# THE FAMILY AT HOME

## THE NEW YEAR.

BY F. L. HOSMER.

'Behold,'—in vision said
The Voice to John on Patmos—
'I make all things new!'
Vanish before his view
The earth and heavens old;
In splendor manifold
New heavens and earth appear
To the enraptured seer:
And lo! descending from the skies,
Fairer than storied paradise,
He saw the New Jerusalem,—
Apparelled as a bride
With gold and precious gem,—
And heard a Voice that cried:
'God's dwelling is with men,
And he will wipe away all tears,
And death shall be no more, nor pain;
Passed are the things of former years:
Behold, I make all things new!
Write: for faithful are these words and true.

So speaks to thee, O hear',
As the swift years depart,
The re-creating Voice.
Turn not in vain regret
To thy fond yesterdays,
But rather forward set
Thy face toward the untrodden ways.
Open thine eyes to see
The good in store for thee,—
New love, new thought, new service too
For him who daily maketh thy life new.
Nor think thou aught is lost
Or left behind upon the silent coast
Of thy spent years:
Give o'er thy faithless fears.
Whate'er of real good—
Of thought, or deed, or holier mood—
Thy life hath known
Abideth still thine own,
And hath, within, significance
Of more than Time's inheritance.
Thy good is prophecy
Of better still to be.
In the future thou shalt find
How far the Fact hath left behind
Thy fondest Dream; how deeper than all sense
Or thought of thine, thy life's sure Providence!

## Original Story.

### DOROTHY'S CHRISTMAS.

BY REV. E. M. BEEM.

IT was the 24th of December in the year 1870 and Electa Parsons was at her usual place of dutyin the dingy little school-room of District No. 3, Poke Township, Licking Co., Ohio.

Miss Parsons had unusual tact in the art of government, and through pluck and kindness she had mastered even Hank Williamson, the supposed terror of Swamp neighborhood in which lived, principally,coon-hunters and gamblers on a small scale. A few vigorous shakes of the old brass bell brought pupils of all grades and sizes scrambling to their respective places in the high-backed unfinished black-walnut seats. "Teacher, can me and Pete Geiger choose up if we spell down?" called out one of the occupants of the seat immediately back of the huge stove.

Miss Parsons chanced, for the moment, to be looking over her record-book and failed to hear the question.

As soon as the chronic coughers and the wearer of clumpy boots had become sufficiently quiet for the teacher to be heard she came from behind the desk and in good natured tone proceeded to say: "As you all know, to-morrow will be Christmas." (And the eyes of the little ones sparkled.) "The directors have told me that I can dismiss for the day providing we will hold school on some Saturday, to make up the lost time.

"Now, I should like to know who all are in favor of closing until day after tomorrow?" Nearly all the hands went up and the greater number of the pupils were very eager to be counted as voting for the holiday.

Dorothy Stewart and one or two others, however, said they were not particular, but thought they would just as soon come to school. "Yes, that's jist like Dort Stewart" muttered Pet Wilson as she saw that Miss Parsons was inclined to give Dorothy a hearing along with all the rest. "Let 'em come to school; let 'em come, who cares," broke in Cyntha Jacobs a little above a whisper.

"I think she needs to come," chimed in Jack Myers who had been successful in the last spelling-match.

"That's all right Jack. You're no better'n Dort, if your Pap has a few more acres of ground," protested little John Hatfield from the first seat across the aisle.

"You would do well to remember that girl's had no chance."

"You might spell her down Jack, but I'll bet she can husk more corn in a day than you can, if you dare" contributed Perry Landahl.

By this time Miss Parsons had consulted the entire school, from the little Henderson twins who smiled at each other but said nothing, up to Hank Williamson who much appreciated the title of Mr. and who said, with an air of wisdom, that in his judgment there would be no use to keep school; that he was certain there would be none in from the Swamp; that he had heard the Tippitt boys say there would be a turkey raffle at Rhodes' Corners Christmas afternoon and he knew Fred Clouse would get up a dance. Miss Parsons undoubtedly knew beforehand what the decision would be and in fact had previously made all the necessary arrangements to spend the day at her Uncle Jake Snouffer's some 15 miles away, but she hadn't taught in Poke Township for three successive winters without learning something about the art of governing the Swamp boys, who at first declared they didn't propose to be "teached by any female woman."

