

# THE FAMILY AT HOME

## THOUGHTS FOR THE DISCOURAGED FARMER.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The summer winds in sniffing round the bloomin' locust trees;  
And the clover in the pasture is a big day for the bees,  
And they been a-swigin' honey, above board and on the sly,  
Tel they stut in their buzzin' and stagger as they fly.  
The flicker on the fence-rail 'pears to jest spit on his wings  
And roll up his feathers, by the sassy way he sings;  
And the hoss-fly is a-whettin' up his fore-legs fer biz,  
And the off-mare is a-switchin' all of her tale they is.

You can hear the blackbirds jawin' as they foller up the plow—  
Oh, they bound to get their breakfast, and they not a carin' how;  
So they quarrel in the furries, and they quarrel on the wog—  
But they peaceable in pot-pies than any other thing.  
And its when I git my shotgun drawed up in stiddy rest,  
She's as full of tribulation as a yeller-jacket's nest;  
And a few shots before dinner, when the sun's a-shinin' right,  
Seems to kindo-sorto sharpen up a feller's appetite!

They's been a heap o' rain, but the sun's out to-day,  
And the clouds of the wet spell is all cleared away,  
And the woods is all the greener, and grass is greener still;  
It may rain again to-morr', but I don't think it will.

Some says the crops is ruined, and the corn is drowned out,  
And prophesy the wheat will be a failure, without doubt;  
But the kind Providence that has never failed us yet,  
Will be on hands one's more at the 'leven-th month, I bet.

Does the medder-lark complane, as he swims high and dry  
Through the waves of the wind and the blue of the sky?  
Does the quail set up and whis sel in a disappointed way,  
Er hang his head in silence, and sorrow all the day?

Is the chipmunk's health a-f-allin'? Does he walk, or does he run?  
Don't the buzzard's oze around up there jest like they've allus done?  
Is they anything the matter with the rooster's lungs or voice?  
Ort a mortal be complainin' when the dumb animals rejoice!

Then let us one, one and all, be contented with out lot;  
The June is here this morning, and the sun is shining hot,  
Oh! let us fill our hearts up with the glory of the day,  
And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow far away!

Whatever be our station, with Providence for guide,  
Such fine circumstances ort to make us satisfied;  
Fer the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,  
And the dew is full of heavenly love that dips fer me and you.

### Continued Story.

#### JOHN CANN'S TREASURE.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

##### CHAPTER VI.

ON the evening when the Hon. Charles Barclay died Cecil Mitford went out for the first time after his terrible illness, to speak a few words in private with the negro sexton. He found the man lounging in the soft dust outside his hut, and ready enough to find a place for the corpse, (which would be buried next morning, with the ordinary tropical haste), close beside the spot actually occupied by John Cann's coffin. All the rest, the sexton said with a horrid grin, he would leave to Cecil.

At twelve o'clock of a dark moonless night, Cecil Mitford, still weak and ill, but trembling only from the remains of his fever, set out stealthily from the dead man's low bungalow in the outskirts of Spanish Town, and walked on alone through the unlighted, unpaved streets of the sleeping city to the Cathedral precinct. Not a soul met or passed him on the way through the lonely alleys; not a solitary candle burned anywhere in a single window. He carried only a little dark lantern in his hand, and a very small pick that he had borrowed that same afternoon from the negro sexton. Stumbling along through the unfamiliar lanes, he saw at last the great black mass of the gaunt, ungainly Cathedral, standing out dimly against the hardly less black abyss of night that formed the solemn background. But Cecil Mitford was not awed by place or season; he could think only of one subject, John Cann's treasure. He groped his way easily through scrub and monuments to the far corner of the churchyard; and there, close by a fresh and open grave he saw the well-remembered, half-effaced letters that marked the mouldering upright slab as John Cann's gravestone. Without a moment's delay, without a touch of hesitation, without a single tinge of womanish weakness, he jumped down boldly into the open grave and

turned the light side of his little lantern in the direction of John Cann's undecorated coffin.

