

FARMER TIPTON'S NIECE.

Her Unexpected Visit Brought About Two Happy Marriages.

"I don't like girls!" said Farmer Tipton. His housekeeper made no answer. "In fact," added Mr. Tipton, "I hate 'em!"

Still Mrs. Martin did not reply. "But what can I do about it?" he resumed. "If I'd twenty-four hours' notice, I would have gone over to Cherry mountain or across to Dunham fair," growled Mr. Tipton; "but here comes this letter like a stroke of lightning, to tell me the girl will be here tonight!"

Mrs. Martin smiled a little and went on with her work, the picking over of black beans to make soup; for Farmer Tipton was particular in his eating, and although Hester, the maid-of-all-work, was skillful in the use of pots and pans, he never could relish anything which was not of Mrs. Martin's cooking.

"I suppose you'll have to get a room ready for her," said Mr. Tipton. "She'll have to say all night in any event. But I shall send her back again to-morrow morning. I don't want a niece to live with us. If I had wanted anything of the sort, I could have asked for it, I suppose."

Mr. Tipton lived in a pretty old farmhouse, steep-roofed and shadowed by monster, button-balled boughs—a house where Tiptons, innumerable had been born and died, where every stone wall had its associations and the very apple trees and gooseberry bushes were declining into an honorable old age, with lichen-covered stems and crispy, dead boughs breaking away with every wind.

"Why," cried the neighbors, "she don't speak to nobody!" It was lovely old place. Hollyhocks clustered in the garden, tangles of velvet red sweet-williams bordered the paths, and bushes of red sorrel and purple hung over the door steps. To Mr. Tipton it was the dearest spot in the world. Mrs. Martin used to bring the family mending out into the porch, sometimes, of a summer evening, and look wistfully at the red sunset shining through the slats of the window.

If Mr. Tipton did not like the idea of a young girl visitor beneath the ancient roof of Tipton Hall, Phebe Cresshill liked it still less. "You can't send me out into the wilderness as you like," said Phebe, crying a whole river Ganges of tears into her trunk, as she threw slippers, collars, e Cologne bottles and work baskets, an incongruous mass, into its depths; "but I never, never shall leave off caring for my niece. Not if you were to send me to Alaska!"

"Child," said Mrs. Cresshill, sharply, "don't be a goose! The engagement is to be broken off, and there is an end of the whole thing!" Through her tears Phebe could not but smile to herself. It was all very well for mamma to talk, but mamma did not know that the baker's boy had carried at the bottom of the basket of rolls a note to Harry Havens, and that Harry knew, as well as she did herself, that she was going to a crabbed old uncle down in New Hampshire, and that she would always, always, love him, no matter what they said to her or whether they sent her.

And so, in the peaceful purple afterglow of the June evening, Phebe Cresshill and Mr. Tipton eyed each other with mutual distaste. "How do you feel?" said Phebe, with a stiff little courtesy. "Oh!" said Mr. Tipton. "This is the girl, is it? Yes. How do you do? Mrs. Martin, here, will give you some supper."

And he went off to make sure that the barn doors were properly locked and the hen house secured, for there was a rumor of burglars in Quiet Valley, and Mr. Tipton had the finest Alderney cows and the choicest breed of Brahma fowls in the neighborhood.

Mr. Tipton, get your gun! He's under the window!

"I see him with my own eyes! With all his burgling tools on his arm!" In an instant, as it seemed, Mr. Tipton was creeping along under the shadow of the white-blossomed, syringa bushes, with his carbine on his shoulder. The moon, a pallid, gibbous line of light, blinked down through the boughs of the button-balled tree. A distant owl hooted from the swamps, as Mr. Tipton made a plunge at his prey.

"Squandrel, I've got you!" he roared. "Villain, unhand me!" thundered a deep bass voice. A brisk scuffle ensued, during which the old carbine went off, discharging its contents—a sudden gleam of flame and smoke—into the leaves of the button-balled tree. Mrs. Martin, who had rushed into Phebe's room, flung her arms around the girl.

