Historical Society

The Worthington Advance.

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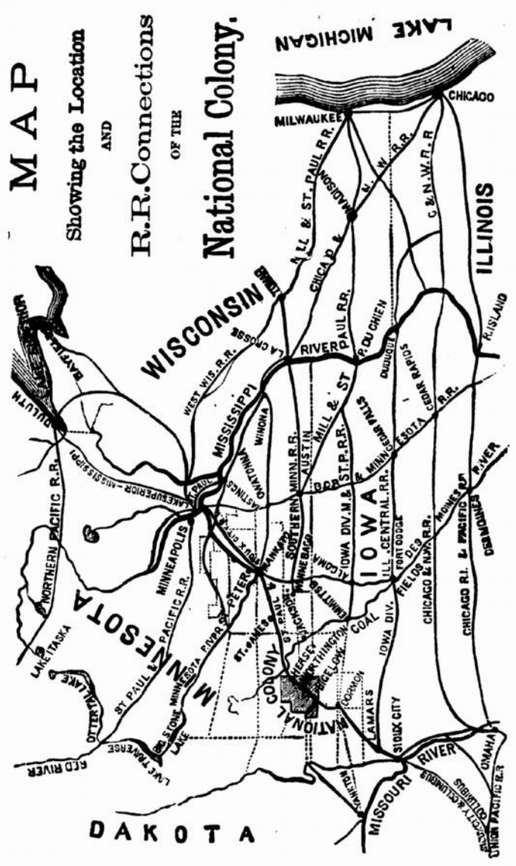
150,000 Acres of Land for Sale on Long Time and Small Payments, by the

NATIONAL COLONY



The National Colony.

The national colony is located in Southwestern Minnesota and Northwestern Iowa. It comprises twelve townships of land in Nobles county, Minnesota, and three and one half townships in Osceola county, Iowa, the land being undulating prairie, watered by streams and lakes, and having a soil of sandy loam from two to four feet in depth. There are twenty townships of land in Nobles county, and it is admitted on all hands that this county lies in the very heart of what is called the "CREAM OF THE PRAIRIES." Southwestern Minnesota, by general consent, long since took the name of the "GARDEN OF THE STATE."

Lakes.

There are some fifty lakes, great and small, in Nobles county. The principal ones are Lakes Okabena, Ocheeda, Indian Lake, and Graham Lakes. Within a radius of eight miles of Worthington there are over twenty-four miles of lake front.

Stock Growing.

The numerous lakes and the luxuriant grasses of this region adapt it to stock-growing in an eminent degree, and a number of settlers are arranging to engage in stock-growing, dairying and cheese-making The dry winters and fine climate are exceedingly favorable to the health of all kinds of stock. Beef cattle grown here can be delivered in Chicago for less money than by stock-growers living within twenty miles of that city. Two cheese factories now in operation in the county

Railroads.

Two railroads now in operation to Worthington. The Sioux City & St. Paul Railroad runs in a southwesterly direction across Nobles county, keeping the people in daily communication with both St. Paul, distant 177 miles, and Sioux City, distant 92 miles. The Worthington and Sioux Falls Railroad extends westward to La Verne and will soon be completed to Sioux Falls. Preparations are now making to extend the Southern Minnesota to Worthington within the next year. Another proposed road is a narrow-gauge coal road to the Iowa coal fields, which will, in due time, no doubt be built. Another road is projected from Sioux City to Worthington by way of the Rock River Valley. The Southern Minnesota Company contemplates building a branch northwest from Worthington to Pipestone county.

Towns and Villages.

There are three villages in the county, all of which are railroad stations, viz: Worthington, Bigelow and Hersey.

Worthington

Is the county seat, and is a thriving town, drawing trade from nine of the surrounding counties. It is situated on West Okabena Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, having a circumference of about six miles, and presenting upon its shores many elevated sites for residences. It furnishes sand, gravel, boulders, ice and water in abundance for the town, to say nothing of boating, fishing, gunning, etc. The business of the town is represented by over twenty stores, five hotels, several lumber yards, fuel yards, meat markets, livery stables, etc., and one large steam flouring mill and two weekly newspapers. The professions are represented by three physicians, two dentists, and four lawyers. There are five church organizations in the place, viz.: Union Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Disciples. The Congregationalists and Presbyterians both have neat church edifices, and the Methodists own the large building known as Methodist Block, containing Miller Hall, in which they hold services. The various societies are represented by a Masonic Lodge, a Good Templar Lodge, and a Post of the Grand Army.

