St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1891. VOL. XVI.—NO. 6.

THE BROOK BENEATH THE SNOW

'Way down in dad's ol' medder, where the pussy willers grow,
I used to go an' lissen to the brook beneath the snow;
Above I heerd the roarin' win' an' saw the snow-gust whirl;
But the brook beneath the snow an' ice danced singin', like a girl.

I'd put my ear down to the ice, I didn' min' the col',
An' w'en I heerd its music there wuz summer in my soul!
An' w'en dad licked me, an' my heart 'ud bile and overflow,
I would go an' hear the music of the brook beneath the snow.

An' then my sobs 'ud change to shouts, an sorrer change to glee,
For it strewed along its music from the mountain to the sea;
An' I'd stretch my ear to hear it, an' my heart 'ud swell an' glow,
W'en I lissened to the music of the brook beneath the snow.

Since then the wintry blasts of life have blown me here an' there,
An' snow-storms they have blocked my way an' hedged me everywhere;
But sheltered from the harrycane, within the valley low,
I lissen for the music of the brook beneath the snow.

For I know beneath the snow an' ice that there is golden sand,
By that glorious streak uv melody that wiggles through the land;
The storm beats hard; the wind is high; I can not hear it blow,
For I lissen to the music of the brook beneath the snow.

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

THE GHOSTLY ROBBER.

The Scheme Devised to Steal from an Express Car.

FOR SOME time a systematic robbery had been going on. Money was taken in large amounts from the express car on train No. 6, the "Blue Grass Clipper," a night express running between Cincinnati and Winchester on the K. C. road. It seems that the valise of the express messenger and several bags of coins of small denomination were spirited away in some manner between Covington and Falmouth, Ky. The Adams Express Company had begun to suspect the messenger, although he was an old one on the run and had heretofore been implicitly trusted. One night as No. 6 was plunging along, guided by the hand of Cass Guysidy, the veteran engineer of the road, between the big tunnel and Culbertson station, the fireman, Edward Piatt, leaped from his seat and grabbed the whistle cord, at the same time crying:

"For God's sake, Cass, shut her off!" This the faithful engineer did, and so quickly that the passengers, reclining quietly in their berths in the rear cars, were rudely awakened by the shock.

"What's the matter, Ed?" cried the engineer as soon as he could make himself heard. Then not receiving an answer, he turned to look at his companion, and to his surprise saw the fireman, pale as death, stretched at full length upon the floor of the cab. He jumped from his seat and dashed some cold water on the face of his companion. By this time the conductor and several of the passengers came up and wanted to know the cause of the sudden stoppage.

"I saw a figure on the track," said Ed, trembling, "and if it was not a ghost or some other kind of spirit, I'm not standing here. And I yelled to Cass to shut her off, and I'll be darned if that figure didn't fade away. Oh! you can smile if you want, Mr. Carth, but I mean it."

"Pull ahead, Cass," said the conductor, "we have lost three minutes now, and will have to make them up, and as for you, Piatt, if you go to napping any more on duty I'll report you."

"All aboard," he shouted and climbed back to the next coach.

The trip of No. 6 was made without further incident than the accustomed robbery of the express car, and when the fireman and engineer had left their engine in the yards, Ed Piatt said:

"I'll tell you what, Cass, I'm going to get a week off and investigate that ghost matter, for I've been thinking about it, and have come to the conclusion that it concerns the express car robberies which generally occur in that neighborhood. Will you lay off with me?"

"Yes! For I think just about the same, and then you know it will be a

"IT'S A MAN AND NOT A GHOST WE HAVE TO DEAL WITH."

feather in our caps if we succeed," said Cass.

So they went together to the superintendent and got a week's leave of absence and an order for the local freight engineer to slow up and let them off at Grant's Bend.

About half-past nine o'clock they took their station in the shadows alongside the road, within one hundred yards of where the specter was seen.

A down train and two up trains, one a freight and the other two passenger accommodation trains passed them, but nothing strange occurred. They waited patiently until eleven o'clock, never conversing except in whispers, when the deep whistle of No. 6, managed by Jack Shephard, was heard. The rumbling of the "Blue Grass Clipper" could be heard a long distance on such a night as this, and the two watchers concluded that she was just leaving Milldale, a suburb of Covington.