"Quiet," was the positive word, and all faces immediately turned to the platform in front.

"After considering the matter carefully I have decided that there will be no more school till Thursday." Exclamations of manifest approval were volunteered from different parts of the room, showing a general satisfaction with the decision rendered.

"Teacher," said the light haired boy behind the stove. "What is it Joseph?" "Can me and Pete Geiger choose up if we spell down?"

"You mean to say Pete and I, do you not?" said the teacher kindly.

At this Sally Albery gave a kind of smothered titter. Sally had learned the greater number of the rules in Harvey's Grammar and invariably said "I." The light haired boy, who was called Joe for short, blushed a little, but said yes.

As tomorrow would be Christmas and already a portion of the last quarter of the day had been used in discussion, it sort of went without saying that the remaining hour would be spent in that delightful experience of spelling down. So Joe and Pete soon took their places, each on his favorite side of the room standing at the north end of the walnut slab seats that extended nearly the full length on both sides of the school room. Pete came the nearer to guessing the right page selected by Miss Parsons, and being entitled to the first choice, took Jack Myers. Jack could not hide the fact that he felt highly honored and there was some little nudging of elbows as he took his place at the head of what would soon be a long line of anxious spellers.

A great deal of care was taken by each leader as the choosing went on, to get the ones he wanted on his side. There came a time when only a few were left to be chosen, among whom was Dorothy Stewart, or "dumb Dort" as some had been heard to call her. It may be said here that the Stewart family were new comers into Poke township, having been in that neighborhood only since the spring of '70 but it had become quite generally understood that they were not counted among the well-to-do and most respectable people of the district. Dorothy sat with her eyes fixed upon her second-hand speller pretending to be busily engaged in study but all the while was wondering if she would be the last one chosen. She knew better than any one else that her education had been neglected but felt that she had not been to blame. Dorothy was just wondering if she had any friends in school besides the Landahl and Hatfield children when she received a gentle nudge in the back. "Say," whispered little Rose Henderson, "Jo choosed you." Dorothy had been thinking so deeply upon her condition that she had failed to hear the calling of her name. When she looked up she found that she was covered by all the eyes in the room. "You are chosen on Joe's side," said Miss Parsons, whose gentle tone seemed to allay the embarrassment. In a few moments the choosing was over and after numbering all were in readiness to spell.

The usual fifteen minutes were spent in pronouncing common-place words. At the end of this time a few were down and now took comfort only in the hope that their side would win. Dorothy was still standing; she had taken the second trial at the word "raisin" but that was in accordance with the rule laid down by Miss Parsons that those belonging in the second spelling class should have two trials while those in the highest class could have but one. "Prairie" was the word pronounced. P-r-a-r-i-e, boldly sang out Master Jack Myers. "Next," said the teacher, and one of the Landahl boys snapped it up. Jack turned slightly pale, but he reluctantly sat down. Dorothy's heart beat faster and faster to think she was still standing. It seemed now that it would even be a relief to get a hard word and have it over, for of course she could not hope to stand much longer. One more round—a difficult word has played havoc with several of the best spellers but was finally caught by John Hatfield. John was small for his years and was known on the play-ground as Bantam Hatfield; he was generally liked and was quick as a trap. The excitement was now beginning to run high. John, Dorothy and Perry Landahl remained the survivors of Joe's long line, against Cyntha Jacobs and Sally Albery on the other side. All were surprised to see Dorothy among the number.

"How did you spell Cylinder, Sally?" said the teacher—"S-y-l-i-n-d-e-r."

"She changed it," said Joe, who was beside himself in excitement.

"Next." Dorothy now realized that her time had come—"S-i-l-i-n-d-e-r." And she sat down before Miss Parsons could say next. It was now Cyntha's turn. She began "S-y-l S-y-l-i-n-d-e-r." Perry Landahl, thinking that Sally had spelled it correctly upon her second trial, did not hesitate to spell it S-y-l-i-n-d-e-r.

