

MILK-MAKING.

Abstract of R. Lespinasse's Essay Read to the Dairymen of Illinois.

Upon good milk depends the prosperity of the dairy farmer, and that of millions of auxiliaries. It is to be taken for granted that the farm is adapted to the business, that the pasture is good—that tame hay and other forage grows abundantly, and good cows have been secured. In spring and summer bountiful pasturage furnish material from which abundance of milk is made. In winter the animals are at the mercy of the farmer. As he deals with them, so will the returns be profitable, indifferent or absolutely unprofitable. Gentle handling is at all times necessary. Between the secretive and the nervous systems there is such an intimate connection that all shocks ought to be avoided.

Raise your own cows. Keep a milk record, and select heifers only from your best milkers. In breeding, grade rather than cross. Use a pure-bred bull of your chosen breed on your native cows. The offspring will generally follow the propensity of the bull. Adopt the best method of feeding with a view to keep the greatest amount of stock on the same land. Soiling must of necessity become the common practice on land of high value. Land worth more than twenty dollars per acre can not profitably be used wholly for pasturing. The words of Israel Boies were almost prophetic, when seven years ago, in addressing this association he foretold the abandonment of pasturing, and the adoption of a complete system of soiling. His dream was partially fulfilled before his death. Dairymen of today are advancing with more rapid strides than anticipated. One of the essential problems in dairying is to maintain an even flow of good milk—to equalize irregularity of weather, flood and drought, summer and winter, so that cows shall have about the same quality and amount of food at all times, the same or nearly the same general temperature, and nearly the same flow of milk. A variety of food is necessary—fodder, ensilage, early cut hay, grain, etc. Winter dairying is now much discussed. Its profits depend upon the warmth. We quote from H. C. Adams, of Wisconsin: "In winter save feed by keeping the cows warm. Give them warm water in the barn."

A dairymen wants the fat in the milk and not in the cow's ribs. Weed out the cows that put the feed upon their ribs rather than into the pail. Never mind their looks. "Handsome is that handsome does."

Every thing about the dairy should be brought down to rule. No rule of thumb, but weights and measures. A man who does not weigh and measure every thing about a dairy can not tell what he is doing. It costs more to make milk from old cows than from young ones having the same milk producing capacity. The period of profitable milking varies somewhat, but as a rule the best yield does not extend beyond the tenth year. When pasturage is short give the cows extra feed. When they once shrink, they do not come back again to their milk.—Prairie Farmer.

A Frank Confession.

Merchant (to applicant for a job)—You know any thing about figures, Uncle Rastus?

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah. Merchant—Well, if I were to lend you five dollars, and you promised to pay me one dollar each month, how much would you owe me at the expiration of three months?

Uncle Rastus—Fif dollars, sah. Merchant—I'm afraid you don't know much about figures.

Uncle Rastus—No, sah, but I specs I knows all 'bout Uncle Rastus.—N. Y. Sun.

In New York City one evening recently was given a dinner that cost seventy-five dollars per plate. Nine guests sat down to the feast. Hand-painted menus, worthy of preservation as works of art, cost five dollars each. The cigars were specially imported from Havana with a band prepared for the occasion. Many of the wines were specially ordered. The host was a wealthy manufacturer celebrating his retirement from business.—N. Y. Herald.

—Mr. Lowers, of Woods Run, Pa., owns one of the oldest family Bibles in this country, he having received it from his wife, who inherited it from her mother, Sarah Young, who also inherited it from her mother, Mrs. Sarah McCormick, who inherited it from Mrs. Judson, whose maiden name was Annie Emerson. This Bible was dedicated to King James, of England, and published in 1634, being now 252 years old.—Philadelphia Press.

A young man in this city a few days ago was on the eve of matrimony and purchased a bridal outfit for his affianced. When the appointed wedding day came around the bride refused to be wedded, and returned her wedding trousseau. The young man has the outfit on his hands and is looking for another girl who can wear the garments without the additional cost of retting. Here is a rare opportunity for some one.—Newada City Herald.

—Some people have such a surplus of wisdom that they are constantly overflowing in streams of counsel to others. It makes no difference whether their counsel is asked or not, or whether it is becoming in them to give or not, they thrust it forward. Their poor victims feel like saying in the language of Esau to Jacob: "I have enough, my brother; keep that thou hast unto thyself."—Chicago Advance.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

How a Loyal Soldier was Punished for Saving a Princess' Life.

