

Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT."

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THE DOMESTIC IDEAL.

Mr. Emmeline Witherbee Jones was a widow with only one son, who she adored as though for twenty, although he was only one. She kept his house for Adolphus, and she kept it upon a plan: She said to make an ideal home, to match her husband's. She said: "He will marry some day, poor dear, when I am dead and gone. And I want him to know exactly how everything ought to go on. I know that the woman he marries won't love him the way I do; but I'm going to teach him what he's keeping in, and she'll have to learn it too."

So she had with her various servants what women folks call "a time." The slightest imperfections she condemned as a heinous crime. At a look or a word she discharged them, and she said a paragon pearl. Could boast she had striven for a fortnight as Mrs. E. Jones' girl.

They passed in a long procession through the spacious house of the Joneses. The plump and pleasing Missian, and the Swede silk and bones; the French and the Finn and the German, and the long line never broke. Till at last by some wondrous miracle, fit to make your hair to curl, Mrs. Emmeline Jones proceeded for herself the Ideal, the Perfect Girl.

She was comely and pleasant of person, neat in her dress and ways. She could cook and do chamber-work and she never had nasty days. She could wait like an English butler, she could help to darn and sew; she washed like a Trojan laundress—there was nothing she didn't know. Her manners were simply perfect; she attended the proper church; and Mrs. Jones found that she read "Ben Hur," she knew 'twas the end of her search.

And she said to her son Adolphus: "I think that this girl will stay." "I think she will," said Adolphus; "I married her yesterday." —Puck.

A Bear-Fish Story.

IT ALWAYS seemed queer to me that nobody ever thought it worth while to put Joe Showers' bear story in print," said E. T. Snowgrass, of Parkersburg, W. Va. "It can't be because Joe doesn't like to tell it, for I'll bet that no one who has gone anywhere near his hanging-out place on the Dry Fork of the Cheat River ever got away without hearing Joe's bear story. Not that he's only got that one bear story, for he's had many an adventure with brim on the old Cheat mountain, but this particular one he regards as the queerest and most peculiar in his whole career, and it only happened two or three years ago. It ought to be put on the lasting record of bear stories. It isn't a hunting story, for Joe wasn't hunting, but it is actually a bear fish story.

"Crooked creek is one of the wildest and weirdest of all the wild and weird mountain streams of the Cheat river country. Like all the rest of the brooks in that isolated region, it is remarkably prolific trout water. It flows through a deep ravine, and in places plunges over rocky precipices, some of them fifty feet high. It is, in truth, a wild stretch of glassy pools and tumbling cataracts. It has a fall in passing through the ravine of five hundred feet in the distance of a mile.

"One day in the summer of 1889 Joe Showers, who is a typical backwoods mountaineer, went trout fishing in Crooked creek, and chose for his sport the glistening basin of the ravine. The waters of Crooked creek are clear as crystal, and in fishing it one has to be extremely shy and wary, taking advantage of every bush or obscuring tree to hide himself or his shadow from the sight of the wily fish. Old Joe clambered to a favorite pool of his in the ravine, and, creeping up behind a bush, was soon skimming his home-made flies on the surface with excellent results. He had captured a dozen fine fellows, and had just landed another, which he was in the act of taking off his hook, when he received a blow alongside the head that sent him crashing through the bush behind which he was hiding, and plump into the middle of the pool. The water was deeper than Joe's height, and as he came up spluttering and blowing the

water from his mouth and nose, and wiping from his eyes, he looked back on the bank and saw one of the biggest bears he had ever encountered during his thirty years' experience on Cheat river. The bear stood there impudently making a meal on the trout Joe had caught, and in evident enjoyment of the fisherman's situation.

"Joe paddled about and treated water while the bear deliberately enjoyed his meal. The fisherman was at a loss to make up his mind what to do first, but the bear presently got himself in a peculiar predicament, which decided Joe as to his policy in dealing with the situation. Bruin, after eating several of the trout Joe had hastily thrown on the ground as he caught them, came to the last one the fisherman had captured, and which was still on the hook. He picked it up and

proceeded to send it after the others. He had chewed but a short time on the trout when his jaw suddenly fell, and he lifted his voice in a most piteful howl. The hook had curved itself somewhere in his mouth, and every time he attempted to close his mouth it would evidently push the hook further in, and snap would come the jaws open again, and the bear's howls of pain would again fill the air.

