

The Worthington Advance.

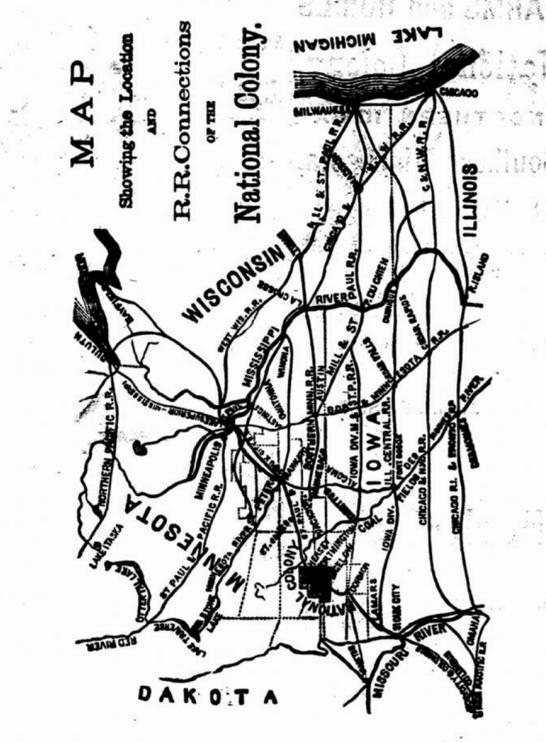
VOL. V.

WORTHINGTON, NOBLES CO., MINN., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1876.

NO. 8.

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

NATIONAL COLONY



The National Colony is located in Nobles County, Minnesota, and three one-half townships in Oceola 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 "GARDEN OF THE STATE."

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

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 engaging in stock-growing, dairying and cheese-making. The dry winters and fine climate are exceedingly favorable to the health of all kinds of stock. Best cow grows 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.

Two railroads now in operation to Worthington. The Sioux City & St. Paul Railroad runs in a southerly direction across the lake, keeping the prairie in daily communication with both St. Paul, distant 177 miles, and Sioux City, distant 92 miles. The Worthington & Sioux Falls Railroad extends westward to La Verne and will soon be completed to Sioux Falls. Preparations are now making for the extension of the Worthington & Sioux Falls to the west. Another proposed road is a narrow-gauge coal road to the Iowa and Dakota, 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.

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

In 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, fenders, ice and water in abundance for the town, to say nothing of logging, 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 town and county, viz: Union, Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist. The Congregationalists and Presbyterians both have neat church edifices, and the Methodists own the large building known as Methodist Hall, 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.

The National Colony is founded upon a temperance and educational basis. These features entered into the original plan of Dr. A. M. Hersey 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 colony. 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 colony.

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 exhilarating 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.

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 BALD-HEADED TYRANT.

Oh! the quietest home on earth had I,
No thought of trouble, no hint of care;
Like a dream of pleasure the days had fled,
And peace had folded her pinions there.
But one day there joined our household band
A bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.
Oh, the despot came in the dead of night,
And no one ventured to ask him why;
Like slaves we trembled before his might,
Our hearts stood still when we heard him cry:
For never a soul could his power withstand,
That bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.
He ordered us here and sent us there—
Through never a word could his small lips
With his toothless gums and his vacant stare.
And his helpless limbs so frail and weak,
Till I cried, in a voice of stern command:
"Go up, thou baldhead from No-man's-land!"
But his abject slaves they turned on me;
Like the bear's in Scripture, they rend me there,
The while they worshipped with bended knee
This ruthless wretch with the missing hair.
For he them all with relentless hand,
That bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.
Then I searched for help in every clime,
For peace had fled from my dwelling now,
Till I finally thought of old Father Time,
And low before him I made my bow.
"Will thou deliver me from this tyrant?"
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land!"
Old Time he looked with a puzzled stare,
And a smile came over his features grim,
"Take the tyrant under my care;
Watch what my hand shall see to him,
The veriest lump that ever was planned,
Is this same baldhead from No-man's-land."
Old Time is doing his work full well—
Much less of might does the tyrant wield;
But with some power my heart will swell,
And sad tears fall as I see him die.
Could I stay the touch of that shriveled hand,
I would keep the bald-head from No-man's-land.