The etiquette or rules to be observed in royal palaces is necessary for keeping order at court. In Spain it was carried to such lengths as to make martyrs of their Kings. Here is an instance at which, in spite of the fatal consequences it procured, one can not refrain from smiling.

Philip the Third was gravely seated by the bedside; the fire-maker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, and his grandeur would not suffer him to rise from the chair; the domestics could not presume to enter the apartment because it was against the etiquette. At length the Marquis de Potat appeared, and the King ordered him to damp the fire; but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by the etiquette to perform such a function, for which the Duke d'Usseda ought to be called upon as it was his business. The Duke was gone out; the fire burnt fiercer; and the King endured it, rather than derogate from his dignity. But his blood was heated to such a degree, that an erysipelas of the head appeared the next day, which, succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, in the twenty-fourth year of his reign.

The palace was once on fire; a soldier who knew the King's sister was in her apartment, and must have been consumed in a few minutes by the flames, at the risk of his life rushed in, and brought her Highness safe out in his arms; but the Spanish etiquette was here woefully broken into! The loyal soldier was brought to trial; and as it was impossible to deny that he had entered her apartment, the judges condemned him to die! The Spanish Princess, however, condescended, in consideration of the circumstances, to pardon the soldier, and very benevolently saved his life.—Curiosities of Literature, Disraeli.

LINCOLN ON QUARRELS.

The Shields Duel the Last Personal Conflict of the Great Illinoisan.

This was Mr. Lincoln's last personal quarrel. Although the rest of his life was passed in hot and earnest debate, he never again descended to the level of his adversaries, who would gladly enough have resorted to unseemly wrangling. In later years it became his duty to give an official reprimand to a young officer who had been court-martialed for a quarrel with one of his associates. The reprimand is probably the gentlest recorded in the annals of penal discourses, and it shows, in few words, the principles which ruled the conduct of this great and peaceable man. It has never before been published, and it deserves to be written in letters of gold on the walls of every gymnasium and college.

"The advice of a father to his son. 'Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in, bear it that the opposed may beware of thee?' is good, but not the best. Quarrel not at all. No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including the vitiating of his temper and the loss of self-control. Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right; and yield lesser ones though clearly your own. Better give your path to a dog than be bitten by him in contesting for the right. Even killing the dog would not cure the bite."—Niagara and Bay, in Century.

The Pears Expedition.

News has reached Copenhagen that an American naval engineer, Mr. Pears, in company with another American and a Dane, has made an excursion during the summer into the interior of Greenland. They began the excursion from the Pakitsokford; 16 miles further north than the point of departure of Prof. Nordenskiold, when he penetrated 84 miles further into the interior, and two Laplanders in his troop went 120 miles further east, not, however, confirming the professor's theory of oases. Mr. Pears went 130 miles into the interior, not meeting with protruding mountain peaks or any thing remarkable; all was one pretty even surface of ice. The journey was made for the most part on sledges, and the return voyage was made with extraordinary speed before a southeast gale. The little party were about three weeks on the ice, and were warmly welcomed back by the Greenlanders, who had feared they were lost. Mr. Pears also thoroughly examined the frozen Torsekuford, formerly mapped out by Stenstrup and Hammar.—Cor. N. Y. Post.

An Arabian Quack.

An Arabian "doctor" by the name of Golam Khader has been permitted to experiment on six of the inmates of the Institution for the Blind at Genoa, and as the newspapers published reports of the wonderful effects of his treatment, the management of the institution has stated that while it is true that one of the patients has shown a slight improvement the other five have so far not been benefited by the Arabian oculist. His treatment consists in the application of a white powder, and he insists in all cases on the patient's declaration that his affliction had been pronounced incurable.—N. Y. Post.

Only a Side Dish.

"Will you please give me twenty-five or fifty cents to buy bread with?" he wailed. "I'm starvin'!" "Can't you buy a loaf of bread for less than twenty-five or fifty cents?" "Yes; but do you think a man can make a dinner on bread only? It's nothin' but a side dish."—N. Y. Sun.

FRANCIS JOSEPH.

The Somewhat Shadowy Existence of Austria-Hungary's Sovereign.