"Old Joe, being a bear hunter who had tackled bears in almost every kind of a situation, wasn't a moment in seeing the peculiar position this bear had got himself in, and he resolved to take advantage of it at once. Swimming ashore, he climbed onto the bank, picked up a stone, and advanced toward the bear. The fish line hung out of the bear's open mouth, and the hook was embedded in his tongue, the shaft standing straight up, and of course jabbing into the roof of the bear's mouth every time he attempted to close his jaws.

"Now, if I'd a done wot I otter done jist then," says Joe, in telling the story, "I'd a jist took my fish pole and played that b'ar like I wud a trout, and I cud a run him plumb inter my cabin ez easy ez I cud a landed a fish, but I never tho't of it till it war too late, an' the fight war in."

"Joe advanced on the bear, and the bear started to meet Joe. The fish line caught on a bush and pulled taut. That brought the bear up all standing, with a louder howl of pain than ever. The fish hook had been pulled deeper still into his tongue. Old Joe blazed away just then with his stone and struck the bear on the nose. The blow tumbled the bear flat, but the fall broke the fish line. The bear got to his feet at once, and being held by the line no longer, made a rush for Joe, who was hunting around for another stone. The bear clinched Joe, and they both tumbled into the creek together. Now, if the bear could have brought his jaws into service he might have had an even advantage with Joe, but with the fish hook standing straight up inside his mouth he had to carry his mouth wide open. The bear and Joe had tumbled into water where it was not more than four feet deep, and this gave Joe another advantage, for while he could have a foothold the bear had to swim.

"But with the advantages against him the bear was game and plucky, and noted on the offensive. Joe had got another stone from the bottom of

the creek, and was using it with good effect on the bear, when the movement of the struggle brought the contestants to the edge of the waterfall at the lower end of the pool, and they were carried over it by the seething water below, a distance of twenty feet. The water below the fall was very swift, and bear and hunter, struggling in each other's grasp, were carried a few yards down and then over another cataract higher than the first. These two great plunges cooled the ardor of both combatants, and Joe made for a shelving rock on one side of the pool into which they had been tumbled.

"The rock was the only place about the pool where a foothold could be obtained, and the bear swam for it also. It was only a jutting shelf, probably six feet long and three wide, and Joe, reaching the rock first, prepared to dispute the possession of it with the bear, who swam up open-mouthed and whining. As the bear came to the rock and put its fore paws on it to climb up Joe delivered a tremendous kick directly in the bear's face. The rock was wet and slippery, and the force of the kick threw Joe off his feet and he slid off into the water again, and the bear renewed the fight. The pool in which they had been tumbled by the plunge over the second cataract was a circular basin with high, precipitous walls, and there was no way to get out of it save by a narrow passage between the rocks, where the streams shot swiftly and then tumbled over another ledge twenty feet. Through that narrow passage Joe and the bear were swept, and together they plunged over the third precipice. This plunge was fatal to the bear, for he fell on a projecting rock at the bottom and broke his neck. Joe landed on top of the bear and escaped with a jar that shook him up in a way that he remembered for many a day. Joe got the dead bear to the shore and pulled the body out. There were very few clothes left on Joe, and he was banged and bruised and battered as if he had been dragged over a rocky field.

"If that b'ar hadn't a had that ar fish hook jabbin' inter his tongue an' the top of his mouth ev'ry time he tried to shet them jaws o' his'n," says Joe, "it'd a ben all day with me, fur he'd a tore me clean open, with no nothin' to fight him with but a stone an' a kick."

"Ever since that lively experience of old Joe's in Crooked creek ravine he has never gone trout fishing without a gun." —N. Y. Sun.

Politeness as Currency.
Breezies—So they say, but if Lord Chesterfield wanted to cross the Fulton ferry he'd have to plank down his two cents just the same as if he had no more politeness than a bridge policeman.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Learning by Experience.
Tramp—Please, my dog, I'd like some cold vittles for my dog.
Housekeeper—Dog? Why do you go tramping through the country with a big brute like that at your heels?
Tramp—To protect my heels from other dogs' mung.—Good News.

Not Unavoidable.
Mrs. Gadabout—That Mrs. Hardhead next door doesn't seem to have many friends.
Hostess (beard)—N—Y. I wonder how she manages it.—N. Y. Weekly.

BARBER AND SMALL BOY.

