A FELON'S LOVE.

BY HENRY W. NESFIELD.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

But the better luck would be not for Long Jim. Another "small one" would follow, and then another. The pigeon was generally persuaded to take his saddle off. Then he would decide to stop the night, and no farther on the road would he go; while the news spread quickly that Long Jim was "on the spree at Sullivan's."

On the afternoon in question the coach was expected up, and Sullivan had been several times to the door looking out anxiously for its coming. There was never any telling what profitable guests it might contain, so on mail-nights there was always a decent supper laid in a room away from the common herd in readiness for more distinguished company.

"There's the dust of the coach at last," cried a man, who had also been engaged in watching the distant track. "It's two hours late, I expect they've had a smash."

It was nearly dusk when the coach pulled up at the door of the inn and discharged its cargo. Horses had to be changed, the fresh ones being already in waiting in the yard, and ten minutes were allowed for the dusty passengers to refresh themselves on lightning rum.

Only one person among the twenty passengers got out with the evident intention of remaining at this stage.

While the coach remained and the bar was thronged with customers there was a perfect babel of voices and general hubbub and confusion all round.

The stranger sat on a bench near the wooden counter. Presently the landlord came in. He had been taking a farewell glance at the departing mail, and was chinking some loose coins in his trousers-pocket as if he were well satisfied with the profits of the last ten minutes.

The dirty kerosene lamp threw a dim light upon the interior of the den, and Sullivan suddenly remembered his guest.

Pulling down his shirt-sleeves, which he usually rolled up above the elbow, he put on his most insinuating manner, as he perceived at a glance that he had no bushman to deal with. Unluckily, however, for the dignity of his department, Mr. Sullivan was so busily intent upon scrutinizing his possible new prey, that he stumbled across a prostrate body in the doorway and fell flat upon his face.

"What are you doing, lying about like that, Sam?" he cried indignantly, as he struggled to his feet. "Why, you are drunk! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, tripping people up in that disgraceful way. Out you go! Take your cooler outside if you don't know how to behave yourself;" and seizing the unresisting sot by the shirt and trousers, he pitched him into the roadway.

Then turning to the new arrival in the most affable way, as if nothing unusual had occurred, he inquired if he would like some supper after his journey.

"Thank you," replied the stranger—"yes, I should like something to eat, and I don't mind if I had a drop of your best, just for the good of the house." As the man spoke, he showed signs of having had several drops of the "best" already.

"Certainly, sir," replied Sullivan, scenting a good customer as a terrier would a rat.

Then, rinsing a tumbler in a wooden tub beneath the counter, he proceeded to polish it on a piece of old towel with a very professional air.

Turning to the shelves, he paused, and seemed to be deliberating as to what really was his "best." He then took down a bottle with a capsule on it, and, winking confidentially to his guest, remarked that he thought he would find that prime. The difference between the mixture contained in the bottle and that in the kegs on the shelf was that the former was nearly proof rum, and the latter a concoction of spirits of wine, tobacco, brown sugar, water, and a flavoring only of the real article.

Mr. Sullivan kept a few strong sample bottles of the genuine liquid on purpose for great occasions, and if "two nobblers" of that failed to start them he did not know what would."

Supper seemed to take a long time to prepare, and the stranger indulged in another taste or two of the "best." After his second dose conversation flowed more easily; the silence which his highly-respectable attire had cast upon the company began to wear off, and the landlord relapsed into his usual jovial style.

"Do you know a station called Redmond about here?" inquired the stranger presently.

"Redmount? I should think I did."

"Mr. Hall, isn't it?"

"Yes. Mr. Charles Hall; and a very nice gentleman he is," remarked Sullivan, inwardly thinking that he was nothing of the sort.

"Is it far from here?"

"Only six miles. Follow the creek, and you can't miss it. I thought as how you might be for Redmount. Perhaps Mr. Hall expects you?"

"I don't know whether he does or he doesn't," answered the stranger shortly, and with the air of one who fancies he is being pumped.

Just then supper was announced, and Sullivan showed his guest the way into the best parlor.