All this time Johnny could scarcely contain himself. He had never done such a thing before. Is it possible? Will they all miss it! His voice trembled. To make sure he began anew—"C-y-l-i-n-d-e r." "That is correct" said Miss Parsons. But only a few heard her words, so loud was the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet. Almost out of breath, Johnny sat down. It was difficult to know which of the three, Johnny, Joe or Dorothy was the most over-joyed with the turn of things. The teacher made a few appropriate remarks, passed some little bags of candy and nuts, wished all a Merry Christmas and dismissed the school. In a few minutes all was quiet in the old school-room. Some of the boys in the distance could be heard hurrahing for Bantam; others were speculating on the good time they expected to have in the morning. Dorothy knew that she and her sister May could not expect much. The season had been reasonably favorable but it would take all the profits to pay the man who so kindly lent them money to get out of the drought-stricken Kansas. But despite all this Dorothy was happy. She felt that brighter days were coming and her experience during the afternoon had made her feel that she could yet learn and be as smart as Sally Albery. Such was the dream and ambition of a poor, but sympathetic and sweet spirited girl of thirteen years.

PART II.

Christmas had been a sort of thawy, uncertain kind of day but Wednesday night the mercury settled below the zero mark and Thursday was stinging cold. Miss Parsons wore her usual smile and her presence had a taming effect on the small talk that occasionally approached hilarity. The scholars sat around the great stove munching their noon lunch. Several of the little folks were clustered together talking over what Santa Claus had brought them. Hank Williamson was in the back seat showing the boys some new tricks at cards which he had learned the day before.

Dorothy sat near the teacher, absorbed in thought, unconscious of what was going on about her. Occasionally the glistening tears would almost fall from her large brown eyes, and then she would settle back seemingly in deep and abiding peace. "A fit study for an artist "thought Miss Parsons, as she wondered what it all meant. "Well, Dorothy, did you have a good time yesterday, and where did you spend the day?" asked Miss Parsons in her soothing way. "O, yes teacher, I had such a good time! It makes me happy now when I think of it. If you care to know I will tell you something about it." "We will be delighted to hear all about your merry Christmas." At this Dorothy looked slightly confused as she noticed so many listening to the conversation. As soon as she regained herself she began by saying. "You know teacher I did not always come to school here!" Miss Parsons gently nodded her head and the little girl went on. "Well, we used to live away west in Kansas, and I had a little brother some older than me but he was always sick and after a while mamma said the angels took him to live with them in heaven. When brother couldn't live with us any longer we put his poor little body in a pine box and buried him on the hill north of our sod house.

"Papa said if he only had the money, Frankie should have a nice coffin with beautiful handles on it; but the crops had failed for two years and we had to get medicine for brother, so we needed all we had for bread and coal."

By this time more than half of the entire school had crowded eagerly to the front and many faces indicated a real sympathy.

"My dear girl, your story interests me very much" said Miss Parsons, "but I got all ready to hear about your merry Christmas." "Yes, teacher I was just getting ready to tell you about my good time. Three years ago yesterday, me and Mamma went to Frankie's grave. Papa would have been there, too, but he was away in another county trying to earn some money so we could come East, where they said the crops were good. And now I am almost to the part that brings the tears but, teacher, I am glad that I have it to think about even if I do cry.

"All the forenoon, yesterday, I was over to Mr. Weld's place and had a visit with little Allen before he got so he couldn't talk. I told him all about Frankie and he said when he went to Heaven he would tell him that I loved him just the same as before he left us and that I wanted, sometime again to visit his little grave on the hill.

"O, teacher,think of it,—little Allen has gone to Frankie!" And the tears flowed freely. "Is Allen Weld dead?" asked two or three in a single voice. "I thought I heard the bell toll this morning" said another.

"Who is this Allen Weld?" asked the teacher of Jack Myers who, for the past few moments had been trying to repent for every cutting thing he had ever spoken about Dorothy.

"Why, Allen used to come to school here when he was well. They live quite close to us. It is just across our lower place. People didn't think two years ago that Allen could live more than month. I hadn't heard he was any worse than common."