The Emperor of Austria is a shadowy personage compared with the other potentates of Europe. He is obliged to be a constitutional monarch, but in being so he is not obliged to mingle more than he pleases with his subjects. The Emperor of Germany takes pleasure in showing himself to his subjects whenever his health will permit. The Crown Prince with his family walks about the streets of Berlin. The Prince of Wales shows himself at all sorts of gatherings. Even the Emperor of Russia, though he is obliged to take every precaution against Nihilist conspiracies, is more in the public eye than this descendant of the Hapsburgs. Francis Joseph was born an absolute monarch, and with the idea that he has no equals. To what extent that idea dominated the Hapsburgs, may be inferred from an anecdote that is told of Joseph II. When this sovereign threw open the Prater and the Augarten to his people, one of his nobles remarked to him that there would soon be no place where he could mingle with his Peers. "If I wished to content myself with the society of my Peers," replied the autocrat, "I should be obliged to pass my life in the vaults of the Capuchins." It is in the monastery of this order his ancestors are buried. Yet Joseph II used to walk about familiarly among his people, as did also Leopold II, while Maria Theresa was a motherly Empress, whom her subjects regarded as a personal friend.

The present Emperor is not lacking in amiable qualities. The constitution of 1848 deprived him of nearly every attribute of sovereignty, except the command of the army, which he refused to give up. He yielded gracefully, and now never attempts to transcend his traditional rights. He is a hard worker. He signs the acts of Parliament that are brought him after five o'clock in the morning, and takes his coffee at the desk where he performs his work. Maria Theresa left twelve sons, who, having been nearly as prolific as herself, have created a society of Peers whom the Emperor may associate with without a sense of degradation, and who are sufficiently numerous to prevent his getting lonesome. They form the principal part of his society. As for the ordinary nobility, they see him rarely and under the following circumstances: Sometimes there is an aristocratic ball, at which he shows himself, not to please with gracious familiarity, but to dazzle by his momentary presence. On these occasions he sometimes addresses a few sentences of importance. He appears also in the same way at the balls given by associations of burghers, students, or of the industrial classes. Every year there is a court ball, to which are invited the chamberlains, the ladies of the noblesse of sixteen quarters, the officers of the army, and the chevaliers who wear imperial orders. He gives a second fete, to which are invited the families of sixteen quarters and the diplomatic corps. Occasionally the Emperor offers a dinner. With these exceptions he is not seen outside the circle of his numerous relatives.

Having been born to the rule brilliantly, he takes not unkindly to the duties that his position as a constitutional monarch imposes. He keeps himself au courant with public affairs. As he is not able to read all the newspapers, there is prepared for him a daily journal called the Review of the Press, made up of extracts from the journals all over the empire, and containing every thing that he cares to know in respect to public opinion. Personally he is popular, not alone at Vienna, but in the provinces. He has been doing his best to Germanize the empire, by having a knowledge of the German language diffused everywhere. In his personal habits he is remarkable for sobriety. He drinks little. His only diversion is the chase, to which he is so devoted that he will stalk a deer with the most ardent hunt-man, follow the chamois to his remotest haunts, or rise at dawn to get a shot at the bird whose only appearance during the day is at that untimely and unimportant hour. It is not the Emperor, but his Ministers, who are responsible for public acts, and one who read the late speeches must have remarked that while his words were cool, conservative, unwarlike, those of his Ministers were more significant and threatening. It is probable that though he is confident of his army (and it is owing in a great measure to his personal efforts that it has been brought to its present degree of efficiency), he wants war as little as any body in his dominion.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

A Pair of Mislead Eyes.

Little Winnifred, in the Kindergarten, was "running on" to her teacher the other day, in the confidential way which small children often employ with their teachers in talking about the people at home.

"My Aunt Clara," said she "has been awful sick."

"What was the matter?"

"Caught her eyes in her spine."

"Her eyes in her spine! Why, my child, what do you mean? That is impossible."

"Well, she has. I heard them telling about it."

The teacher was somewhat puzzled, and the next time she met an elder sister of the little girl, she took occasion to seek an explanation of the mystery.

"Why, did Winnifred say that?" said her sister laughing. "The fact is, Aunt Clara had had a very severe spinal trouble, and the doctor found it necessary to cauterize her spine. And that's where Winnifred got her odd idea."—Youth's Companion.

THE COCOA PLANT.

Its Seeds, Commonly Known as Chocolate. First Used by Spanish Monks.

When Fernando Cortez went to Mexico in search of gold, the first discovery he made was chocolate. This new substance was considered a sort of wicked luxury, at least for monks, who were among the earliest to adopt it, but who were solemnly warned against its supposed peculiar effects.