"The next blow will be for Culbertson," whispered Cass, "and then look sharp, for if any thing is going to occur that will be the time."

The only answer he received was a nod from his companion, who was gazing intently toward the track, where Cass now discovered a body clad in a white flowing robe, gradually rising from between the tracks, alongside of a cow gap which was spanned by the tracks.

Nervously his companion clutched his arm. And then the figure was seen to stumble, and a muttered curse reached the ears of the eager watchers.

"There's one thing I'm thankful for," whispered Ed Piatt, "it's a man and not a ghost we have to deal with."

The figure in white took its position alongside the track, and looked nervously around, as if fearing discovery.

By this time the clatter of the engine was close at hand, and the headlight shone forth into the gloom, casting its rays on all the objects around, but not disclosing the hiding place of Cass and his companion.

In the door of the express car stood the faithful messenger, his valise in hand; this he tossed to the figure in white as the train rushed along.

"Now's our chance," said the engineer to his companion, and creeping silently from the shadows, drawing their revolvers as they went, they stole on the unsuspecting robber.

When they had crept within a few paces of him, Cass cried out:

"Throw up your hands or you're a dead man."

Instinctively the fellow obeyed, and, dropping the valise, he threw up his hands.

"Pick up that valise, Ed, and light the lantern till we get a look at this fellow."

"There, that's right; give me thet light and jerk off that sheet."

"My God!" Ed exclaimed, as he drew off the white cloth, "if that ain't old Jack Hayward."

And sure enough, so it was Jack Hayward, a messenger who had been discharged from the service for dishonesty.

"IF THAT AIN'T OLD JACK HAYWARD!"

"Well, now, fellers," said he, "since it's Jack Hayward you ain't going to give me up, are you?"

"Well, now, feller," said Cass, imitating the droll manner of Hayward, "do you think we laid out there in the damp to catch you and catch cold, without having some idea of turning you over to the authorities?"

"I'll watch him, Ed, while you go above and flag the 'local,' and if we don't land him in Covington safe and sound, right side up with care and labeled, my name ain't Cass Guysidy."

Ed flagged the "local" and they took their prisoner aboard amidst the congratulations and queries of the trainmen. Their prisoner was landed safely in Covington, and after due trial was sentenced to fifteen years at hard labor in the penitentiary.

The faithful messenger was arrested the next day upon his arrival, and when confronted with the charge broke down and begged piteously for mercy. He confessed the whole crime and disclosed the hiding place of the rest of the money, which was found intact in a cave beneath the track at the cow gap. The ghost racket, he said, was worked to keep inquisitive prowlers away after dark, so that Hayward could have a clear field for operations.

Edward Piatt and Cass Guysidy were the heroes of the hour, and received the reward offered by the express and railway companies for the apprehension of the robbers. They received a promotion, and are now running a through train on the K. C., and owe their success to their bravery in capturing the ghostly robber.—Chicago Journal.

The Technique of Reproduction.

Prof. Arthur Dodel, of the University of Zurich, says that he has observed of his students in botanic microscopy that the average of those from America draw better than those from Europe of the same age who compete with them. To this he would add the circumstance that in America, during the last two years, the technique of reproduction has made more progress than in any other part of the world. For the cause of this excellence, Prof. Dodel refers to the method of the instruction in drawing in the primary and intermediate schools. "It will not be surprising," he adds, "if this vigilant nation [the United States] finally surpasses us, and also puts us in the shade in the field of artistic painting and sculpture. This I call an enjoyable danger, and greet it in advance in the interest of the general welfare of humanity."—N. Y. Ledger.

Lucky Fellow.

"How is your suit prospering with Miss Jiltem?"

"I fear it is all over. I asked her the important question last evening, and you should see the look of blank astonishment she gave me."

"I congratulate you, old boy. Marriage is a lottery, you know, and it is better to draw a blank before than after paying for your ticket."—Boston Transcript.

