tar is objectionable on account of its injuring the young trees, a simple mixture of soot and cow manure made thin enough to be put on with a brush will help to ward off the attacks of rabbits during the ordinary seasons. A mixture of equal proportions of sulphur, soot and lime made into a thick cream with liquid cow manure is also very effective in cases where a strongly smelling remedy is not objected to. Where appearance is of no consequence Stockholm tar is recommended. Gaster should never be applied to young trees, especially if the bark be already stripped away from them. The stems should be tarred from the ground to about twenty inches in height. If the trees be planted for ornament, the following plan is preferable if the extra expense be no objection. Instead of applying to the trees itself, stick three or four stakes round each plant, at the distance of nine inches or a foot from it, then tie a piece of fresh tarred line round the stakes at the distance of nine inches from the ground. The tar should be mixed with an equal portion of manure of about the same consistence as the tar, or it may injure some of the trees. A strip of tarred paper tied round the stem is also of service where the rabbits are not very numerous. Strong subjects may be damped with a mixture of equal parts of gas tar, cow manure and water made into a thick paint. If there be any marks of old bites they should be carefully painted over. Among miscellaneous remedies are the following: Place a thin layer of weeds or refuse round the stems, fasten it with a tough rod or tie of straw. Rub the bark with something distasteful to them, such as strong-smelling grease. The application of a paint made of butter-milk and soot when snow falls, and again in March, is said to be an excellent remedy. Wire netting or tying sticks or corsetstays round the necks of plants are effective remedies in severe seasons where the rabbits are numerous.—Practical Farmer.

PROFITABLE CROPS.

How Farming Might Be Made More Remunerative Than It Has Been. It is small, not large, crops that we need more of. My minimum crops have invariably been more profitable, and I have heard many farmers make the same remark. Would it not be well for our farmers to combine to produce less for a few years of all staple crops, thereby thoroughly cleaning up the surplus and getting better returns for the last decade? Certainly we have the same right to combine to limit production as have coal or oil companies, millers and manufacturers. Some may say that it is our duty to ourselves and our country to do our best in our chosen calling—but best for whom? If we can do better by producing less and getting more for it, why not do it, as long as other producers are doing the same thing and we have to exchange our products for theirs?

Why should farmers be the only class of producers that can not establish a price for their commodities? When we buy we have to pay the price asked; when we sell we have to take the price the purchaser sees fit to offer. Surely, no class of laborers work as many hours for as little pay as the farmer, and it is time our calling is more remunerative. Can this be done by producing more or less? I am of the opinion that General Butler was right when he said that "our trouble is not overproduction, but underconsumption," and the question is, how shall we increase the consumption of farm products? Certainly not by increasing the quantity, but by improving the quality. Every one knows that soggy potatoes, stale eggs, rancid butter, etc., last much longer than good, fresh, No. 1 articles. If all food products were the very best, much more would be consumed, thus making a greater demand and more remunerative prices. Many of our wide-awake farmers can make a part of their productions an actual necessity to one or more families in our large cities at paying prices by supplying these products regularly, fresh, sweet and wholesome. I know this by experience, for my customers often tell me that they prefer to purchase farm products of the producer, especially eggs and butter.

It is laudable for practical farmers to experiment, investigate and produce maximum crops, but it is more profitable to produce the best and get good pay for them.—American Agriculturist.

—The military custom of saluting by bringing the hand into a horizontal position over the eyebrow, is thus accounted for: It is supposed to date back to the tournaments of the middle ages, when, after the Queen of Beauty was enthroned, the knights who were to take part in the sports of the day, marched past the dais on which she sat, and as they passed shielded their eyes from the rays of her beauty.

—Customer—"I can't wear this suit and that's the end of it! It's all shrunken up on one side!" Roadside—"But you expect mit dem diagonal poats."—Puck.

—Young Lawyer to his Client—"Do not trouble yourself about the case at all, my dear sir. I assure you that to gain a favorable verdict for you will be the object of my whole life."