Chocolate (or, as the Mexicans call it, *chocolatl*) is the popular name for the seeds of the cocoa plant, in a prepared state, generally with sugar and cinnamon. The Mexicans improve the flavor of the inferior sorts of cocoa seeds by burying them in the earth for a month and allowing them to ferment. The nutritious quality of either cocoa or chocolate is entirely owing to the oil or butter of cocoa which it contains. Cocoa-nibs, the best form of taking this production, are the seeds roughly crushed. When the seed is crushed between rollers, the result is flake cocoa. Common cocoa is the seed reduced to a paste and pressed into cakes. The cheap kinds of chocolate are said to be largely adulterated with lard, sago and red lead—a pernicious mixture for healthy stomachs; but what must it be for weak stomachs craving for food at once nutritious and easy of digestion? The "patent" chocolates are nothing more than various modes of preparing the cocoa seeds.

The ladies of Mexico are so excessively fond of chocolate that they not only take it several times during the day, but they occasionally have it brought to them by church, and during the service. A cup of good chocolate may, indeed, afford the drinker strength and patience to undergo a bad sermon. The bishops opposed it for a time, but they at length closed their eyes to the practice. Spain welcomed the gift of chocolate made her by Mexico with as much enthusiasm as she did that of gold by Peru; the metal she soon squandered, but chocolate is still to be found in abundance in the Peninsula. It is an especial favorite with ladies and monks, and it always appears on occasions when courtesy requires that refreshments should be offered. The Spanish monks sent presents to their brethren in French monasteries; and Anne, of Austria, on her marriage with Louis XIII, of France, brought a supply of chocolate from Spain, and it henceforth became an established custom.

In the days of the Regency it was far more commonly consumed than coffee, for it was then taken as an agreeable aliment, while coffee was still looked upon as a somewhat strange beverage, but certainly akin to luxury. In the opinion of Linnæus it must have surpassed all other nutritious preparations, or that naturalists would hardly have conferred upon it, as he did, the proud name of *Theobroma*—"food for the gods." The favorite drink of the Emperor Napoleon was *choco*, a mixture of coffee (with milk) and chocolate.

A ROAD OF GLASS.

Some of the Grand and Unrivalled Sights of Yellowstone Park.

By and by we reached the obsidian cliffs—a bluff from 150 to 250 feet in height and 1,000 feet in length. As it was necessary to build a carriage-way under this cliff, and indeed I may say across it, Colonel Norris accomplished it by building huge fires upon the larger masses and then dashing cold water upon the heated surface, which being suddenly cooled were shattered into fragments that were easily moved, and thus the roadbed is composed of broken obsidian or volcanic glass; but one would never imagine that he was driving over a glass highway unless he chanced to get a life beneath the surface and discovered a bit of obsidian that resembles the bottom of a bottle, as I did. The glass oozes from the rocks like gum from a tree. It is almost black, quite opaque, and the edges of it when chipped off at a proper angle are as sharp as razors. Of it the Indians fashioned arrow-heads, weapons and tools. The supply seems inexhaustible, for it is found in many parts of the National Park, and these cliffs alone, as a mine, or fountain, shall I say, of glass are probably unequalled in the world.

By noon we were growing hungry, and soon we crossed a genuine rustic bridge and drove up on to a little plateau where there was a village of tents. Nothing could be more pastoral, for the village maidens looked like buxom peasants fresh from the old country, and the accommodations for man and beast were almost equally primitive. We sat on rude benches—boards braced between the trees—until we were summoned to the larger tent, where a good dinner was served, piping hot. Had we chosen to spend the night at Norris' Fork crossing—the name of this station—we could have been accommodated with one of the several tents that cluster there; but as we are only about twenty miles on our way, and one of the lions of the park is roaring just over the hill, we resolve to press forward.

Nothing can be more delightful, more varied, or more surprising than the royal trail of the Yellowstone. It is a picnic quite out of the ordinary, and we have the inexpressible satisfaction of enjoying it at our leisure and in our own way.—C. W. Stoddard, in San Francisco Chronicle.

THE LITTLE ONES.

Some Good Stories of Gullested and Innocent Boys and Girls.

Shortly after General Grant's death a bright little boy in Bangor, Me., held the following conversation with his grandmother:

"Grandma, did General Grant go to Heaven?"

"Why, yes, dear," said grandma.

"But, grandma, how could he when they put him in the ground?"

