

# The St. Landry Clarion.

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWAY BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN."

VOL. VII.—NO. 7.

OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1896.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

## Thanksgiving DAY.

With the golden sheaf of autumn lifted in its stately hands, at the threshold of the winter, lo, a grateful nation stands! Up to the yearning prayer of blessings, headless, thankless, we have trod; But, to-day, the people's altar sends its incense up to God. Ring aloud in spirit and turret—in your windy prison cells—Ring the morning in with anthems of Thanksgiving, O ye bells! Gather, O ye fields, gather, where the ruddy shades of care and sorrow vanish backward from the light! Link anew the charmed circle of the household's broken chain; Let the land be full of worship, and the heart of love, again; Homeward to the kismet service call the wandering child that roams; For to-day the nation's altars are its friends and its homes. Moon by moon the year has circled, and before us is unrolled All the seasons' perfect drama, as in countless years of old; In the valley sank the snowdrift, and the snowdrift sprang anew; And anon earth woke in flowers from a summer dream of dew; Winter, spring and summer failed not, and she drank the light and rain; Till the sunlit heaven lay mirrored in her waving fields of grain. O'er the wave the white-winged vessels came, as went the ships of Greece; Happy Argonauts, returning with the prairie's golden fleece. O'er the land the song of labor, in the workshop and the field; Forth, from ocean unto ocean, in a choral wave has pealed. Therefore, wake, in all your turrets—in your windy prison cells—Ring the morning in with anthems of Thanksgiving, O ye bells! —David Gray, in Christian Work.

## AUNT MORTON'S PLAN.

MS. MORTON, or Aunt Morton, as everybody called her, had returned from the afternoon's prayer meeting, and had arranged everything for the night, and now sat before a bright blazing fire in her own little parlor. Her thoughts had gone out on many errands of kindness as she sat there in the shadowy twilight. Nothing unusual for her, however, for her life was a living epistle that could be read of all men, it was so humble, quiet, holy, Christ-like. She loved to sit thus in the twilight and plan her little love errands, and think how many poor would be likely to need her porridge the next day, how many little shivering children she would meet and relieve, or that deed of kindness she could do to send sinners into the better way. For Aunt Morton had grown wise in her intercourse with the world. She had found that whatever the difficulty of understanding words, deeds are almost always intelligible, and she revealed her soul in inarticulate speech as an earnest, pure and truthful life. This was a language which the profoundest admired and the simplest could appreciate. Her pastor's most elaborate discourse on sanctification proved tame and ineffective in comparison with the eloquence of this woman's humble and holy walk with God.

Many were Aunt Morton's thoughts on the evening we introduce her to the reader. The minister had given notice that in two weeks would be Thanksgiving service. She wondered why people should have to be so reminded to give thanks. Her life was one continual song of thanksgiving. It would have been in accordance with her idea of many things if the president and governors should say in the beginning of each year: "Let the present be a year of continual thanksgiving, inasmuch as the bountiful blessing of basket and store is not given an withdrawn in a day."

Then the minister had made a request that all his parishioners should come to church that day, especially those who were sometimes remiss in their attendance, and he, with the Lord's help, would endeavor to hand forth convenient food for them. There was one thing the minister said that seemed to have a significance for her, and she dwelt long upon it in thought: "There are many life errors that can be more easily righted, more lasting reconciliations made at this time of celebrating mercies than at any other; perhaps caused by the hallowed associations that cluster around the day. Then let each of us look well about us and see if we cannot do something to make the world better."

his son-in-law, had made himself a reputation, and his line of practice was becoming broader each succeeding year, while Judge Pennington, the man he would like to have had for a son-in-law, was a man of intemperate habits, and bid fair to come out at the end of life with less money than he started in with.

As to Farmer Granville's family, it scarce seemed like the same family at all. Mrs. Granville had dispensed with some of her domestics, and had taken to active labor, thereby hoping to find an antidote for her troubles. She went so quietly about her self-imposed tasks that it really seemed painful to witness. Farmer Granville was snappish and cross, until the past year a marked change had come over him, and he seemed more tender. Perhaps, because his beautiful and patient little wife appeared to be going into a decline, and the fear he might lose her had taken hold of his mind with a softening influence. The youngest daughter, Katie, who was but 12 years old at the time of her sister's marriage, tried to encourage her mother and quiet her father, and went to Aunt Morton to pour out her young heart's sorrow into her sympathetic ear.