—If our merchant marine has gone to decay we still have more ships than any nation on the face of the earth. Some are consularships, but more are gongmaster-ships.—Boston Post.

CAVALRY RIDING DRILL.

An Ex-Trooper Tells How His Recruits Are Put Through Their Paces. The first riding lesson usually takes place in the "riding-school," where, as the floor is covered with "tan," the recruits who come off will fall softly. The military authorities don't want their recruits laid up in hospitals. The lesson consists of leading the horse around the riding-school; so that the axiom of learning to creep before walking is slightly modified here, and the recruit learns to walk his horse before riding him. When he has led his horse around for awhile, the horse's head is brought in from the boards (i. e., the walls of the school), and the recruit is taught to "stand at ease" and to step from side to side of his horse's fore feet in measured paces. Then comes the "mount"; and usually the unfortunate recruit has no sooner got up on one side than he rolls over on the other, owing to the vagaries of his horse, who knows that he has a recruit in hand, and takes advantage of it. Presently the order is given to "march," and away file the horses around the school walls, many of the pupils thinking horseflesh is very perverse in rubbing its side against the school wall with a recruit's leg for a buffer. The day when I got my first riding lesson many of us started off by pulling on our horses' mouths, and got (to quote our rough rider) "all over the shop like a pack of sheep." After a few turns round—during which the "rough" taught us the aids to horsemanship in the preliminary stages of the "walk"—we learned that we were not to "pull our horses' heads off," but to handle the reins gently by feeling them with our wrists and not with our whole arms. All we had to do (we were told) was to sit there and keep our bodies upright with our chests forward, by holding the back and drawing in our stomachs, as well as to keep our "chins of our stocks" and our heads up. We began to see that learning to ride was no trifling job. When it came to fixing our legs, getting them well back, raising our toes and sinking our heels, we got more to do than we ever bargained for. Your teacher is a hard man to please; and I'm sure that by their practice recruits at Canterbury have got all their stomachs pressing up against the diaphragms. Otherwise how do they muster such chesty waists and such pigeon-like chests? The fact is that lungs, heart, liver, stomach and spleen are all packed together chestwards, like a tin of Australian mutton. Whether nature ever intended such a crumpling is a question that the military authorities don't study. Make your men as wooden as possible—never mind nature, is their dictum; and certainly they are listened to. After we had done a little walking around the riding school we got more confidence; and thought, no doubt, that we should like a bit of a "trot." It did not seem what was like. When it did come to trotting many of us fell off, or nearly fell off, and went hobbling around the school—to quote our rough—riding again "like a lot of stuffed dolls riding yer horses from nose to crop." And certainly many of us were more often on our horses' withers and haunches than on the center of their backs, and we had our arms more often round their necks than holding our reins. The "rough" called us to a halt, and even here we were at fault. Some of us pulled too much, or we pulled too little, or we pulled awry, with the result that our horses were "all over the shop." At last we had stopped, our friend the "rough" again let us know a bit of his mind about our first appearance as cavalrymen. He never saw such a blooming lot of asses in all his born days, my old mother could ride better than you," etc. He had probably told the same yarn to generations of recruits; but really we believed that we were a set of out-and-out duffers.

After a few months' riding drill the cavalryman learns to ride his horse at all paces; and when he can take him through the turns, circles and windings of the manege drill, and knows how to use his "arms" mounted, he is fit to call himself a real cavalryman, and is ready to go on and fight his country's wars when he gets the chance. If the reader wants to learn more of cavalry equitation, he had better join. A few months' drill will teach him all he will care to learn.—London St. James' Gazette.

DEATH TO CHINCH-BUGS.

