

Walled Up Alive.

A severe sentence was recently passed upon a sparrow by a flock of bluebirds. A bird-box for martins and bluebirds is erected on a pole a short distance from Fort Lee, and every season a pair of bluebirds takes possession of it. This year they built their nest in the box, and the female laid one egg. To celebrate the event she hopped out of the box, and took a turn or two around the field.

When she returned a sparrow was in the box, quietly sitting upon the egg. The bluebird remonstrated at such outrageous proceedings, and tried to persuade the intruder to leave. Then she became angry and pecked savagely at the sparrow, but the sparrow had the advantage, as the box protected it on every side, and the hole was only large enough to admit one at a time.

A flock of angry bluebirds responded to the call of the distressed mother, and a council of war was apparently held. Two or three of the bluebirds stationed themselves at the entrance to the box, and closely guarded the sparrow. The others flew away to a neighboring mud hole, but soon returned. carrying their bills full of stiff, muddy clay. One by one they deposited their load at the hole and began to plaster it up, working rapidly, and bringing straw and small twigs to work into the mud and stiffen it.

The sparrow did not realize the meaning of all this fuss until the hole was nearly closed up. Then it began escape from its prison; but the sentinels pecked at it and drove it back, floor, never to be picked up again. until the hole was completely covered up, and the sparrow's doom was sealed.

Be Honest. The great explorer, David Livingstone, writes in one of his books:

Grandfather could give particulars of the lives of his ancestors for six generations of the family before him; and the only part of the traditions I feel proud of is this: One of these poor, hardy islanders was renowned in the district for great wisdom and prudence; and it deathbed, he called all his children around him and said; "Now, in my lifetime I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I never could dis

among our forefathers. If, therefore any of you, or any of your children. should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this so as to fill it completely. precept with you, 'Be honest.' "-Chil-*ren's Friend.



Where but mother and dolly can

A Long-Felt Want. Ane day wee Willie and his dog Sprawled on the nursery floor, He had a florist's catalogue And turned the pages o'er,

Till all at once he gave a spring, "Hurrah!" he cried with joy! "Mamma, here's just the very thing To give your little boy!

"For when we fellows go to school, We lose our things, you know; And in that little vestibule

They do get mixed up so. "And as you often say you can't Take care of them for me, Why don't you buy a rubber plant

And an umbrella tree?"



A GLASS WORKS.

Process of Bottlemaking-Frenks of

the Blowpipe. The process of bottlemaking is an interesting one, says a writer. In the center of a circular building is a chimney from the top of which a peculiar the chimney stands a conical furnace of brick containing, perhaps, no fewer than eight holes, which are like flercely glaring suns, and from which pour expanding broad rays of orange-colored light. If your eyes are strong enough to look through the holes from which the orange beams of light emerge, you see several hundredweight of molten metal shining silvery-green is as many earthen dome-shaped melting pots.

The nature of different kinds of glass is dependent upon the quality of the raw material called "batch," than a peck of trouble

put into the meiting pots. The mass of molten metal got from this opaque, earthy-looking "batch" has frequently to be skimmed of impurities; but it is, nevertheless, a problem whence comes that wonderful and enduring transparency which everybody likes to see in glass.

Until the hour strikes for the worknen to commence operations you may find them experimenting for amusement or profit with the blow-pipe. Specimens are blown out to the thinness of a tissue paper bag, which another puff of wind explodes with a crack. The floor all around the furnace chamber is covered with brittle shining splinters and particles of glass, which crackle underfoot at every step. One of the men may bring you a mass of metal on a blowplpe and ask you upon it. The pipe takes no more blowa mouthpiece, and you may expand lock and an odor of mothballs. the bubble until it is black and cold, so fragile that it will break into a myriad pieces if you touch it. The molten glass is so ductile that it may be spun out into a thread.

At the signal to commence work the men, already partly stripped to the through the hole of the crucible opposite to which they work, twisting it round until it has taken up sufficient of the ropy and viscid glass for one bottle. The man who is clever at his too much nor too little for the thickness of bottle required; he can tell without looking through the furnace weight added to his pipe. Thus all ures moving continually across the luwielding their blowpipes, and balancing at the end of each one the exact die at his door, is sure to be the man quantity of vitrifled matter to make a bottle. The amateur would find it dif- night. Yet such a boarder is almost to flutter around and struggle vainly to ficult to balance the molten mass; the certain to get more consideration and chances are that it would drop on the attention than the man who pays in