"It is all safe in God's keeping, dear child, and things will grow better under His care, in His own and therefore the best time," she had said again and again to Katie. And now she believed this was the Lord's time, and knowing that He ever uses adjustments to accomplish His purpose, she believed He would make her an instrument to bring about a reconciliation between this father and daughter. She clasped her hands in prayer and said: "Lord, help me," and felt as sure He would do so, as the little child who goes to its earthly parent asking help.

She tapped a little call-bell, and her one woman servant brought in a light. "Hand me my writing-desk, Mary. There, that is all I want to-night. Thank you," and the servant withdrew. She wrote a letter and addressed it. It was to Mrs. Dr. Wellman, asking her to come with her two little children as soon as possible and stay until after Thanksgiving day with her. She also wanted the doctor to come on that day, too, and earlier, if he thought it prudent to leave his patients, he would know best. Having thus arranged things to her own satisfaction, she drew forth her Bible and read again the precious promises that had so long fortified her for a life of faith and works, after which she knelt down and committed all to the Lord. Then, retiring to rest, she slept as soundly as an infant might in its loving mother's arms.

With the early morning's dawn Mrs. Morton arose and felt refreshed. Although several years before, the grave had claimed the loved husband of her youth and her two beautiful children, yet she felt that but a little while at the longest and she would be with them, to know no more parting.

Quite early she posted her letter, and an hour's way home called in at Farmer Granville's; for now having undertaken the work of reconciliation, she bent every thought and purpose of her heart to accomplish it. The family were discussing the merits of the breakfast table, and Aunt Morton, always a welcome guest, was ushered directly into their presence. They were also discussing the approaching Thanksgiving dinner which had been celebrated from time immemorial at the Granville home-stead. Mrs. Granville was urging its discontinuance the present year on account of her health having failed so signally as to render her unable to superintend the necessary preparations. Farmer Granville was unwilling to forsake the old-time custom even for one year, and now that Mrs. Morton had come in the idea at once presented itself to secure her services to fill his wife's place, in which the dear soul cheerfully acquiesced, not doubting but that this was an opening for her in the prosecution of her plan of reconciliation.

There was much work to be done; for out-of-the-way niches were to be converted into bedrooms, and blanket closets were to be looked through and renovated, and the pantry and larder to be replenished, all of which Aunt Morton entered into with spirit and impetus. Several hours each day this task of love was performed. Her assistance was timely and her presence an inspiration, for it was a noticeable fact that as the day closely approached, Mrs. Granville became more inviolated,

perhaps caused by the knowledge that one of her darlings would be excluded from the circle of uncles, aunts, cousins, brothers, sisters, children and grandchildren that usually assembled to celebrate this day of mercies.

After a few days, when Aunt Morton came to facilitate the arrangements and brought with her the brightest and dearest little boy the Granville family ever saw. Katie hugged and kissed him to her heart's content. Mrs. Granville drew him to her heart with a thrill of pleasure, and Farmer Granville exhibited an interest in him quite unaccountable to himself and astounding to eyewitnesses. She told them in explanation that he was the child of a friend of hers who had come to spend several days with her, but insisted that she should continue to assist Mrs. Granville as planned before her arrival. She continued to bring the little boy each day and his coming was looked forward to by all with great pleasure.

Farmer Granville having the most leisure of anyone devoted much of it to the child's entertainment. They had so many plays in common that it was difficult to tell which of the two enjoyed them most. The little boy rode fearlessly on his shoulder about the room, and "to market" on his foot, until he was wild with delight. One day he crept onto his lap, and passing his little dimpled fingers through the long grayish-looking beard, exclaimed: "You look like my grandpapa."

"Do I?" said Farmer Granville; "of course you love your grandpapa. Where does he live?" "I don't know," said the child, "but I love you better than I do. Frankie's grandfather, for he can't ride me on his foot or on his shoulder, or give me apples to eat, either."

"An invalid, no doubt," thought Farmer Granville, but he felt flattered nevertheless. He had not the remotest idea that he was talking to his grandchild, and that the "grandpapa" the little boy referred to was a picture of himself inclosed in a case, carefully preserved by his discarded daughter, so he answered:

"Well, I will be your grandpapa while you stay, and ride you on my foot every day, and on the pony, too, to-morrow, if you like."

"This is Frankie's grandpapa," said the little boy, just as his mother had always said to him when she showed him the picture; and he ran his fingers more vigorously through the long, thick beard, and passed them lovingly through the wrinkles about the eyes and mouth.

