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By order of N. G.

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Housekeeping.

Deck your house from inward out,
Let there be an inmost shrine
Where to praise, with gift devout,
Love both human and divine.

After that, the holiest room
Heap with choicest things that grow;
Spare not gold nor silver show,
Ambergris, nor forest bloom.

Man's wrought marvels dantiest,
Colored canvas, chiseled stones,
Comforts few, but all that's best,
Each that special beauty owns.

Then as worldly station calls
All your home in order set,
Nor through hasty pride forget
Chambers still outrank the halls.

After, if you more can spend,
Neatly decorate the shell;
Next your crumbling fences mend,
Lay your road-beds deep and well.

But beware, less these beguile
Care on outward things to waste;
Save in heart-shells fair and chaste,
Where does fortune really smile?

Mathilde.

Miss Carlyle found her crying in an intelligence office one day, and in a spasm of philanthropy brought her home.

"What do you mean to do with her?" said Nic, caressing his chin.

Nic always broke in on his cousin's little enthusiasms in that way.

"Save her!" said Miss Carlyle, magnificently.

"From what?"

"From her friends, of course; just what every pretty woman needs salvation from."

"Her friends? Didn't know she had any. Who are they?"

"Men."

"Oh!" said Nic, innocently.

Miss Carlyle had a genius for benevolence. A kind of breezy, contagious benevolence that made every one she talked with swear he would go the very next day and commit some rash act of generosity. Every one but Nic Somerville. His genius, if he had any, lay entirely in the region of painting and idleness.

Nic himself had some faint glimmering on the subject of his dormant ability, and ventured to question his cousin one day.

"Do you really think I have any talent, Inez?" he had said with astonishing meekness.

"Yes, for going to the dogs," said Inez, cruelly, and the conversation dropped.

Nevertheless Miss Carlyle contrived to furnish him with luxurious apartments and artists' materials, and Nic lounged on his way rejoicing. Privately, Inez had a great deal of faith in her cousin's genius. By and by, when he should accomplish something worth while, she meant to send him abroad. In the meantime no amount of dependence could crush Nic's spirit. He sat in Miss Carlyle's chairs with his feet on Miss Carlyle's mantel, and ridiculed Miss Carlyle's fondness for picturesque beggary. Yesterday it was a blind musician; tomorrow it would be a penniless poet; to-day it was Mathilde.

"I mean to make her a tidy, industrious servant, Nic; she is just the kind of a girl to pick up foolish notions, and I mean to prevent it."

"But it will never do, Inez. There is something ducedly impertinent in the mere fact of a servant being handsome. It's an insult to one's friends. What woman wants to be overshadowed by a maid?"

"Nonsense! Mathilde shall wear a cap—something dainty and subdued. The poor child is not to blame for her beauty."

"Certainly not; what reason under heaven is there for hiding it under a cap? What is the boasted freedom of this republic if every man with fine eyes must put on spectacles, and every woman with a pretty foot wear wooden shoes? You astonish me, Inez!"

"Nonsense!" repeated Inez.

Nevertheless Mathilde wore a cap. The merest suggestion of lace and Paris muslin, very dainty and subdued in itself, but developing a demure coquetry on Mathilde's Swedish gold hair. Miss Carlyle contemplated the result and told Mathilde she need not wear caps, they were bad for the scalp.

"You see, I was right, Inez; the girl will never make over into a servant; might as well try to make a lady of Biddy Ryan in the kitchen. You can't smother a lot of pale yellow hair and a blush-rose complexion, with a square of muslin and a yard of Velenciennes. It's a reform against nature."

"What would you have me to do, then?" demanded Miss Carlyle; "the poor child must work or starve."

"Of course it's none of my business, Inez, but unless you can make a lady of her it seems to me there would be a poetical propriety in letting her starve. If I were a girl with big sky-blue eyes and long lashes I'm sure I'd rather die in a tragic, horrible way, and be made over into a poem, than have my beauty snuffed out with a cap. It's barbarous. Why not try making a companion of her."

