

LET US BE QUIET.

Let us be quiet! What is there to gain
By fret and worry in this fleeting life?
Alas, for all the self-inflicted pain
Alas for all the self-invited strife!

Let us be quiet! Winds and waters wage
In vain the fiercest conflict ever known;
They cannot reach a star, however they rage,
Nor touch the base of God's eternal throne.

Let us be quiet when our foes conspire
To do us evil or to thwart our good;
When friends create ill to all our right desire
And best of motives are misunderstood.

Let us be quiet when the ghosts arise—
Those phantom creatures of night's fevered
brain;
They fly when morning's sun illumines the skies,
And we behold the world in light again.

Let us be quiet! Passing years shall prove
Purpose divine upon our welfare best;
True wisdom, hatched in hand with deepest love,
Works out for us the will omnipotent.

—R. M. Offord, in N. Y. Observer.

LUCK OF THE ATKINSES.

BY MARGARET B. TEATES.

Nobody ever was poorer than the Atkinses, or, in common parlance, any more "shifless." The family consisted of the old man, Bill by name, a half blind, decrepit creature, who yet possessed a share of quaint humor; his wife, Lou-ey, a lazy, ragged old woman, who had grown fat on nothing and who managed to keep her snuff-box full even when the coffee-pot was empty, and five or six lank, sallow boys and girls in various stages of age and dirtiness. They occupied a small log house on the outskirts of a town in the mountains of Arkansas, and their dwelling was remarkable only for its simplicity. It consisted of a single room which the entire family occupied without regard to age or sex; the fire-place furnished at once heat, light and the means of cooking their scanty food. Three wretched beds, a broken chair or two, a box which served as a table, a frying-pan, spider and coffee pot, with a few broken dishes, composed the entire wealth of the Atkins family, for their house was the property of a well-to-do citizen who let them live there for very pity. It was quite prosperous, this inland Arkansas town, though fifty rough and rocky miles from the nearest railroad; it was considered by the country folk around a dashing, stylish place. The ladies there never went barefooted, even in the hottest weather, and sun-bonnets were long since out of date. The men, too, wore store clothes, and some of them wore their coats to meeting during the summer; but this innovation was by no means popular. It was a gossipy little community, as an isolated place must be, and its church and political factions managed to keep things from stagnating. But the whole town was united upon one thing—heartily condemning the Atkinses. Even the Methodists and the Campbellites agreed on that, and they did not often agree upon anything, for the Campbellites had affirmed that they could sing louder and faster than the Methodists, and the boast had caused considerable ill feeling.

The town had to support the Atkinses, so surely it had the right to disapprove of them, but the disapproval was rather out of proportion to the aid they furnished, and had the position been reversed, the Atkinses would have had more to eat. One lady in the town had declared that she would never help "them Atkinses" again. She related to a circle of sympathizing friends that she had offered "Miss Atkins two bits a week an' all she could eat" if she would do her washing and cooking, but the offer had been refused. Mrs. Atkins said she had to stay at home and take care of her "man," as he was "mighty nigh blind," and the old man had jocosely remarked that he "loved Lou-ey'd been doin' nothin' so long she'd had to quit."

Mr. Johnson was proprietor of the only grocery store in the town. He had come from New England years before, and had opened this store when lemons and oranges were practically unknown and white sugar well-nigh as hard to obtain. By dint of keeping these and similar luxuries and selling them at astonishingly high rates, and by introducing into the western market many high-priced novelties, such as sardines, canned fruits, oatmeal, A B C crackers, and other articles calculated to please the eye and palate of the village customer, he had managed to amass quite a tidy little sum. On this gentleman the burden of contributing to the support of the Atkinses fell with especial severity. Not that he gave more than anyone else—quite the contrary—but that his well-known stinginess made him feel it more. It is doubtful if he would have given anything at all, but from his desire to stand well in the eyes of the community, and especially of the gentleman on whose land the Atkinses lived. He was the rich man of the town, and his influence and importance were wonderful in a small way.