Things were progressing just as Aunt Morton wished, so the next day she brought the baby over, a sweet, curly-headed little girl of two years. The baby was a double joy in the Granville family; and when she kissed "dranpapa" after Frankie's prompting, the pride and gratification of Farmer Granville was without limit, who in return tossed her toward the ceiling, and allowed her to pull his whiskers and cover his eyes to play "boopee" as much as she liked.

Thanksgiving was drawing so near, and the worry of hope deferred worked Mrs. Dr. Wellman into a severe headache, which lasted over the following day. So recommending her to keep quiet, and giving many instructions to her servant, Mrs. Morton took the two children with her to complete the arrangements for her neighbor's Thanksgiving feast, where they were again installed "chief in state and power."

As she was about to take her departure for home, while making the children ready, Farmer Granville asked her to bring the mother to see them, adding:

"She must be almost an angel to have such lovely children." "Thank you, no doubt she will be pleased to come," Mrs. Morton replied. "I will have some things at home to attend to to-morrow, being the day before Thanksgiving, but we will be out walking in the afternoon and will call on our way home."

And when Dr. Wellman arrived in response to Mrs. Morton's invitation, to help eat the conventional Thanksgiving turkey with her, he found the invitation transferred to the Granville home-stead, where there were more heart-felt rejoicings than had been known for the last six years. And no one was happier than Aunt Morton as she saw with what pride Farmer Granville introduced his children and grandchildren to the assembled guests, and as the festivities ended she joined in singing that grand old hymn:

"Praise to God, immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days," adding to herself:

"The minister was right, and this life-error is at last righted."—E. Ellen Cherry, in Good Housekeeping.

### THE DAY AFTER.



"I can't offer you anything," said the kind-hearted lady, "but some corned beef and cabbage."

"Madam," replied Meandering Mike, "it 'ud be my salvation. I've walked four miles tryin' to find a house where they'd offer me somethin' besides dark meat an' wish-bones."—Washington Star.

The Spirit of the Home Coming. There are many people who regard a Thanksgiving day as a meaningless day, and its celebration once a year a waste of time and a mockery. It might have been, they go on to say, a day of reality to those who in early colonial times had hostile tribes, inclement weather and threatened starvation to fight, and whose natures were wrought upon to all their depths of fear and gratitude. But for us in these days of no national crises, in these days of money-getting and materialism, a Thanksgiving day means only a day in which, oftener than not, observances are a bore.

Yet for all that, and in spite of what the croakers say, year after year in every home in town and country some glad preparation for it is made. Feasts are prepared. Welcome stands ready. To the returning wanderer arms are outstretched; to the homeless wayfarer the hand is extended. Cost of labor and pain of preparation are forgotten in the joy of reunion. All the year that has gone has been with many but as a vista looking toward it. For them all the year to follow shines as a new pathway leading to the same bright end.

No New Englander, close pressed as he may be, stays willingly away from the family gathering on that day. Rich and poor alike are stirred by one common impulse—to go home. One man may want to feel once more the comfort of an old familiar chair that no change of fashion has moved from its long-accustomed place. Another wants the sense of peacefulness that belongs to a certain sunny window with geraniums in it when all the world without is quiet and stillness reigns within. Somewhat the nursery, with its tattered books, and some the associations of old sounds, as the clicking of the gate or the hurrying footsteps up the stair. Some want the friends of childhood; and lack of all, and through all, and over all, each and every one wants the finding again of the mother, the face and her voice and the touch of her—of her whose love has never faltered, whose sympathy has never failed, who welcomes them as never failed, who rejoices in them without envy, who is proud of their success without measure, who has kept her ideal of them undimmed, and yet who will minister to them the lifelong day as to one saved from an angry tempest, her arms their support, her warm heart their resting place.—Harper's Bazar.

Thankful for Thanksgiving! Good morning, old Thanksgiving! How do you do, to-day? I'm very glad to see you; We children love you and stay; And grown folk old declare They could not do without you—You're welcome everywhere.

I'm really, truly thankful For every bit of fun I've had since your last visit—For all the friends I've won; And for my pets and playthings, My books and schoolmates, too; For what I've learned, by trying In earnest, boys can do.

And now, Thanksgiving dinner—Hurrah! the turkey brown, Plum pudding and mince pie in My thankful list put down; And all the other dainties, That crowd the pantry shelf, I don't forget, Thanksgiving, I'm thankful for yourself.—M. Thayer Rouse, in Golden Days.

The Difference. The Goose—What's the difference between the Easter girl and the Thanksgiving Turkey? I dunno. The Goose—Why, one is dressed to kill and the other is killed to dress.—Truth.