"A companion! Don't mention it! When I am thoroughly tired of my own society I will poison myself. Besides, she can neither read nor write. Women do not make companions of pretty idiots; they leave that for men."

"Oh!" said Nic, with the most densely innocent air.

"The fact is," pursued Miss Carlyle, "Mathilde is a happy, biddable little thing, who doesn't know she is pretty, and will make an excellent servant if no one tells her."

"She doesn't know she is pretty? Of course, then, my dear cousin, I take back everything. I have been laboring under a monstrous error. I suppose Mathilde stuck those little blue bows in her hair, and hung those bits of coral in her ears from some groveling spirit of vanity. No doubt there is a severe utility in such things, beyond my ken. Excuse me, Inez. What an ass I have been making of myself!" and Nic sauntered lazily out of the room.

Mathilde certainly was a happy little thing. She flitted about Miss Carlyle's dining-room like a domestic humming-bird, blushing in the rarest way when anyone spoke to her. They all became accustomed to her beauty after a while. Miss Carlyle grew a little proud of it, taking it quite as a matter of course that people should remark Mathilde along with the china and port.

Later, Inez forgot that Mathilde was remarkable. Forgot it, that is, as a matter of ever present consciousness. As a matter of fact it lay dormant in her brain, until something made it unpleasantly alive.

"You have an exceedingly pretty servant," said Clavers Loraine, when Mathilde had opened the door for him one day; "one doesn't often see that pure oval in blondes."

Miss Carlyle was a brunette, but then she was in love with Clavers Loraine, and flushed a little.

"Yes, Mathilde has a dollish prettiness; she is a good girl, neat and industrious. When are the McVeighs expected?"

"In September, I think. About this girl—Mathilde, did you call her?—she certainly has good blood in her veins."

"O I am not sure about blood. White lilies grow out of black soil, you know. One thing is certain. Mathilde has not enough good blood in her to make her lazy. Is Eunice McVeigh's engagement out?"

Miss Carlyle began to wonder if it paid to save Mathilde. Servants with purely oval faces might prove expensive. But that was a summer cloud. One day a rose dropped from Miss Carlyle's hair, and Clavers Loraine picked it up and kept it. It was an amber rose, very rare, and very becoming, and Loraine had it in his hand when he left the room. Five minutes later, Inez went into the dining-room, where Mathilde stood by the open window, blushing daintily, with a rose in her hair—an amber rose, very rare, and very becoming.

"Did you open the door for Mr. Loraine, Mathilde?"

"Yes, miss." The girl drooped her eyes and colored exquisitely.

Inez went straight to her cousin, a carmine spot in either cheek.

"You met Clavers Loraine at the door, Nic; did he have a rose in his hand?"

Nic yawned and stretched himself.

"A rose? Yes—no—let me see. He had a lambent fire in his eye, and a tender pathos in his voice, and an elastic triumph in his step, and no doubt he had an intense yearning in his heart; but I don't think he had a rose in his hand. Why?"

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am sure. Don't be savage, Inez; he may have put it in his pocket."

Miss Carlyle went back to the dining-room. She put her hand to the plough. Mathilde must be saved.

"Who gave you the rose in your hair, child?"

Mathilde's long lashes fell and her lips quivered. Miss Carlyle had never seen her half so charming.

"A gentleman—I must not tell, he said. Are you angry, Miss?"

"No, Mathilde. This gentleman, has he given you anything but roses?"

"Yes, Miss; ribbons sometimes, and a necklace; but I never wore it," sobbed Mathilde.

"Has the gentleman ever told you he loved you?" Inez was remorseless. The carmine spots faded.

"Oh, yes, Miss, but I didn't believe it. I didn't know it was wrong. I—I——" Poor Mathilde broke down, sobbing piteously.

"Listen to me, child. You must forget this fine gentleman. He will bring you nothing but harm. You must send back everything he has given you. Do you understand me, Mathilde?"

"Yes, ma'am," whispered the girl, through her tears.