bottles in all stages of growth, some out. glittering gold, others cooling down to orange or red; some in the forms of there is no experience to be gained in plummets or dazzling pears, others as any business equal to that of landladyincandescent bosses threatening to be- ing him. No man can long conceal his come fragile bladders. It is all as true character from his landlady. He charming as a pyrotechnic display. may shoot off a lot of fireworks to fool You will see the black blowpipe twirled round, blown down, held up like a generally knows what they are worth. gun barrel, then, in the form of an in- I have often thought that if girls who candescent lamp globe turned round on are thinking of marrying would come is related that when he was on his a beeswaxed castiron implement, call- to us first we could exert a tremendous ed a marler, on whose edge the bottle influence for good in behalf of socineck is formed. It is held up once ety. Better come to us than go to a more, blown into, then shut up in a fortune teller. castiron mold placed at the operator's feet somewhat below the level of the cover that there was a dishonest man ground. This mold is opened and until she has been around when he is closed by a wire spring, which the shaving. The tone of voice in which operator presses with his feet, and di- I have been asked by a boarder with a rectly the red hot bottle is inclosed murderous razor in his hand if I called

each bottle, and collecting a trayful good nature and affability would bear the bottles are stacked up for a gradual cooling process which may possibly last 36 hours. This gives them the desired strength. The annealing process is a cure for their natural fragility, and enables them to stand the test of boiling water.

\$200000000000000000000000\$ SUNDAY SAUNTERINGS.

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Something of the exact behavior demanded from young people by those in authority in the early days of the nineteenth century is brought to notice in the biography of Peter Edes, a pioneer printer in Maine. Mr. Edes had an apprentice, James Orrock, who enjoyed a walk on Sunday, after a week of indoor employment.

Mr. Edgs soon found out that this was not permitted at Bangor and wrote to a friend of the trouble caused him by his apprentice's apparently innocent amusement.

"You must know," he writes, "that the people are very strict on this day, and will not let men walk out, much less boys. James was strolling about and was ordered home by the tythingmen, but he would not obey them. A complaint was lodged against me on the next day, and I should have been little Alexander, writes Louis Pendleton obliged to pay a fine had not Judge Dutton pleaded in my behalf that I plan was no less admirable than quaint. did not approve of such conduct, and so got clear."

Another interesting incident in contime is an advertisement which appeared in Mr. Edes' paper, the Bangor Weekly Register, stating that:

"E. & M. R. Edes have opened a school in the room over the Register office for the instruction of young misses and small children in the useful and ornamental branches of education."

The terms were: "Orthography and plain work 17 cts. per week; writing, English grammar, Geography with the intermittent light flickers. Underneath use of maps, Composition, ornamental quiry. needle work 25 cents per week." This was probably one of the first schools exclusively, in the branches of education, and also including plain work and fancy needlework.

A Surprise.

Little Evelyn, not yet 3 years old, had learned to spell "c-s-t, est." In the first flush of excitement she exclaimed: "Won't the cats be surprised!"-Harper's Monthly.

The hen-pecked husband has more

Be Careful, Girls, She Says, We Can Tell More than a Secress.

"No," said the landlady, "you can't tell anything from a boarder's trunk. The time has been when a yellowleather trunk with a Planters' house label pasted on it could get my front single parlor and no questions asked. but not of late years. The stung landlady dreads the hotel label. Some of the swellest-looking trunks that ever went up my front stairs turned out to be made of paper with the brass hinges only painted on," runs a story in the Kansas City Times.

"Landladies are only human, and I am free to confess that I have been deceived by these appearances in the past, but if I had to size up a boarder to-day to expend a few cheekfuls of wind by this means, other things being equal, I would pin my faith to the little bating than a trombone, though it lacks tered tin trunk with a barn-door pad-

"The truth is landladies are often to blame for their own misfortunes, and their vanity has put many a good-paying boarding-house on the rocks. When the new boarder comes to the door in a cab with his trunk strapped on behind and his hat box on the seat beside the walst, poke their four-foot blowpipes driver, it is a strong-minded landlady who can keep the fact clearly before her that she runs a boarding house, and not an apartment hotel.