Worthington has a good graded school, with three departments, on the Independent District plan. A fine School Building has been erected.

In culture and character, the people of Worthington are admitted to be far superior to those of frontier towns generally. The temperance feature of the Colony, which excludes the liquor traffic, has attracted the better class and excluded the more vicious class of settlers. We know of no place in the west where an investment in town lots will pay better

BIGELOW is a thriving village located some ten miles south-west of Worthington near the Iowa line. It is a railroad station and contains several stores, shops, warehouses, etc., and a cheese factory in successful operation.

HERSEY is another railroad station and village located about eight miles north-east of Worthington. It contains a postoffice, hardware store, lumber yard, hotel, etc, and is located in a beautiful and fertile region, and has a promising future before it.

Temperance and Education.

The National Colony is founded upon a temperance and educational basis. These features entered into the original plan of Dr. A P. Miller and Professor R. F. Humiston, the founders, and were among the chief inducements which brought to this locality the intelligent class of people, who have located here. No intoxicating beverages are sold in the county. The town charter of Worthington prohibits the liquor traffic. The educational interests of the town and county are in the hands of advanced men, who appreciate the importance of superior educational facilities and who will have them whatever they may cost. A few years hence will witness the establishment of the Worthington Seminary upon a permanent basis. There are now about fifty school districts organized in the county.

Climate.

The climate of Southwestern Minnesota is probably its chief attraction. The atmosphere is dry and is almost a specific for all pulmonary and bronchial affections. Consumption and ague are unknown here, and the exhilerating air gives energy to constitutions which would succumb in a more humid climate. The abounding good health and energy of the people are a source of constant remark and congratulation.

Advantages.

The advantages of this region are briefly summarized as follows: Fertile soil, convenient markets, and healthful climate; superior mail, railroad, school, church and other privileges; and no ague, no consumption, no liquor traffic, no desperadoes, no Indians.

The National Colony is a community founded, like any other community, upon legitimate and recognized business and social principles, without any communism or any peculiar feature other than the exclusion of the liquor traffic.

In addition to the advantages above named, every settler upon these lands has all the benefits arising from the location here of the NATIONAL COLONY and of the constant active and efficient work of that organization, of which Miller, Humiston & Co. are the proprietors and managers.

Settlers upon these lands will be transported from Chicago, and intermediate stations, at greatly reduced rates

Descriptive Pamphlets, containing full information in regard to the Colony lands, will be sent free to any one applying personally or by letter to

MILLER, HUMISTON & CO., Worthington, Minn,

ALLEN GIBSON, National Colony Agent, 106 Fifth Av., Chicago, Ill.

Or F. C. TAYLOR, 184 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

OUT OF THE SKY.

"Ho! birdie, come play!
Ho! birdie, do stay
Just one minute!
You've been to the sky,
Away up so high,
And know all that's in it;
You've pierced with your flight
Its wonderful light—
What makes it so blue?
Now tell me, oh do,
Little birdie!"

The bird stopped awhile
To rest on a stile,
With mosses upon it;
And ere very long,
He poured forth a song
As sweet as a sonnet.
But never a word
My waiting ear heard,
Why the sky was so blue,
Though he told all he knew—
Stupid birdie!

I went in to look
For the facts in a book,
All told to a letter;
Yet somehow it seemed—
Though may be I dreamed—
The bird told it better.
Oh, never a word
My willing ear heard,
Why the sky was so blue,
Yet he told me quite true—
Knowing birdie!

WITH A GHOST.

The situation is this: An unimaginative man of 30, whose days are spent in business; a new suburban villa; a bright, sunshiny country; neighbors all round one; and a new cemetery a hundred yards' distance from the house.

To this house and to this man the ghost came.