The next day Clavers Loraine asked Miss Carlyle to marry him. That lady surveyed him icily.

"This display is entirely unnecessary, Mr. Loraine."

"So it seems. You are sure you understand your own heart, Inez?"

"Perfectly."

"Very well; so be it;" and Clavers Loraine went abroad.

Inez looked at her cousin through a mist of unshed tears.

"I have nothing in the world but you, Nic. You shall be a great painter, and I will be your patroness. You will never forsake me, will you?"

Nic dropped his cigar with an injured look.

"Don't be cruel, Inez. I'm sure I've never shown any disposition to desert you, have I?"

"No, no, you have always been kind and good," Miss Carlyle spoke dreamily. "But men are so false—so very false, Nic."

"Exactly, Inez. That's the reason I prefer women. I'd rather spend my life right here in your house than knock around among men like other fellows. I would, indeed. They're a beastly mob, Inez—most inhumanly beastly."

Miss Carlyle smiled a shadowy, tremulous smile.

"I don't mean to let you stay right here in my house, Nic. You must go abroad. When you are famous, and the world is better for your pictures, you shall come back, and we shall grow silver-haired together. It is a bleak sort of a world, Nic, don't you think so?"

"A regular Sahara. I wonder if it pays—this everlasting grind. If it were not for you, Inez—were you in earnest about sending me away? It goes through me like a two-edged sword. It does, indeed."

Miss Carlyle was in earnest. She did not find it easy to forget fine gentlemen, and Mathilde was there to help her remember. So she threw herself into Nic's future warmly, and was busy all day long. The night before his departure the young artist grew almost pathetic.

"You have been deucedly good to me Inez. I have a fancy to remember you just as you are to-night, flushed and beneficent. Don't trouble yourself to get up in the morning. Good-by."

When Miss Carlyle got up in the morning Nic was gone—and so was Mathilde.

"Forgive me, Inez," he wrote; "we are married and gone. Have you forgotten the war of the roses? I took it from Loraine at the door. It was a mute, inglorious fraud, but he went away so soon it was not necessary to explain. Did you dream you were saving Mathilde for your ungrateful NIC!"

Miss Carlyle forgave them instantly. She was in a forgiving mood. She wished the sins of the whole world had been committed against herself, that she might wipe them out with one magnificent gesture. Then she wrote to Clavers Loraine.

"I have done you a great wrong," she said. "When you come back I will tell you about it."

Clavers Loraine came back and forgave the wrong.

"I thought you were in love with Mathilde," said Miss Carlyle, humbly.

"Mathilde—who is Mathilde?"

"Don't you remember her? the girl with the purely oval face?"

"A yellow-haired doll!"

"She is Nic's wife now."

"Heaven be praised. I was always jealous of Nic."

When they were married Nic sent them a dainty bit of canvas from Dresden. An open window, a square of apple-green sky, and in the foreground a Swedish blonde with an amber rose in her hair.

Prince Gortschakoff.

This brilliant Russian minister, one of the most able diplomatists now living, to whom his country owes its present powerful position in Europe, more than to any other man, was born July 16, 1789. Unlike his kinsman, Peter Dimitrievitch, he grew up with no taste whatever for a military life, but turned his attention entirely to civil affairs, in which he early showed great talent; a talent that, for a long time, was not appreciated by his countrymen. His first mission was to London as Secretary of the Russian Embassy, when he was twenty-three years old. While there he studied English life and habits, and gained a knowledge of them which has, in later years, served him a good purpose.