A few strokes of the pick soon loosened the intervening earth sufficiently to let him get at a wooden plank on the nearer side of the coffin. It had mouldered away with damp and age till it was all quite soft and pliable; and he broke through it with his hand alone, and saw lying within a heap of huddled bones, which he knew at once for John Cann's skeleton. Under any other circumstances, such a sight, seen in the dead of night, with all the awesome accessories of time and place, would have chilled and appalled Cecil Mitford's nervous blood; but he thought nothing of it all now; his whole soul was entirely concentrated on a single idea—the search for the missing preachers. Leaning over toward the breach he had made in John Cann's grave, he began groping about with his right hand on the floor of the coffin. After a moment's search his fingers came across a small rusty metal object, clasped, apparently, in the bony hand of the skeleton. He drew it eagerly out; it was a steel snuff-box. Prising open the corroded hinge with his pocket-knife, he found inside a small scrap of dry paper. His fingers trembled as he held it to the dark lantern; oh heavens, success! success! it was, it was—the missing document!

He knew it in a moment by the handwriting and the cypher! He couldn't wait to read it till he went home to the dead man's house; so he curled himself up cautiously in Charles Barclay's open grave, and proceeded to decipher the crabbled manuscript as well as he was able by the lurid light of the lantern. Yes, yes, it was all right; it told him with minute and unmistakable detail the exact spot in the valley of the Bovey where John Cann's treasure lay securely hidden. Not at John Cann's rocks on the hilltop, as the local legend untruly affirmed—John Cann had not been such an unguarded fool as to whisper to the idle gossips of Bovey the spot where he had really buried his precious doubloons—but down in the valley by a bend of the river, at a point that Cecil Mitford had known well from his childhood upward. Hurrah! hurrah! the secret was unearthed at last, and he had nothing more to do than to go home to England and proceed to dig up John Cann's treasure!

So he cautiously replaced the loose earth on the side of the grave, and walked back, this time bold and erect, with his dark lantern openly displayed (for it mattered little now who watched or followed him), to dead Charles Barclay's lonely bungalow. The black servants were crooning and wailing over their master's body, and nobody took much notice of the white visitor. If they had, Cecil Mitford would have cared but little, so long as he carried John Cann's last dying directions safely folded in his leather pocket-book.

Next day, Cecil Mitford stood once more as a chief mourner beside the grave he had sat in that night so strangely by himself; and before the week was over, he had taken his passage for England in the Royal Mail Steamer Tagus, and was leaving the cocoa-nut groves of Port Royal well behind him on the port side. Before him lay the open sea, and beyond it, England, Ethel, and John Cann's treasure.

##### CHAPTER VII.

It had been a long job after all to arrange fully the needful preliminaries for the actual search after John Cann's buried doubloons. First of all, there was Ethel's interest to pay, and a horrid story for Cecil to concoct—all false, of course, worse luck to it—about how he had managed to invest her poor three hundred to the best advantage. Then there was another story to make good about three months' extra leave from the Colonial Office. Next came the question of buying the land where John Cann's treasure lay hidden, and this was really a matter of very exceptional and peculiar difficulty. The owner—pig-headed fellow!—didn't want to sell, no matter how much he was offered, because the corner contained a clump of trees that made a specially pretty element in the view from his dining-room windows. His dining-room windows, forsooth! What on earth could it matter, when John Cann's treasure was at stake, whether anything at all was visible or otherwise from his miserable dining-room windows? Cecil was positively appalled at the obstinacy and narrow-mindedness of the poor squireen, who could think of nothing at all in the whole world but his own ridiculous antiquated windows. However, in the end, by making his bid high enough, he was able to induce this obstructive old curmudgeon to part with his triangular little corner of

land in the bend of the river. Even so, there was the question of payment: absurd as it seemed, with all John Cann's money almost in his hands, Cecil was obliged to worry and bother and lie and intrigue for weeks together in order to get that paltry little sum in hard cash for the matter of payment. Still, he raised it in the end: raised it by inducing Ethel to sell out the remainder of her poor small fortune, and cajoling Aunt Emily into putting her name to a bill of sale for her few worthless bits of old fashioned furniture. At last, after many delays and vexatious troubles, Cecil found himself the actual possessor of the corner of land wherein lay buried John Cann's treasure.