Very True. "Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "de houses dat has de biggest families an' de littlest turkey seems ter hab de most Thanksgiving in 'em."—Washington Star.

### CALIFORNIA WILDCATS.

Are the Largest That Grow and Fleece in Proportion.

If there is a bigger wildcat in the world than the Californian it has not yet been located. This ferocious animal is about double the size of its brother of the southwestern states, being, in fact, about the size of the western catamount. He runs from no man and if he be given his choice between eating and fighting, he fights. Afterward he eats—generally the object he has been fighting with.

This Californian wildcat is a horrible monster, about the size of a Gordon setter, with a forehead like a bull and great, round, white-gray eyes that will surely hypnotize you if you allow them to look long enough at you. A yawning mouth swells in a disgusting foamy saliva that drips and swings in slimy strings from sharp white fangs an inch long. The chemical base of this saliva is hydrophobia.

If you should happen to run across one of these felins gentry on a California mountain side and should chance to be unarmed, be careful. Don't attempt to bluff him, for you might as well attempt to bluff a man-eating tiger in the jungles of Bengal. If you menace him in any way he will leap upon your breast and tear your face into ribbons. After he has done this he will kill you. Nor run. If you do, you are doomed. He can catch you in half a dozen leaps and can climb three trees, while you are climbing one. The only thing to do is to ignore him altogether. Pretend that you don't see him. "Look cheerful," as the rural photographers say, and stroll carelessly along until you have disappeared in the forest. The chances are that he will let you alone.

Every now and then one sees one of these beasts hanging head downward on a nail in front of a game dealer's in San Francisco. The hunters kill them and send them into San Francisco for the Chinese trade. The Chinamen buy them for their hearts, which they prepare after the manner of sorcerers and eat. The Chinaman who has eaten the heart of a wildcat is supposed to possess a dare-devil courage forever afterwards and he walks among his less fortunate fellows, a modern Genghis Khan. So when a coolie who has lost all his money gambling, or has been cozened at a bargain, or disappointed in love, feels a yearning to run amuck and kill somebody he buys a dead wildcat, if he can find one, takes a revolver and an iron bar and starts out. If it is understood that he has eaten the heart of a wildcat he has a clear field, for no Chinaman will dare face him.—St. Louis Republic.

### A SHYLOCK IN PETTICOATS.

Poses as a Good Samaritan Business.

Among those evicted from homes. It was all so common place that the policeman yawned as he gazed on the oft-repeated tragedy of the streets. "G'long there," he growled; "you'd think you never saw nothin' before." It was nothing new to see a family thrown out upon the street. The times are full of it. The landlord had been patient, very patient, before he went to the civil court and got papers of eviction. Piteous pleas of sickness and poverty had been put up to the justice and had secured a couple of postponements. But postponements cannot go on forever.

At last the thing was done. The poor little remnants of furniture left from the pawnshop had been bundled out on to the sidewalk. And then the good samaritan arrived. It was a new kind of samaritan—a woman. "My dears," she said to the heads of the distressed family, "you seem to be in distress. Let me help you. Do you need a little money? Come into the house. Perhaps I can find it for you."

There was a little conference inside, where the crowd could not intrude. At the end the little sharp-faced woman came out, hurriedly closing her valise with a snap as she did.

Soon the men were ordered to carry the furniture back. The shabby stuff was returned to the rooms just deserted and left in a heap on the floor. The evicted family had shelter once more. But they had something else—a mortgage. It was an ironclad document, a cruel document, binding them by hooks of steel. For this good samaritan woman was in the good samaritan business for profit. It is a new business, comparatively—perhaps this woman herself invented it—but it has proved, as the reporter learned, a handsomely paying one.

She haunts the civil courts in order to get the names and addresses of those who will soon need her helping hand, makes her own inquiries and knows to a dot what persons she can afford to help without endangering her capital. Her profits are enormous.—N. Y. World.

Leghorn Straw Platters. Ladies who pride themselves upon being able to wear genuine Leghorn hats, for which they are quite willing to pay high prices, can know little of the hardship and misery which their production entails. The straw platters are paid three pence for every 63 yards, but at this rate they can at most earn two pence a day, and many of them earn but a penny. The manufacturers complain of foreign competition and now the women have "struck," and, crying "Ab-basso la moda" ("Down with the fashions"), they have threatened to wreck the city of Florence. They demand to work only eight hours a day and to be paid five pence each for their labor. Regiments of infantry and squadrons of cavalry were recently engaged in restoring order.—Chicago News.