Thirty years after his first entrance into public life began the really brilliant part of his career. It was during the Crimean war. Count Nesselrode was then at the head of Russian affairs. Perceiving the importance of keeping Austria neutral, he dispatched Gortschakoff to Vienna for that purpose, bidding him to accomplish it, "at any cost." He fulfilled his mission well, skillfully fighting the influence of Western Europe and excited Hungary, so that Russia was saved "from her greatest peril." It was through his consummate tact and ability that the treaty of Paris was signed by his country in 1856. That year he succeeded Nesselrode as Minister of Foreign Affairs. His ambition was to restore the prestige of Russia which was lost during the Crimean War, and he bent his whole energies to the accomplishment of his purpose. All are familiar with the sending of a circular in 1860 to the European powers, in which he remonstrated against foreign interference in Neapolitan affairs, which were then in a disturbed condition. He refused absolutely to associate himself with England and France in their unfriendly treatment of the United States during the rebellion. At the time of the Polish insurrection, he showed a firm determination not to allow outside dictation about the internal policy of Russia, and was rewarded by additional popularity at home, and increased respect abroad. His ability and success gave to him at last the position of Chancellor of the Empire, to which has since been added the dignity of Serene Highness. In 1870, by availing himself of the Franco-German war, he managed to secure the revision of the treaty of Paris, by which the Russian influence was restored in the East.

Prince Gortschakoff is at the present time nearly eighty years old, but retains full possession of his faculties, and is the moving spirit in all Russian counsels. His quiet, courteous manner is very prepossessing, and his well-chosen words carry weight whenever spoken. Recent telegrams speak of failing health, and occasional confinement to his room, signs that betoken a possible near approach to the ending of a most brilliant life. Russia can ill spare him, the master spirit of her diplomacy, at the present time.—*Toledo Blade.*

THE newspapers are fond of telling stories about the cowardice which women are alleged to show in the presence of a mouse. A severe masculine censor once declared that the most grave and wise gathering of women, for the most important and serious purpose, could be utterly thrown off its balance by the letting loose of a mouse in the room. That was men's theory. Here is fact:—"While a judge was holding court at Van Wert, O., a few days ago, a mouse took advantage of his preoccupation and climbed up inside his pantaloons. The attorneys and attendants became aware of the situation when the judge suddenly gave a jump, clapped his hands to his legs and stamped on the floor. The sheriff rushed to the rescue, and the spectators rose in their seats, not knowing what was about to happen. The judge whispered to the sheriff, a lawyer shook the intruder out, and in the general confusion that ensued, the mouse escaped." Fancy the howl of derision that would have gone up from "the superior sex," if this had happened in a court presided over by a woman!

THE INTERMARRIAGE OF COUSINS.—Two double cousins married, perhaps, eighty years ago. They are now dead. They lived in Harris county, Ga., and raised twelve children, all of whom lived to be sixty years old and upward. Alternately a deaf and dumb infant was born, making six of sound body and six afflicted. The six deaf and dumb children lost their sight at sixty years. Three of the unfortunates are, or were, boys (we don't know how many live or have died) and three girls.—*Columbus Enquirer.*

Three Good Lessons.

"One of my first lessons," said Mr. Sturgis, the eminent merchant, "was in 1813, when I was eleven years old. My grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was the shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said:

"'Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep, you will have the sheep.'

"'What does grandfather mean by that?' I said to myself. 'I don't expect to have sheep.' My desires were moderate—a fine buck worth a hundred dollars. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but I had great confidence in him, for he was a judge, and had been in Congress in Washington's time; so I concluded it was all right, and went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson: 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.' I began to see through it. Never you mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful, and you will have your reward.

"I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk to the late Lyman Reed. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to buy goods, and said, 'Make yourself so useful that they can not do without you.' I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather.

"Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. James Geery, the old tea merchant, called in to congratulate me, and he said: 'You are right now. I have only one word of advice to give you: Be careful who you walk the streets with.' That was lesson number three.