A Combination That Works Well But Has Its Drawbacks.

It is quite a well and widely known fact that the barber manages to scrape an acquaintance with every one that gets into his chair. It would probably be better for the victim if he could be chloroformed while in the chair under the razor, the same as when on the table under the knife. The barber is a greater artist than many imagine him to be. He is not mean by this that he is a rarer torsorial artist than any one would fancy him, but that he is an artist in the art of entertaining or boring his victim during the process of shaving. Sometimes a good story will atone for a corduroy shave, while a poor story will mar the soothing effects of a silk-velvet shave. But it is not our purpose or intention to enter into a discussion relative to the ethics of this great craft, but simply to show that the barber is entitled to serious consideration as a master of romance. Full well does he know how to address each customer, no matter what his walk in life. If a rustic, with bran in his hair, he is not slow to discuss the crop outlook, and to make inquiries relative to the latest improvements in agricultural implements, and also to touch upon the power of homeopathic pills in cases of cholera.

If a politician, the barber can give him statistical information worth twice the price of the shave, and send his victim forth with a knowledge calculated to guide him safely in laying political bets. And so can this gentle, unassuming artist please the grocer, the horse-car conductor, and the veterinary surgeon, until each one believes the barber to have been in his line at some previous period of his career. When he gets a small boy into the chair for the purpose of carving his hair, he does not so far forget himself professionally as to ask that boy what he thinks regarding the prospect of getting the nomination for the presidency in '92. He does not ask the boy what he thinks of the great forest fires in the far west, nor does he deign to allude to some celebrated scandal of the day to entertain the boy while cutting his hair, and filling his nose and mouth and eyes with the same.

He knows that if he would not allow his rival to secure that boy's custom, he must talk better than he cuts, so he loses no time in speaking of the great improvements in the bicycles of to-day over those of last year. He alludes to the great and growing interest in baseball, and advances the opinion that New York will win the pennant. This arouses the boy's enthusiasm and he talks as well as he can—against a barber—but feels badly handicapped through having his mouth about as full of hair as the barber is full of information. Of course the boy realizes that he is talking with a master, and consequently is unable to speak with the careless freedom which amounts to grace and finish. He further knows that if he should gain an inch or rather a word on the barber that that worthy would literally choke him off, as a matter of etiquette and professional pride, by the simple and direct operation of tightening the huge apron fastened about his throat to keep the hair from going down his neck, and to give it an opportunity to get into his eyes and mouth.

Having exhausted the topic of sporting, the barber shifts off into a silvery flowing river of generalities calculated to fill a boy with delight. He tells him how to make bird line and traps to catch woodchucks, and how to tie a knot to a dog's tail in such a way that it can not come off without taking the tail with it. All this fills the boy with delight, and he never thinks that his hair is being hacked off in such a style that when the light strikes it his head will appear to be covered with a wild series of meandering stripes and certified checks.

The boy is all attention while the barber is discussing the beauties of the latest boys' stories; for he reads the current stories for boys in order to be able to speak of them intelligently to juvenile customers—and it may not be superfluous to add that he subscribes for several boys' papers to glad the hearts of boys awaiting their turn to be placed under the shears. The only thing that mortifies the barber, and makes him snappish and despondent, is that after he has cut the boy's hair, he can not consistently ask him if he would like to be shaved, or if he would purchase a bottle of Azalea balm to tame the hair from having a falling out with him.

The barber is himself even when a nurse takes a little girl to him to have her bangs cut. While trimming these bangs with the severe earnestness with which he would trim a lamp-wick, he talks to her about jumping rope, and tossing the bean bag—a popular Boston game—and tells her how to cut out paper dolls, at the same time illustrating his words by scissoring an imaginary doll out of the air. But he feels a bit discomfited when the child speaks of her French doll that has long blonde hair that never requires cutting, and that can talk fluently when wound up. He is amused at the mention of the talking doll that can only talk when wound up. Because he can talk all the time—even in his sleep. But he is annoyed to hear of a doll whose hair never requires cutting or shampooing. And he is so annoyed that he determines to let his next customer know that he is a barber by giving him a barbed-wire shave and making him feel as though tossed by a bull-fence first into an orange hedge.—B. K. Munkittrick, in Once a Week.