"Now I wonder what lay he's on," he remarked, upon returning to the bar. "New chum, I should say; don't look as if he had ever done any hard work, to judge by his hands. Some relation of Mr. Hall's perhaps, though he don't look quite the nob either. Hallo, is that you, Baynes?" he exclaimed, as at that moment Baynes entered the bar, followed by a large kangaroo-dog. "I have come down for the mail bags. Is the coach in yet?" inquired Baynes.

"Yes; been in an hour or more. There's the bags on the floor."

"Thank you," said Baynes, picking them up, and making for the door, as if he were about to go.

"What, you aren't going off like that, Baynes? Won't you have a taste of something?"

"No, thank you all the same—I'd rather not."

"Well, I won't press you; married man—eh? What made you come down for the mail? You must be getting quite a horseman."

"I'm better than I used to be, and take all the riding I can get."

"That's a fine dog," said Sullivan, patting the animal on the head; "where did you find him? I declare you are getting quite sporty. I hear you bought two horses too the other day—is that true? Perhaps you'll be bringing the misses down some Sunday to have a look at us."

"Perhaps."

"By-the-bye, there's a gentleman here, just up by the coach for Redmount."

"For Redmount?" echoed Baynes.

"Yes."

"What's his name?"

"I don't know, but I'll soon find out."

While Sullivan was making the inquiry within, Tom Baynes threw the mail-bags across the saddle, and, unhooking his bridle from the post, mounted his horse.

CHAPTER X.

The night was dark, and the low veranda prevented the dim light from within shining upon his features as he sat silently in his saddle.

Presently Sullivan came out, followed by the stranger, who seemed unsteady in his gait, and had evidently been drinking.

"Are you from Redmount station?" asked the new-comer huskily.

"Yes," replied Baynes, looking down, and trying to get a glimpse of the man's features. But he did not succeed in doing so, for the stranger stood in the doorway with his back to the light.

"Do you know a chap by the name of Robert Luke?"

"Luke?" echoed Baynes and Sullivan in one breath.

"Yes, Luke—Robert Luke. Why, you both seem quite astonished. I am his brother, William Luke."

Sullivan was the first to speak.

"If you are Bob Luke's brother, I have bad news to tell you, which you don't appear to have heard."

"Bad news! What is it?"

He disappeared from Redmount station some months ago, and nothing has ever been heard of him since."

"But he must be somewhere in the neighborhood, I tell you! I have a letter from him in my pocket, and in it he says, if he is not at Redmount when I arrive, he will be somewhere not far off."

"When did he write?" asked Sullivan.

"Let me see," replied William Luke, pulling some papers out of his breast-pocket—"it is dated May 25th."

"May 25th?" cried Sullivan. "Why, that's the very day on which he disappeared!"

"Good heavens, and I have come all this way——. But stop, you—halloa—tell that man to stop! I have a message for Mr. Hall."

But, while they were examining the letter near the lamp over the bar, Baynes had started off into the darkness; and the sound of his horse's feet was now scarcely to be heard, as he galloped along the track leading to the station.

"That lad'll break his neck riding like that on a dark night—and serve him right, too. I've never seen a shilling of his money, and don't suppose I ever shall. Drat such mean beggars, I say!" growled Sullivan, as he stood at the door looking in the direction Baynes had taken.

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Mr. Hall was patiently waiting for the mail when Baynes rapped at the door.

"Why, Baynes, how quick you have been!" he said, taking the bags from him. "I shall have to make you postboy-in-chief. Sullivan's inn generally so great an attraction for the men that they never come back with letters till midnight. I suppose the coach was in when you got there?"

"Yes, sir," replied Baynes; "and I am sorry to say that I have got some bad news."

"Indeed! That's unfortunate. But you have not opened the bag?"

"No, sir; the driver brought up a letter for me from Sydney. I am afraid I must go down at once."

"The driver, Sam Jones?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, that's a nuisance! I did not know you had friends out there, Tom."

"A sister, sir, lately out from home. She is very ill—indeed, is expected to die."

"Well, the coach will be going down in a few days."

"I'm afraid sir, I cannot wait; I must go to-night."

"Tonight! Nonsense, man! How do you propose to go?"

"On horseback, sir; I have two horses of my own."

"You would get there much faster by the mail."

"I—I am going to take my wife along with me," said Baynes, in a faltering tone.