"And what valuable lessons they are! "Fidelity in all things; do your best to your employers; carefulness about your associates." Let everybody take these lessons home and study them. They are the foundation-stone of character and honorable success.—*Moravian.*

MINT TO DRIVE AWAY RATS.—Four years ago my barn was regularly infested with rats; they were so numerous that I had great fears of my whole grain being destroyed by them after it was housed; but having two acres of wild peppermint that grew in a field of wheat, after the wheat was harvested the mint was cut and bound with it, and drove the rats from my premises. I have not been troubled with one since, nor am I at present, while my neighbors have any quantity of them. I feel confident that any person who is troubled with these pests could easily get rid of them by gathering a good supply of mint and placing it around the walls or base of their barns.—*Canada Farmer.*

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Allow equal weights of oranges and white sugar; peel and quarter the oranges—careful to remove the inner thick skin from the yellow peel. Boil the peel in clear water once, changing the water once, about fifteen minutes after it first boils, to remove the bitter taste. When tender, I boil it slowly for three or four hours, drain in a colander and cut into delicate shreds with a very sharp knife. To prepare the pulp, remove the seeds and white stringy outside part; squeeze out the juice and thin pulp into a bowl and pour over the sugar; cover the pulp with water and boil until tender; then pound the pulp in a mortar, or cut into small bits, and with the water in which they were boiled add, with the shreded yellow peel, to the sugar and juice. Put the whole into a porcelain kettle and boil. When it begins to thicken it must be tried occasionally by letting a little cool in a spoon upon ice. Great care must be taken that it does not burn. When as thick as desired, turn into cups or tumblers, cover with paper wet in brandy and tie down tightly.

BOILED CHICKENS, DEVILED SAUCE.—Have two or more spring chickens, singe, draw, pare the wings, cut off the sumps, split by the back, crack the main bones, put the legs inside, flatten slightly, season with salt, white and red pepper; baste with melted butter, sprinkle a little fresh bread-crumbs over, then broil slowly and well done on a very moderate charcoal fire; dish up on slightly buttered toasts of bread, and serve with a deviled sauce either poured around or in a sauce bowl.

CHEESE FRITTERS.—Slice thin a half dozen large, tart apples, and prepare half as many thin slices of cheese. Beat up one or two eggs, according to the quantity required, and season high with salt, mustard and a little pepper. Lay the slices of cheese to soak for a few moments in the mixture, then put each slice between two slices of apple, sandwich style, and dip the whole into beaten eggs; then fry in hot butter like oysters, and serve very hot. These fritters are an addition to any breakfast table.

WAFFLES.—One egg, one cup of milk, one and a half cups of flour, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of sea foam and a pinch of salt. Sift the sea foam and salt through the flour. Beat the egg very light, add the milk and stir in the flour. If you measure both flour and milk with the same cup this batter will be just right. Have the waffle iron very hot on both sides and very well greased. Almost everything depends upon the baking. They must be eaten as soon as baked.

TEA CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two and one-half cups of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, one cup of milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; dissolve soda and butter in a little warm water and beat all together for fifteen minutes. Bake in small cakes or a loaf. To be eaten hot with butter.

A Clandestine Marriage.

On Tuesday were borne from a sumptuous house high up on Fifth avenue, for interment in a Connecticut town on the New Haven Road, not far from this city, the remains of a revered wife and mother. Half a century ago, when she was the only unmarried daughter of an old and wealthy family of the town in whose cemetery her body now rests, she came to New York in the bloom and vivacity of a youth just conscious of its own power, to visit the friendly household of one of our first merchants. A prolongation of her sojourn here did not excite the remonstrance of her parents until they were surprised by information that her delay was possibly occasioned by the frequent calls of a gentleman, a lieutenant of the British navy, whose attentions seemed ominously serious, when her mother took the family carriage precipitately for the city to convey back forthwith the giddy damsel. Upon arraignment before the maternal bar the young lady did not deny the frequent visits of the alleged suitor, whom her New York friends had seen no reason to interfere with; indeed, upon stepping into the carriage to go home (there was no New Haven Railroad then), she said quite coolly: "It's useless to find fault now, ma, for I am married."