"They only put the tired, sick part of him in the ground, dear. His soul went up to Heaven."

"Yes, m." doubtfully; and then, after serious thought, "Grandma, do you s'pose he'll make a whole angel?"

The same little fellow is not very brave in the dark. One night his mother was putting him to bed, and it grew dark enough for a lamp, but our small friend made decided objections to being left alone while the lamp was found. In vain his mother protested: "But you won't be left alone, darling; God will be here." There was a short silence, and then, struck with a bright idea, the small boy exclaimed: "I say, mother, just send God after the lamp, and you stay here with me."

This story suggests another of a small maiden. One Sunday morning her mother essayed to wash her before putting on her "meeting dress." Now Miss Floy strongly objected to being treated in this fashion, and, moreover, she had had a bath the night before. Her soul filled with righteous indignation. She cried: "Oh, mamma, I don't need to be washed, but may be I want rinsing a little."

In a certain city in Connecticut there lived a very small boy with a liberal share of small "original sins." It chanced that one day he was playing in front of the house and overheard some street gamins using slang expressions profusely. He ran in to his mother crying: "Mamma, mamma, what's a 'gone sucker'?" Now mamma did not in the least know, but as her son had been disobeying her that morning, she took advantage of the opportunity to point a good moral. "A gone sucker, my son? Why, it means a naughty little boy who doesn't mind his mother." That night, as Johnnie was saying his prayers, the full measure of his sin seemed to occur to him with awful significance, and stopping short in the usual petition, he cried out in the abandonment of his remorse: "Oh, Lord, I'm a gone sucker!"

Sitting one Sunday in the Bible class, during a pause in the conversation there suddenly floated down to me from the infant class in the gallery the "golden text," as it was being recited by an exceedingly diminutive scrap of a boy: "Not for our shins alone, but for the shins of the whole world."—Harper's Magazine.

CHUNKED HIM AROUND.

A Venerable Colored Citizen Tells How He Was Abused by a White Man.

"I spize ter see er white man make sich er fool o' hisse'f," muttered an old negro, as he shuffled along the street.

"What's the matter, Dickinson?" some one asked.

He stopped, looked at the speaker, took off his old cotton hat, rubbed his forehead with it, replaced it on his head and replied:

"Er white man come er chunkin' me er roum', dat's whut de matter. Hit me side de head wid er piece er coal an' hurt me, too, he did."

"What did he hit you for?"

"'Case he is er fool, dat's whut fur. Come er chunkin' me er roum'." I've tired o' sich foolishness, dat's whut I is. I've been heah too long ter be picketed wid dat er way. Went in his sto' 'roun' dar an' de first thing I knowed he'd dum 'cused me er puttin' er piece o' cheese in mer pocket. Run his ole han' in dar an' hauled out de cheese. De Lawd knows I didn't put it in dar. Huh, ole cheese so-strang might er hopped in dar. Den he come er chunkin' me er roum' like I waint er citizen o' dis heah country."

"Did he hurt you?"

"He didn't do me no good; I ken tell yer dat. I waint put heah fur no sich er purpose ez dat, and 'sides dat I've been heah too long. Come er chunkin' me er roum'."—Arkansas Traveler.

A Reckless Old Negro.

Jim Webster—I was jess sayin' de umber day, you was one ob de mos reckless men I ever seed.

"You is right, I isn't feared ob nuffin," replied Uncle Mose.

"Jess what I said. Den ob course you isn't afeared ter lend me a dollah."

"No, Jecms, I isn't afeared to lend you a dollah."

"Jess what I said. Hand ober de doekernment."

"I isn't afeared ter lend yer a dollah, but I does so hate to part with an old ren forever. I've got de dollah, Jecms, but I lacks conference."

—Texas Siftings.

The Trouble of a Father.

Real Estate Agent (to applicant for house)—Any children?

Applicant—Two.

Agent—Can't let you have the house. We draw the line at one child.

Applicant—Well, really, I don't see—

Agent—Stay! I have a plan. I have a small malarious house in the suburbs. You might take that, and when your family is—er—reduced to the proper size, I can accommodate you.—Philadelphia Call.

—It is estimated that there are one million blind persons living to-day. In Cairo, Egypt, where the proportion of blind persons to the number of inhabitants is greatest, there is one to every twenty residents.

HOME AND FARM.

Sandpaper will whiten ivory knife-handles that may have become yellow with use or age.—Exchange.