HOW BROOMS ARE MADE.

The Process Described, from the Corn-Stalk to the Market.

Doubtless you have noticed the tassel on an ordinary corn stalk. What the tassel is to the edible corn is found in the wisp that grows from the top of the broom corn, which bears no ears at all. There are two kinds of broom corn, roughly speaking—the coarse sort for ordinary sweeping and the fine dwarf sort for "parlor brooms" and whisks. The fine stuff is plucked by hand, while the coarse variety is cut with the knife. To begin with, the wisp tassels cut from the corn tops must be assorted as to length. This process is performed by an expert who takes the wisps from the bale and distributes them among a series of compartments. The broom wisps thus assorted go into the hands of a man who holds the broomstick in a revolving vise with its end projecting—the end, that is to say, which is to be the broom. This operator first passes a fine wire through the hole in the end of the broomstick, and by the aid of a treadle makes the length of wood revolve until it has taken up three or four bindings of the wire from a great coil below. Then he grasps a number of wisps of long-stemmed broom corn, to serve for what is known technically as "handle stuff," fastening them to the stick high up with windings of the wire. All the time the wire is wrapping the straw upon the stick it is made to bind more tightly by blows from a hammer. Next is bound around the embryo broom what is called the "shoulder stuff," with shorter stems, which, as was the case with the handle stuff, is trimmed off close above the wire binding with a sharp knife. Stalks yet shorter, from which the stems have been cut off entirely, are finally wound upon the outside with more wire, and the whole business is clinched and fastened where the broom meets the stick with a strong belt of tinned brass, its corrugated edge bound down with the wire so that the straw is made as much a part of the broom handle as if it grew upon it. Now the broom goes to the sewer, who passes flaxen twine around its middle, and pierces the substance of the broom through and through with a needle provided with similar flaxen cord, so as to bind the straw together closely. Now it only remains to chop the straw ends of the brooms off even with a sort of cleaver knife, and to comb the seeds out of them with a revolving machine armed with teeth, in order to make them ready for market. Broom corn that is slightly green is much better for the purpose than the ripe material, because the latter is brittle, and, on this account, to deceive purchasers, it used to be the custom for manufacturers to tint their material green with the fumes of brimstone. At present the same effect is more cheaply obtained by soaking the stuff in a colored mixture. —Philadelphia Record.

NEW EYE DISEASE.

It Is a Form of Diphtheria and Has Been Imported from Germany.

A disease known as diphtheria of the eye has lately shown itself in the vicinity of Boston. As yet it has not gained much headway, but eye specialists are on the lookout for such cases, in the hope that its progress may be effectually checked.

In conversation with a leading eye physician of this city a day or two since it was found that the disease up to the present time has been a very rare one, but a very few cases being known to him in the past eight or nine years in this part of the country. Those, however, have in nearly every instance resulted in the loss of the member affected, and often in the loss of the entire sight.

The disease, which is considered a very serious one, is peculiar to Germany in the vicinity of Berlin, where many people have suffered from its effects. In nature it is precisely the same as throat diphtheria, and may be caused by coming in contact with that disease, if the person's eyes have been at all sore or inflamed from any cause.

At the present time there is one case under treatment at the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, on Charles street, this city, the patient being a little girl; but, as it is a comparatively new case, hopes are entertained that it may not result seriously, and that her present impaired sight may be restored.

The most difficult trouble encountered in the treatment of this disease by the specialist is to keep the unaffected member tightly bound and hooded, that it may not draw the inflammation from the diseased eye to itself, for, if this should happen, there would be scarcely any hope of the patient recovering.

As yet there is no cause for extreme alarm, as most cautionary measures are being taken to reach those cases before they shall be imparted to others.—Boston Herald.

Butter Made from Cocoanuts.