"Don't be frightened, dear!" said she. "Oh, I'm not frightened," said Phebe, who had lighted a candle, and now looked cruelly like, in a long dressing gown, with her yellow hair flowing luxuriantly down her back. "I knew he would come." "Knew he would come?" repeated Mrs. Martin. "The—burglar?"

"Oh, it isn't a burglar," murmured Phebe. "It's Harry!" "Harry?" "My Harry!" said Phebe, turning a soft pink to the very roots of her hair. "They thought they would part us, but they can't! He has followed me, and has been serenading me under the window! Didn't you hear the banjo?" "Goodness me!" said Mrs. Martin. "And," vehemently added Phebe, "I'll be true to him, for ever and ever!"

But the colloquy was presently interrupted by a sound in the hall below, and over with ceaseless persistence. Both women fled to the door and peeped nervously over the stair-rail, while Hester, from behind the mahogany linenpress, shrieked: "Murder! Help! Murder! Here's the villain!" shouted Mr. Tipton, rolling over and over like a cider barrel.

"I've got him!" roared the bass voice of Phebe's Harry. "The underhand miscreant!" foamed the farmer. "More than a March hare!" uttered Harry, at last succeeding in scrambling to his feet. "Look here, old genleman, what does all this mean? If you are a burglar, say so! I am not!"

"Harry," chirped Phebe, "be merciful, as you are strong. For my sake, hang on to the burglar!" But Hester, charging into the affray with a pair of tongs, soon changed the aspect of affairs. Explanations ensued—rage changed into laughter—and Mrs. Martin went upstairs to prepare a quiet apartment for the young man. "Here's the villain!" shouted Mr. Tipton, the troubadour who had so nearly been shot for a burglar.

"And, look here, young man," said Mr. Tipton, "the next time you come prowling around a house at one o'clock in the morning, I'll be sure to send you to Alaska!" "I'm neither a jailer nor an ogre; if my niece wants to marry a man and the man can prove himself able to support a wife, I should not stand in the way!"

"I'm scalding meal for the young turkeys!" "Well, leave it off a minute, and talk, I say, Stella!" She looked at him with her large, wine-brown eyes full of serious questioning. "All this sort of thing makes one think of one's own young days, eh?" There was the least quiver of a sad smile around her lips.

"The days, Stella, when I used to be fond of you. Before we quarreled. Before Wilfred Martin crossed your path!" Still Mrs. Martin did not stir. There was something in that reproful manner of hers that fitted in wonderfully to his ideas of life. He hated a flurry. Mrs. Martin never was in a flurry. "I am fond of you still," went on Mr. Tipton. "This little love affair in our midst has wakened me up; I don't know how, and I don't care. Is it too late to begin life over again, you and I?"

She went up to him, with her slow, graceful step, and put her hand in his. Still she did not speak. She only looked and smiled. But he understood her.

THE LAW OF THE PLAINS.

Thrilling Account of a Duel to the Death with Knives Fought by the Moon's Light. "The outfit of twelve wagons had stopped at a point on the Rio Pecos river about seven miles above the town of Anton Chico. We had supper and were smoking our pipes, and it was between sunset and dark when a young fellow about twenty years old came riding up from the direction of the Comanche country. He was dressed like a cowboy, and what few words he spoke were in good English. He rode up to a camp-fire around which five or six of us were sitting, and after a 'good evening' to all dismounted and let his gaze wander from man to man.

"Teamster No. 5 was a Mexican half-breed known as Big Pete. He gave a start of surprise as the stranger rode up, and I heard him cursing and muttering. He fixed his gaze on Pete and kept it there for a long half minute. There was a sort of smile on his face which made one think of the look of a wolf who has pursued his victim for hours and hours and was finally near enough to seize it. He was sitting, and after a 'good evening' of Pete in a low, even voice.