The very first day that Cecil Mitford could call that coveted piece of ground his own, he could not restrain his eagerness (though he knew it was imprudent in a land where the unjust law of treasure-trove prevails), but he must to there and there begin covertly digging under the shadow of the three big willow trees, in the bend of the river. He had eyed and measured the bearing so carefully already that he knew the very spot to a nail's breadth where John Cann's treasure was actually hidden. He set to work digging with a little pick as confidently as if he had already seen the doubloons lying there in the strong box that he knew enclosed there. Four feet deep he dug, as John Cann's instructions told him; and then, true to the inch, his pick struck against a solid oaken box, well secured with clamps of iron. Cecil cleared all the dirt away from the top, carefully, not hurriedly, and tried with all his might to lift the box out, but all in vain. It was far too heavy, of course, for one man's arms to raise: all that weight of gold and silver must be ever so much more than a single pair of hands could possibly manage. He must try to open the lid alone, so as to take the gold out, a bit at a time, and carry it away with him now and again, as he was able, covering the place up carefully in between, for fear of the Treasury and the Lord of the Manor. How abominably unjust it seemed to him at that moment—the legal claim of those two indolent hostile powers! to think that after he, Cecil Mitford, had borne the brunt of the labor in adventurously hunting up the whole trail of John Cann's secret, two idle irresponsible participants should come in at the end, if they could, to profit entirely by his ingenuity and his exertions.

At last, by a great effort, he forced the rusty lock open, and looked eagerly into the strong oak chest. How his heart beat with slow, deep throbs at that supreme moment, not with suspense, for he knew he should find the money, but with the final realization of a great hope long deferred! Yes, there it lay, in very truth, all before him—great shining coins of old Spanish gold—gold, gold, gold, arranged in long rows, one coin after another, over the whole surface of the broad oak box. He had found it, he had found it, he had really found it! After so much toilsome hunting, after so much vain endeavor, after so many heart-breaking disappointments, John Cann's treasure in very truth lay open there actually before him!

For a few minutes, eager and frightened as he was, Cecil Mitford did not dare even to touch the precious pieces. In the greatness of his joy, in the fierce rush of his overpowering emotions, he had no time to think of mere base every-day gold and silver. It was the future and the ideal that he beheld, not the piled-up heaps of filthy lucre. Ethel was his, wealth was his, honor was his! He would be a rich man and a great man now and henceforth forever! Oh, how he hugged himself in his heart on the wise successful fraud by which he had induced Ethel to advance him the few wretched hundreds he needed for his ever-memorable Jamaican journey! How he praised to himself his own courage, and ingenuity, and determination, and inexhaustible patience! How he laughed down that foolish conscience of his that would fain have dissuaded him from his master-stroke of genius. He deserved it all, he deserved it all! Other men would have flinched before the risk and expense of the voyage to Jamaica, would have given up the scent for a fool's errand in the cemetery at Port Royal, would have shrunk from ransacking John Cann's grave at dead of night in the Cathedral precincts at Spanish Town, would have feared to buy the high-priced corner of land at Bovey Tracey on a pure imaginative speculation. But he, Cecil Mitford, had had the boldness and the cleverness to do it every bit, and now wisdom was justified of all her children. He sat for five minutes in profound meditation on the edge of the little pit he had dug, gloating dreamily over the broad gold pieces, and inwardly admiring his own bravery and foresight and indomitable resolution. What a magnificent man he really was—a worthy successor of those great freebooting, buccaneering, filibustering Devonians

of the grand Elizabethan era! To think that the worky-day of modern world should ever have tried to doom him, Cecil Mitford, with his splendid enterprise and glorious potentialities, to a hundred and eighty a year and a routine clerkship at the Colonial Office!