They are now making good butter from cocoanuts. The industry was established in Germany five years ago, and is making considerable progress. According to the London Times factories are about to be started at Paris and Amsterdam. The butter costs a York shilling per pound. It contains 60 to 70 per cent. of fat, and 23 to 25 of organic matter, of which 9 to 10 per cent. is albumen. It is of a clear whitish color, and hardens at 66 degrees of Fahrenheit. It is suitable for cooking, and is not disagreeable to taste or smell. At present it is chiefly used in hospitals and state institutions, but is rapidly finding its way into the homes of the poor, who are taking to it instead of oleomargarines. It is said to be free from acids and other disturbing elements found in butter, and thus to be easier of digestion. One authority says: "There are those who do not hesitate to declare this new substitute is healthier and infinitely preferable to the too often bad butter bought in the markets, and not to be named in the same breath with the oleomargarines made too often from the diseased fat of horses and sheep flesh."

—The Catskills are presenting a brilliant appearance, as the sun shines upon their white, wintry mantle.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Egg stains can be removed by rubbing them with common table salt.

—Tar can easily be removed from clothing by immediately rubbing it well with clean lard and then washing out with warm water and soap.

—An excelent way of testing tea is to put a teaspoonful in a glass of water and shake it thoroughly. If the tea is pure the water will be a pure amber tint, but if adulterated strongly colored.

—Mashed Sweet Potatoes: Either bake or steam nice sweet potatoes, and when tender, peel, mash them well, and season with cream and salt to taste. They may be served at once, or be made into patties and browned in the oven.

—Ambrosia: Two sliced oranges, six sliced peaches, one lemon peeled and chopped fine, two bananas sliced. Sprinkle two cups of sugar between the layers. Put the beaten whites of four eggs with one-half cupful of sugar on top. Serve in a glass dish. Or, use oranges, cocoanut and bananas, for the fruit, with less sugar.—Good Housekeeping.

—Crullers: One cupful of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, rubbed well into the flour, two eggs beaten into the sugar and butter, one cup of milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed with a cupful of flour. Add a little salt, unless the butter is very salt. Flavor with one and a-half teaspoonfuls of lemon extract. Mix very soft.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Turnips with Cream Sauce: Wash and pare the turnips, cut them into half-inch dice, and cook in boiling water until tender. Meanwhile, prepare a cream sauce by heating a pint of thin cream to boiling, and thickening with a teaspoonful of flour rubbed smooth in a little cold milk or cream. Drain the turnips, turn the cream sauce over, let them boil up once, then serve.

—Buckwheat Cakes: Two quarts water, one cup buttermilk, half teaspoonful soda; stir warm water, buttermilk and good buckwheat flour together, and let stand over night; in the morning add one cup hot water and soda; have a hot griddle and you will be sure to have good cakes. Save a little of the batter and add more buttermilk—about one or one and a half cupfuls—and you need not start new batter oftener than once in two weeks.

—Ivory handles of knives that have become discolored may have the whiteness restored to them if the following directions are carefully followed: Wash them with a soaped flannel and lukewarm water, then wipe very dry. Let the handles soak for one hour in alum-water that has been boiled and allowed to cool, then remove them and brush well with a nail-brush. After this take a linen-towel or napkin, dip it in cold water, wring it and wrap around the handles, leaving them in it to dry gradually. If dried too quickly the handles will be injured.

—Chestnut Pudding: Throw into boiling water a good pound and a half of chestnuts, and let them boil soft enough to peel; skin and pound fine in a mortar; boil a half pint of milk, and drop into it a teaspoonful of vanilla extract, then let it cool; meanwhile cream a quarter of a pound of butter, and then add to it a quarter of a pound of sugar and the yelks of six eggs; stir these well with the cooled milk, then mix in the pounded chestnuts, and lastly the whites of the six eggs whipped to a snow. Boil in a buttered mold an hour and a half, and serve it with snow-flake sauce. Instead of vanilla for flavoring, that of bitter almonds may be substituted.—Harper's Bazar.

WINTER COSTUMES.

Many of Them Include the Gown, Hat Wrap and Muff.

With the long cloaks and pelisses worn in midwinter, the costume proper is in danger of being overshadowed; so this season Parisian designers have "created" a variety of long wraps, which while protecting one perfectly from the cold, still permit the display of much of the beauty of the rich and elegant costumes with which they are worn.