MY STARLING.

I feel very lonely now since my starling is gone. I could not bear to look upon my empty cage, his bath and things, so I have had them all stowed away; but the bird will dwell in my memory for many a day. The way that starling managed to insinuate itself into my heart and entwine its affections with mine, I can never rightly tell; and it is only now, when it is gone, that I really know how much it meant for a human being to love a little bird. The creature was nearly always with me, talking to me, whistling to me, or even doing mischief in a small way, to amuse me; and it was often the very best relaxation I could have had to throw down my pen, straighten my back, and have a romp with Dick.

The rearing of a nest of starlings is always a very difficult task, and I found it particularly so. In fact, one starling would require half a dozen servants to attend to it. I was not master of those starlings, not a bit of it; they were masters of me. I had to get out of bed and staid them with granular 3 o'clock every morning. They lived in a band-box in a closet off my bedroom. I had to get up again at 4 o'clock to feed them, again at 5, and again at 6; in fact I saw more sunrise during the infancy of that nest of starlings than I ever did before or since. By night, and all day long, I stuffed them, and at intervals the servant relieved me of that duty. In fact it was nearly all stuffing; but even then they were not satisfied, and made several ineffectual attempts to swallow my fingers as well. At length—and how happy I felt! they could both feed themselves and fly. This last accomplishment was anything but a matter of me, for no sooner would I open their door than they would all fly, one after another, and seat themselves on my shoulders and head, each one trying to make more noise than all the rest.

I got so tired of this kind of thing at last that I determined to put them all at liberty. I accordingly hung their cage outside the window and they all flew, but back they came into the room again, and settled upon me as usual. "Th-n," said I, "I'm going gardening." By the way they clung to me it was evident their answer was: "And so are we." And so they did, and as soon as I commenced operations with the spade, they commenced operations, too, by searching for and eating every worm I turned up, evidently thinking I was only working for their benefit and pleasure. I got tired of this, "Oh, th-n," I cried, "I'm sick of you!" I threw down my spade in disgust, and before they could divine my intention, I had leaped the fence and disappeared in the plantation beyond.

"Now," said I to myself as I entered the garden that evening after my return, and could see no signs of starlings, "I'm rid of you at last, and I smiled with satisfaction. It was short lived, for just at that moment: "Skraigh, skraigh, skraigh," sounded from the trees adjoining, and before I could turn my foot, my tormentors, seemingly mad with delight, were all sitting on my back. Two of them landed about a week after this, and the others, being cock and hen, I resolved to keep.

Both Dick and his wife soon grew to be very fine birds. I procured them a large roomy cage, with plenty of sand and a layer of straw in the bottom of it, a dish or two, a bath, a drinking fountain, and always a supply of fresh green weeds on the roof of their domicile. Besides their usual food of soaked bread etc., they had slugs occasionally, and flies and earth worms. Once a day the cage door was thrown open, and out they both would fly to enjoy the luxury of a bath on the kitchen door. Every morning I had imagined that being only two, they would not have

stood on the order of their going; but they did, at least Dick did, for he insisted upon using the bath first, and his wife had to wait patiently until his lordship had finished. This was part of Dick's domestic discipline. When they were both thoroughly wet and dragged, and everything within a radius of two yards was in the same condition; their next move was to hop on to the fender, and flutter and look pensively into the fire; and two more melancholy looking, ragged, wretched you never saw. When they began to dry, then they began to dress; and in a few minutes Richard was himself again, and so was his wife.