Such, indeed, was the startling fact. After a short and only finally suspected summer's courtship, she and the lieutenant had been clandestinely married, and before the horrified mother and romantic daughter had been in their Connecticut home twenty-four hours, the bold young sailor was there, too, to claim his wife! But he found her a prisoner, locked in her own room, and both parents met his appeals with steady refusal to acknowledge his authority. The girl was but a child, they said, not conscious of her own mind, and they should resist with every possible form of law any attempt to remove her from their custody. The husband, urging that they loved each other, was told that she whom he had made his wife, in name only, now bitterly regretted her sentimental folly, and wished to see him no more. Astounded at this assertion, the young man passionately impugned its truth. Would he be generous enough to give her up, he was asked, if she herself assured him of her decision to that effect? Chivalrously, though too rashly, perhaps, he agreed so to do, confident, undoubtedly, that she would prove true to him.

And then came the most extraordinary scene of the little drama. A married sister strikingly resembling the yet imprisoned virgin wife had been hastily summoned from this city for the purpose, and artfully dressed to intensify the resemblance, hurriedly entered the room where the Lieutenant was present, with a friend for a witness, to learn his fate, and, with simulated sobs hastily hid her face on her mother's bosom. Supposing her to be the wife whom he agitatedly called by name, the deceived husband begged her to go with him. "I wish to remain with my mother!" was the apparently tearful answer, without so much as a glance for him; and without another word, the Lieutenant bowed to parents and child, and at once withdrew with his friend from the room and the house. On his way back to New York by steamboat a favorite dog that accompanied him leaped overboard, and he, plunging instantly over to the rescue, was drowned.

The Court of the King of Italy.

The Quirinal Court, instead of being occupied with the easy life of the past seven years, irresponsible, gay, and merry, is quite serious and collected. The King is ordering his new households, examining old Turin Court archives, and trying to adapt the stiff aristocratical rules of the Piedmontese Court to the modern free spirit that reigns about him. At first it was decided that the Queen's household should be arranged according to the severe rules that directed the formation of King Humbert's mother's court, but that decision had to be set aside. The daily journals took up the subject instantly, and handled it with audacious republican freedom. In the old days only ladies of the highest rank could serve a Queen of Piedmont; now the Court of Italy must be a mixed one, and the political value, not family value, of its attendants must be considered. No list has yet been given out of the new ladies of the Queen; for the moment there have been no changes made. Life at the Quirinal is very quiet. The Queen of Portugal has been ill with a cold. Every morning her Majesty, Queen Marguerite, pays her sister-in-law a visit, and this visit is an early one, at 9 o'clock. At 10 the Queen breakfasts, after which she receives visits, reads, and has her son with her. At 4 o'clock she drives out with her chief lady of the court, the Marchesa Montereno. I often meet the royal carriage—a closed and quiet looking one, wish simple liveries—on the Porta Pia road—that beautiful *passegiata* that used to be called "the Cardinals' drive," where the views are enchanting. After a drive of some distance from the gate, her Majesty and companion leave the carriage for a walk, as every one does for that matter who drives on that charming road.—*Correspondence of the New York World.*

"POOR, BUT RESPECTABLE."—"They are poor, but respectable," is a phrase very often used, or misused, since it seems to infer that the fact of poverty is evidence against respectability. No one who knows the poor intimately can for a moment assent to such a heresy. There is no class of society in our country, where all the virtues which confer a just claim to respect more generally abound, than among the poor. While the idleness or vice which produce the far larger portion of squalid misery which exists should receive no tolerance, all honor should be paid to the virtue which shines out amid the pressure and temptations of poverty.

A NEW ORLEANS editor who saw a lady making for the only empty seat in the car, found himself "crowded out to make room for more interesting matter."

Cows for the Dairy.

As a rule, we believe it is beginning to be pretty well understood that the best way for a dairyman to keep his dairy is to grow his own stock, keeping the calves from the best cows. If he uses a blooded bull of a good milking family and breed, so much the better—so much greater the chances of his having a herd of deep milkers. But all does not depend on breed and pedigree; much depends on the rearing and keeping. A stunted calf can never fully recover from the shock; nor can a poorly fed cow overcome the disadvantage of lack of food. Generous feeding, from the day of birth to the handing over to the butcher, is the most profitable. A dairyman should not attempt to rear more calves than he can keep in a rapidly growing condition, nor more cows than he has an abundance of feed for. All above this entails loss, down to the point where animal life is merely sustained and there is no return whatever—either in growth of the calf or milk from the cow.