And in this wise:

It was in August. I was sitting after dinner, trying to get sentimental over my approaching marriage, and picturing to myself Eleanor in the easy chair opposite me. The light was fading, but as my eyes followed the lines mechanically, and my thoughts were elsewhere, that mattered little. Outside the house there was a stillness extraordinary—no stirring of the leaves; no breath in the air; no voices from my kitchen; no sounds from the houses on either side, which were locked up, their tenants being at the seaside; not even the distant bark of a dog or the distant roll of a carriage to show that there was another living person in the world beside myself. Then a curious feeling came over me; I suddenly realized that life may go on in invisible, intangible forms; I looked round me with a shudder; I expected something. The room became, without warning, distinctly darker; the air grew chill; I felt cold dews stand upon my forehead. Remember that up to this moment there was no reason at all—none whatever—for alarm. Yet I became unaccountably afraid. I turned to the window for relief, and there—there I saw it for the first time.

It was standing outside the window, a dark shadow, clearly outlined against the sky; colorless, and yet its draperies were like white grave-clothes; shapeless, and yet, somehow, human in appearance. And it had a face. Deep-sunken and lustrous eyes, bright with phosphoric splendor, showed me hollow cheeks, lips that trembled as if with passion, and a frowning forehead. When I turned he raised his hand and shook it at me beneath its linen folds, and when, with that singular movement remarked by all who have conversed and are familiar with ghosts,—a movement in which the shape neither glides nor walks, but change place,—the spectre stood within the room facing me. I am ashamed to say that I was frightened.

"So," he said, with an angry glance, "I have found you at last."

I made no reply. What was there to say?

"I have found you at last, have I? Now I have you, what shall I do to you?"

I could only look hopelessly. He pushed one arm outside the cerements which covered it—a long, lean arm, marked with tattoo representing a ship in full sail, surmounted by a skull and cross-bones. He shook his fist excitedly in my face. I noticed that the air was not stirred by his movements. It was odd, too, that I recovered my courage as soon as he began to thereaten.

His gestures became more threatening. He repeated twenty times running the question with which he first accosted me: "Now I have found you, what shall I do with you? It seemed, indeed, as if he could say nothing more.

"Come," I cried at last, "this is fooling. What do you mean by coming to my house like a madman? Leave off asking what you will do with me. If you are a ghost out of his senses, say so; if not, vary the monotony by saying something else. Can't you swear, man? Can't you relieve nature in the usual manner?"

He groaned and wrung his hands.

"I can't," he said. "It isn't allowed. I wish I could. What shall I do with you? What shall I do with you?"

"You have asked me that a hundred times already. Bah! you are a ghost. Ghosts can do nothing. I used to believe that they did not exist. Now I see that they do. But look here."

I took the poker from the fire-place and passed it through him. Then I cut him down like a guardsman at Waterloo. Then I sliced him in two like a soldier at an assault-of-arms. At each pass of the weapon he ducked, recoiled, and cried aloud.

"See, you cannot resist. I do what I like with you. What can you do in return?"

He raised his hand and struck at my face. It was as if a cold wind blew upon my cheek. I could not suppress a shudder. The cold shiver came across me. He saw it at once, and sprang at my throat. To my surprise, what was before as a breath of cold air became tangible. I felt his cold grasp with his long, bony fingers at my throat. His face, close to mine, was filled with an eager longing for revenge. His lurid eyes glared in mine, His teeth glistened in the twilight. It was but for a moment that I was afraid. Then I rallied my courage. sprang upright, and looked my spectral enemy in the face. As I looked the tangibility of his fingers weakened, the tightness of his grasp relaxed, and his looks changed from one of triumph to that of baffled rage. Then he fell back sullenly and threw himself into an easy-chair, glaring round the room.

"I never allow any one but myself," I said, "to occupy that chair. Please take another."

He changed chairs immediately.

"Will this do?"

It was one next to mine. I begged him to take one on the other side of the fire-place, which he did at once. Then I sat down and surveyed the situation.

I was alone, save an old woman, my temporary factotum, in the kitchen. The people in the houses round were now all away for their holidays. I had a ghost, presumably a lunatic of a dangerous kind, under my roof. It was impossible to get rid of him, unless he chose to go. You cannot push, kick, or throw a ghost out of a window or door; you cannot lock him in one room while you go to sleep in another; you cannot shut yourself up in your bedroom and defy him; above all, you never know what tricks he may be at. Thinking of these things, I became conscious of another access of terror—slighter this time. My guest, however, perceived it, and in a twinkling was on me again, with his skeleton fingers round my throat. I shook him off; that is, I regained my presence of mind, and he cowered back to his seat. where he sat, his head on his arm, and his long white clothing clinging to his limbs, a sight never to be forgotten.