One evening a group of men had gathered in Mr. Johnson's store, as was the custom, solemnly gossiping about the events of the day. The proprietor stood behind the counter keeping an anxious eye on his boxes of crackers and fruit that stood invitingly open. He was a slender man, slightly stooped, with his face and upper lip shaven and an iron-gray beard adorning his chin. He had small eyes and a bland smile that was intended to be very pleasing. It was hard to keep the smile straight, though, for a lank mountaineer was making fearful deprecations upon a box of "animal crackers" that stood open on the counter. He dared not stop the man, for he was a possible customer, but as he saw his pastry cows and elephants disappearing his heart sank within him. He was not until he had safely maneuvered the box out of the man's reach that he was able to give his attention to the chat that was going on.

Abel Lewis had the floor, and he was telling something that was truly astounding. "Have you folks heard that old Bill Atkins is goin' to draw some money soon?" he asked. The question he now proposed was fully up to the speaker's expectation. "Yes, that man that was here awhile back looking out for pensions is goin' to get a pension for Bill," he continued. "You all know Bill fit in the war, an' he's blind, you know, an' he's goin' to get his money now soon. I reckon his back pay'll be sev'ral thousand dollars. It'll be two or three months before he'll get it, but they say it's sure to come." Well, well! would wonders never cease? Bill Atkins a moneyed man! The news must be true, for the whole party remembered the pension examiner who had visited the town, and two or three men testified to seeing him go to Atkins's house.

The news spread like wildfire through the little town, and created a variety of emotions. A few skeptical souls pretended not to believe it, but the subject was discussed in all its bearings. The Atkinses had suddenly, and by no effort of their own, become very important citizens. Mrs. Smith, the wife of one of the ministers, told the ladies in the sewing society that she thought it a shame that none of them ever went to see the Atkinses. "They've got souls to save if they air pore," she added, judiciously overlooking the fact that report said they were no longer beggars. Mrs. Kelly, the lady who had avowed her intention of never helping them again, looked quite abashed, and secretly resolved to send Mrs. Atkins a pitcher of buttermilk that very evening.

MEN AND WOMEN.

The Traits That Each Sex Admires in the Other.

There is a certain something, which, for want of a better name, is called womanliness, and it is that which makes woman attractive to men. A great many virtues go to make up this one trait.

Men like, in the first place, amiability in a woman. They like a pleasant appearance. They like the doing of little things that are pleasant to them. They like the courtesy of the fireside. They like women whose lives and faces are always full of the sunshine of a contented mind and a cheerful disposition. They like ability to talk well, coupled with a proper appreciation of the charm of timely silence. They like a motherliness large enough to understand the wants of the older as well as of the younger boys. They like a natural disposition to speak good rather than evil of any human being. They like sympathy, the ear that lends itself willingly to the tale of sorrow or gladness. They like a knowledge of how to dress well—which, by the way, does not mean conspicuously. They like intelligence, but they prefer that the heart should be stronger than the brain. They like to find in a woman a companion—one who has sufficient knowledge of the world and its ways to talk well with them; who is interested in their lives, their plans, their hopes; who knows how to give a cheerful word, or to listen quietly, and by a tender look express the grief which the heart is feeling. A man may sometimes say that children are a bore and a nuisance, but he will shrink from a woman who declares her dislike of them. A man expects the maternal instinct in woman, and is disappointed if he does not find it. Men like women to be affectionate; there never yet was a man, no matter how stern, how cold, how given to repressing his own feelings, who did not like a loving pressure of the hand or a tender kiss from the woman nearest to him.

Women, on their part, like many, not womanish men. They like honesty of purpose united with consideration. They like men who believe in women. They like their opinions to be thought of some value. They like a man who can be strong as a lion when trouble comes, and yet, if the woman in his care is nervous and tired, can button a shoe or draw off a glove or smooth a pillow with unobtrusive helpfulness. They like a man who can even master a baby, convincing it of his power and reducing it to submission and sleep when its natural care-taker is unstrung and helpless. They like a man who, however large his own concerns, is interested in their new dresses, and can give an opinion on symmetry, color and fit. They like a man who knows their innocent weaknesses and caresses to them; who will bring home a box of fruit, the latest magazine or the clever puzzle sold on the street, and take his part in entertaining the household for an evening. They like a man who is master of every situation, who can help a woman decide what is the best thing to do under perplexing circumstances, and who has wit enough to realize, when one of their sex is slightly stubborn, that persuasion is more powerful than argument. They like a man who likes them—who doesn't scorn their opinions, who believes in their good taste, who has confidence in their truth, and who, most of all, knows that the love promised is given him. That's the sort of a man a woman likes, and her every sigh of gratification is a little prayer: "God bless him."