"The big fellow looked around uneasily. He was no coward, as we all knew, but the sudden appearance of the boy had rattled him for a moment. A full moon was shining up, and the world would be light enough for firearms. He was a good shot, but that long sharp knife was his favorite weapon. Besides, he was a giant compared to that slender but active-looking youth. 'The knife, and I will give you one minute to say your prayers,' shouted Pete as he sprang up.

"Very well; just as you please," quietly replied the young man, as he untitled his horse and sent him away. "Not a word was spoken by any of the rest of us. We all rose up, but made no other move. Not a question was asked of either man. It was the law of the plains. One man had the right to demand satisfaction of another by rifle, revolver or knife. As to the cause of the quarrel, why should we ask or care? Pete removed his belt and jacket, and sombrero and tie, and handed chief around his head. The stranger removed the belt in which he carried a couple of revolvers, threw aside his sombrero, and walked off to a distance of fifty feet. Pete followed. Every man in camp formed a circle about the pair. The moon made everything as plain as daylight. The horses and mules were all to the right of us. So far as all could see every one stopped feeding and gazed steadfastly at the circle.

"Ready?" "Ready," the stranger who called out, and at the word both moved into the center of the ring and menaced each other. A fight to the death with knives is a horrible thing to look at, and yet there is a magnetism about it which forces you to stand and look till the end comes. The fight was about—feint—advance—retreat—rush at each other and grapple. So it is with men who fight with knives. Back and forth across the circle—round and round—their knives now and then clashing together. Big Pete was ten inches in front. His blood was drawn. With the first drop came death.

"No man called out. No man in the circle moved out of his tracks. Some of the horses came nearer and whinnied softly, as if asking what it was all about, but this we remember afterwards. Big Pete was working to make his great strength bring him an advantage. If he could seize that boy's right arm with his left hand and hold it for five seconds the duel would be ended. Three he attempted it and three he failed. Suddenly the boy found the opening he had been seeking. So swiftly that none of us could follow him he sprang forward under the uplifted right arm, there was the flash of a knife, and Big Pete uttered a groan and sank down.

"You see the stranger as he bent over Pete and looked around the circle. "It was fair, but no man answered. He called his horse by a low whistle, slipped on the bridle, and half a minute later was cantering away to the west. Big Pete was working to make his great strength bring him an advantage. If he could seize that boy's right arm with his left hand and hold it for five seconds the duel would be ended. Three he attempted it and three he failed. Suddenly the boy found the opening he had been seeking. So swiftly that none of us could follow him he sprang forward under the uplifted right arm, there was the flash of a knife, and Big Pete uttered a groan and sank down.

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case of his illness at any time his turquoise became paler and paler, and if his possessor died lost its color entirely, but recovered again on passing into the hands of a new owner.

Other precious gems second of late years to have long claim to the former marvelous powers ascribed to them, but the turquoise still retains one of its mysterious properties, and parades it to the present day. Sometimes slowly, sometimes suddenly, it turns pale, becomes spotted and finally changes from blue to white, and specimens of this kind are rare and valuable.

Turquoises are found in Thibet, China and Mount Sinai, but the handsomest ones for jewelers' purposes come from the small pits of the desert. They are bedded in masses of rock and the mines are more than one hundred and fifty feet deep, and many laborers are employed in them, the oldest of whom buy the gems and sell them in turn to travelers and merchants. Other men buy tiny specks of green, which only a connoisseur can detect, and sell them at high prices.

The stones are divided into three classes—first, second and third qualities. All stones of perfect color and shape belong to the first class, but a tiny speck of green, which only a connoisseur can detect, will consign a handsome stone to second-class matter. Then there is that undefinable property of a good turquoise, like the water of a diamond or the luster of a pearl. In a turquoise it is called "zai." A fine colored turquoise is worth the "zai" is not worth much. Among the finest jewels of the shah there is a fine turquoise valued at four thousand dollars.