Some elegant imported costumes include the gown, hat, wrap and muff, so that the purchaser may feel sure of all her "outward expression" harmonizing. Cloth embroidered robes and cloth dresses trimmed with fur or Astrakhan cloth take the lead for street wear, and a great many handsome designs in brocades, and plaid goods embroidered with gold designs, are made up in combination with velvet for carriage costumes and the promenade.

A handsome walking-dress is deep blue camel's-hair serge made with a "sheath" skirt, and trimmed at the foot with a cross-barring of inch-wide bands of black Astrakhan fur; and with this is worn, not a wrap, but a jacket with "reefer" fronts, and sleeves of the Astrakhan. Another stylish wool gown is of soft thick camel's-hair woolen, in natural gray striped with blue, and made up in combination with blue velvet. The skirt is open to the waist at the left side, showing the blue velvet underskirt, and at each side of the slashed overskirt is a narrow pattern of velvet figures laid on with braid, as if embossed. The waist of the dress, which is joined to the skirt in princess style, is finished with a band of the same style of garniture crossing it diagonally. With such a costume can be worn one of the fur shoulder-capes or jackets, or such a wrap as the following: A long wrap of blue plush, finished with a band of Russian sable and a flat boa of the same fur, besides embroidery of gold braidings on the waist portion.—Demorest's Magazine.

—A hunter in Wesley, Washington County, says the Portland (Me.) Press, saw a deer dancing around in a clearing in the strangest fashion. The animal was jumping up and down in one place, and manifesting the greatest interest in its performance. The hunter was so amazed that he forgot to shoot. At last the deer saw the hunter, and bounded away. The hunter, going to the spot, found a large blacksnake completely trodden into the ground.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Charlotte Robinson, of London, is the only woman in the world who is permitted to write "Art Decorator to Her Majesty" on her card or shop door.

—Miss Grace King, the popular Louisiana novelist, is a young lady of twenty-seven, with brown hair and eyes, a stately figure, and attractive but rather striking features.

—Mr. Gladstone has a terrier which is greatly attached to him. It lies close by him when he makes a speech at or near Hawarden and often attends church with him.

—An organization modeled after the American Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has been organized in Great Britain, under the name of the National Home Reading Union.

—That letter sent from France which recently reached the New Haven post-office addressed "M. Twain, Funsville, Conn.," has finally been delivered to the gentleman known in private life as Samuel L. Clemens.

—Alphonse Karr, the French author, declared not long before his final illness that he rested his hope of immortality, not upon his many books, but on some of his bon-mots, one, the immortal answer to the advocates of the abolition of capital punishment: "Let messieurs the assassins begin."

—A functionary in the Russian army who has come into considerable prominence lately is a Jew named Baronok, whose duty it is to spy upon corrupt officers and ferret out their stealings. He is known as a very intelligent, honorable and impartial man. Lately he convicted General Tomanowsky, a favorite of the Czar.

—Rudyard Kipling came by his unconventional Christian name in a rather romantic way. The future parents of the brilliant novelist plighted their troth on the shores of the well-known English Lake Rudyard, and commemorated the occurrence later in life by the novel method of christening their son with the name of the place.

—When the young Lord Dufferin reached his majority his mother, Helen, countess of Gifford and granddaughter of Sheridan, presented him with a silver lamp and poem. He built a tower as a shrine for the lamp, and had the poem engraved on a gold tablet. Lord Tennyson, touched by the local deed, was moved to write a poem, which was also engraved on a gold tablet.

—A London weekly says that Annie Besant is the most eloquent woman in all England. She is not young nor pretty; she hasn't any taste, any money, or any reputation, but she is better than the whole London police force or the House of Lords when there is a mob to be controled. Her face is red, her hair is short and gray, her eyes are sad and sunken, the grace of her figure has disappeared, and she is a lonely, disappointed, discontented old-young woman, but as fierce a Socialist as our own John Most.

—Mr. Bancroft, who had hoped to finish his history this winter, said to a friend a few days ago: "I have laid my work upon the shelf and can now only wait for the future summons. Literary effort has passed beyond my powers. I can do no more; so I must accept the common lot of humanity. I enjoy taking a retrospective view of the events of the long past, but, dimmed with the infirmities of age, the scene is without the sharp lines of detail which younger faculties of mind bring out in interesting relief."