—Kate Field's Washington.

His Ultimatum.

"And you reject my offer?" he said to her, intensely. "You refuse to be the one woman in all the world to me?"

"I'm afraid so," she confessed rather kindly, for she meant well.

"Then, I have but one thing to say to you, madam," he said, reaching for his hat.

"I am sure you have my permission to say that. What is it?"

He drew himself up to his full height.

"There are others," he replied haughtily, and passed out of the game.

—Detroit Free Press.

A Dog That Is No Stench.

"Speaking of dogs," said the hunter at the grocery store, "my dog is no slouch. I was out fishing with him at Sabatis pond the other day. I was two fish shy of a mess and they wouldn't bite. Said I to the dog: 'Pocker, I'd give a dollar for two more pickerals. The dog gave a leap, dove eight feet into the pond, was gone two minutes and came back with one pickerel in his mouth and the other hanging to his fore leg.'—Lewiston Journal.

An Awful Fate.

Little Duplex (caught in the act)—Doan' whom me, mommy, doan' whom me! All I teched was a twenty bit ob dis r'berry jam!

Mrs. Cooney (sorrowfully)—An' dat's de jam, chile, vot's de cause ob dis pen-den-seed-u-ov's goin' roun'. Chile! Chile! Tink ob habing r'berry bushes growin' in yo' insides!—Puck.

A Wise Provision.

Little Ethel (who has been looking at pictures)—When boys go to Heaven, they just take their heads an' put wings on them, an' they fly around that way.

Little Johnny—Wot's that for?

Little Ethel—I guess that's so they can't fight.—Good News.

Explained.

Maudie—That Swatlow girl is wildly infatuated with her new chum, that Molly Jamesty. What does it mean, wonder?

Madge—It means that Molly's brother.—Chicago Tribune.

A Sensitive Acquaintance.

"Has Miss Gildingy 'plummed'?" asked the young man.

"I should say so," replied the young woman.

"What does it mean?"

"It means she has been plucked."—Lippincott's Magazine.

HENNESSY WAS ELEVATED.

Being an Incident Related to Support a Philosophical Proposition.

"Inherent in every person," said Frederick Upham Adams, "is a great talent for superintending. Man is naturally a boss." The ability to be bossed is an acquired habit. Besides being chief smoke inspector Mr. Adams is strongly addicted to esoteric philosophy. "I recall an instance illustrative of this proposition," continued Mr. Adams as he sought a match. "Up Elgin way the section gang was out repairing the track. There were seven men in the outfit, including the section boss. It was pay day and the executive had to go to Elgin to the pay car and get the money for his men. 'Hennessy,' he said to one of the men, 'kape an eye on the boys while I'm gone.'

"Section Boss Casey had turned the curve and was beyond view by the time Hennessy had his pipe alight and was ready to discharge the functions of boss.

"'Fwat are yez doin', Mick?' he asked of his friend and late his equal, one Durkin.

"'Cuttin' wades,' replied Durkin.

"'Kape on cuttin' them,' said Hennessy.

"'For why are yez packin' that gusge about, Mister McDermott?'"

"'I'm seelin' is the thrack straight.'"

"'Tis a good thing the gauge is better capable of measurin' than the eye av yez since the day Jim Casey gev ye the wallow. An' be sure ye kape them parallel. Fwat are yez thyrin' to do with the push buggy, Metinnis?' and the dignitary turned his superior gaze on the man who was taking liberties with the running gear of a wheelbarrow.

"'It's oilin' it I am,' returned McGinnis with humility.

"'Drop it, man, drop it. There a job for the masher mechanic. Take that bar and tamp up them ties. Fwat th' 'ell does any man av the name of McGinnis know about machinery?'"

"'Then,' said Mr. Adams, 'Hennessy sat on the hand car and cursed his slaves for two hours, at the end of which time Casey returned with the pay.'—Chicago Times-Herald.

BREAKFAST BACON.

Some Care Is Necessary in the Cooking to Have It Right.