After a while, however, mere numerical cupidity began to get the better of this heroic mood, and Cecil Mitford turned somewhat languidly to the vulgar task of counting the rows of doubloons. He counted up the foremost row carefully, and then for the first time perceived, to his intense surprise, that the row behind was not gold, but mere Mexican pistoles. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, but the fact was unmistakable; there was only one row of yellow gold on the top layer, and all the rest was merely bright and glittering silver. Strange that John Cann should have put coins of such small value near the top of his box: the rest of the gold must certainly be in successive layers down further. He lifted up the big gold doubloons in the first row, and then, to his blank horror and amazement, came too—not more gold, not more silver, but—but—but—ay, incredible as it seemed, appalling, horrifying—a wooden bottom!

Had John Cann, in his care and anxiety, put a layer of solid oak between each layer of gold and silver? Hardly that, the oak was too thick. In a moment Cecil Mitford had taken out all the coins of the first tier, and laid bare the oaken bottom. A few blows of the pick loosened the earth around, and then, oh horror, oh ghastly disappointment, oh unspeakable heart-sickening revelation, the whole box came out entire. It was only two inches deep altogether, including the cover—it was, in fact, a mere shallow tray or saucer, something like the sort of thin wooden boxes in which sets of desert-knives or fish-knives are usually sold for wedding presents!

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

### SEX IN DIET.

There are certain simple and elementary bits of nonsense which reappear at intervals with the certainty of measles or smallpox, and this sometimes in the very families of physicians. One of these is the theory that whereas men and women differ in important respects, there must, therefore, be an entire difference in their mode of education. The best way to look at this is by applying it first on the plane of physical structure. This, for instance, would be the line of argument: Boys eat beef and bread; therefore, obviously, girls should not. Yet the moment girls accept this inference and begin living on caramels and ice-cream, the physicians are the first to complain. They point out, justly enough, that while the functions of the sexes are in some important respects different, yet there are many more points in which they are identical; the alimentary and digestive processes, for instance, are the same. We do not digest as men or women, distinctively; we digest as human beings; and so it is with nine-tenths of what physiology indicates.

There can be no greater mistake than to assume that the present methods of education, whether for girls or for boys, are a mere matter of imitation or tradition. These methods are practiced because they have seemed, up to the present time, to be the best for everybody. They are adapted, or supposed to be adapted, not to boy nature or girl nature as such, but to human nature. They are doubtless undergoing constant modification, but very rarely with any reference to sexual difference. Foreign visitors to our schools sometimes ask: "Why should girls study Greek?" "Why should girls learn geometry?" And when you ask them in return, "Why should boys learn these things?" they have to admit that the question is of general application, not of sex application. Boys have for centuries studied Latin and Greek; first because their own languages were largely based on these tongues, and secondly because the learning of the world was mainly put into Latin and Greek. The latter reason is now vanishing, and only the former holds good; so that Latin and Greek, these ancient languages though still desirable, are not so essential as before. All this is true of girls also, and on the same grounds.

Again, the vast multiplication of knowledge now makes it undesirable to prescribe for all minds the same course of study, and hence follows the elective system in our universities. All this is equally true for boys and girls, and the question how far to introduce this system into lower schools is now the main problem. Into all the necessary discussion of these matters before educational conventions the question of sex rarely enters, as it seldom enters into the perpetual discussions about animal or vegetable food. Both as to physical and mental nourishment, we have human beings to deal with. It was the highest praise that an acute young woman could give to Phillips Brooks's first address at Vassar College, "He did not say one word from which you could infer that we were not human beings." This, it appeared, was in great contrast to previous clergymen, who had devoted their chief efforts to impressing upon the students that they were women—a fact which they knew already beyond all need of information.

All these remarks will seem, no doubt, very remote and superfluous to those who do not recognize how long it takes for a delusion to die. Why go back, it may be said, to the exploded fallacies of a hundred years ago? Yet they are not

so far exploded but they are revived in a recent number of a magazine published at a co-educational college—the Chicago University. They are not so obsolete as not to be brought forward freshly, and at least half endorsed, by Mr. Arthur Gilman, in the Nation for January 21. When we consider how much Mr. Gilman did for the education of women during his early connection with what is now Radcliffe College, and that he is still at the head of a large school for girls in Cambridge, Mass., it simply shows that these fallacies have a long lease of life. They recur, and then they disappear again. But the fact is that education is education, and we must take the consequences. It is too late in the world's history to look back and sigh after a separate girl's table of logarithms or a strictly feminine microscope. Least of all can those who have heretofore done much for the education of women now turn and hesitate. They must keep up with the procession, or it will proceed over their heads.—T. W. H., in *Harper's Bazar*.