Results of Observations Made by the State Entomologist for Illinois. From observations by S. A. Forbes, State Entomologist for Illinois, it appears that severe droughts in the middle and latter part of the summer may diminish the number of chinch-bugs by lessening the food supply, and may operate to protect crops of the following year if they are at a distance from woodlands, by driving the matured chinch-bug from open fields to the grassy woods for support. Where wheat is not abundant in a district badly infested with chinch-bugs, it has been proved that this insect may live and breed in early spring in oats, young timber, blue-grass meadows and even in corn. Where wheat can be obtained, however, the bug greatly prefers it for food. A kerosene emulsion, consisting of kerosene, soap and water, seems to be very efficacious in killing the little pests. About 5 per cent of the emulsion was kerosene. The application was at the rate of 1 gal. of emulsion to 12 gals. of the fluted mixture to five rows of corn 32 rods long, or 60 gals. of the dilute per acre, at a cost of less than 60 cents for material. This remedy can not be of great value except where the bugs are massed on corn. In one place where it was tried, the insects had taken possession of the first four rows of corn. After spraying it was supposed they were all killed. Two days later they were found a little further in the field and the application was begun two or three rows ahead of them, after which no more trouble was experienced. Trials have been made with coal tar emulsions which are found to approximate in usefulness kerosene mixtures and deserve further trial. Babcock applied in the powder is of some value.

To prevent the advance of the hordes of bugs, coal tar is excellent, excepting that it dries too soon. Mixing with it any kind of oil or grease will prevent this. Bands two or three inches wide and on the ground so that bugs can not get beneath them should be painted on top with the tar and oil, and will prove a complete barrier. Occasionally a bug will be bold enough to wade across it, but it has been found that wetting his feet is fatal. The greatest hope of exterminating this curse of the wheat field we believe to be by a contagious disease which has been noticed in a large number of places. It consists of bacteria in great numbers in the alimentary canal of the infesting bug. If a knowledge of how to propagate this agency of the chinch-bug could be obtained, it would doubtless be worth countless thousands to our farmers.—Farm and Home.

THE AMERICAN'S TIPS.

The tips given by Americans in England are almost always too large, and by this they add to their expenses in a manner which greatly astounds English people, who regard all tips as an exactation, not to be inflated in a spirit of liberality, but to be reduced to a minimum in a spirit of economy. An American always likes to seem to be richer than he is. An Englishman does not care a button what the porter thinks of him, and gives the man what he thinks such a man ought to expect, and no more. In the same way Americans always increase their expenses by traveling first-class, on a sort of noblesse-oblige principle, a habit which causes infinite amusement among the more economical English, and gives point to the old joke that no one travels first-class except fools and Americans.

—Nature does not make mistakes. If man would study her ways and understand her unchangeable conditions he might turn her into a willing servant.—Rural New Yorker.

—Greater praise is due those who do well the so-called little duties of every-day life than those who are waiting for some great opportunity to show their strength and courage.—Grace Garland.

—Genius is like a barrel on the top of a hill; it will not indeed move unless pushed, but once pushed it goes of itself. Talent is like a load on the roadway; it will not go forward unless dragged.

—There are different sorts of human nature. Some are given to discontent and longing, others to securing and enjoying. And let me tell you the discontented, longing style is unpleasant to live with.—Ellet.

—Papa (earnestly)—"Didn't I enjoin upon you not to see that young man again?" Daughter (quite as earnestly)—"Yes, papa; but he came with an order of court to vacate the injunction and I vacated it."

—Mrs. Jinx—"I'm going to commence house-cleaning to-day." Mr. Jinx—"Well?" Mrs. Jinx—"Well, I wish you would swear your photograph full and send it up to the house for me to, turn on occasionally when my feelings get too much for me. Will you?"

ABOUT LAMB CHOLERA.

Preventive Measures Recommended by a Shepherd of Long Experience. The popular name of this disease, as given in the title, is apt to be misleading. It may be, and frequently is, zoonotic—that is, it prevails more or less extensively over a neighborhood or section, being induced by similar conditions of soil, pasturage, etc. It generally attacks the finest, fattest lambs of the flock; indeed, almost the only strictly safe generalization which may be made as to its causes is, that it does not prevail in an underfed flock. It seems also to occur very seldom among sheep ranging on the sweet grasses and drinking the clear, running waters of a silty country. It is found chiefly on hot, sour lands, which are insufficiently drained or not at all; and this fact leads to the belief that the acidity of vegetation growing on this description of soils is mainly the cause of the trouble.