The third-class stones are those with decided flaws and unsalable in Persia. The small pits of the desert, therefore, are more than doubled by the time they reach Europe. They are cut by hand and polished on a fine-grained sandstone, and then on a piece of soft leather with turquoise dust. It is quite the fashionable stone of the present day, and is worn by various symbols and gem can equal it in beauty. An ultra-society woman is not happy until she is the possessor of such a jewel.—Cincinnati Star-Sayings.

THE WOMAN OF MANY ILLS. A Female Hero who Becomes Her Ally-ment to Every One She Meets. "Of course you know at least one of her kind. I refer to the woman of many ills, either imaginary or otherwise, that she insists upon recounting to every person who unfortunately comes in her way. She is a creature who one day has heart disease, the next is seized with inflammatory rheumatism, and on the third is quite certain that she is suffering from some incurable malady that is sapping her life away. With a ghoulish glee she recounts the details of her ailments, and the rapid progress toward the grave that she is hourly making. She lingers over all the harrowing details, and is very much put out if you do not appear to enjoy the tenor of her conversation. She dots on medical men, and presumes the avidity of every known ailment that has ever visited the frame of humanity. If a new disease is mentioned in the papers, before twenty hours have passed over her head she imagines herself the victim of it, and she is making a list of all the ailments of her acquaintances should dare to be more seriously ill than herself. Notwithstanding the fact that she is tottering on the brink of the grave, she is able to eat her three meals a day with astonishing relish, and if there is anything of an odd or special interest she forgets for the time being what an invalid she is and appears to enjoy the amusements of the healthy with as much zest as do those mortals who can not confess to an ache or a pain. In fact, she is an inveterate liar, and she is a never-ending source of profit, though at times she must be a bit wearisome even to them."—Philadelphia Times.

A Bavarian Railroad Device. An automatic device for locating and clearly marking track defects is now in use on the Bavarian state railways. The principle of the apparatus is based on the fact that every low point or other similar defect in a line of track causes a shock of greater or less intensity in a car passing over it. The arrangement of the apparatus in the inspection car is such that if the shock exceeds a certain degree of intensity a squinting device is brought into operation, from which either a red or blue light is scattered over the roadway, making stripes from one foot to seven feet long and about two inches wide. The track sections requiring attention are thus very plainly marked. The apparatus, it is claimed, will locate defects which can not ordinarily be detected by the track walker and will afford evidence of imperfections in the roadbed long before these will show themselves by such signs as battered rail ends at joints, etc.—Philadelphia Record.

The Indian Hornbill. A hornbill is something like a big magpie in all its sly tricks and ways. It catches a little ball of food, if thrown to it, with a sharpness and precision worthy of a professional marksman. One Mrs. Hornbill had made herself a nest in a hollow in the trunk of the tree in their house and deposited her eggs in it. Mr. Hornbill came and plastered up the opening with mud, leaving only a space sufficient for him to insert his bill and feed the female on the nest. He feeds them in a very affectionate manner, by throwing up from his own stomach pellets of food, enveloped, something like a sausage in "gizzard sacs" formed of portions of the interior lining of his own stomach. This is perhaps more curious than nice.—Lorgman's Magazine.

That's Why. Harleins (to the Waiter)—Would you mind telling me just why this is called spring chicken? Waiter—Case dat am its name, sah! Truth.

Early Impressions. Everyone must have found how difficult it is to eradicate early impressions, or to overcome prejudicial associations in life. Our first impressions cling to us with a tenacity which no change of place nor situation can destroy. The home of our childhood, the friends and associations of our youthful days, form images in our remembrance which can never be wholly obliterated. The wanderer from his native country may in his adopted home meet new associations and acquire more wealthy connections and a higher standing in society than he held in the land which gave him birth, but the impressions of his early life are never effaced. He finds them in a very affectionate manner, by throwing up from his own stomach pellets of food, enveloped, something like a sausage in "gizzard sacs" formed of portions of the interior lining of his own stomach. This is perhaps more curious than nice.—Lorgman's Magazine.