### TWO HOUSES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"'Twill overtake a thousand men, with all their strength and skill,  
To build my Lord ere New Year's eve,  
his castle on the hill."  
"Then take two thousand," said my Lord, "and labor with a will."

They wrought, those glad two thousand men, but long ere winter gloom,  
My Lord had found a smaller house, and dwelt in one dark room.  
And one man built it in one day, while bells rang boom and boom;  
Shut up the door, shut up the door, shut up the door till doom.

### THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

The religious ceremonies with which the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria begins are to be held on Sunday, June 20. Monday, June 21, is what is known as Ascension Day. At the Queen's suggestion more elaborate celebrations will be deferred till Tuesday, June 22, which marks the actual completion of the sixty years' reign.

In the great procession of that day, which is to start from Buckingham Palace, more than 20,000 of the regular troops of the British Army will participate. This will be the biggest military display in England since the Crimean War. As it has been found impossible to quarter the troops in the garrison towns within easy reach of the metropolis, the soldiers will probably be obliged to go into camp in the city parks.

The Queen and the Royal Princes, in company with Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the other princes, will leave Buckingham Palace at eleven o'clock in the morning, and are expected to return to the palace at about two in the afternoon. The six miles of the route are to be lined by 25,000 troops. The Queen will be driven in an open carriage drawn by twelve cream-colored horses. By her side will be seated the Princess of Wales, and as an escort around the carriage there will be, besides the princes of the royal family, the princes of all the reigning families of Europe. The services in St. Paul's will be brief, and after their conclusion, the procession will proceed to the Mansion House, where a banquet will be ready. In the evening the city will be magnificently illuminated. The display of fireworks to be set off from different points of vantage is expected to surpass anything of this nature yet seen.

### When Loving Mothers Grow Selfish.

"It is when children reach maturity that the supreme test of parental love comes," writes Edward W. Bok, discussing the home-leaving of children at time of marriage, in the *May Ladies' Home Journal*. "All through infancy and early years the children are more or less care, and then, just as the parents feel relieved from cares and anxieties, and are beginning to enjoy the companionship of their children in the serene and complacent way which 'grown ups' have there comes a fluttering of the wings, a remote suggestion of flight. The son is no less his mother's boy than he has been and ever will be. But he is—and who realizes it so quickly as a mother?—in a new and very natural sense, another woman's hero; and that woman a girl. With her he discerns, away out on the horizon line, the shadowy lines of a house that is to become a home, their very own. The girl, too, whose going in and out of the house has been a daily joy to the parents—she, too, has become a heroine to some one other than her father or her mother. It is hard for the parents to realize that this mate of her flight can care for her as they have; that in her young eyes, in her young heart, it is possible that he can be altogether noble and capable!

And after the young birds have taken flight the parents wonder if sometimes they do not grieve in their new life. But some fine morning a clearer vision is given them, and they realize that, after all, their children are only playing the same role which they played a few years before. It is a magnificent quality in parents when they so prepare themselves that they can meet this inevitable time with the proper spirit—when, in other words, parental love can get the better of selfishness."

### Take Short Views.

Let us take short views. Let us not climb the high wall till we get to it, or fight the battle till it opens, or shed tears over sorrows that may never come, or lose the joys and blessings that we have by the sinful fear that God will take them away from us. We need all our strength and all the grace God can give us for today's burdens and today's battle. To-morrow belongs to our Heavenly Father.—*Theodore L. Cuyler*.

## Farm, Garden and Dairy.

INSTRUCTIVE READING FOR THE AGRICULTURIST.

Prepared Expressly for THE UNIVERSALIST.