As to cooking bacon, most people find frying the most handy method of serving bacon in small quantities. It will not do, though, to thrust the pan on the stove and leave the bacon to cook itself. Some care is necessary, as, like other things, all bacon does not behave in the same way, and a slice of lean needs to be turned over on a fatter part to keep it from getting too dry, while another rasher cooks more quickly than the rest, so without care the rashers will not cook evenly. In doing small quantities it is well to put a little bacon fat in the pan. Save it each day when frying, pouring it in a jar to keep it. This plan preserves the meat from hardening. Some of the best cooked bacon I ever saw was served daily among other breakfast dishes. The rashers were cut with mathematical precision, and laid in a large baking tin, overlapping each other, so that each strip of lean was on the fat of the rasher underneath. The tin was then placed in the oven, and left till the meat was cooked. The bacon never varied in appearance, the lean being beautifully tender, and the fat cooked through, but not chippy. Every stranger always asked how the bacon was cooked, and why it never looked done too little or too much.

Boiled bacon goes further than fried, and a dainty little bit is the end of the loin when it is rather lean. A piece weighing two and a half pounds makes a nice piece for a small family, and should be boiled, the rind peeled off and the fat crumbed as a ham. This, when cut off a piece of good Wiltshire, is a great delicacy, and to be recommended when a ham proves too large. Then the gammon or fillet is a good boiling piece to use as ham, and may weigh from four pounds to six pounds. By taking a corner piece or weighing the "hand" in, a much lower price is asked, but perhaps in the long run the middle cut is as cheap, as there is absolutely no waste at all.—London Queen.

A definite critical edition of Dante has been undertaken by the Societa Dantesca d'Italia, the first based on the collection of all accessible manuscripts. As nearly 600 manuscripts of the divine comedy are known to exist, the labor will be enormous. In its publication, the Giornale Dantesco, the society assumes as settled certain questions: "The historical reality of Beatrice, now admitted almost generally; the date of the Vita Nuova, now determined to be long to the first years of the last decade of the thirteenth century; the supposition that some part of the Convito was written before Dante's exile, now shown to be without foundation; the composition of the De Monarchia, now generally held to be later than that of the other minor works."

Ben Franklin's morals and religious belief have been the subject of much discussion. A letter written by Franklin to his sister, Mrs. Mecom, dated October 19, 1790, indicates the writer's firm belief in the goodness of God. It is one of the last letters written by the great philosopher, and the following extract will show the state of his mind at the time: "As to my health it continues usual, sometimes better, sometimes worse, & with respect to my happiness hereafter, which you enquire of, I have no Doubt about it, of being as I do in the Goodness of God. Being who thro' a long Life have been a constant witness of his goodness."

THE PLAIN SEAM.

It is a Sign of Usefulness and Comfort in the Home.

In these days of advanced education, when one must have had manual training, and have learned how to whittle and how to model, even in the kindergarten, how to shape and design in the drift of later teaching, how to speak various languages, solve severe mathematical problems, play intricate sonatas, and do all that may become a woman wishing to be seen to be accomplished in the eye of the world—in these days that make sure of all this, some of the accomplishments whose value is felt only in the domestic circle are entirely neglected. It is more than likely that not one of the young women thus instructed could take a prize in a county fair for a patch viewlessly set in, or for darning so fine as to be an ornament instead of the repair of a blemish, as their great-aunts use to do; yet most of them can do the most wonderful embroidery in colored silks and gold and silver threads for table-scarfs and tray-cloths and the like.

These charming accomplishments of theirs are all very well and greatly to be desired, but they are as mere dust in the balance for usefulness and comfort at home if to them has not been added skill and practice in sewing straight seams, in putting in a patch, making a button-hole, in taking up a felling and hem-stitching, in the art of plain sewing, in tucking and biasing, in the plain sewing of every one.

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HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

Apple Fritters: Three eggs, three tablespoonfuls sifted sugar, one pint flour, salt, milk to make a good batter, as many apples chopped fine as the batter will take. Sift sugar over when fried.—Mrs. Dale, in Home.

Lamp Shades: Artificial lights hurt the eyesight more or less, but most of all when they are placed on a level with the eyes. A shade of some kind should always be used which not only protects the eyes from the bright glare, but makes the light fall directly on the book or work.

Current Jumbles: One-fourth pound of flour, one pound of white sugar, three-fourths of a pound of butter, five eggs, one gill of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two cups of currants, flavor with mace and nutmeg, and if you like a glass of wine. Drop the mixture on pans and bake.—Boston Budget.