Starlings have their own natural song, and a strange noise they make, too. Their great faculty, however, is the gift of imitation, which they have in a wonderful degree of perfection. The first thing that Dick learned to imitate was the rumbling of carts and carriages on the street, and very proud he was of the accomplishment. Then he learned to pronounce his own name, with the prefix "pretty" which he never omitted, and to which he was justly entitled. Except when sitting on their perch singing or piping, these two little pets were never tired of engineering about their cage and everything was minutely examined. They were perfect adepts at boring holes; by inserting the bill closed and opening it like a pair of scissors, long the thing was done. Dick's rule of conduct was that he, himself, should have the first of everything, and be allowed to examine first into everything, to have the highest perch and all the tidbits; in a word, to rule, king and priest, in his own cage. I don't suppose he hated his wife, but he kept her in a state of inglorious subjection to his royal will and pleasure. "Hezekiah" was the name he gave his wife; I don't know why, but I am sure no one taught him this, for he first used the name himself, and then it was only to correct his pronunciation. Sometimes Dick would sit himself down to sing a song, and presently his wife would join in with a few simple notes of melody, upon which Dick would stop singing instantly and look around at her with indignation. "Hezekiah! Hezekiah!" he would say, which being interpreted clearly meant, "Hezekiah, my dear, how can you do so far forget yourself as to presume to interrupt your lord and master with that cracked and quavering voice of yours!" Then he would commence anew, and Hezekiah, being so good natured, would soon forget her scolding, and join in again. This was too much for Dick's temper, and Hezekiah, accordingly, changed round and round the cage and soundly thrashed. His conduct altogether as a husband, I am sorry to say, was far from satisfactory. I have said he always retained the highest perch for himself; but sometimes he would turn on his back, and seeing Hezekiah sitting so cozily and contentedly on her humble perch, would at once conclude that her seat was more comfortable than his, so down he would hop and send her off at once.

It was Dick's orders that Hezekiah should sit at meal times, and that meant at all times when he chose to feed, after he was done. But I suppose his poor wife was often hungry in the interim, for she would watch until she got Dick fairly in the middle of a song, and quite oblivious of surrounding circumstances, then she would stretch her neck and peck at him, and Dick would be obliged to stop singing, and attend to her. But Dick was the punishment for the deed if Dick found her out. Sometimes I think she used to long for a little love and affection, and at such times she would jump up on the perch beside her husband, and with a fond cry side close to him.

"Hezekiah Hezekiah!" he would exclaim, and if he didn't take that hint, she was soon knocked to the bottom of the cage. In fact, Dick was a domestic tyrant, but in all other respects a dear, affectionate little pet. One morning Dick got out of his cage by undoing the fastening, and flew through the open window; determined to see that the world was made like leaving Hezekiah to roam, it was before 5 o'clock on a summer's morning that he escaped; and I saw no more of him until, coming out of church that day, the people were greatly astonished to see a bird fly down from the steeple and light upon my shoulder. He retained his perch all the way home. He got so well up to opening the fastening of his cage door that I had to get a small spring padlock, which defied him, although he studied it for months, and finally gave it up, as being one of those things which no fellow could understand.

Dick soon began to talk, and before long had quite a large vocabulary of words, which he never tired using. As he grew very tame, he was allowed to live either out of his cage or in it all day long as he pleased. Often he would be out in the garden all alone for hours together, running about catching flies, or sitting up on a tree, repeating his lessons to himself, both verbal and musical. The cat and her kittens were especially favorites, although he used to play with the dogs as well, and often go to sleep on their backs. He took his lessons with great regularity, was an arduous student, and soon learned to pipe "Duncan Gray" after the "Sprig of Shillelagh" without a single wrong note. I used to whistle these tunes over to him, and it was quite amusing to mark his air of rapt attention as he crocheted down to listen. When I had finished, he did not at once begin to try the tune himself, but sat quiet and still for some time, evidently thinking it over in his own mind. In piping it, if he forgot a part of the air, he would cry "Doctor, doctor!" and repeat the last note once or twice, as much as to say: "What comes after that?" and I would finish the tune for him.

"Tee! tee! tee!" was a favorite exclamation of his, indicative of surprise. When I played a tune on the fiddle to him, he would crouch down with breathless attention. Sometimes when he saw me take up the fiddle, he would go on once and peck at Hezekiah. I don't know why he did so, unless to secure her keeping quiet. As soon as I had finished he would say, "Bravo!" with three distinct intonations of the word, thus: "Bravo! doctor; br-r-ravo! bravo!" Dick was extremely inquisitive and must see into everything. He used to annoy me at very much, by opening out her toes, or even her nostrils, to examine; and at times pussy used to lose patience, and put him on his back. "Eh!" he would say. "What is it? You rascal!" If two people were talking together underneath his cage, he would cock his head, lengthen his neck, and looking down quizzically, say: "Eh! What is it? What do you say?" He frequently began a sentence with a verb "Is," putting great emphasis on it. "Is!" he would say musically. "Is, what, Dick?" I would ask. "Is, he would repeat—"Is the darling staring a pretty pet?" "No question about it," I would answer. He certainly made the best of his vocabulary, for he trotted out all his nouns and all his adjectives time about in pairs, and formed a hundred curious combinations.