### AGRICULTURE.

Harrowing should be done so as to make the soil fine as deep down as it is plowed. The cross roots require a well fined and compacted soil to do their best, as they go down to a greater depth than plowing is ever done.

Within the exception of three or four elements of fertility, all ordinary soils are practically inexhaustible. With proper tillage land will wear a thousand years in general make up, save sandy knolls, perhaps.

Have the rains and warm sun started a growth of weeds and formed a crust over the corn fields? In getting rid of the one we break up the other, and we shall be all right for another ten days.

If there is any truth in the saying that "a stitch in time saves nine" it is right now the case in all patches of plowed land which have not been mottled for ten days or two weeks.

Harrow before noon what has been plowed in the morning, and in the evening what has been broken in the afternoon. Then the surface will not dry out nor be cloddy, but be in the condition which will produce best.

For a stable manure to be used with potatoes, horse manure is excellent, because it contains large quantities of phosphoric acid and potash, which are two essential ingredients to their growth.

The cultivation of the corn at the end of the season is to control moisture. Now is the time to attend to the weeds. The very best work of the season is being done right now, if the corn is up.

It is true that all manures must be liquid in form to be available as plant food, but the leaching process should take place in the field, and not in the barn yard.

Where possible, land should always be kept in such condition of fertility and supplied with the elements of plant food sufficiently to meet the requirements of any crop we may wish to grow.

Suiting the crop to the land, rather than suiting the land to the crop, is the easiest method of agriculture, but it is not always the most profitable. The owner is not then the master of the situation.

We can not expect a large yield of tubers without a good growth of vine; yet, if planted too close on moist, rich or too heavily shaded soil, the foliage of potatoes may sometimes develop at the expense of the crop.

If mineral food elements be scant and nitrogenous matter in excess, potatoes are apt to be most luxuriant in their growth above ground. Especially should there be a supply of potash and phosphoric acid.

About the worst folly a farmer can commit is to spend time and money and labor to produce crops, and then not take the very best care of them after they are grown and harvested.

### STOCK.

A few acres planted early and thickly with corn or sorghum will furnish one of the best and cheapest safeguards from drouth. If not needed for summer feeding, a good supply of excellent winter food is at hand.

On high priced land summer feeding of grain, especially to milch cows, is often good economy. The acreage of grass required is much reduced. The extra food will show in butter, too.

The irregularity of supply salt is detrimental to the best results. It is essential not only to health and vigor, but it aids digestion. A milch cow will rapidly lose if salt is withheld.

Save part of the pasture for July and August, or put in some drilled corn, oats, peas, or something of the sort, to be cut when the dry, hot summer leaves you without grass.

Put out some roots for the stock the coming winter, and do it in time. They will furnish a relish which pays as food better than even the corn or the hay.

Let South America and Australia raise scrub ranch cattle and small sheep; our markets have changed. Live stock is essential to prosperity in agriculture, and to make it pay we must breed good stock which matures early.

We must be more careful to burn or bury all dead animals, now that we understand that the microbe is responsible for most of the disease in stock. Let no live animal get near them.

It is too early in the day to talk about slowing up on stock raising. The United States has not much over 50 sheep for every hundred of population, while Australia has 3,000 to the same number of inhabitants.

Sheep climb over rocks and ledges where cows would not venture, and almost every herb which grows suffices them for food; and they never crop a pasture but to benefit it.

In the milk of cows much phosphate of lime and other saline matter, as well as nitrogenous matter, are removed, while sheep carry off only what is on their backs.

When arguing in behalf of sheep let us remember that they multiply faster than any other animal; especially do the large mutton breeds, which often produce twins.

Sheep fatten much more easily than cattle, and when slaughtered furnish not only meat, but wool, the latter not only keeping indefinitely, but paying for long transportation.

### DAIRY.

If running a dairy, perhaps you can establish a "fancy trade." It may be done with either milk or butter as a basis. Putting the milk in glass bottles as soon as drawn, and carrying it to the customers, is a feature in some places.