"Pray tell me what it means," I said.

"It means that if you were afraid of me, I would throttle you like a dog. It means that I am sitting here waiting for the moment when you will realize who and what I am; the injuries you have done me, the wickedness of your life, the loneliness of your position, and your presence with another world. Ha! ha! I see it coming! Your nerves won't stand me another quarter of an hour and then I shall seize you by the windpipe, and squeeze, squeeze, the life-blood out of you!"

Presently he went on again:

"You will have to go to bed soon. You cannot sit up all night."

"How long can you stay here?"

"As long as I please. Ho! ho! ho! I can be with you, now I have found you, morning, noon, and night. When you are quietly in your bed, I shall be sitting by the bedside, waiting for a moment's weakness. When you are at your office in the city, I shall be at your elbow, waiting to find you off your guard. At dinner I shall be behind you. You will not escape me. Sooner or later you will be afraid. The time will come. I shall wait. I shall wait."

"Pray explain," I said blandly. "You will wait until I am afraid?"

"Precisely, We ghosts cannot hurt people who are not afraid of us. Our power is only over the cowardly and superstitious—that is, over nearly all mankind. Once a man has the pluck to stand up to us, we are powerless."

"My good friend," I replied, "let us enjoy each other's society with mutual confessions. I grant all this that you have said. It is very curious and interesting. Not, perhaps, quite so horrible as I might have expected, had I known you were coming, but still—by the way, you hail from the cemetery close by?"

"I do. Ah! villain and traitor! who put me there? I do; as I was taking an evening invisible stroll, I happened to look in at your window, and saw the man I had expected and most hoped to see. Ha! ha! I shall make it hot for that man. So I will, too," he added, weakly, after a pause.

I made no reply, but went on smoking as if he had been an ordinnry visitor.

"When I was in that country ship, trading between Rangoon and Calcutta—there, what's the use raking up the old story?"

"None," I replied. "None at all, unless you like."

"No use talking. What's the good of talk? Come to that, I might remind you what went on, you know, at Yokohama. Eh? What do you say to that?"

"I have nothing to say to that."

"Lord! Lord! some men will brazen out anything? And what about the Hong Kong business? Who promised what—tell me that—if some one walked the plank, and something was thingumbobbed—eh?"

Here was a very serious question. I only shook my head.

"Thingumbobbed," he repeated. "Scuttled, you villain! And the coolies sent to Kingdom-come? And after that to round upon a man! Why did I take to drink? Why did I go off at 36, with rum-and-water enough to float King Solomon's fleet? Why? why? why?

"Can't say, I'm sure. Shall we say good night?"

"If you are going to bed I will go with you. Man, now I have caught you, do you think I shall leave you?"

This was pleasant.

I shut the windows and went up stairs. He followed me. I undressed and got in bed. Once there I shut my eyes resolutely and tried to go to sleep. This was impossible. Every ten minutes or so I felt obliged to open them. He was always standing by the bedside, grave, stern, and resolute to do me a mischief, if he could,—if I grew afraid.

"You are still here?" I asked when the clock struck two.

"I shall stay here," he added, "so long as you stay here. I shall be with you day and night. You shall never cease to feel me with you. I will make sleep impossible, and I will trouble your business hours."

There was little sleep for me that night. When the day broke I dropped for half an hour into a heavy unconsciousness, awaking suddenly and with a horror upon me that at first I did not understand.

I rose and dressed. It followed my movements. I saw the spectre now only when it came into the sunlight. then it was dimly vissible, but only, I think to myself. I brakefasted and went into the city. It came with me. It sat beside me in the train; it followed me through the streets; it was with me in my office; it came after me up the steps of my club.

"The thing grew maddening. If I forgot it for a moment, I heard a whisper in my ear—"I am here." If I managed to fix my attention on the subject in hand, that accursed voice began to remind me that I was neither to sleep nor to work, not to have any peace for the rest of my natural life.

"What you have done, I shall do—and worse. I shall dog you—I shall make remorse and despair do for you what you did to her and to me. I will revenge myself—and her."