"I don't know why it is that a landlady should allow herself to be taken work will, of course, gather up neither in by such shallow artifices when she knows better all the time, but it is true nevertheless that she is too often a willing victim. Her experience has holes when he has enough by the taught her well enough that the boarder who puts on the most style, who makes around the fiery furnace there are fig- the biggest kick about the odor of cabbage in the front hall, and who calls rid light, most of them dexterously you down before the whole table because you left the wrong laundry bunwho is shy on his board bill Saturday advance, never kicks at anything, and At the same moment you will see always turns the gas low when he goes

> "Short of marrying a man, I believe the rest of the world, but his landlady

"It is a grave question in my mind whether any girl should marry a man he blows from the pipe once more, the water in the boiler hot would, I am sure, make any girl who heard it A man goes round from mold to think twice. Young men who are known mold, inserting a rod into the neck of to them as creatures of the greatest to go to the annealing chamber. Here different reputations if the landlady chose to tell what she knew.

"What a shock it would be to some confiding girl if she could see her hero standing in his door shaking his shirt in my face and demanding to know what the laundry had done to the neckband. These are some of the things we could tell if we were asked. We could also show that some of the money spent for theater tickets and bonbons should have gone to pay for the roast consumed the previous Sunday. Have you ever noticed that a young man at the theater with his girl always avoids the eye of his landlady if she happens to be in the house? She knows, and he knows she knows.

"My hope is that some day the world will realize what it owes to the landlady. Perhaps the time will come when a grateful boarder will erect a monnment to her, but in the meantime I will be satisfied if I can collect what is due ne on Saturday night."

CLASS IN MANNERS.

Instruction for Shy and Awkward in Old-Time Southern Schools.

The father of Alexander H. Stephens, the vice-president of the Confederate states, was an "old field" teacher, and one of his schoolroom exercises, which the pupils called "learning manners," evidently made a deep impression on in his biography of the statesman. The

It is related that about once a mouth on a Friday afternoon, after the spelling classes had got through their tasks, nection with life in Bangor at this the boys and girls were directed to take seats in rows facing each other. Then the boy at the head of his row would rise and walk toward the center of the room and the girl at the head of her row would do likewise.

As they approached the boy would bow and the girl would drop a courtesy, the established feminine salutation of those days, and they would pass on.

At other times they were taught to stop and exchange verbal salutations and the usual formulas of polite in-

These exercises were varied by meetings in an imaginary parlor, the enin Maine for teaching young ladies, trance introduction and reception of visitors, with practice in "commonplace

chat." Then came the ceremony of introductions. The parties in this case would walk from opposite sides of the room in pairs, and upon meeting, after salutations of the two agreed upon, would begin making known to each other the friends accompanying them, the boys saying, "Allow me, Miss Mary, to present to you my friend, Mr. Smith, Mr.

A WORD FROM THE LANDLADY, | had spoken to Mr. Smith she would it turn introduce her friend.

These exercises, trivial as the de scription may seem, the vice-president of the Confederacy says, "were of great use to raw country boys and girls, re moving their awkwardness and conse quent shyness and the painful sense of being at a disadvantage or the dread of appearing ridiculous."-Youth's Com-

HE WAS DEAD THREE MINUTES.

Physician's Experiment Restores

Consumptive Patient to Life. For three minutes last night Oscar Culver of 262 South Tenth street Brooklyn, was dead in the eastern district hospital, says the New York Press His pulse beat ceased and there was posing of the grain and hay that innot the slightest heart action or trace of breath on a mirror held before his lips market it is fed on the farm, and the Mrs. Culver was at the bedside, and beef, pork, butter, cheese, etc., sold. convinced her husband was dead, she wept bitterly. Dr. Henry Jaffer de the ground at least a part of the fercided to attempt an experiment. He tility in the shape of manure. administered six drams of whisky and ten grains of strychnine and resorted the two illustrations, the ground plan to artificial respiration.

Gradually the heart resumed its beating, the pulses fluttered and the supposed dead man quivered back to life. shown on the floor plan, the barn will He spoke to his wife and for fifteen accommodate fourteen cows, twelve minutes she sat with him. He was con- horses, has box stalls for both the scious at midnight.

"I feel like fighting," said Culver to the physicians after he came back to

The man was too ill to understand he was to all appearances dead for three minutes, and his restoration to health is out of the question, as he is dying of consumption and inflammatory rheumatism. The admixture that was given to him to restore the heart action was sufficient to kill a healthy

man, but its effect is only temporary. Dr. Jaffer requested the supposed widow to retire for a few minutes. Staggering into another room, she flung herself, weeping, into a chair. Then Dr. Jaffer administered the strychnine and whisky hypodermically to the seemingly dead man and at the same time resorted to artificial respiration. The staff physicians and surgeons gathered about the bed and watched the result of the experiment.