"I don't want you to think, teacher that I am not happy" said Dorothy, brightening for the moment. Christmas eve we cracked nuts and made pop-corn balls to fill little May's stockings. And mamma and papa joked more than I had heard them for a long time. But it does me the most good to think of Allen and to remember that he ate some of the doughnuts I took him. I do wish every body was happy like I am!"

Miss Parsons drew Dorothy to her breast and pressed her lips to the moistened cheek. It seemed as if Dorothy's sympathy and love had touched the higher self in each one present. All the large girls and even Hank Williamson, contributed a word of tenderness to this supreme moment.

It was a new life for Dorothy from that day forth. The girls seemed to feel that night that it was a privilege to lock arms with the one they had so frequently avoided.

The funeral was conducted the following Saturday. As the scholars looked upon the little emaciated form that had once been so sprightly and gay, each one thought of Dorothy's story,her delight in saying that he ate some of her Christmas doughnuts; the loving message she had sent to her brother Frankie; and their hearts took on a kindliness which will help to make the world better.

GALESBURG, ILL.

## BETHLEHEM.

At this season more especially does the mind turn toward the holy land, toward the little village of Bethlehem, with its sacred and hallowed tradition; hallowed as the center of so many interesting events that cluster on the hillside beneath its shadow. It was here in the fields where Ruth "kept fast by the maidens of Boaz to glean unto the end of barley harvest and of wheat harvest," and where Boaz said to his reapers, "Let fall some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them that she may glean them, and rebuke her not." Here David tended his flocks and the shepherds received the news that "Christ is born." In the city, the manger wherein he lay; and from those distant mountains came the kings bringing their offerings to the young Child.

The most visited and conspicuous object in the little city to-day is the Church of the Nativity or Franciscan monastery. The church is, like so many of the Catholic churches, built in the shape of a cross. The nave is adorned with forty-eight Corinthian columns. There are the remains of some paintings on wood and mosaic—upright, stiff and unnatural. There is an altar dedicated to the "wise men of the East," at the foot of which is a marble stair corresponding, the monks tell us, to the point in the heavens where the star became stationary over the spot where Christ was born. The grotto is lined and floored with marble, and there are five oratories on each side, supposed to represent the ten cribs or stalls that the stable in which our Lord was born contained. An inscription tells us, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary," and we know we are in the stable to which tradition gives the honor of being the birthplace of Christ, and to which thousands of pilgrims and visitors go every year.

But the walls are not the rough-hewn stone and earth one would expect to find in the caves the ancients used as stables for their animals. Instead there are marble and silver lamps and gold and purple hangings. There is no poverty anywhere, no sign that this was once a lowly home wherein the ox and the ass were kept in stormy weather. No simple manger where Mary crept to hide herself in her hour of trial. The manger now is of marble and supported by marble columns, and seems more fitting for some haughty, dark-eyed daughter of a king of Juda than the wife of a humble carpenter.

That Bethlehem is the city of Christ's nativity there is no doubt, but that the grotto in the rock is the spot where he was born there are many who question. They contend that the gospel gives no authority for this, saying that the manger belonged to an inn or khan; that it was because the rooms above were filled with guests that the holy family were compelled to take up their temporary abode in the court used to stable the mules and the horses. But until the doubters can prove that some other spot has superior claim to this the world will go on revering the little grotto beneath the Church of the Nativity.

The church was erected in 327 by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine. The outer wall has small, narrow slits for windows and a low opening for a doorway. So low, in fact, is it that one must stoop to enter. And when once inside one does not realize one is in a church, for there is smoking, chatting, laughing, children playing, women sewing and nowhere visible an attitude of worship, although monks are moving about here and there. Two drowsy soldiers guard the opening leading down to the grotto and two more are at the entrance.