Improved Modern Methods. "You know Demosthenes used to fill his mouth with pebbles to improve his oratory."

"Of course. We have improved on that. When a man wants to improve his voice nowadays he doesn't stop at the pebbles. He uses both rock and rye."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### FARM AND GARDEN.

MARKETING FOWLS.

How to Dress Chickens and Turkeys for the Chicago Market.

Poultry should be kept without food or water 24 hours before killing for market; full crops injure the appearance and are liable to sour, and when this occurs correspondingly lower prices must be accepted than obtainable for choice stock. Never kill poultry by wringing the neck. The demands of the market vary a little in the manner of dressing poultry, and in preparing it for market; the custom of the market to which one is to ship should be followed.

Chickens for Chicago should be killed by bleeding in the mouth or opening the veins of the neck; hang by the feet until properly bled. Leave head and feet on; do not remove the intestines nor crop. Scalded chickens sell best to home trade, and dry picked best to shippers, so that either manner of dressing will do if properly done.

For scalding chickens the water should be as near the boiling point as possible, without boiling; pick the legs dry before scalding; hold the fowls by the head and legs and immerse and lift up and down three times (if the head is immersed it turns the color of the comb and gives the eyes a shrunken appearance, which leads buyers to think the fowl has been sick); the feathers and pin feathers should then be removed immediately, very cleanly and without breaking the skin; then "plump" by dipping ten seconds in water nearly or quite boiling hot, then immediately into cold water; hang in a cool place until the animal heat is entirely out of the body.

To dry pick chickens properly the work should be done while the chickens are bleeding; do not wait and let the bodies get cold. Dry picking is much more easily done while the bodies are warm. Be careful and do not break or tear the skin.

In dressing turkeys for Chicago observe the same directions as are given for preparing chickens, but always dry pick. Dry picked turkeys always sell best and command better prices than scalded lots, as the appearance is brighter and more attractive. Endeavor to market all old and heavy gobblers before January 1, as after holidays the demand is for small, fat hen turkeys only, old toms being sold at a discount to cannery.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

### NOTES FOR BEEKEEPERS.

Keep the brood in the center of the hive if possible and the honey on the outside.

All combs that are built by bees naturally contain too much drone comb. Poul brood is very contagious and will spread with great rapidity over an apiary.

Never allow a swarm of bees to remain long after settling; live them as soon as possible. In the heat of the day, when the air is full of them on the wing, is the best time to work with bees. After dark is the worst time.

In arranging the frames in the hive, the best and newest combs should be placed in the brood nest, and not on the outside, for surplus honey. Comb honey is easily damaged. The greatest pests are moths. If they are allowed access to comb honey, they will soon eat the cappings and destroy its appearance.

Curing honey simply means a proper evaporation of the water it contains. This is accomplished in the hive by a high degree of temperature, and can be done outside by maintaining the same conditions. Colonies that lack stores for winter should be fed the required quantity in the fall, and September is the best time to do it. It should be done while it is yet warm enough to allow the bees to seal the stores over.

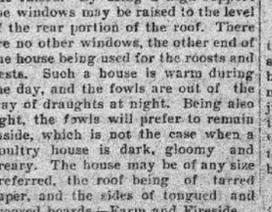
Every colony should have 25 or 30 pounds of good sealed stores to bring them through to the first of May, with good winter protection besides. It is far better to have a little too much stores than too little.

Strong colonies of bees sometimes become suddenly depleted in numbers, with not enough left to keep up the necessary warmth to hatch the eggs. This is because no young bees have been hatched, and the old ones, superannuated, left the hive in search of food, and were not able to return.—St. Louis Republic.

### COLD-WEATHER HOUSE.

A Structure That Is Said to Combine Light, Warmth and Ventilation.

The poultry house illustrated is intended to show how to combine light, warmth and ventilation. By raising the windows the house can be converted into an open, well-ventilated shed, without draughts. On very cold days the windows may be down and only



one raised. By using a high support the windows may be raised to the level of the rear portion of the roof. There are no other windows, the other end of the house being used for the roosts and nests. Such a house is warm during the day, and the fowls are out of the way of draughts at night. Being also light, the fowls will prefer to remain inside, which is not the case when a poultry house is dark, gloomy and dreary. The house may be of any size preferred, the roof being of tarred paper, and the sides of tongued and grooved boards.—Farm and Fireside.