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EPIDEMIC SMALLPOX.

England's Laziness in regard to Vaccination Laws a Chief Source of Evil. It is a singular fact that epidemics have a sort of periodicity. After an outbreak and extensive spread, a disease generally disappears for a term of years, for which it reappears here and there endemic, it shows no tendency to become epidemic. Then at length it starts afresh, and sweeps from nation to nation.

About twenty years ago there was a severe epidemic of smallpox in England and America. In recent months the disease has been causing alarm in many parts of England and Scotland. Up to the middle of January it was prevailing—though in general the cases are of a mild type—in about fifty localities, including Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh and Glasgow. In the last city thirty-four new cases occurred within ten days previous to the report.

The Lancet says: "The story is a serious one at this special season of the year. No newly-improved hospitals can be expected to stay the spread of the disease." England contends with the pest at a disadvantage. Many persons of influence do not believe in vaccination, write against it, and oppose it in every way they can. The opposition has grown greatly during the long absence of the epidemic.

According to the Lancet, the vaccination laws are practically in suspense. In some districts many children have never been vaccinated. Even where the letter of the law has been complied with, vaccination has been done in a very lax and untrustworthy way, and there has been an almost entire absence of revaccination. Again, the large class of tramps and the many filthy lodging-houses into which they crowd at night greatly aid in the spread of the disease.

At Manchester a man was found suffering from smallpox at a large lodging-house, and the proprietor's arrangements for his removal, but as soon as the officer's back was turned the patient bolted from the house, and when he was captured some hours later, he was believed to have infected a considerable number of his fellow-countrymen. The epidemic reaches this country, we shall not expect it to spread extensively, for the laws respecting vaccination are intelligently carried out. Still, the large immigrant population will need looking after, and lodging-houses will need rigid inspection.

The authorities should also promptly provide means for the isolation of patients.—Youth's Companion. THE WINNING CARD. How a Diffident Young Man Turned the Joke on His Old Teaser. There's a very pious and diffident young man in Detroit who has a good-looking daughter is forever teasing him on all sorts of subjects, and the young fellow has never been able to get even until now. The other day the old one met the young one in a crowd of men.

"Ah, my boy," he said, "you weren't at the club last night?" "No, sir," was the response; "I was making a few calls." "O—h," laughed the old one, with great significance, "making calls, were you? What kind of calls did you make?" and he winked and laughed again, and nudged the young man in the ribs.

Then the inspiration came to the young man. "They were just too lovely for anything," he said with a smile. "Your daughter's was one, for instance," and something the old one hasn't felt so much like teasing the pious young man since that.—Detroit Free Press.

It Takes Many Pounds of Bullets. Old war eagles are wont to tell younger soldiers that there is no real danger in a battle; that "it is mostly all roar and little wool"; that "it takes a man's weight in lead to kill him," etc. This last statement seems rather broad, but statistical tables even more than prove the verity of the assertion. At the battle of Solferino a comparison of the number of shots fired on the Austrian side with the number of killed and wounded on the part of the enemy shows that 700 bullets were expended for each man wounded and 4,200 for each man killed. Now, as the average weight of the ball used was 30 grammes, it must have required at least 126 kilograms or 277 pounds of lead to kill a single one of the enemy's men! In the last Franco-Prussian war a whole company of French chasseurs fired 400 shots at a mounted German sentry on a hillock at a distance of less than 800 yards without even so much as scratching either horse or man.—St. Louis Republic.

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FARM AND GARDEN.

NEW GARDEN TOOL. Designed by a Bright Boy in an Hour of Need.