"Your wife? What next? Surely she is not in a fit condition for a six-hundred-miles' ride!"

"We might catch the coach at Menindee, sir," said Baynes. "That would only be a hundred miles to ride; and I think she can manage that."

Mr. Hall looked very much surprised. Baynes, however, remained firm in his intention of leaving, and so at last the squatter reluctantly gave his consent to his departure.

"It's the maddest thing I ever heard of," he grumbled. "Taking his wife too, above all things; and I flattered myself we were all comfortably settled and everything was going on nicely! Well, it's always the way."

Having paid Baynes his wages and wished him good luck, Mr. Hall suggested the advisability of his leaving his wife in Sydney in some lodgings, and coming back as soon as he had settled his business.

"I suppose you will be off at daylight," he said.

"Yes, sir," replied Baynes.

"He is an energetic fellow, at any rate," thought Mr. Hall, "and ought to get on out there. Plenty of pluck and energy, with a little common sense—those are the true elements of success."

The men at the station were by no means elated at the news of Baynes' departure. He had made himself pleasant to all, and his good cooking had added to his popularity.

However, when the sun shone down upon Baynes' hut the next morning it was deserted. The door stood wide open, and, beyond the still smoking logs upon the hearth, there was no signs of its recent inmates.

In the course of the morning a man came up from Sullivan's, and said he wished to speak to Mr. Hall.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the squatter sharply, as he eyed him with considerable disfavor, knowing the fellow to be a lazy loafer of the lowest type.

"If you please, sir, there's a gentleman who came up by the coach last night down at Sullivan's. He's had a fit."

"A gentleman down at Sullivan's who has had a fit, eh?"

"Yes, sir; he'd been drinking, and last night he was seized with a fit."

"A very unusual occurrence at Sullivan's I've no doubt. Well, and what about the gentleman who has been drinking and has had a fit?"

"He told me to tell you, sir, that his name is Luke, and that he is a brother of Bob Luke—him who disappeared—and that he wishes to see you."

"Oh, does he? That alters the case. You can tell him I will ride down in the course of the day and see him. When did he have this fit?"

"It came on soon after he had his supper, sir," replied the man; "and he had several more during the night. We had an awful time of it with him, sir, holding him down; and Sullivan was nearly frightened out of his life."

"A good job if he and the rest of you loafers had been quite frightened out of your lives," growled Mr. Hall to himself. "Well, tell the man I'll look in at him. He'll not die, drink doesn't kill people so easily—worse luck!"

(To be Continued.)

DON'T DEFACE LETTER BOXES.

If You Do You Are Liable to a $1,000 Fine.

Among the United States statutes relative to the postoffice department is one which provides a penalty of $1,000 fine or two years' imprisonment for any defacement of letter boxes, says the New York Mail and Express. The law rested in a state of innocuous desuetude for years until it was brought to the attention of Postmaster Hicks of Philadelphia recently, and he has been laying plans to enforce it. In a recent trip through the city he discovered that the mail receptacles everywhere were in a shabby condition, dingy with dirt and marred with match scratches innumerable. On his return to the postoffice he wrote to the postmaster-general at Washington asking that he be allowed to make a contract for repainting the receptacles. Word came from Washington to go ahead with the work, and the contract has already been let and the work commenced. It will take about forty days to give the 3,250 letter boxes and 300 package receptacles their new coats, but as the work progresses special officers in citizen's clothes are stationed along the route to watch for people who dare to disfigure the new paint coats, and a placard has been hung on each of the posts quoting the statute in question and calling the attention of the public to it. The principal offenders against the statute are smokers, to utilize Uncle Sam's property for match scratchers. The paint used is a silvery gray and has been specially prepared. It contains phosphorus in large quantities, which it is hoped will make the boxes so conspicuous at night that people will have no difficulty in finding them. Should the paint prove a shining light it will very likely be adopted all over the country.

HIS "BRUTAL AND BLOODY."

Daniel O'Connell's Remark About the "Speech of the Throne."