Within fifteen minutes there was a slight resumption of heart action. It was only a tutter. Then the mouth twitched slightly. A few minutes more and there was evidence of resumption of respiration and the heart beat quickened. Dr. Jaffer, thus encouraged, redoubled his efforts to restore life. The other doctors assisted, and half an hour after he had been reported dead cows and horses, also a large calf pen. Culver opened his eyes and sighed. He The installation of manure carriers apparently became unconscious again, and hay fork is very easy, and these but at the end of an hour's work by will soon pay for themselves in the the doctors his eyes opened again and labor saved. A feature of the barn as shown is twelve feet to the eaves he spoke.

The heart was beating evenly, though weakly. Sighing deeply, the resurrect four-foot chute extends the entire ed patient said, "I feel like fighting." length of the silo, and has small win- good foundation of stone, brick or The doctors gave him more stimulant and permitted his wife to enter the separating same from the feed room the practice to build a small shed room and talk briefly with him. The to keep out dust and odors. The here and there and the stock is scatpatient's voice was scarcely more than silage is dropped down this chute, and tered all over the farm. This causes a whisper. His wife was gratified to from there shovelled to the mixing an unnecessary lot of labor to care hear even that, and she remained at the bedside as long as the doctors would permit her. That was fifteen minutes, but she was not permitted to say much to him. Weeping tears of joy, she left the hospital, with the grain. These spouts may be located di- may be left until time and perhaps promise of the doctors that they would keep her husband alive as long as they could; but they added she must not hope for his recovery. It was thought he would live through the night, and his wife might have another short talk ing the conditons which surround them a correspondent of Farm and Home, with him to-day, before he passed beyond medical skill,

GRIDLEY'S LEAVE.

Touching Scene When the Brave Captain Left the Olympia.

On the morning of the battle of Manila Bay Captain Gridley was so ill the year. Of course, it is not the hen's that the little commodore offered to nature to lay at this time of the year. excuse him from duty, but gallantly, as is characteristic of the man, he re- well fed, the farmer will find that the plied, "Thank you, Commodore Dewey, hen after all really has little sentibut she is my ship and I will fight her." And he did, although, figuratively produce her eggs. speaking, he was a dead man before he went on the bridge, and days had of feeding, yet if we feed correctly the strung themselves into but few weeks hens will not have that as an actual when he was ordered home on sick obstacle to laying. Maturity and vigor leave. He came up out of his cabin are two important things in the hens dressed in civilian clothes and was met that are to be heavy winter layers. by the rear admiral, who extended him Keep the hens in a thrifty, vigorous a most cordial hand. A look of troubled disappointment flitted across the riety. These things count for a great captain's brow, but vanished when he deal toward success. Corn, oats and stepped to the head of the gangway, wheat are the three principal grain and, looking over, saw not the launch, but a twelve oared cutter manned entirely by officers of the Olympia. There were men in that boat who had not pulled a stroke for a quarter of a cen. kind of meat scraps or prepared meat tury. The stars and stripes were at foods, as it pays. Try to keep the hens the stern and a captain's silken coach under conditions as near like those in whip at the bow, and when Captain existence at spring time as you can, Gridley, beloved alike by officers and and you will not suffer severely from men, entered the boat it was "Up an egg famine. This is nothing imposoars!" and all that, just as though they were common sailors that were to row able housing, a variety of feeds, green him over to the Zafiro. When he sat stuff and meat scraps, and sanitary down upon the handsome boat cloth quarters,-Agricultural Epitomist. that was spread for him he bowed his head, and his hands hid his face as First Lieutenant Reese, acting cockswain, ordered: "Shove off! Out oars! Give away!"-St. Nicholas.

Sufficient Ground.

very much attached to Miss Goodcatch. that they create \$15,000,000 damage a not do well, but he harvested 250 bushowns 300 acres of land. That's suffi- saying nothing of the annoyance. As cient ground for an attachment, isn't in offset, the rat catchers of the world it?-Illustrated Bits.

At last we have discovered the dif-ference. The clothes of a stylish man are shaped to him, while a stylish woman is shaped to her clothes.

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The clothes of a stylish man are shaped to him, while a stylish sat six bushels of corn per year.

The clothes of a stylish man are shaped to her clothes. Smith, Miss Jones." After Miss Mary woman is shaped to her clothes.

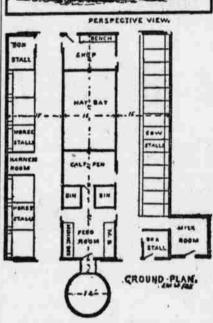


stalls

Barn for Mixed Farming.