The lamb is taken very suddenly and violently; falls on the ground in a tremor, with spasmodic kicks; sometimes froths at the mouth, and throws the head back, further and further every minute, until finally it almost rests on the shoulders; the eyes are rolled up and have a fixed, staring look. Death usually ensues in a few minutes, and dissection reveals the first stomach full of cakes of curd, very acid, and generally interstated with gas. The lungs will probably be found full of blood, and the bowels watery or slimy, with indications of diarrhoea. It may occur even in a cosset which is fed on cow's milk, which seems to demonstrate that it is caused by some unwholesome quality of the milk produced by all animals in that section, just as the cow's milk of certain prairie regions of the west is found to be harmful to infants and even sometimes fatal. It is probably the sourness of the soil, communicated to the vegetation, which produces "lamb cholera."

As with all diseases of sheep, prevention is a hundred per cent. better than cure; but in this case the preventive measures must be brought to bear on the ewes. One excellent, practicable shepherd recommends to take a half gallon of tar, mix into it all the salt it will hold together, and smear the salt troughs with it, withholding all other salt so as to compel the sheep to eat this. Grain and dry feed are also recommended as a corrective of the acidity and flatulency of the stomach. Better than either, perhaps, is sharp wood ashes or lime well mixed in the salt, say in the proportion of one part ashes to ten of salt. If possible, during the suckling season the ewes and lambs should be removed to a piece of sweet pasture, with sufficient slope to secure drainage, where the grass is short and tender.

If the lamb is seen as soon as attacked, and the shepherd is skillful in droving, let him administer an ounce of Epsom salts in a teacup of warm water; it may save its life. Or, put a lump of tar as large as a hickory nut well back on the base of the tongue, and shut the mouth and hold it closed to compel it to swallow.—American Sheep Breeder.

DEATH TO CHINCH-BUGS.

Results of Observations Made by the State Entomologist for Illinois. From observations by S. A. Forbes, State Entomologist for Illinois, it appears that severe droughts in the middle and latter part of the summer may diminish the number of chinch-bugs by lessening the food supply, and may operate to protect crops of the following year if they are at a distance from woodlands, by driving the matured chinch-bug from open fields to the grassy woods for support. Where wheat is not abundant in a district badly infested with chinch-bugs, it has been proved that this insect may live and breed in early spring in oats, young timber, blue-grass meadows and even in corn. Where wheat can be obtained, however, the bug greatly prefers it for food. A kerosene emulsion, consisting of kerosene, soap and water, seems to be very efficacious in killing the little pests. About 5 per cent of the emulsion was kerosene. The application was at the rate of 1 gal. of emulsion to 12 gals. of the fluted mixture to five rows of corn 32 rods long, or 60 gals. of the dilute per acre, at a cost of less than 60 cents for material. This remedy can not be of great value except where the bugs are massed on corn. In one place where it was tried, the insects had taken possession of the first four rows of corn. After spraying it was supposed they were all killed. Two days later they were found a little further in the field and the application was begun two or three rows ahead of them, after which no more trouble was experienced. Trials have been made with coal tar emulsions which are found to approximate in usefulness kerosene mixtures and deserve further trial. Babcock applied in the powder is of some value.

To prevent the advance of the hordes of bugs, coal tar is excellent, excepting that it dries too soon. Mixing with it any kind of oil or grease will prevent this. Bands two or three inches wide and on the ground so that bugs can not get beneath them should be painted on top with the tar and oil, and will prove a complete barrier. Occasionally a bug will be bold enough to wade across it, but it has been found that wetting his feet is fatal. The greatest hope of exterminating this curse of the wheat field we believe to be by a contagious disease which has been noticed in a large number of places. It consists of bacteria in great numbers in the alimentary canal of the infesting bug. If a knowledge of how to propagate this agency of the chinch-bug could be obtained, it would doubtless be worth countless thousands to our farmers.—Farm and Home.

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