HUMOROUS.

—"It was a magnificent mine, but they ruined it." "How?" "The poor idiots took all the gold out of it!"—Harper's Bazar.

—"You told me that De Mascus was a go-as-you-please sort of a man, didn't you, Clara?" "Yes, Maud." "Well, he called last night and he didn't go as I pleased, at all. I thought he wanted to stay to breakfast."—St. Joseph News.

—Harsh Punishment.—Mr. Scrubbs (indignantly)—"Sir, I have just discovered that your son has engaged himself to two of my daughters." Mr. Grubbs (stupefied)"—The young rascal! He should be compeled to marry them both."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Hungry for Green Food.—
"Where are you going my pretty maid?"
"To milk old brindle, sir," she said.
"May I go too, my pretty maid?"
"The cow might eat you, sir," she said.
—N. Y. Sun.

—"Only think," said Maud, "they used to say that the drama was going to the dogs. Now the puppies seem to be going to the drama," and she swept with her eyes the rows of seats filled with turbulent humanity.—Boston Transcript.

—"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Wordington, "but did I understand you to refer to the lady who has just passed as a stunner?" "Yes, sir; I said it deliberately, and, I think, judiciously. You must consider the fact that I was struck by her appearance."—Washington Post.

—The Force of Example.—Little Elsie (stamping and dancing about the room in a rage)—"I wish I was my papa! I wish I was my papa!" Aunt Ida—"What is the trouble, Elsie?" Elsie—"Towzer's chewed my dolly's eyes into the back of her head, and I'm just cram full of little swears and mamma won't let me say 'em!"—Kate Field's Washington.

—Teacher (in Chinese Mission)—"I wonder how many of you know the meaning of mercy. (All hands up) Very good. Now you, Chang, may give us an illustration of its meaning." Chang—"Melican lady give Chinee boy glishes to wash. One plate fall on floor; him biake in thousand fifteen pieces. Melican lady cly loud: 'Oh, mercy!'"—Exchange.

—Stranger (on car, to Cadley)—"Have you the time?" Cadley—"It's twenty minutes past three." (Five minutes elapse.) Stranger—"Will you please give me the time?" Cadley—"Three-twenty-five, sir." (Ten minutes elapse.) Stranger—"Can you give me the time again, sir?" Cadley (indignant)—"No, sir, I can't. I've given you all I had. You'd better apply to some man who has eternity on his hands."—Harper's Bazar.

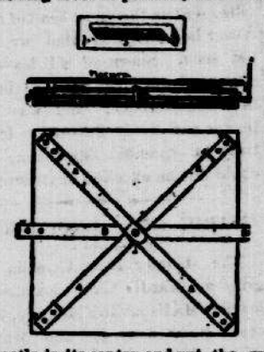
FARM AND GARDEN.

HOME-MADE HAY SCALE.

One That Can Be Put Up at a Cost of Ten Dollars or So.

Many farmers want a hay scale, but are not able to buy one. The cut and description following will allow a man of fair mechanical ability to build a two-ton scale for himself for $10 not including odd lumber found about the farm. Of course a pit must be dug and a foundation under each corner firmly laid, so that it will not be heaved by frost. Upon the foundation posts a bearing plate must be secured. For levers shown at A A A A, use four pieces of oak 6x6 inches. Each must be long enough to reach from the corner to the center. To each of these secure two bearings like Fig. 1. The bearings must be 6 inches wide and the bearing at the corner end of the lever must be just even with its lower surface. The second point must be on the upper side, just one-fifth the distance toward the center. Upon this point place the platform at each corner. To the center ends of the levers secure iron plates five-sixteenths of an inch thick and have them project beyond the ends of the levers just far enough to attach to the center pin or bolt. Each lever plate must have a hole of different size from the others and be attached to a center bolt. This must be turned in different sizes to hold the plates evenly apart, and allow the levers free play.