Because a hog is to sell by the pound almost any one will feed it well, but not one man in ten will feed a milch cow enough to enable her to do half as well as she might.

Guernseys win their way by their own straightforward work in the dairy. Their large size commends them to the farmers who are grading up good butter herds.

The dairy cow is an individual animal, and is to be found among several breeds. Probably when the Guernsey has had as much spent on her in forcing and testing her she will outrank the Jersey, for she has the size and constitution.

A heifer which has no calf until three years old seldom makes a heavy milker. Breed the heifers early, and cultivate the habit of early maturity for other than beef purposes.

The farmer who appreciates the value of plump kernels of clean wheat for seedling purposes readily comprehends the worth of improved breeding in the dairy, and his cows are of the same high standard as his golden fields of grain.

An old dairy cow which has ceased to be profitable as a milker is usually worth more for leather and for fertilizer than for any other purpose.

### POULTRY.

Especially where the market for the table egg is being supplied, after the breeding season is over, it is a good plan to remove the male birds from the hens and give the latter as much free range as possible.

It is better to use common soap boxes for nests than to have a row of them built, as they are more easily carried out of doors and cleaned.

A scrub man will make a scrub out of everything he touches. This is certainly true in poultry matters. There are as many mongrels on farms as there are on dunghills.

Kerosene emulsion is positive death to lice. Add a half gallon of kerosene to as much boiling hot soap suds, and then dilute with six gallons of water. If you have no sprayer, use a watering pot.

To have good "luck" with poultry, keep their houses clean, and give the fowls a good variety of food, with ground bones and meat scraps. If given as good care as other animals have they will return a proportionate income.

If your turkeys are kept growing from the start, as they should be, three weeks of extra feeding at the proper time will put them in the proper condition for market.

No farm is complete without poultry. There is a certain amount of food absolutely and unavoidably wasted unless there are fowls to utilize it.

### HORTICULTURE.

Vick racks suit as a valuable thing in his garden, especially that from coal; it is not only of value as a fertilizer to any crop, but, because of a bitter principle it contains, it drives away insects from all growing plants.

A western slope has at least one advantage—fruits are often spared from the disastrous effects of the morning sun bearing down upon them after a frost.

Why not have some competent man legally appointed in every community to spray trees and destroy insect pests and fungous diseases, taxing each man for the number of trees grown? The thrifty man would then no longer suffer from the habits of his negligent neighbor.

It is not so much the amount of manure applied that benefits the fruit crop, but the per cent, which is in an available condition. If well rotted it is soluble, and, therefore, easily appropriated.

To make the most profit out of his business the gardener must not depend entirely upon the good growing weather but grow his vegetables when it is freezing outside. The cheapening of the construction of green houses is greatly prolonging the growing season.

Almost any grower of choice fruit would be glad to have his trees sprayed regularly by some one adept in the work. Such an one could also find daily engagements in the vegetable gardens of his community.

A perfectly healthy apple tree should be so managed that, by the aid of the pruning knife, every branch should have a chance to have its leaves fairly well exposed to the light.

### GOOD BLOOD IS NECESSARY

For strong nerves and mental and bodily vigor. Pure, rich blood feeds every organ, nerve, muscle, fiber and tissue, nourishing, sustaining and supporting the whole body in perfect health. Pure blood comes by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the medicine which has given strength, health, ambition, happiness to thousands. Hood's Sarsaparilla promptly eradicates the impurities from the blood and cures the worst cases of scrofula, salt rheum, sores, pimples and all eruptions; banishes rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia; overcomes liver and kidney troubles and is especially valuable for diseases peculiar to women. By its great power to enrich and purify the blood it accomplishes perfect and permanent cures when other medicines fail to do any good whatever.

"If the very great excellence of 'Our Home Granula' as a food were generally known the facilities of the plant at Danville, N. Y., would be greatly overtaxed. There is a wonderful amount of nutrient contained in every package of this food, and the infinite number of ways in which it may be prepared give it the advantage of seeming like an entirely new dish. Any of our friends who want more vigor of body or mind would do well to eat Granula."—*New York Observer*.