There is always more or less pomp and display in Bethleham at Christmas time. Christmas night is a night of watching, and few people go to bed until the gray streaks of dawn are showing in the east. Sweatmeats and hard-boiled eggs are the refreshments, and there are bonfires, illuminations and fireworks. There is a procession of many pilgrims, headed by the French consul surrounded by eight guards. On the way they are joined by the sheik of Bethlehem and prominent people of the city. Every one turns out—men, women and children—to see and greet the procession with cheers. There are gorgeous Catholic ceremonials which last until midnight, when a long procession carrying lighted candles goes to the grotto of the Nativity. There are a cross-bearer, monks, churchmen, the bishop of Jerusalem and laymen.

The bishop carries in his hands a cradle, containing a waxen image of the infant Christ, all of course, bedecked with gold embroidery and silken clothing, which he deposits in the marble manger, repeating the words: "And here they laid it in a manager, because there was no place for them at the inn." The services frequently last until 2 o'clock.

Many of the people of Bethlehem gain a livelihood by selling to tourists beads, carved mother-of-pearl shells, small tables, crucifixes, cuff-buttons made of olive wood, and cards on which are arraged and pressed the flowers of the neighborhood. These are sold in great quantities, as every tourist is anxious to bring away a souvenir of Bethelem. It was once customary for the visitors to the tomb of Christ to bring away a more lasting memorial of their visit than the wooden or shell ornaments, and this was no more nor less than to have crosses, stars and monograms marked upon their bodies with gunpowder.

## DANGEROUS TREES.

A word of warning is necessary as to the proximity of trees to houses. Many old-fashioned rural houses, as distinguished from the *maisons pe campagne*, are embowered in trees and buried in laburnum. They look delightful in pictures and sound enchanting in poetry; but there are drawbacks in every mundane sphere, and there are one or two little penalties to pay, even in laburnum land. The nearest tree should be several yards away from the house, and if possible from every part of the house. We have observed lately, in more than one London suburb, where an attempt is being made to build dwellings which are at once healthy and picturesque; that houses have been placed within half a yard of old trees, mainly elms. Some of these houses are most certainly built over the roots of trees, and it will require a very liberal supply of very good concrete to keep such dwellings dry.

A house with trees so near to it must inevitably be both dark and damp, for the roots, which are not themselves really damp producers, are damp retainers, for they form an obstacle to the escape of the water which is always moving about in the soil. There is a double danger attaching to the very close proximity of elms to a house. Altogether apart from the damp, the elm is a treacherous tree, and, if it be near enough, is certain, sooner or later, to drop one of its boughs through the drawing-room window, or, perhaps, even to break off and knock a hole in the wall. It was only last winter that we saw an old elm perform this very feat. It was a windy day, and the tree, which was a large one, broke off short at the bole, and was thrown so violently against the house that several windows and the whole front portion of the roof were stove in.

## Working by the Eye.

The advance in the accuracy of workmanship in machinery is one of the remarkable features of manufactures. Formerly if a shaft could be made right within 1-32 of an inch all was well. Indeed, under old processes this was as fine a degree of correctness as the eye could perceive. But this was altogether too far from perfect to answer many purposes, and mechanics set about devising some means to insure more absolute accuracy. One of the first suggestions that the eye was less reliable than the fingers came from the fitting of certain cylinders with plugs. It was found that a number of plugs could be made all precisely alike so far as the eye could judge, but the veriest novice detected a difference in their size the moment they were applied to the hole for which they were intended. It is said that now the difference of 1-5000 of an inch can readily be perceived by the most inexperienced person.—*New York Ledger.*

## Looking Upward.

The following advice given to a young married woman who was visited by another older and more experienced one, may he helpful to some of our readers:—

When the visitor rose to go, the hostess came with her to the door, and out upon the pleasant piazza, which, however looked a little dusty in the corners.

"Oh, dear!" said the young wife, "how provoking servants are! I told Mary to sweep this piazza thoroughly, and now look how dusty it is."