—Comb honey may be ripened by placing it in a dry, warm-room properly ventilated. If placed in a damp room it will receive moisture, swell and burst the capping.—Troy Times.

—The gilding on tarnished picture-frames may be restored. Dust carefully with a soft brush, then wash the gilding in warm water in which an onion has been boiled; dry quickly with soft rags.—Exchange.

—Mr. A. W. Cheever, of the New England Farmer, has fed many bushels of apples to dairy cows, giving them all they would eat, without experiencing any evil therefrom. Small quantities were given at first.

—An excellent method of utilizing the hayseed and dust is to place it where the hens can scratch it over. They will find quite an amount of valuable material which would be useless for any other purpose.—Albany Journal.

—Boiled Cider Applesauce: One-half bushel sweet apples, four pounds of sugar, a few quinces; put in sweet cider enough to cover the apples, boil and skim for four or five hours. This is superior to the old-fashioned boiled cider applesauce, which was made of cider that had been boiled down separately, instead of doing all the cooking in the same operation.—Boston Budget.

—A correspondent of the Mirror says: "I have tried many ways of keeping grapes through the winter, but none gave better satisfaction than trying a string to the stems and hanging them up in a dry, cool cellar, the nearer freezing the better. To keep grapes they should be thoroughly ripe and dry when put away. All varieties do not keep well; the so-called natives are poor keepers."

—Sardine Sandwiches: Sardines picked up fine and mixed with cold boiled ham, also minced fine, and all well seasoned with a regular mayonnaise dressing, make a delicious filling for sandwiches for a lady's "afternoon" or a cold luncheon. The bread should be cut very thin and sparingly buttered. They can be piled up in slices or rolled and tied with narrow ribbon now in style.—Detroit Tribune.

—Creamed Turnips: Peel, lay in cold water for half an hour and cook tender and fast in hot, salted water, drain, pressing well, put into a clean tin or porcelain saucepan and beat smooth over the fire with a wooden spoon (never an iron one), mixing in as you go on a good spoonful of butter and three spoonfuls of milk or cream; season with pepper and salt. The lumps should be rubbed out and the turnips be a smooth puree.—Good Housekeeping.

—Sweet potato lunch: Sweet potatoes cooked in this way are delicious for lunch, although they are liked by many persons for dinner: After boiling the potatoes peel them and slice them lengthwise. Put a layer of the slices in a buttered dish; sprinkle them with cinnamon and sugar and put tiny bits of butter here and there; add another layer of potatoes, sprinkling them as before, and continue till all are used, putting a little more butter on top of the last layer. Bake in a good oven a delicate brown and serve.—The Caterer.

CHICKEN-RAISING.

What a Man with Experience Writes About Keeping Fowls on the Farm.

As we turn from the horses, cattle and sheep, there is nothing which ornaments a farm-yard more than a beautiful flock of full-plummed fowls—turkeys, geese, ducks and the vast variety of chickens. Much as I admire and like the three first, I am not in favor of keeping them. The objections are as well understood by those who have tried as I can describe them. No farmer should be without a few chickens of some kind, if for no other reason than home consumption. But all my expense and best management could never make them profitable for market. The large amount and variety of food they will eat, besides furnishing them clean, warm water and keeping the roost clean of dirt and lice (which is nine-tenths the cause of all chicken diseases) make the returns inadequate to the expense. To clear them from lice, fill a barrel with road dust, in August, when it is very fine and dry. When the chickens are all out take it in the hand and throw it all over the perches and the roost; four or five handfuls will fill the place with fine dust. Shut the door and it will permeate every crevice, and it has apparently not left one to tell their destruction. Repeat it once or twice a week. As they fly up to the roost their wings fan up the fine dust; this settles into their feathers and causes their bodies from the corn-nourant parasites. To keep the floor clean should be no entreaty, for no flock of fowls can be kept healthy all right inhaling the stifling fumes from heaps of poisonous filth.—Cor. Ohio Farmer.

—In Everett, Mass., the City Council recently decided that the expense of keeping the horses of the fire department was too great, and that they should earn their own living by working on the highway instead of loafing in the engine-house. The other day when the fire-alarm was sounded the team was nearly a mile from town, drawing a gravel-cart, and by the time they had got back to the house and drawn the engine to the scene of the fire the building had burned down.—Boston Herald.

—The twin cities, St. Paul and Minneapolis, contain sixty-one millionaires.