What had I done to him? How was I to get rid of this accursed lunatic ghost? By what spell and charm could I lay him forever in the Red Sea?

The full misery of the thing was yet to come.

The spectre, in the afternoon seemed to have left me. I even forgot its existence, and dined comfortably. At 8 I met my Eleanor, and persuaded her, not thinking what might happen, to look at some new furniture in what was going to be our joint house. She came. Nothing happened until we went into the garden. As I led her up and down the walk, her hand in mine, she suddenly stopped with a cry.

"Alfred, who has been walking along the sand"—there was an edging of red sand to the gravel—"with bare feet?"

I looked. There were footprints—great gaunt footprints—parallel with my own. I knew at once what was going to happen, and I trembled.

"Nothing, Nelly; nobody. Who should walk in bare feet except a carpenter? Let us go in."

"Alfred!" she cried, "see they are falling still, the footprints,—as we walk. Take me in, take me away!"

It was pleasant! The accursed ghost was setting his long feet beside mine, keeping step, so that every footfall of mine there was a new footprint of his. I bore my girl half fainting into the house.

"What was it, Alfred? What was it? I am afraid. And see—see! Oh! Alfred—Alfred!"

With a cry of freight she fell fainting into my arms. Between us and the window stood revealed that awful figure in its long white grave-clothes, pointing its long bony fingers at me, but saying no word.

I took Eleanor home. I implored her to keep silence as to what she had seen. I soothed and pacified her. I assured her that it was fancy—that it was a trick of imagination—that it was some schoolboy deviltry—anything to keep her quiet. And thus I left her, and returned, miserable and maddened, to battle with this demon who had fastened himself upon me.

He was sitting in my chair, with his abominable head, as usual, in his hand.

"I allow you to go away with the girl," he said, "because I do not wish to do her any harm. But she shall never marry you—remember that. Wretch!"—he rose from the chair and approached me with threatening gestures—"wretch! Was it not enough to interfere between me and her? You try to murder the happiness of another innocent girl! Can you ruthlessly——"

"Good heavens!" I cried, almost beside myself with rage. "What have I done to you, devil or lunatic, that you should persecute me in this way?"

"He asks me what he had done! Think of Madagascar, villain of the deepest dye. Think of San Fran, pirate and crimp. Think of Liverpool docks and Polly. Joe Kirby—Joe Kirby, you were always as brazen a liar as ever stepped, but I did not think you would brazen it out to me."

A thought struck me.

"You call me Joe Kirby. I am not Joe Kirby at all. I never heard of any Joe Kirby."

He laughed.

"If you are not Joe Kirby," he said, "I will eat my hat—I mean, of course——"

"Come. this is trifling. I say that you mistake me for some one else. What makes you think me Joe Kirby."

"Because you are."

"Nonsense. How long since you saw Joe Kirby?"

"Ten years."

"What was he like when you left him?"

"Much the same as you,—sanctimonious look, reddish hair, stumpy figure, fat cheeks, just like yourself."

"Had this devil of a Joe Kirby any marks?"

"Tattoo marks like mine, on the right arm. I did him—I mean Joe. He did me."

I drew up my shirt and showed him my arms, white and free from any tattoo mark at all.

He was stupefied.

"Well—I'm—no—I'm dashed. And you ain't Joe Kirby at all? Lord! Lord! what a fool you must have taken me for."

"I did."

"And me to go and let out all the little secrets. Mate, you hold your tongue about that Yokohama business."

"I never thought much of ghosts," I said. "Now I shall think still less of them."

"Go on," he said, "go on; let me have it."

"Why couldn't you ask before you came blundering into a house with your infernal long white sheet? Why couldn't you put the question before you began?"

"Why, indeed?" he echoed. "Look here, mate, I'm very sorry for this little mistake—I am, indeed. And frightening the young lady and all. What shall I do now to make things square again?"

"Do! What can you do but go right away?"

He began to disappear. I seemed to breathe more freely. Then the shape, which had almost disappeared, started into sight again with a suddenness which brought back the horror which first siezed me.