"Grace," said the older woman, looking into the disturbed young face with kindly, humorous eyes, "I am an old old housekeeper. Let me give you a bit of advice: Never direct people's attention to defects. Unless you do so they will rarely see them. Now, if I had been in your place and noticed the dirt, I should have said: 'How blue the sky is!' or 'How beautiful the clouds are!' or 'How bracing the air is!' Then I should have looked up at that as I spoke, and should have gotten you safely down the steps and out of sight without your seeing the dust."—*Household.*

# FARM GARDEN AND DAIRY.

## Instructive Reading for Agriculturists.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE UNIVERSALIST."

### AGRICULTURE.

Just now is an excellent time to examine and repair the working tools of the farm. The farmer can easily and cheaply make many of these repairs himself. If the carpenter or the blacksmith must be called in, he is probably just now waiting for you; but many such bills could be saved the farmer if a few tools, a stock of bolts, screws, nails and rivets were always at hand.

For preserving the wood work of machines crude petroleum will answer almost as well as paint, and be less expensive. Tires but slightly loosened can be tightened by turning the wheel in a trough containing boiling linseed oil, or it can be done nearly as well by applying cheap paint mixed with raw oil; but the work must be patiently done, and the mixture well worked into the joints.

Leaky roofs rattling windows and worn thresholds are things which the farmer should consider unendurable. The occupants of the house suffer, and fuel is wasted in vain efforts to make the family comfortable. Draughts of wind from such sources lay the foundation for colds and calamity. Even at this late season let them be remedied, and it can so often be done by the idle man of the house himself.

It is almost as essential that the barn be in good shape for the winter as the house. If the stock is not duly protected there will be extra consumption of food, a reduction in the yield of milk, a stunted growth, and stoppage in flesh forming. If the financial side of the question does not not move us, surely the love for our domestic friends should. Boards and glass are cheaper than hay and grain.

Honey and pigs, eggs and colts, milk and lambs should all be produced on the farm in sufficient quantities to promote peace, comfort and contentment. More young people will remain on the farm if all the good things raised are not sold off. It is a duty we owe the family to have a good home orchard and garden. It is in this sense that charity begins at home, for this is proving the love we profess.

It would not be strange if, as a result of these hard times, there should set outward from the city an exodus to the country larger than the stream which once ran the other way. There is now less food per capita than ever before in the history of civilization. Agriculture is really in a state of progress, and more producers, with fewer idlers and middlemen, is likely to be the condition of the future.

It is usually the case that extreme earliness is procured at the expense of quality and productiveness. Market gardeners can make these early sorts profitable, because of the earlier high prices, and can stand the deficiency in quality, but the farmer can not afford this, He would better be content a few days to get that which is more valuable.

Whatever the farmer may do in the way of testing novelties, he should have the larger part of his garden stocked with the standard sorts of the things he finds it desirable to grow. He should keep posted as to the newer introductions, and show enterprise in practically testing them now and then, but more than this is neither wise nor profitable or him.

### STOCK.

Barns filled with grain and hay are invaluable in their way, but not essentials in winter feeding. The system of ensilage makes summer feeding practical all the year, and the ease with such food is digested make it valuable. It is laxative, and also stimulates the appetite. More pounds of such food can be grown to the acre than of almost any other crop, and with the silo more stock can be kept with greater profit than by the older methods.

It stands to reason that with liberal bedding cattle can be kept warm and clean more easily—two factors of the first importance for their welfare. With cut straw an animal can be kept more comfortable than with long straw, because it can be more evenly distributed. It makes a better absorbent for the same reason, and the manure and urine become more thouroughly incorporated with it.

Steers of a dairy type are unpopular. They do not seem to feed out satisfactorily, and feeders do not went them. Let keepers of this class of cows forestall this objection by disposing of such steers while calves as veals. Do not give buyers an opportunity to taunt you with their offers of little prices after you have kept your steers for two or three years.

"The days of the years" of a steer are becoming less and less, and it looks as if even the two year old will be abandoned before long. There is a cry for cheap meat—and good—and as the heavier animal has a larger percentage of offal than the compact smaller one, the butcher has found it unprofitable to handle it. It is the percentage of meat to live weight which decides the issue.

If there be evidence of oat hulls in your mill feed, examine closely to see if there is also oat meal. It is not an uncommon practice to mix the hulls with the meal, for they can be bought at the factories at a very low price, and serve a double purpose of deception. Corn and the cobs ground up look much more enticing when they show up the appearance of having a goodly proportion of oats intermingled.