A new tool made from an old one would have been considered an impossibility a few weeks ago, but necessity is the mother of invention. The garden fork got broken. It was a beautiful fine spring morning, the garden was in fine shape to be planted, and the seeds and their mistress impatient to have the work go forward. It was miles to town. We had no substitute for a fork and a clumsy stable shovel, not even a gardener's spade. Just when ready to give up the job for a still later opportunity, one of the boys was heard vigorously using hammer and coal-chisel at the barn. In a few minutes he came into the garden, flushed with success and pride, bearing aloft what appeared to be a short, stiff spade. A few words of explanation showed it to have been made of an old shovel which had lain idle for a number of years because the point was worn off. It had merely cut off the sides, leaving the stiff back and middle portion of the shovel, about eight inches wide (Fig. 1). A derisive laugh met his presentation, but when the new tool was tried,

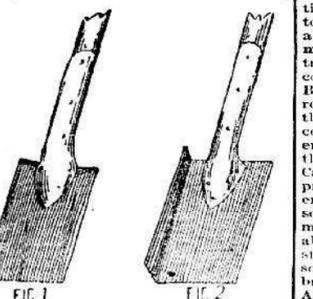


FIG. 1

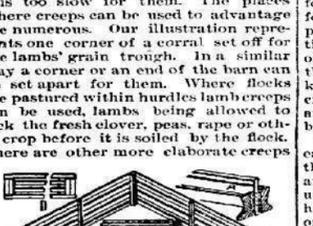
It was unanimously pronounced timely, useful and permanent—useful not only in preparing the garden, but in digging horse-radish, setting out small fruits, pie-plant, young trees, and doing a dozen other jobs where, even a spade would not serve well. In digging post holes, it performs a most useful mission. Many an old shovel might be thus transformed, and many a farmer who does not know the usefulness of the tool might easily provide himself with one of these tools by bending the broad blade of an old shovel at an exact right angle with itself, as shown in Fig. 2. For the rapid getting out of peat and muck, this tool has no equal, as it will cut two sides of each block at once, and when the block is once opened, every motion produces a complete brick.—Country Gentleman.

FIG. 2

CREEPS FOR LAMBS.

Why No Flockmaster Should Neglect to Build Them. The value of lamb creeps is not always appreciated by flock owners. It is advisable to push the lambs with grain and clean pasture. Our illustration shows two forms of lamb creeps. The one shown at A is made by nailing slats made from fence boards to 2x4 inch scantling at the top and bottom, placing the slats far enough apart to allow the lambs to pass through readily. It can be fastened by chains as shown in the cut, or nailed firmly to the posts, as may seem best. This form of creep is very convenient for widening the holes, the slats being readily knocked loose and nailed on again making the desired intervals any length. These spaces will need to be widened as the closely shorn ewes require narrower creeps in May and June than the large lamb can get through later in the season. Another form of creep is shown at B. It is open to criticism for having the width of the holes fixed and for having too small a capacity. Lambs want to rush through quickly when they go to feed, and when but two can get through at the same time it is too slow for them. The places where creeps can be used to advantage are numerous. Our illustration represents a corner of a corral set off for the lambs' grain trough. In a similar way a corner or an end of the barn can be set apart for them. Where flocks are pastured within hurdles lamb creeps can be used, lambs being allowed to pick the fresh clover, peas, rape, or other crop before it is sown by the flock. There are other more elaborate creeps.

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LAMB CREEPS ILLUSTRATED.

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A Rhode Island Experience. The Homestead tells of a farmer in Rhode Island who turned over five acres of old sward land in May, and put on a liberal dressing of stable manure mixed with slaughter house refuse. He sowed it with fodder corn and raised 70 tons of fodder, which cost him \$40 to cut and stack. As his cattle will leave the best upland hay to clean up this fodder, he considers it worth at least \$10 a ton, and his whole outlay was about \$100, which he presumes does not include cost of the manure. But the land ought to be in much better condition than before.