Learning by Experience.
Tramp—Please, my dog, I'd like some cold vittles for my dog.
Housekeeper—Dog? Why do you go tramping through the country with a big brute like that at your heels?
Tramp—To protect my heels from other dogs' mung.—Good News.

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THE SUNDAY SOLILOQUIST.

Trials and Tribulations of a Bald-Headed Man.

"Well, by gum!"
The idea that either the Fat Man or Bow-Legged Man should consider themselves in as compared to me is nothing short of preposterous cheek. I have carefully read both their statements, and when you come right down to it neither has a single cause to complain.

"If you want a real genuine martyr look at me! Hair began to fall out at two years, and I've been bald since I was fifteen. While the Fat Man and Bow-Legged Man have been able to deceive the public by sitting down, my bald head is always on top and in plain view of everybody. I presume the public has occasionally smiled over the embarrassment of my two contemporaries, but only when I was not around. A bald-headed man will draw more attention in one minute than a bow-legged man can in all day. There's something very funny in the look of a man built on a half curve, but only for once, while a bald-headed man is good the whole year round."

"From 8 a. m., when I come down town, to 6 p. m., when I go home, my feelings are continually hurt, and if I was as capacious as the Bow-Legged Man I should be in hot water half the time. I no sooner board a street car and remember my hat to wipe my head than a smile passes round, and I've known people to ride two squares extra just to see if anything was going to happen. If there's a baby near by he is seized with an insane desire to feel of the top of my head, and the red-headed woman looks fixedly at me and mentally thinks heaven that there is some one worse off than she is."

"As I go up and down Broadway I can't help hearing what is said of me. I am recommended to soak my head, borrow a bear skin, sand-paper my scalp, rub in some mustard, and lots of other things which I haven't time to do. The kids follow me about and want to know if it aches, and where it roasts nights, and what it does in cold weather, but I never let on to hear. I know it does 'em good, and I like to see boys get 'em and have some comfort in this world."

"And the gigantic gail of the Fat Man and the Bow-Legged Man to claim that the newspapers are always after them! Why, sir, every newspaper in this country has exactly seven paragraphs about the bald-headed man to one about the two above mentioned—seven to one, sir! There's many an edition that could hardly have been issued but for picking those old squibs about me off the standing galley and chucking 'em in as live matter."

"What did we have yesterday, for instance?"
"A fight for life. A bald-headed man attacked a horse-fly. Both probably die."

"A bald-headed man in a barber's chair. A funny incident on Fourth avenue."

"The bald-headed man at Coney Island. He goes in bathing and frightens a child into convulsions. Is there no law in this country?"

"Collapse of a three-story house. Fourteen people more or less injured. A bald-headed man the cause. Further particulars in the last edition."

"And aside from these were the usual paragraphs about the bald-headed man having the points of the compass pointed on his pate—the bald-headed man among the Indians—the bald-headed man who absent-mindedly put a porous plaster on his scalp, etc., etc."

"I was in a daily newspaper office the other day. I went there to tell the editor that I always paid cash for my subscription, and never asked him to take wood or produce or store trade, and to hope that he would let up awhile on bald-headed men. He took me upstairs into the composing-room and showed me over three hundred short items which had been set up during the dull season and laid away to use in the fall. Everyone of them was about a bald-headed man, and the number was daily being added to. He said he was sorry for me, of course, but the public had soured on the Fat Man and the Bow-Legged Man and demanded bald-headed squibs and would have them. I appreciate the situation and shall make the best of it, but what galls me is to have two fakers come out in print and try to pose as injured members of society! Injured! Humph!"—M. Quad, in N. Y. World.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

Every time we resist temptation we take a long step toward Heaven.—Ram's Horn.

The contract for the first building of the Utah university has been let for about \$46,000.

The widow of Richard Proctor, the great astronomer, is to be curator of the Proctor Memorial observatory, at San Diego, Cal.

Wilhelm Roux, the venerable fencing master who has officiated at the University of Jena for over half a century, has resigned his post.

A public school law recently passed in New Mexico has caused a great demand for school teachers. The applicants so far have not been above one-third the number required.

In the past twelve years the number of students in Chicago Theological seminary (Congregational) has increased from forty to 167; and the faculty from six to fourteen.

Ten years ago the Southern branch of the Presbyterian church had in Louisville, Ky., four churches with 1,336 members. According to the minutes of the assembly it now has nine churches and 2,170 members.