"One word sir," he said. "I'm afraid I haven't come well out of this affair. Now s'pose—I only say s'pose—I can put you on a good thing. It may be a wreck lying in four or five fathom Turk's Island way; it may be a burried treasure; it may be only a pot of money; it may be coins, or it may be statues; but if I should hear of it, and was to come and tell you, it might go some way to getting into your good opinion again."

"No," I replied. I want nothing but the assurance that I shall never see you again."

He sighed.

"Well, sir, I feel that I can't go against your wishes. I promise. No malice, eh? When we meet again, which meet we may, there will be no malice, I hope."

Then he disappeared finally, and I have seen no more of him.

I have often wondered who Mr. Joseph Kirby is, where he lives, what he has done, and how he managed to offend my ghost. Perhaps if he reads this he will throw some light on the Yokohama business. And I should like to get at the bottom of the affair with Polly, and the Liverpool docks.

Training Colts.

A writer, who appears to know his business, offers the following on training colts: A cool head, and calm and steady nerve, with a quick eye, will go far toward success in conflicts with even the most irritating animals. Moreover, never forget that the law of kindness is strouger in its influence on the animal creature than the law of force. Remember this also: Do not make much noise when having a conflict with a colt. Say little to him and nothing to any one else. Do not be shouting, "Get up!" "Whoa!" "Look out, there!" and the like. Silence is a great virtue in a horse-trainer. A low-voiced groom is worth his weight in gold about the stables.

A horse cannot understand sounds like a human being, and the less said to him, for the most part, the better. A few sounds, of course, are necessary; the word "whoa" being one of these. This word should mean stop; it should never mean anything else in the colt's ears. It should be pronounced in a quick, sharp, imperative tone. It should never be drawled out or prolonged, as if there were a dozen a's, instead of one, after the o, as is often the case. Whoa means stop, and when a colt hears it, he should stop, and stop in his tracks, too.

The method is simple. Put your bridle onto your colt, buckle in a pair of long lines, and, taking position in the rear, start him again. After he has taken a few steps, say "Whoa!" at the same time giving him a slight twitch on the bit sufficient to cause him to stop. Do not be rude or harsh, but gentle and firm. Start him now again, and repeat the sound and the movement of the hand. The colt will soon catch the idea, and learn what the sound means. Then you can go on, and teach him that it not only means stop, but that it means stop instantly. A few days of this simple treatment will suffice to teach him thorougly the lesson, which, when well learned, he never forgets, and the real value of which can scarcely be overestimated. If the colt is worth $500 when broken in the ordinary way, he is certainly worth $600 when instructed full in the manner set forth. Any sensible man, in purchasing a horse for family service or for fast driving on the road, will gladly pay $100 extra if the breeder can show to him that the colt will stop short in his tracks at the word; for he sees that amid even the average risks and hazzards of driving, such a power over the animal may prove of supreme importance.

Non-Heading Cabbage.

Last autumn I was mourning over an unusual numbar of half-developed cabbages, which were only fit to be fed to the cows, and mentioned the fact to a Duchess county farmer, who is in business in New York, and has lately bought a farm near us, asking if his crop had turned out badly. His answer was that he had no more soft heads than he wanted, or to the effect that he would feel disappointed if he had not a considerable number. Now we, neither of us, raise cabbages for market, but for our own consumption mainly, and I was utterly at a loss to know what he could do with a quarter of his crop which failed to make heads. He told me that he dug a wide trench, so deep that after some top soil was thrown in he could set the cabbages out in the trench as close as they could stand, and their heads would not come up lever with the top of the ground. When planted, he covers the trench with boards and brush, corn-stalk, salt hay, and earth on the top, keeping it open at the ends or elsewhere until cold weather, and then covering it in close. He said they would all have, solid heads in the spring. I tried it, and this spring we are enjoying the best cabbages we ever ate. They are rather small to be marketable, say four and a half to six inches in diameter, solid and sound, crisp and tender, as delicate as cauliflower, and what is most remarkable, I never know we are going to have cabbage for dinner until I see it on the table. The great objection I have to this most wholesome and delicious vegetable is, that it usually fills the house with its detestable odor, so to have cabbage without this drawback is worth all the trouble it costs.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

For the production of superior butter, the Jersey cow is justly regarded as the best of all known breeds in the world. Her milk is exceedingly rich and creamy, and is entirely free from the casein or curd from which cheese is made. Hence the Jerseys are long and steady milkers and are not liable, as are the Ayrshires, to have their udders spoiled by the deposit therein of hard cheese or casein.