Lemon Dumplings: Half a pound of breadcrumbs, half a pound of finely chopped suet, a quarter of a pound of dried fruit, the juice and rind of one lemon, and two eggs. Mix the ingredients well together, divide them into eight dumplings, throw into boiling water, and boil steadily for an hour.—Leeds Mercury.

Gingersnaps: One cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of lard or butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of ginger. Put on a stove, let come to a boil, remove and mix with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water; mix stiff and roll thin, and bake in a quick oven.—Farm and Fireside.

Browned Eggs: Hard boil the eggs, cut in halves, remove the yolks carefully and pound them to a smooth paste, adding pepper, salt, butter and a very little cream. Refill the cavities with this mixture and press the two halves firmly together. Roll each in beaten egg, then in fine bread crumbs, place in a frying basket and fry in a deep lard to a delicate brown.—Farm and Home.

Stewed Carrots: Boil the carrots until they are half done, then scrape and cut into thick slices; put them in a stewpan with as much milk as will hardly cover them; a very little salt and pepper, and a small quantity of chopped parsley; simmer them until they are perfectly tender, but not broken. When nearly done add a piece of butter rolled in flour. Serve hot.—Farmers Voice.

Polenta with Gravy: Have ready a quart or more of thick starchy pudding, with a spoonful of butter added, a cupful of good gravy and one of tomato sauce, all very hot, and half a cupful of grated cheese. Dish up the pudding with alternate layers of tomato and gravy and sprinklings of cheese, and serve immediately. This simple dish is a savory and also a very substantial one.—Country Gentleman.

Eggs in Newport Style: Soak one pint of bread crumbs in one pint of milk, whip eight eggs very light and mix with the soaked crumbs, beating for five minutes. Have ready a saucepan in which are two tablespoonfuls of butter melted and hot, but not scorching. Pour in the mixture, season with pepper and salt and scramble with the point of a knife for three minutes, or until well cooked. Serve on a warm platter, heaped on slices of buttered toast.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Cream Pie and Orange Dessert: Cut the oranges in thin slices and sprinkle sugar over them; let them stand two or three hours; serve on ordinary fruit plates. The pie is made with a bottom crust only, and that not thick, but light and flaky. Take one coffee cup of thick, sweet cream, half a cup of pulverized sugar, a tablespoonful of flour, one egg; flavor with lemon extract; bake until you are sure the crust is brown and hard, so that it will not absorb the custard.—Farmer's Voice.

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FARM AND GARDEN.

AN HONEST STATEMENT.

Two German Veterinarians Pronounce American Cattle Healthy.

The agricultural department at Washington has received a report from Germany which shows there are some scientific gentlemen in that country who do not believe the statements about disease among cattle imported from America, and have the courage to say so. Messrs. Boyser and Vollers, two veterinarians of good repute in their profession, have issued a report in which they protest against the misrepresentations and fears that are scattered through the newspapers there that tuberculosis exists to an enormous extent among cattle in the United States, that pleuro-pneumonia is still more prevalent, and that the American stock raisers are forced on this account to ship their cattle to Europe at merely nominal prices. These gentlemen give statistics in answer to the charge that American cattle suffer from the disease named. They say that in German cities 5,023 head of imported cattle have been slaughtered since 1889, all but 918 of which were killed in Hamburg. Not a case of pleuro-pneumonia was found in all this number, and but four cases of tuberculosis. According to the facts as ascertained by these veterinarians, only 1-20 of one per cent. of the American cattle slaughtered there were tuberculous, while 8 per cent. of the German cattle slaughtered in Hamburg were found to be thus afflicted. The condition of the American cattle is declared to be fully equal to that of the stock raised on German meadow lands. Messrs. Boyser and Vollers say that they see certain dangers in American meat for the German producers and the German meat trade, but they do not base their conclusions upon the premise adopted by the German government. They say the danger arises out of the lower prices of American cattle, the high standard of breeding here and the perfect health of the animals sent from this country to the Fatherland. They advise the German stock raisers to study the achievements and methods of the Americans in the same line of effort and to examine and consider how the tuberculosis, which is constantly spreading around them in German live stock, may be arrested.—Chicago Tribune.

A MODEL PIGGERY.

It Helps to Reduce the Labor of Caring for a Herd to a Minimum.