The first member of the reformed parliament reproved by the chair for unseemly language was Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish agitator. The incident, which occurred in the first week of the meeting of the house of commons, is also remarkable for having evoked from the speaker a definite ruling on an interesting constitutional point. The "Speech from the Throne" called attention, among other things, to the insecurity of life and property in Ireland, and asked for coercive measures to check the repression of crime. In the course of the debate O'Connell characterized the speech from the throne as "brutal and bloody." Lord John Russell at once moved that the words be taken down. "Oh!" exclaimed O'Connell, "when we speak of Ireland and her wrongs we 'in wonder nod' to Norman key, with bated breath and whispering humbleness.'" Lord John Russell objected to the word "bloody" being applied to a speech which had, only a few days previously, been delivered by the king—William IV.—in person in the house of lords. O'Connell insisted that it was not the speech of the king, but the speech of the ministers. The speaker agreed with the honorable and learned member on the constitutional point, but informed him that his language was not calculated to preserve order and decency of debate. The "bloody and brutal whigs" subsequently became a popular phrase with O'Connell in his speeches in Ireland, and, indeed, is not unknown today in Irish political controversies.—The Nineteenth Century.

Not Quite Great.

"Mortimer is an immense success, isn't he?" "I don't know; people who are really at the top generally quit blowing their own horns."—Ex.

FOR WOMAN AND HOME.

General Items of Interest for Maids and Matrons.—The Home.

Two Songs.

"Sing me a song," quoth she!
So he sang low for years and for years and a day
He had sighed for a maid that was deaf and was blind,
That was blind to his love, that was deaf to the wind
Of his groaning and sighing! "Ah, sir, lack-a-day!"
Said the lady that listened, as sad as could be!
"Ah, me, lack-a-day," answered he!

"Sing me a song," quoth he!
So she sang how for years and for years and a day
Her head had been full of a poor lover's sighs,
For nights and for nights with the love in his eyes!
O, well might she pause, for that gentleman gay
Kissed her quick on the lips, most joyous to see!
"Ah, love, thou wert blind," answered she!

—St. Paul's.

Bachelor Women.

Just now there is going on a very nice little storm in a teacup about "Bachelor Women." It was started by an article in the Contemporary, which informed the world—rather late, one would have thought—that there exist in London alone a large number of single women who earn their own living, have their own "rooms" and clubs and, in fact, prefer a single life. Whereupon up rose a certain lady, well known in the writing world, and poured out her soul in indignation. "Time was," she declared, "when we should have flatly refused to believe that women voluntarily gave up their chances of becoming wives and mothers in order to live the selfish and useless life of the bachelor about town. It is still difficult to believe that the bachelor woman can ever become a recognized feature of our social life. She must ever remain a phenomenon, selfish and self-centered, calling for the pity rather than the envy of those who keep to the beaten track." Dear, dear! Why all this excitement? The argument is a little one-sided. It is very easy to call people selfish, though why that epithet and that of "useless" should be applied to a woman who supports herself without burdening her relations I fail to see. Accusations should be backed by proof. I think that if the fair writer were to see the inner workings of some of these coteries of earnest, industrious women, she would be surprised at the spirit de corps, the mutual charity, the absence of pettiness which she would find. Such a life develops in us a kind of manliness which includes some of the better characteristics of the other sex. As a matter of fact, the happy married woman is far more "selfish and self-centered" than the working spinster—hers being none the less selfishness because it includes a second self. There are exceptions, of course, but not many. Now, modern conditions of life cause London and the other big cities to be flooded with female labor. Young, untried girls go out into the field to fight their poor, little battle. Believe me, they will stand far more chance of help from the bachelor woman who has gone through her own struggle than from the matron who has never looked beyond the four walls of her narrow vineyard. Sympathy is not taught by experience. To cultivate it, as Ruskin says, "you must be among human beings, and thinking about them."

Ventilate the Cellar.