Keeping Boars.

We read about care bestowed upon stallions, rams, and other breeding animals, but rarely do we ever see a word on the care of boars. They are usually raised with breeding sows, and run and worry, and become nothing but runts. They go days without food. They disappoint their owners and everybody else. Now, it is just as important to take care of a breeding hog as it is of a horse, and a good, snug pen or yard should be used to enclose them. They can be well fed here, and made to grow; and if their services are needed, it is easy to have a door or gate to let breeding stock in. If this plan is followed, one will have far better stock. The slops of the kitchen, sour milk, vegetables, bran and soaked corn can be fed to him, and he will be a credit to all concerned.

Using the Hay Fork.

On some rainy day go into the barn or shop (every farmer should have a shop and a few tools) and take a stick of hard timber about 3x4 in. square and five feet long. Fit the ends into a pair of old wagon wheels—market wagon wheels or the sulky cultivator wheels—in the form of an axle; then make a tongue, the same as you would for a marker, by splitting the large end of a pole and putting it into the axle through two inch auger holes. Bore the draw hole far enough from the axle to let the whiffletrees clear the wheels. The tongue should be nine feet six inches long from the draw hole to the end. Attach the rope of the hay fork to the doubletree, then when the order "back up" comes, the boy has only to handle the lines, the cart carrying the whiffletrees. This arrangement will save considerable time and is light for the team, besides making it pleasant and encouraging for the boys.

A Cheap Refrigerator.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman thus describes a cheap refrigerator: "It is about the size of, and resembles, on the outside, an ordinary tool chest; within there are pieces of wood fastened on for supports, and a lining of zinc put in—the space between the zinc and the wood being filled with pounded charcoal. This filling must be all around, in the cover as well as in the bottom and sides. In the ends of the box, cleats of zinc are soldered on, and the shelves of perforated zinc, or wire, or of wooden slats about four inches long, and nail them firmly to a little block of plank, set this block down (like a inverted kitchen table) in a basin, and put it in the middle space in the box, between the rows of shelves. To make a piece of ice do the greatest amount of service, and last the longest possible time, wrap it closely in several thicknesses of flannel and lay it on the rack. A square tank holding a pail or two of water can be made of tin or zinc and fitted in close up to the inside, with a pipe leading through the box, near the bottom, and a faucet attached. If this is kept filled with cold spring or well water, and a lump of ice thrown in occasionally, it will be found a desirable convenience in hot weather. After the box is finished it should be set where the cover, when lifted up, can rest back upon a brace or frame, as it is heavy and would easyly break from the hinges. A cellar is a good place for the ice box, but it may be kept in the pantry, store room or wood shed, as is most cenvenient."

Selecting Young Poultry.

One of the most important things for breeders of first class poultry, is to pick out their young birds that are in any way defective; and to keep only the most promising ones. It is trying work for amateurs to kill off any of their young pets but if they cannot be otherwise disposed of, it must be done.

This is work that few amateurs will do thoroughly until experience teaches them the great necessity of such a duty. There is always a large percentage of young stock of all breeds that do not come up to the desired standard; although in the hands of experienced breeders it is less than it would be otherwise and when a particular strain is worked for, many have to make way for their more favored companions. Bet let not the young breeder be discouraged; the killing of a few of the defective birds makes more room for those that are left and gives them a better chance in the battle of life. It is well to be sure to make the selection yourself. If done by proxy, perhaps the wrong heads may come off.

Bee Scavengers.

A mouse found its way into the hive of one of our amateur bee men, not long since, and the intruder was found dead, and completely imbedded in wax. The mouse, having a sweet tooth, crept into the hive to steal honey, but unfortunately aroused the inmates, and before he could find his way out again, he was stung to death. By-and-by decomposition set in, and Mr. Mousey began to disseminate a bad smell, which bees cannot tolerate; but finding it impossible to hustle him over the ramparts as they do other nuisances, they went energetically to work and sealed him up in wax, hermetically sealed him, in fact, so that not the slightest odor escaped, to make the hive unpleasant for the high-toned, extremely neat and cleanly inhabitant.

IMPERFECT PAGE