The plan below shows how the labor in the care of a large herd of swine may be reduced to a minimum. This piggery is 20x30 feet and divided into four distinct sets of compartments. Fig. 1 is an inside view, with a portion of the roof removed to show the interior of the passage which extends lengthwise through the center. This passage or hall, as will be seen by Fig. 2, is 4 feet wide and 30 feet long, closed at each end by a gate. Spouts opening into it communicate with the feed troughs, and a gate opens into it from each pen. Beneath the roof are also lofts for the storage of grain and other feed, to which access is had by doors hinged on the lower side. In the covered portion of the hallway there are also convenient hooks for hanging small tools. The roof extends over a section of 14 feet, in which are the sleeping and nesting quarters, each 7x7 feet.

The sides are covered with horizontal boards. Between the lower one and the plank floor is left a space an inch wide for drainage, which is caught in a trough extending along each side, directly under the edge of the flooring. Under the lower end of each trough is an old hoghead sunk in the ground for the storage of the liquid manure. A gate opens from one of the open pens into a yard. Such a structure is peculiarly well adapted for breeding sows and their young.—Farm and Home.

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THE PEKING DUCK.

A Breed Generally Preferred to the Old One by Duck Raisers.

Of the four leading varieties of ducks the Pekings are decidedly the most popular in this country. They were brought here from China about twenty years ago and soon displaced the Aylesbury and Rouen, the English and French breeds, in public estimation. The fourth variety, the Cayuga, has the disadvantage of coal-black plumage. It also requires the vicinity of lakes, ponds or streams, as it is decidedly a water duck.

The Peking breed matures earlier than the other varieties. The birds are said to be larger at six weeks old than any other breed, which makes them valuable for market at this age. They are hardy, easy to raise, fine for the table and good layers of large white eggs. They grow rapidly, and do well when there is no water. They are as tractable as the Rouen or Aylesbury, hence a cross with them is often preferred. A flock of common ducks

be greatly improved by crossing with the Peking. Their white feathers are largely mixed with black, which forms an impediment to the sale when the birds are rapidly plucked. The Peking is a large, sturdy breed, with a belief in the World.

Allow Plenty of Liberty, as the Mother hen then becomes a nuisance. She may be let out during the day. As the turkey grows early and dislikes being disturbed, settling down for the night, and coop them before the sun sets. The young turkeys will not follow the first week. Feed separately from the mother, for she will destroy all the food within reach. For the greenness, an old turkey hen is preferred. Dry bread soaked in warm milk is one of the best foods for the young, as is curd from fresh milk. A whole flock has been known to warm curd. A custard made of one egg to a pint of milk, thickened with bread (no sugar), is a good food. When about two months old, feed wheat part of the time and mix with meal with their feed; this should not be fed exclusively. Allow plenty of liberty, as confinement will kill young turkeys. When the mother hen begins tramping wildly from one side of the coop to the other, better let her out unless the weather is unfavorable.

When about the size of partridges and old enough to follow the mother in long rambles, the young will need but little attention, simply a little feed morning and evening. They much prefer bugs, grasshoppers, insects and seeds to a more civilized ration. Do not neglect to bring them home at night and put under shelter until old enough to fly into trees and care for themselves. Turkeys do not always select wisely the best resting place for the night, hence vermin sometimes attack and snipe them. Teach them to come at the sound of your voice; it will save many a weary tramp in woods and fields.

Six weeks' time is sufficient for market. Feed turkeys on whole corn that has been shaded.

George S. ...

HINTS FOR BREEDING.

By using an extractor old combs can be saved and utilized. Even a bit of wax and old combs should be carefully saved. Bees bred in new combs are generally much larger than those reared in old.

To obtain the best honey to have the best.

To obtain the best honey to have the best.

THE PEKING DUCK.

A Breed Generally Preferred to the Old One by Duck Raisers.

Of the four leading varieties of ducks the Pekings are decidedly the most popular in this country. They were brought here from China about twenty years ago and soon displaced the Aylesbury and Rouen, the English and French breeds, in public estimation. The fourth variety, the Cayuga, has the disadvantage of coal-black plumage. It also requires the vicinity of lakes, ponds or streams, as it is decidedly a water duck.

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THE PEKING DUCK.

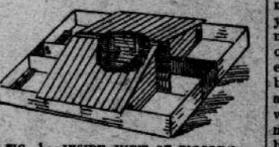


FIG. 1.—INSIDE VIEW OF PIGGERY.



FIG. 2.—GROUND PLAN OF PIGGERY.