The cow is often compared to a machine, and the comparison is a good one. It follows, therefore, that we want not only the best machine, but must furnish it the required material for manufacturing dairy products. We want the machine of the greatest capacity and efficiency—the one that will do the largest amount of material up into the largest amount of milk—the one that will entail the least waste from a given amount of material, and turn out the maximum of product.

Now, how can we secure the machine of the greatest capacity and least waste? First, by choosing the best types of the best families of the best breeds to breed from; and then, by making the most possible out of the progeny. We agree with the *National Live Stock Journal* that "a poorly developed animal cannot have its secretory system in an active and vigorous state. Having been fed meagrely, its digestive system is contracted and wanting in capacity to furnish sufficient aliment for large milk production. Everything depends upon the rearing of the heifer calf in determining her usefulness as a milker. A steady and rapid growth from calfhood shows all her secretory organs in the greatest activity; and her digestive organs must have been well developed and active to have prepared so much food for assimilation in such rapid growth. And, as it is impossible that the cow should yield a large quantity of milk, without digesta large quantity of food, the animal must be trained to this from calfhood.

Could anything be clearer and more self-evidently true? There is a vast deal in training and habit, as well as in natural capacity. We must train the animal to all the habits and requirements of after-life, and allow none of these to weaken for want of use. The principle is applicable to the human as well as the bovine family, and applicable in every department of life.—*American Dairyman.*

FEEDING HORSES.—For a period of thirty years, more or less, horses have been under my control. I personally superintended the feeding. During that time no horses have died, and I have had little sickness. A straw-cutter with a raw-hide roller has been in continual use till the present time. In the cutting of the food for two teams enough is saved in one year to pay for its purchase. While the horses are eating their dinner, enough can be cut for the next meal; then watered, to moisten it and destroy the dust, and with it four quarts of meal is ample for one horse. The meal is one-third corn, one-third oats, and the other shorts. A variety is made by giving a few small potatoes or carrots weekly. The benefits resulting from this manner of feeding are that we have no sick horses, they being always in good health and order; there is no danger of founder from hired men feeding when too warm; they can eat it sooner, and are ready to go out; neither is anything wasted (by throwing from the manger, etc.) and it does them more good, I believe, as no whole grain is passed or lost. Being out of meal for a few days, a number of feeds were given them of small ears of corn, with plenty of cut hay moistened. Two had to be taken to the city immediately for treatment of colic, and by prompt action at once they recovered. This is the last of whole grain feeding. Of course the same good quality of hay and grain is given when cut as when they cut it for themselves.—*C., in Country Gentleman.*

FARMING IN THE WEST.—A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, speaking of the shiftless method of farming in the West, says: It is the unsurpassed fertility of our soil that leads to all this. It needs no manure for its first crops, and the few years in which it produces well without it are just sufficient time for farmers to acquire lazy, improvident habits about taking care of their manure. It is a common thing to hear them ridicule Eastern folks about their economy in saving, composting, and applying their manure to their lands. Another trouble is, there are too many producing corn, and the supply seems to be greater than the demand in about five years out of six. Every farmer here is expecting to make money to pay his taxes, improve his farm and pay the accumulated debts of years, by growing on half worn-out soil, foul with cockle burrs, twenty and twenty-five cent corn.

A HINT TO DUCK RAISERS.—It is well known that the far-famad canvass back duck of the Chesapeake derives its delicate and peculiar savor from the valiseneria, or wild celery, on which it feeds in those waters. An intelligent agriculturist has turned this knowedge to useful account by cooping and feeding the common domestic duck upon the tops and roots of the garden celery for a week or two before killing them, which is said to greatly improve their flavor and altogether destroy the rankness which is generally observable in the barn-yard fowl. The plan is worthy of a trial by *bon vivants.*—*Rochester Express.*

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