"Is," he asked one day, "the darling doctor?" "Yes, a rascal!" I replied. "Tee! tee! tee! Whew! whew!" said Dick; and finished off with "Duncan Gray" and the first half of the "Sprig of Shillelagh."

"Love is the soul of a nate Irishman," he had been taught to say; but it was as frequently, "Love is the soul of a nate Irish starling," or, "Is love the soul of a darling pretty Dick?" and so on. One curious thing is worth noting; he never pronounced my dog's name—Theodore Negro—once while awake; but he often started us at night by calling the dog in ringing tones, talking in his sleep. He used to be chattering and singing without intermission all day long; and if ever he was silent then I knew he was doing mischief; and if I went quietly into the kitchen, I was sure to find him either tracing patterns on a bar of soap, or examining and tearing to pieces a parcel of newly-arrived groceries. He was very fond of wine and spirits, but knew when he had enough. He was not permitted to come into the parlor without his cage; but sometimes at dinner, if the door were left ajar, he would stretch his neck and peck at the table, scream, and cry me. He was very fond of a pretty child that used to come to see me. If Matty was lying on the sofa reading, Dick would come and sit on her head, then he would go through all the motions of washing and bathing on Matty's bonnet hair; which was, I thought, paying her a very pretty compliment.

When the sun shone in at my study window, I used to hang Dick's cage there, as a treat to him. Dick would remain quiet for perhaps twenty minutes, then the stillness would be broken to him, and presently he would stretch his head toward me in a confidential sort of way, and begin to pester me with his silly questions. "Doctor," he would commence, "is it, is it a nate Irish pet?" "Silence, and go to sleep," I would make answer. "I will be wroth." "Eh!" he would say, "What is it? What 'ye say?" Then, if I didn't answer: "Is it sugar—snails—sugar, snails, and brandy?" Then: "Doctor, doctor!" "Well, Dickie, what is it now?" I would answer. "Doctor—whew. That meant I was to whistle to him."

"Shan!" I would say sulkily. "Tee! tee!" Dickie would say, and continue: "Doctor, will you go a-clinking?" I never could resist that. Going-a-clinking meant going fly-hawk-ing. Dick always called a fly a clink, and this invitation I would receive a dozen times a day, and seldom refused. I would perch the cage door, and Dick would perch himself on my finger, and I would carry him round the room, holding him up to the flies on the picture frames. And he never missed once. One Dick fell into a bucket of water, and called lustily for the "doctor"; and I was only just in time to save him from a watery grave. When I got him out, he did not speak a word until he had gone to the fire and opened his wings and feathers out to dry, then he said: "Bravo! Br-r-ravo!" several times, and went forthwith and attacked Hezekiah.

Dick had a little traveling cage, for he often had to go with me by train; and no sooner did the train start than Dick used to talk and whistle, very much to the astonishment of the passengers, for the bird was up in the umbrella-rack. Everybody was at once made aware of both my profession and character, for the jolting of the carriage not pleasing him, he used always to prelude his performances with: "Doctor, doctor, you r-r-rascal. What is it, eh?" As Dick got older, I am sorry to say, he grew more and more unkind to his wife, attacked her regularly every morning and the last thing at night, and half starved her besides. Poor Hezekiah! She could do nothing in the world to please him. Sometimes now, she used to peck him back again; she was driven to it. I was sorry for Hezekiah, and determined to play pretty Dick a little trick. So one day, when he had been bullying her worse than ever, I took Hezekiah out of the cage and fastened a small pin to her bill so as to protrude just a very little way, and returned her. Dick walked up to her at once. "What," he wanted to know, "did she mean by going on shore without leave?" Hezekiah did not answer, and accordingly received a dig in the back, then another,

then a third; and then Hezekiah turned and let him have one sharp attack. It was very amusing to see how Dick jumped, and his look of astonishment as he said: "Eh! What 'd ye say! Hezekiah! Hezekiah!" Hezekiah followed up her advantage. It was quite a new sensation for her to have the upper hand, and she courageously chased him round and round the cage, until I opened the door and let Dick out.