One long lever, marked D, must extend at right angles across the bottom of the pit, being sustained at one end by a bearing, like Fig. 1, and supported at the other end by a rod which passes up to the scale beam. Having placed this long lever in position, bore a hole



exactly in its center and put the graduated bolt through it. Next lay the short lever with the plate containing the largest hole and continue to adjust the other levers until the lever with the plate containing the smallest hole is on the top. Then put on the nut, but do not secure it so firmly as to interfere with the free working of each separate lever. The rod attached at E to the long lever must reach to the scale beam or steel-yard hook. After making the platform, spike blocks on its lower side with bearing plates to lie upon the bearings which turn up on the levers. The scale beam you could also make if you are mechanic enough, but the steel-yards, which will weigh four to five hundred-weight can usually be bought to better advantage. Secure this in the beam box in a permanent manner and hook on the rod from the lever D. Attach weight, enough to the end of the scale beam to balance the platform and levers, and you are ready for business. If the measurements have all been correctly made every pound on the scale beam will count for ten pounds, and an object will weigh the same on all parts of the platform. But the maker will have to measure closer than "a carpenter's hair." Corrections are easily made, however, and no farmer should think of doing without a good scale, even if he has to make it.—C. T. Sweet, in Farm and Home.

FRESH POULTRY CHIPS.

ROUP is generally caused by dampness or a draft of air blowing in on the fowls. Keep them from both this winter.

DO CHICKENS pay? Yes, as all know who have given them a fair trial; but, like any other business, they pay only in proportion to the attention given them.

FOWLS must have stimulating food in cold weather if they are expected to lay well. Cabbage, onions and clover hay, if the clover is cut fine and steamed, will, if fed to hens, add to the number of eggs laid.

HERE is what we have found to be a good breakfast for forty fowls: Boil a heaping peck of potatoes, mash them, add one-quarter each of shorts and bran, a tablespoonful each of salt and pepper; add hot water enough to mix into a stiff dough.

POULTRY droppings make the best manure for the garden. If you have not already built a tight bin for their preservation you should do so at once. Their droppings when properly saved will be worth at least one-third as much as it costs to keep them.

FEED liberally this winter. Liberal feeding secures liberal profits. Scantily fed poultry pay scanty profits, if any. Neglect to furnish enough means the loss of what you do give them. Either feed your fowls well or give them to some one that will do so. Give them proper care or kill them at once. The sooner the better.

EVERY poultry house should have a feed box. It saves food, and it is a very poor plan to throw the food, and especially soft food, on the floor in the dirt or even in the shallow dishes used by many. The latter are liable to be upset and their contents trampled under foot and wasted. Besides it does not exhibit the true spirit of the fancier.

ALTHOUGH many persons think that corn is our best food for poultry, they are far from being correct, unless the object is to fatten for the market, then it is our best food. But if our aim is to secure eggs, then a breakfast of bran and meal cooked and seasoned to taste; at noon scatter oats and wheat in the litter upon the floor, and at night give in winter a full feed of corn. An exclusive corn diet causes the hens to lay on too much fat, and as a consequence they cease to lay.—Fanciers' Journal.

SHEEP FOR MUTTON.

What Actual Profit There Is in Producing the Most.

Prof. Wood, of the Ontario Experiment Farm, made a series of experiments some time since to find out how cheaply mutton could be produced, and what actual profit there was in producing it. He experimented with all the pure breeds; but to bring it down to the practical farmer of Canada, he took the common sheep of the country and gave these one cross with some pure-bred animals, feeding them until they were a year old, pasturing them and selling the carcass. He did this for five years and then balanced accounts, and the following is a summary:

The half-blood Southdown cost $6 for its keep, and this included all the items, the shepherd's care, the use of the mother, over and above what her fleece brought in for the year previous. Every item was reckoned in, so that this $6 is the actual cost of keeping that sheep until he was sold, which was at a little over a year old. It sheared 6 pounds of wool, bringing $2.40. Its carcass weighed 147 pounds, live weight, and it sold at 6½ cents per pound, bringing $10.20, and giving a total profit of $6.60.