PROFIT IN CAPONS.

They Usually Bring More For Found Than Hens.

The claims made for the more rapid growth of capons than of cockerels hardly seem substantiated in the birds which I have examined. Capons and cockerels of the same brood at seven or eight months of age were of about equal weight, the cockerels, if there was any difference, being the heavier. Were these birds to be kept for a few months longer it is possible that the capons would have outgrown the cockerels. But, despite this failure to make more growth at an early age, there still seems to be some advantage in castrating the male birds. They become less pigmented, and are more easily fattened; they remain "soft," that is, in a chicken-like condition of flesh, much longer; and in time they do take on more weight and fatten more easily.

The operation is easily learned and quickly performed, and is not accompanied by any of the following rules for land only. The clover patch is now considered as important as the corn crib in the feeding of pigs.

But capons may be kept until one is ready to sell, with no danger of battling, treading or losing their "soft" condition. It really seems as if the operation ought to prove profitable to most capon raisers. Capons, too, usually bring a better price than cockerels, though the difference is probably not so great as it is sometimes represented to be. Still the market quotations are tolerably reliable, and these anyone interested can study for himself. Capons are never sold for less, and usually, if not always, bring more per pound than chickens.—American Agriculturist.

KANSAS ROW MARKER.

Device for Insuring Straight Rows in Field or Garden.

To secure straight rows in field or garden the farmer should be marked before planting. A convenient implement for this purpose is shown in the accompanying illustration, from a sketch sent us by John C. Umsted, of Kansas. A six-inch pole twelve feet long, of red oak, is bored at intervals of one foot below it and braced by an old arch of a two-horse cultivator mortised through the pole and pinned above the tongue. A second pole, b, four inches through, is attached to the first by pieces of one-fourth by one and



A HOMEMADE MARKER.

one-fourth inch strap iron passing loosely around the front pole, and across the blocks, at intervals of twenty inches long and six inches through, and pinned above the back pole. The holes for the marker pins should be bored where needed. Wood pins need one and one-half inch holes, iron pins one-half inch. These holes should be bored at intervals of one foot, which fasten the back pole to the connecting blocks e should be made six inches longer for this purpose. A double tree can be attached to the tongue in the usual manner. By using a heavy back log, an excellent marker can be made and used.—American Agriculturist.

FEATHERS AND EGGS.

Utility of More Importance in Fowls Than Graceful Shape.

I consider the utility part of a fowl of far more importance than the graceful shape or the beautiful plumage. The best I have seen on my place are the ugliest in plumage, and possess all the disqualifications of the standard called for. Yet I would rather have one such fowl than half a dozen of the average prize winners at the poultry exhibitions. I have in my flock one excellent layer from strictly thorough breeds is the first crossing. I know that where two breeds are crossed the offspring are more hardy and more profitable than when closely bred in purity.

My plan is to stick out the best layers and an excellent laying strain can be built up. It pays to closely watch the laying hens and to kill off all that are but ordinary. The same food that will feed a flock of indifferent layers would support a flock of profitable ones. Fanciers cannot follow out that plan. Very often the poorest layers are the best marked and the best adapted for the matings he wants, and his prime object is to furnish prize winners. He points to mean eggs.—Germantown Telegraph.

How to Preserve Eggs.

We have often given replies to inquiries in regard to how best to preserve eggs, and though many methods are given, the following rules will enable one to keep eggs from three to four months if followed: 1. The eggs from hens that are not with males. 2. Keep the eggs in racks, using no packing material. 3. The eggs should be turned half over three times a week. 4. Keep them cool, which is the most important of all. 5. Use only fresh eggs, as one stale egg may injure the others.—Farm and Fireside.

The pig that is fattened in the spring should be large enough for slaughter in the fall. Small sizes are preferred. The day has passed for raising pigs for land only. The clover patch is now considered as important as the corn crib in the feeding of pigs.