But Hezekiah could not live always with a pin tied to her bill; so, for peace sake, I gave her away to a friend, and Dick was left alone in his glory. Poor Dickie! One day he was shelling peas to himself in the garden, when some boys startled him, and he flew away. I suppose he lost himself, and couldn't find his way back. At all events I only saw him once again, and was going down through an avenue of trees, about a mile from the house, when a voice above in a tree hailed me: "Doctor! doctor! what is it?" That was Dick; but a crow flew past and scared him and away he flew—forever.

Dear little fellow! he may well have asked "What is it?" for all things must have appeared very new and strange to him. Is it any wonder I missed my dear little bird?

The Indian Vendetta.
From the Fort Smith (Ark.) New Era.
Another of those bloody occurrences took place on Sunday, the 17th of October, in Oklahoma territory, in the northwest part of the Cherokee nation, not far from the Kansas line. It appears that there had long been bad blood between the Delewarees and the Cherokee nation. But, as among all these semi-civilized people, jealousy existed from the first for no particular reason, and soon a vendetta was in full bloom which cost the lives of a number of persons. The Delewarees, generally, were the main sufferers. Some arrests were made by the Indian authorities and some trials had. But all these proceedings were the merest farces. The worst murderer could not be convicted by the courts.

On the day mentioned above two Cherokee desperadoes, some of whose relatives had been previously killed in encounters with Delewarees, accompanied by an Osage Indian and a white man, made a murderous attack on a congregation of Delewarees, Baptist Christians, at Silver Lake, Co. Delewaree district. They intended to call out the preacher, Jesse Johnson, to kill him, and in the disturbance and noise kill as many as they could. Wilson Saxton, a deputy sheriff and church member, when the desperadoes rose up and fired their revolvers, demanded peace and the arms of the gang. He was shot dead at once. Then commenced a fearful scene of riot and terror, the assassins emptying their revolvers at the terrified congregation as they rushed pell-mell from the house of worship. The murderers finally retreated, and some of the Delewarees who had procured weapons pursued them. One young man named Marshall came up with them, and was fired upon, but, having a Spencer rifle, killed one and wounded another of the murderers. Two others were subsequently killed.

She Wanted to Register.
Yesterday forenoon a determined looking woman, accompanied by a small-sized husband, who had a retiring air, called at the First Precinct in the Fifth Ward, and the wife demanded to be registered. The husband remained outside and whistled a lonesome tune. "In the name of 12,000,000 down-trodden women I demand to be registered," said the women. "In the name of the law I reply that I can't do it," replied one of the Board. "You must!" "I can't." "You shall." "I won't." "Then, sir, 12,000,000 down-trodden and long-waiting females of America shall hiss your name to scorn and contempt forever more!" "It makes me feel bad, but I can't help it," replied the member. The woman glared at him for a minute, favored him with a double-jointed scowl, and then walked out. Her husband opened the door after she had closed it with a bang, and with a voice of deep humility remarked: "I didn't want to come along, but was forced to. Don't think hard of me, gentlemen!"

Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organ Declared Best at the Centennial.
Medals and diplomas have been so numerously awarded at the Centennial in Philadelphia that they indicate nothing as to the comparative merits of exhibitors. The Judges' Report alone determines rank in excellence. These unequivalently assign to the Mason & Hamlin Organs "the first rank in the several requisites of such instrument," which "is as much," says the New York Tribune, "as to say they are the best read organs exhibited, in all important qualities."

Watering Poultry.
It is the belief of the writer that many of the diseases incident to poultry are due to neglect in providing them with pure water; particularly do I believe such to be the case in the majority of instances where chicken cholera prevails. The omission to furnish fowls with suitable drinking water, is one of the worst features of cruelty to animals. It is a neglect that is decidedly adverse to success, hence tends to diminish individual fancy for fowls, and works detriment to poultry interests. Those whom we occasionally hear say that "there is no profit in poultry," are not qualified to have the management of the same, and in their attentions may be classed with the thoughtless and neglectful parties who keep fowls that get drunk only when it rains.