Where horses and cows are kept in the same stable there should be space for a free circulation of air between them. From even the cleanest horse stable there is a strong odor of ammonia, which will affect the milk if the cows are compelled to breathe it continually, and it will also contaminate the flavor of the milk after the milk is drawn. We can not be too careful of the surroundings if we would make good butter.

Salt is an essential constituent of the blood, and because many of the common foods of cattle are lacking in it, it must be artificially supplied. The amount varies in different foods, and in those grown from different soils, and we, therefore, have no guide, as to the exact quantity an animal needs, but it must be left to them. The correct way is to give them constantly the opportunity of satisfying the natural needs of the system.

It is an idle practice for bee keepers to feed swarms during a honey blow in order to forward storing. When the sweets can be obtained from the flowers it is useless to try to "feed" the bees in any other way. They prefer Flora's fresh nectar, and will gather and store it in the combs, entirely ignoring all other food which can be placed before them.

### DAIRY

Water the cows separately, and then you can know that each one drinks liberally. If she does not, then look after her and ascertain the reason. If the cow does not drink freely the supply of milk will soon begin to fail. As for her winter rations of food, one can not do better than to give her night and morning 25 pounds of ensilage and three of shorts, with five of clover hay at noon.

If carrots, ruta bagas and mangel wurtzels, turnips and cabbages are fed with discretion to the cows, they constitute a cheap and valuable addition too the feeding ration, and there will be no noticeable effect upon the flavor of the milk if fed immediately after milking. These certainly increase the flow.

Whether the water for the cows should be artificially warmed or not may depend upon circumstances. If there be a good stream of water which does not freeze there will be little necessity for warming, but if the supply be so small that it can not otherwise be kept from freezing, the warming will be found profitable.

To show that milk is a greedy absorbent of germs from without, a scientific English writer found that sheets soaked in fresh, warm cow's or goat's milk every four hours and wrapped about patients with scarlet fever or smallpox absorbed the poison and cured the patient. It afforded prompt relief.

Turning winter milkers out for exercise on cold, or even raw, days will invariably result in a loss of milk product. Relieve the confinement as much as possible by having the stalls clean and roomy, for if she has all the room necessary for her comfort she will get exercise enough for health and for milk giving.

Progressive agriculture is not an unmeaning phrase. By the invention of the butter extractor only we get rid of the legion of old fashioned and cumbersome implements and utensils which come between the milk pail and the butter package, and are relieved of a vast amount of trouble and anxiety beside.

In order to develop the young heifer into a good milker she must be well fed and carefully milked from the beginning; do not expect as much nor as rich milk as from the fully matured cow. If our expectations are disappointed at first, let this be all the more reason for our exercising intelligent management.

We go too much upon the "main chance" in all our agricultural operations. Let us do away with such dependence. The best guide as to the value of a cow is to weigh her milk regularly. That tells the story without any guess work, and is far better than going blindly upon her pedigree or her "marks."

### POULTRY.

In shipping live poultry have the coops high enough so that they can stand up; low coops are cruel, and there is danger of suffocation. For the same reasons do not overcrowd. A fine coop of hens will be depreciated if a number of cocks be among them; keep them separate. Contrive to have them arrive in market in the middle of the week; receipts increase toward the last of the week, and Monday there is some stock left over from Saturday, usually. Nor is Monday a good day to sell poultry.

Dorkings are favorites wherever known, and the English consider them superior to all others as a table fowl, unless it be the game. They have a large proportion of breast meat, and the cocks usually weigh from eight to ten pounds. They are not superior as egg producers. Their large size, rapid growth and early maturity count much in their favor, and they are beautiful in form and plumage. They are gentle in disposition and excellent mothers. As layers they make an excellent cross with Brahmas or Cochins.

It will cost you 25 cents to feed your hen this winter; but she will easily hatch two settings of eggs for you, and if these broods are well cared for and made ready for market, they will pay off her bill and will help pay off that for your own keeping beside, and you can live upon fried chicken, too. The 50 cent hen is a larger factor toward making the prosperity of the farm than she is generally given credit for being; and just now is the time to make the most of her.