When Christ brings His cross He brings His presence; and where He is none are desolate, and there is no room for despair. As He knows His own, so He knows how to comfort them, using sometimes the very grief itself, and straining it to a sweetness of peace unattainable by those ignorant of sorrow.—Browning.

The mother of Hector C. Havermeyer, of New York, to whom was left \$200,000 by her son for distribution among charitable organizations in the city, has filed her selections. The largest bequest, \$50,000, is given to the New York City Church Extension and Missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Harvard has enriched its resources by the addition of a Semitic museum, its collection, the gift of Jacob Schiff, of New York. It is composed of originals, photographs and plaster casts. Among the originals are clay tablets with records dating as far back as 2200 B. C., Babylonian and Assyrian seals curiously carved, and manuscripts, Syriac, Arabic and Hebrew.

The Baptist Missionary union sends out this year the largest number of missionaries ever sent in a single year. Forty-four of the sixty are newly appointed. The largest band—eighteen—go to Burma, that field where Baptist effort has been so greatly blessed from the beginning. Ten go to Telooquoos of India, eight to Assam and the remainder are scattered in China, Japan and Africa.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

The chief article of creed held by the believers in what has been called the "Religion of the Great Pyramid" is that the pyramid was built for the purpose of revealing a number of remarkable truths to the human race. They hold that it was designed by direct inspiration of the Deity, and was meant to embody important astronomical and mathematical truths for the instruction and guidance of future times.

WIT AND WISDOM.

It is a kindly spirit that can return good deeds for reproaches.

Consistency is a jewel. It is not fashionable to wear much jewelry.—Dallas News.

Beware of the praise of your enemy. What pleases him can do you little good.—Puck.

The flea has no wings because he does not need them. Nature gets there.—Galveston News.

If we find no faults in ourselves, we should not take pleasure in observing those of others.—Ram's Horn.

When a genealogical tree has many branches the descendants can keep shady about it.—N. O. Picayune.

The oratory of some men may not move mountains, yet it often succeeds in making a big bluff.—Westfield Standard.

Before doing anything bad, it might be wise to remember that maybe this is the day when you will get caught at it.—Arlington Globe.

Considering that the earth is three-fourths water it is a little surprising that so many people want it.—Binghamton Leader.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.—Lowell.

Dazzle—Why do they say truth is stranger than fiction? Razzle—Because some people see so little of it that it seems strange.—Lowell Citizen.

Philosophers tell us that from Adam down no man has ever yet understood a woman, but men are not tired of trying yet, by any means.—Somerville Journal.

Mr. Sealove (at his seaside cottage)—My dear, please tell our daughter to sing something less doleful. Mrs. Sealove—That is not our daughter, my love; that is the fog horn.

"I understand now," said a guest at a fashionable resort, "why they call this the Overlook house. Unless you are tipping the waiter all the time, your needs are completely overlooked."—Yonkers Gazette.

A house built on sand is, in fair weather, just as good as if builded on a rock. A cobweb is as good as the mightiest chain cable when there is no strain on it. It is trial that proves one thing weak and another strong.—Beecher.

Life is full of trials, but there is one comfort we enjoy as we pass through it of which no one can deprive us, viz., the comfort that springs from the consciousness that we never act as foolishly as our neighbors do sometimes.—Cape Cod Item.

No incentive that can secure continual right-doing should be despised; for it is only as the life and character become exalted that exalted motives become possible. On the other hand, we should ever regard lower motives as the steps of a ladder by which we mount to some eminence, each one of which, useful and necessary in its turn, is gently lost (by the use of a step) to the next higher one.—Cape Cod Item.

DIFFERENCE IN FEEDING.

Growth of Stock to Be Considered as Well as Labor.

One has only to take a little pains to observe the different plans of feeding followed, to see that no general plan at any season or with any class of stock is carried out by any considerable number of farmers in the neighborhood. In fattening hogs, one will confine in a close pen and feed entirely upon corn until ready to market; another will use more or less slop or other materials in feeding; others will consider it best to give the run of a good pasture while feeding. One will feed so as to push the growth from birth to maturity, while another will let them take care of themselves while making a growth, feeding only sufficient to keep alive.

Some haul up nearly or quite everything and feed the stock either in the stables or sheds, or in convenient feeding lots, while others feed out a good portion of the rough feed in the fields, hauling out and scattering as may be considered necessary.