The half-blood Shropshire cost $7 to keep, sheared 9 pounds of wool which sold at 38 cents a pound, bringing $3.42. It weighed 165 pounds, live weight, which sold at 6 cents a pound, making a net profit of $6.32.

The half-blood Oxford cost $7.40, sheared 8 pounds of wool, which sold at 35 cents per pound, bringing $2.80; weighed 177 pounds, which sold at 6 cents per pound, bringing $10.62, a net profit of $6.02.

The half-blood Merino sheep cost $5.50, sheared 7 pounds of wool, which sold at 42 cents per pound, bringing $2.94; weighed 145 pounds, which sold at 5 cents a pound, bringing $7.25, giving a net profit of $4.69.

The half-blood Leicestershire cost $8.10, sheared 8 pounds of wool, which sold at 28 cents, bringing $2.24; weighed 198 pounds, which sold at 5 cents per pound, bringing $9.90, or a net profit of $4.04.

The common grade, the native which was tried side by side with these, cost $5 to keep; it sheared 5 pounds of wool, which sold at 25 cents per pound, bringing $1.25; weighed 150 pounds, which sold at 3 cents per pound, bringing $7.50, a net profit of $3.75.

The half-blood Cotswold cost $8.31, sheared 9 pounds of wool, which sold for 28 cents per pound, bringing $2.52; it weighed 199 pounds, which was sold at 5 cents per pound, bringing $9.95, giving a net profit of $3.16.

HOUSE FOR PIGEONS.

How to Raise the Birds with Profit on the Farm.

In Fig. 1 we have an elevation of a building 25 feet long and 15 feet wide. The arrangement of the ground floor is shown in Fig. 3, and the second floor in Fig. 2. Height of building, 16 feet, giving 9 feet for each floor. Outside, on one end of the building, second story, there is a platform aviary or fly (not shown in the cut), where the birds may sun themselves without being at liberty, should this be desired. In Fig. 2 A is the coop for young birds and un-

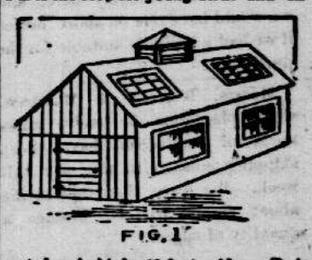


FIG. 1

mated male birds, 13 feet wide. B is the coop for unmated female birds, 13 feet wide; C is the store-room for grain, with stairs on the opposite side. Fig. 3 is the main breeding loft, and nests, N, around one side and one end; D is the drinking fountain; F, the feeding room; W, a wire partition; S, stair landing.

Pigeons begin to build their nests within a week after mating. Hay or straw cut into pieces about 12 inches long is the most convenient form to provide material. Pigeons can not always make as safely constructed nests as desired. The fancier then must take a handful of material and shape a nest within a box or earthen bowl, and in a few days they will take possession. It takes from 17 to 19 days to hatch their young. It is a good plan to feed wheat, cracked corn and bread crumbs during

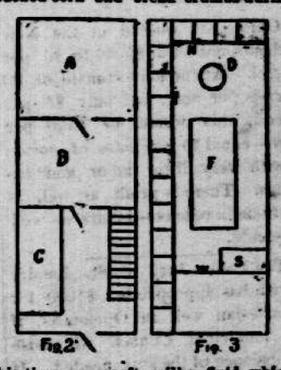


Fig. 2 Fig. 3

this time, as a soft, milky fluid which the pigeon feeds its young is more easily formed within their coops and of necessity fed as soon afterward as the young birds will take it. After being fed a few days the young grow rapidly, becoming as fat as pigs. In 8 days the pinfeathers begin to show and in three weeks the young one is completely covered with small feathers. After they are four weeks old they can be allowed outside the nest box on the floor of the main loft, where they will see and soon learn to pick up the grain thrown to the other birds. As soon as you notice they can eat (within a week's time) turn them into the young birds' loft below, on the first floor. This avoids crowding in the breeding-room and the old birds will then start hatching a second set of eggs.—J. W. Caughey, in Ohio Farmer.