### HOMEMADE CORN TIES.

They Cost But a Trifle and Are Very Convenient to Use.

Corn ties are "just what they are cracked up to be," and are very handy articles for tying corn shocks or bundles whenever one has any need for such a thing. They are needed whenever the work cannot be done as well and cheaper with something else. Sometimes it can be, and then it cannot. I have some ties that work perfectly, cost me nothing but a few minutes' labor, and there is no patent on them. I made the first one out of an old clothes line and the chain from an old chain pump that had gone out of use. I separated the links of the chain by opening an end of each link enough so that they would come apart easily. Each link was then a hook ready to attach to the end of a piece of cord. The clothes line was cut into suitable lengths. I tied a knot in one end of a piece of the cord, and then slipped a hook into it. Then I tied a knot in the other end of the cord and the tie was done.

In tying the shocks the hook at one end of the cord catches and holds the knot at the other end. One can tie more knots in one end of the cord if necessary, or fasten it with a half hitch if he likes that better. The cord and the hook must be proportioned to each other in size, so that there will be no danger of the knot slipping through the hook. I had not enough of these ties, so I made some more of smaller dimensions. I used No. 11 galvanized fence wire for the hooks. I had in my kit a little tool made for me by a blacksmith for a similar purpose. It is only a flat piece of steel to put in a vise with one end made as shown in cut, to turn the wire around. The wire



### HOW TO MAKE CORN TIES.

was cut into pieces of suitable length, and then one end of a piece of the wire inserted between the jaws of a and b of the tool, and a loop formed by winding the wire around it. It is then slipped off the tool and the loop closed tight and straightened with a hammer. If need be, then the other end of the wire is bent around to form the hook. It is a handy way to have the wire cut to lengths long enough for two hooks. Turn a loop on each end of the piece before cutting them apart. About 60 such hooks can be made from a pound of No. 11 wire, and they can be made very rapidly when a person gets the hang of it. Such ties cost but a trifle, and they are very handy to use. All these hooks are shown in cut.—F. Hodgman, in Rural New Yorker.

### WHEAT CROP FIGURES.

Number of Bushels of Wheat Each Season Since 1870.

The Farmer's Review has carefully compiled from official reports of the wheat crop in the United States for the last 26 years the following table:

Year	Bushels
1870	225,000,000
1871	221,000,000
1872	219,000,000
1873	214,000,000
1874	211,000,000
1875	202,000,000
1876	200,000,000
1877	205,000,000
1878	200,000,000
1879	200,000,000
1880	200,000,000
1881	200,000,000
1882	200,000,000
1883	200,000,000
1884	200,000,000
1885	200,000,000
1886	200,000,000
1887	200,000,000
1888	200,000,000
1889	200,000,000
1890	200,000,000
1891	200,000,000
1892	200,000,000
1893	200,000,000
1894	200,000,000
1895	200,000,000
1896 (estimated)	200,000,000

### Ripening Period of Hogs.

The ripening period should be before and after the hot season. Avoid if possible excessive cold, for, as a writer says, too much feed needs to be consumed to maintain the normal temperature, while during the heated period not sufficient food will be consumed to materially increase the size of the carcass. The nearer we can come in securing an average daily increase, the more successful our effort. In this earlier fattening process, we must not lose sight of the fact that we realize much sooner on the capital invested, and a reinvestment may be made at once. The cheapest meat is made from the young animal, much less food being consumed in supplying the wastes of the system. The earlier the marketable period is reached proportionately lessens the loss by disease.—Western Plowman.

### Sure Indications of Disease.

If chickens trail their wings or become droopy, look for lice; in nine cases out of ten they are the cause. If your little chicks get troubled with lice, dip your finger in kerosene oil and rub it on the top of their heads. Tobacco leaves or tobacco in most any form placed in the bottom of the nest of a sitting hen keeps the lice away. A remedy for a lice-infested hen house is burning sulphur in it. The house must be tight and ventilators closed; then put a pound of sulphur on some live coals and close the door tightly and leave it closed for an hour or more. When whitewashing the hen house, if lice are troublesome add a little carbolic acid to the whitewash.—Farmers' Voice.

### Oysters Fried in Butter.

Oysters, three eggs, well beaten, three tablespoonsful of milk, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, salt. Make a batter of eggs, milk and flour, season with salt and juice of oysters. Put the butter into the chafin dish, and when hot, drop the oysters, one at a time, into the batter, then into butter, and fry a rich brown.—St. Louis Republic.

Use a good bull, even if you have to join with your neighbors in buying one.