Some will feed but once a day, others twice, while others, especially with fattening stock, will feed nearly or quite every time they go where the stock is or manage to keep feed before them nearly all the time.

While circumstances must, in a measure, determine which is the best, yet there is such a difference that in many cases if some are feeding on what may be considered the best plan others must be wrong. If one is securing the best profits, others will be making more or less of a failure. It is certainly an item to make the most of the feed, to feed the stock in a way that will give the best gain at the lowest cost, keeping in view the fact that it is necessary to make, save and apply all of the manure possible. And while a general plan may not answer for all localities, yet there is too much difference in neighborhoods. It is always an item to lessen the labor when it can be done without loss, and whatever plan will secure the best results with the lowest cost is the one to follow, even though it may be necessary to make a considerable change.

The growth and thrift of the stock must be considered as well as the labor. It is easy to save labor at the expense of the feed or the growth and thrift of the stock, or it is possible to go to the other extreme and increase the cost more than is best or profitable.—Prairie Farmer.

VARIOUS REMEDIES.

How to Destroy the Cabbage Maggot, Flea and Strawberry Weevils.

Entomologist James Fletcher, of the Canadian experiment farms, in a recent bulletin gives a new remedy for the cabbage maggot which has been carefully tried, and might answer on a small scale. It consists in watering the cabbages with a decoction of 2 ounces of white hellebore in 8 gallons of water, a half teaspoonful being syringed four times into the roots of each plant after the surface of the soil has been removed by hand. The liquid seems to act by contact. Kerosene emulsion is, after experiment with a number of substances, unhesitatingly recommended for the cabbage plutea. It is stated that Canadian seedsmen use bisulphide of carbon very extensively to kill pea weevil in seed.

The statement is made that nearly every large seed grower has a building for the purpose, made perfectly tight with iron or cement. The building is filled with bags, and a pan 10 feet across and 4 inches deep is hung up close to the ceiling. It is then filled with horked perfectly without repairs, except new hoops on the tank, and without freezing. When we take into consideration that every barn should have cavepots anyway, the arrangement is not so very expensive.

Only those who have had a similar watering arrangement so as to have water at hand right in the stables can realize the time and labor saved compared with the way many farmers manage to water their stock. Another thing I believe it is pretty generally conceded that rainwater is more wholesome for stock than any other; and a friend Chamberlain declares that if all the water is carefully saved that falls on the roof that shelters the horses and cattle, and their hay and grain, it will give them all the water they will ever need to drink; therefore, all that is wanted is the necessary spouting and a cistern to hold the water. With this arrangement in mind you, there is no pumping at all, neither are you obliged to trouble yourself even so much as to open a valve. The horse is simply led up to the watering tub; and as it is located right where he passes when he turns around to come out of his stall, when he is used every day, he waters himself.—Roose's Gleamings.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

Put a lump of lime in the drinking vessel.

BOILED peas or beans make a good poultry food during the winter.

With turkeys the best breeding stock is two years old. When young fowls are used the earliest hatched should be selected.

The only way to pick fowls dry and clean without tearing them is to do the work as soon as they are killed, while the body is warm.

TURKEYS are so restless when confined that in fattening the time should be made as short as possible; ten days or two weeks is ample.

LACK of variety in their food will sometimes cause the hens to lose appetite, so that whenever they refuse their food it will be found a good time to change the diet.

LINSEED meal brightens the plumage of the fowls; it also regulates the bowels and promotes digestion. Care should be taken not to feed too much.

THERE is a good market now for the quills of all kinds of fowls, especially for the tall feathers of the turkeys. They should be gathered up, carefully sorted and tied into bundles.

If any defects are in the bird they will nearly always show when the new feathers come out after moulting. Some breeds, however, molt lighter every year, and it is not a defect.

FARM AND GARDEN.

CHIEF POULTRY HOUSE.

The Cost for the Necessary Material Is But Seven Dollars.

Mr. L. A. Dunlap, of Betzer, Mich., sends to Farm and Fireside a plan of his poultry house, which he describes as follows: "The house is small, being 8x10 feet, and 6 feet high. The cost is about \$7 for material, not estimating labor or hauling. I keep about forty fowls. Fig. 1 is the external and Fig. 2 the ground plan view of the

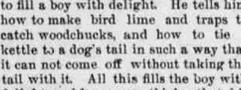


FIG. 1. FIG. 2.