Farm and Garden.

Profit in Cows.
There are but few farmers who fully realize the true value of a good cow well kept. As a general practice three cows do not produce as much milk, butter or cheese as any one would be treated rightly and profitably. No account is kept of the amount of milk or butter produced by each cow in the year. The farmer with his cows in the same situation as he is with the balance of the farm. He keeps no account and knows nothing of his business. Two hundred and fifty pounds of butter per cow per year is not a large yield, yet there are more that do not produce more than half that amount than there are that exceed one-half. There is no poorer policy than starving and freezing a milk cow. There can be no more improvement in any branch of agriculture than in half-starving and exposing to the storms of winter the cow that is expected to furnish the family with milk, butter and groceries. We have seen last spring from three to five cows staggering about straw stacks of farmers, which will require nearly all the summer to repair wasted nature, without supplying any of the rich, nutritious milk which only comes from a healthy, well-fed cow. Such a farmer should either keep a less number or provide better shelter and more rich food. One cow well provided for is better than three starved ones. One will furnish more milk. Children should never be fed on milk drawn from a poor cow, reduced to the bare possibility of sustaining vitality. It is cruelly to animals to thus treat them, and it is murder to the innocent child to feed them on such food. The profit, the morality and respectability of it require that a man who keeps cows should provide better than is done in most cases in cold climates. A man that would cheat his poor old cow, which has thus far raised his children, should be considered respectable in no society. There may be cases where drouth, flood or devouring insects have rendered it impossible to provide bountifully for all the animals on the farm, but in such cases the owner should not be compelled to see the poor old cow shaking her horns at him in his night dreams. We plead for the cow, and if three or five cannot be provided for, sell off, and one well fed will provide more than the three or five.

Pork as an Article of Food.
If we examine the case from an impartial and unbiased standpoint, and divest all that has been said against pork and porkers from everything that is imaginary or not true, and take the fanaticism, the idiosyncrasies, and the ignorance of those lecturers and writers for simply that which they deserve, we shall find, first, that pork is not a contemptible, useless, unwholesome article of food; and a man who has to do a hard day's work, and has to eat his bread in the sweat of his face, does by no means despise it, but prefers it very often to the choicest beef or mutton. This is but natural, for pork furnishes more, almost, than anything else, not only of the elements required to support the respiratory process, but also those which are principally needed by the organism of a laboring man to repair the continual organic waste of material, as modified and increased by hard labor. It is true, pork can be too fat, or too badly served or prepared by the cook, to be tasty, even to the palate of a workman; but so can beef and mutton, and everything else, as can be found out very easily in certain boarding-houses. Neither is pork so very unsubstantial an article of food as some of those writers and lecturers are anxious to make us believe. While the body of almost every other domesticated mammal contains between 63 and 75 per cent. of water, the body of a fat pig contained, according to the analysis made in the royal Agricultural College, at Eldena, in Prussia, only 45.3 per cent., and the remainder, the water-free substance, contained 20.1 per cent. of protein substances, 77.1 per cent. of fat, and 3 per cent. of mineral substances. It is true that pork is not so rich in nitrogen as beef, for instance, but it is not nitrogen alone that is required for food.

Watering Poultry.
It is the belief of the writer that many of the diseases incident to poultry are due to neglect in providing them with pure water; particularly do I believe such to be the case in the majority of instances where chicken cholera prevails. The omission to furnish fowls with suitable drinking water, is one of the worst features of cruelty to animals. It is a neglect that is decidedly adverse to success, hence tends to diminish individual fancy for fowls, and works detriment to poultry interests. Those whom we occasionally hear say that "there is no profit in poultry," are not qualified to have the management of the same, and in their attentions may be classed with the thoughtless and neglectful parties who keep fowls that get drunk only when it rains.

Eddie, a chap of 3-1/2 years, was sent to the corner store to get two wicks, but he got into the store minus a knowledge of what his mother wanted. The kind keeper, to help out the little fellow, who began to cry, began naming several articles, and at last mentioned the herb thyme. "That's it!" exclaimed he, "something about-night." I think she told me to buy a fortnight. "That's it!" ejaculated the little messenger, in high glee, mamma told me to get two wicks—two lamp wicks—