The farmer who can so adjust his work that he may dispense with the help of one man is lucky indeed, but many a farmer has done so by simply changing his system of feeding and caring for the stock; also by so disstead of hauling many tons of it to This allows the farmer to restore to

The barn plan shown herewith in and the perspective view, is so arranged that one man may feed and care for the stock in a short time. As



GOOD BARN PLAN. ment of the feed room and silo. The dows for light, a tight door by small spouts for drawing off the

The milk room being located as it is, the milk may be taken to it at once. In this room should be located the separator; also plenty of clean water; if possible running water should be provided. The shop is a very necessary room, and it will save many small repair bills. In it may be stored the nails, bolts, etc. In the horse barn the harness room is located in the center, which makes it handy to all parts of the same. The two box stalls provide room for both male animals as well as sick and ailing ones.

hay chute being provided for each two

The hay bay is supposed to be open clear to the roof. However, some farmers may wish to arrange this space different. The partition separating the cows from the center section is boarded or plastered up tight, except the calf pen, to separate the cows from any odors, dust or dirt from the other animals. The box stalls, however, in both the cow and horse barn are so constructed that the inmates may have a good view of the other ainmals. They like company, and will do better if they can see their neighbors.

The floors of the cow stable, the milk room, feed room and silo are of cement, the gutter being formed in the floor and having a four-inch drain at the rear leading to the manure pit. The stalls are made to fit both long and short cows. The first stall in front is four feet wide and five feet long. The rear stall is three feet six inches wide and four feet eight inches long. The stalls then slope from front to the rear, each stall being slightly shorter. Stalls are now constructed in so many different ways that it is hardly worth while to mention them, every cow man having his own views of the matter. However, It is wise to so build them that the stall may be easily cleaned and washed. This construction will comply with all sanitary requirements of inspectors. The floor of the horse stable may be of cement or clay.

The location, the local supply of materials, etc., will of course govern to a certain extent the material entering the construction of any building, and, in fact, all buildings. The barn not to be overlooked is the arrange- and thirty-eight feet to the peak; the silo is thirty-eight or forty feet high.

The barn should, of course, have a nent. On many farms it has boxes-one for the cows and one for for them; also an unsightly appearance the horses. There are two bins in the to the surroundings. In constructing feed room and two more may be locat- a barn of this sort it will not be necesed on the floor above and connected sary to do all the work before the same may be used, but a portion of it rectly over the mixing boxes. All hay your purse will allow it to be finished. is supposed to be fed from above, one | -Wallace's Farmer.

Feeding of Eggs.

Hens will not refuse to lay providare favorable for egg production. Of it is not necessary to build an expencourse, a hen cannot keep on laying all sive smokehouse, for almost as good the time, nor will some hens lay even for a majority of the time, but the farmer who provides the correct conditions of housing, feeding and general management will find that he will not be entirely without eggs at any time of but If she is comfortably housed and ment as to just which season she shall

Getting eggs is not entirely a matter condition, and be sure and feed a vafeeds, but there are others that may well be fed by way of variety and the meat and green stuff in some form should never be neglected. Give any sible, and briefly, only means comfort-

Destruction by Rats.

rats and mice are in some way a benefit to mankind. It is hard to see just how The statistician of the Agricul-First Young Lawyer-You seem to b tural Bureau at Washington computes Second Young Yawyer-Well, she year. That is the real money damage, els of fine apples from the orchard. sell about \$1,000,000 worth of skins per At last we have discovered the dif-

Small Temporary Smokehouse. If one butchers only once a year, says



SMALL BUT EFFECTIVE SMOKEHOUSE.

results can be obtained from a device such as the one shown herewith. It is made by taking both ends out of a barrel and mounting it upon a box or above a fireplace in the ground. The meat to be smoked is hung from the sticks laid across the top of the barrel, the fire built underneath and the lid put on.

To Increase Fruit Yield.

One orchardist is said to have increased the yield of his orchard from fifteen to 250 bushels in the following manner: He reduced the tops of the trees one-fourth; then in the fall he plowed between the trees. After manuring well he planted corn, beans and pumpkins, and harvested a nice crop of each. The next spring he repeated There are those who declare that the same form of cultivation, and that nothing is created in vain, and that year, in addition to the good crops of corn, beans and pumpkins, harvested seventy bushels of good apples. The next spring he manured for the third time and planted potatoes, which did

> Champion Butter Cow Dead. Pedro's Estalla, champion butter cowof the world, with a record of 712