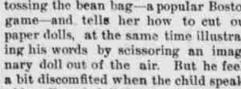
house. On the south side are two windows, and also on the east side, above the door. On the north side are the nests. The small shed roof, under which are eight nests, are shown in the ground plan at A. The perches (B) are level, and 18 inches from the floor, they having a hinge, so as to be raised up and fastened to the roof for cleaning. This leaves the floor all clean.

C is the dust box, and D D the large and small doors. E E are windows. The material used was 200 feet of 3/4-inch board, 80 feet of 1-inch board, 300 feet of ribs, 300 feet of lathens, five bundles of shingles, 25 pounds of tarred paper, glass, hinges, etc., and 2 pounds of nails. I use cut straw on the floor, which keeps it clean."

VALUABLE PIG TROUGH.

Its Introduction Will Prevent Roofing and Other Nuisances.

Here is the cut of a pig trough which I have used for the last year and find of great value where a number of pigs are kept together. It is parti-



tioned in such a way that each pig has his own stall, and therefore there is no rooting each other out of the trough and filling it up with dirt. It was made of two inch plank, one ten inches wide and the other twelve, and nailed up against the pen.—B. L. Wheeler, in Farm and Home.

CLIMATIC INFLUENCES ON CORN.

Last year experiments were undertaken at several experiment stations both north and south, to determine the effect of varying climatic influences upon the same variety of corn. Several varieties were selected and sent to each of the stations conducting the experiment. These were planted, a record kept of their growth and advancement, and the product, both grain and fodder, analyzed. Comparing the results obtained at the different stations, it appears that the southern grown corn is richer in albuminoids and fats, with a corresponding decrease in the less important ingred-

THE SUNDAY SOLILOQUIST.

Trials and Tribulations of a Bald-Headed Man.

"Well, by gum!"
The idea that either the Fat Man or Bow-Legged Man should consider themselves in as compared to me is nothing short of preposterous cheek. I have carefully read both their statements, and when you come right down to it neither has a single cause to complain.

"If you want a real genuine martyr look at me! Hair began to fall out at two years, and I've been bald since I was fifteen. While the Fat Man and Bow-Legged Man have been able to deceive the public by sitting down, my bald head is always on top and in plain view of everybody. I presume the public has occasionally smiled over the embarrassment of my two contemporaries, but only when I was not around. A bald-headed man will draw more attention in one minute than a bow-legged man can in all day. There's something very funny in the look of a man built on a half curve, but only for once, while a bald-headed man is good the whole year round."

"From 8 a. m., when I come down town, to 6 p. m., when I go home, my feelings are continually hurt, and if I was as capacious as the Bow-Legged Man I should be in hot water half the time. I no sooner board a street car and remember my hat to wipe my head than a smile passes round, and I've known people to ride two squares extra just to see if anything was going to happen. If there's a baby near by he is seized with an insane desire to feel of the top of my head, and the red-headed woman looks fixedly at me and mentally thinks heaven that there is some one worse off than she is."

"As I go up and down Broadway I can't help hearing what is said of me. I am recommended to soak my head, borrow a bear skin, sand-paper my scalp, rub in some mustard, and lots of other things which I haven't time to do. The kids follow me about and want to know if it aches, and where it roasts nights, and what it does in cold weather, but I never let on to hear. I know it does 'em good, and I like to see boys get 'em and have some comfort in this world."

"And the gigantic gail of the Fat Man and the Bow-Legged Man to claim that the newspapers are always after them! Why, sir, every newspaper in this country has exactly seven paragraphs about the bald-headed man to one about the two above mentioned—seven to one, sir! There's many an edition that could hardly have been issued but for picking those old squibs about me off the standing galley and chucking 'em in as live matter."

"What did we have yesterday, for instance?"
"A fight for life. A bald-headed man attacked a horse-fly. Both probably die."

"A bald-headed man in a barber's chair. A funny incident on Fourth avenue."

"The bald-headed man at Coney Island. He goes in bathing and frightens a child into convulsions. Is there no law in this country?"

"Collapse of a three-story house. Fourteen people more or less injured. A bald-headed man the cause. Further particulars in the last edition."

"And aside from these were the usual paragraphs about the bald-headed man having the points of the compass pointed on his pate—the bald-headed man among the Indians—the bald-headed man who absent-mindedly put a porous plaster on his scalp, etc., etc."

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