Some people do not see the great importance of ventilating and purifying this part of the house as much or even more than other parts. Mothers should not neglect to see every day that their cellar is well aired, by opening all the windows in it, and at the same time be sure that there are no decaying fruits or vegetables, in any part of it, or the house. If the servant's water-closet is in the cellar, see that it is perfectly clean. There should be no bad odors in the cellar. I say this emphatically, because a mother once said to me when I asked her if she kept the baby's milk in a pure, clean place: "Oh, yes, indeed, I always put it 'down cellar' myself." "Do you air your cellar? Do you keep fruit and vegetables near the milk?" "Certainly; I have no other place." "Is the milk covered?" "Oh, no," she replied; "we have fresh milk every day. If I should open the cellar windows the flies would get in. The smell of the cellar cannot get upstairs, for we always keep the door shut." Yet this young mother wondered why her baby was not just as well and rosy as the baby across the street, whose food was kept in a covered glass and in a pure clean ice-chest, away from fruit and vegetables! She had not thought that she could put screens in the cellar windows just as well as in other windows upstairs.—Trained Motherhood.

Just an Everyday Frock.

A simple little frock suitable for wool or cotton goods, for children of 4, 6 or 8, is given in the "Muriel." The waist, which is plain in the back and

slightly full in front, is cut low-necked, to wear with a separate guimpe. The puff in front is finished with a broad band and pointed revers. In the back there are revers and a narrow band. The circular shoulder caps are of the same material as the waist. The skirt, which reaches just to the knees, is a plain, round pattern without gores.

Stylish Street Frock.

An attractive gown for a young woman has a yoke and sleeves of dark green velvet. The collar is high and rolling. The rest of the gown is of mohair. A pretty band of black and

green embroidery ornaments the edge of the yoke and also trims the side of the skirt. A dainty cravat of ecru net edged with narrow yellow lace and a touch of yellow lace at the wrists complete a very stylish costume especially designed for street wear.—The Latest.

Then He Ran.

Mrs. Peck—Henry, do you believe in this foolish predestination theory.

Mr. Peck—Yes; I can't help it. Nothing but that could ever have made me fall in love with you.—New York World.

NOVEMBER STYLES.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

Selling Butter.

If there is any one thing that the progressive dairymen are anxious to have brought into execution it is that butter shall sell on its own merit, writes E. F. Brown in Epitomist. The idea of one person spending considerable time in producing a good grade of butter while another goes through the work just for the sake of getting the work off their hands regardless of cleanliness, and then receive the same price per pound, is wrong. It is on the same plan that if you grow nice, large potatoes and I grow very small ones—all covered with the scab—while yours have been treated to prevent this disease, that I should exact just as much a bushel for my inferior ones as you do for your good ones. Would that be right? Even if it was justice, could I do such a thing? Could I find a dealer that would buy them? You know the answer too well. You know that it could not be done. "If the grocerymen pay just as much for the poorest butter as for the best. This cannot help but discourage the most ambitious dairymen to throw off all regard as to cleanliness, workmanship and what other skill is necessary to bring about good results. If the grocerman will pay just as much for an article that costs only one hour's labor as he will for one that costs two hour's labor, then he is encouraging the careful, painstaking dairyman to leave off his extra two thicknesses of cloth when straining his milk; that it is all nonsense to dust the manure from the cow's udder, just as well have it in the butter, except that it is a waste of plant food, for all particles of manure that get into the milk go off the farm. Let us suppose that all grocerymen would drop out of the butter and egg business, and that some firm in each town would make that their business. What do you think would be the result? Don't you believe that butter would have to sell according to its quality? Of course you do, and so do I.

A Few Pointers.

November is rather late to make a stir among your fowls, but "better late than never." Get them in shape and get them cleaned in good shape for winter. Not only clean thoroughly, but make them more comfortable; put a window in the south and white-wash the walls for two purposes; to make the house clean and to make it lighter. If your roosts are not broad, and on a level, fix them so without delay. Is your hens' bathing apparatus in good order, with a good supply of bathing material? A strong, roomy box makes a good bathtub and road dust makes good material to fill it with, but we like some sawdust, coarse, or fine sand to mix with it, as the dust itself is too light to carry the lice off when the hens shake themselves after a bath. We have better success in freeing them of lice when the dust is not too fine. Sifted coal ashes make a good bath, and the cinders are nice for grit. Don't let the chicks go into winter quarters with lice about them, they will repay you by not laying if you do. Haul up a load of gravel for grit and place a part of it at least where it won't freeze and so will be handy to get when the ground is frozen or covered with snow. Make lots of nests, and fill them with clean nesting material; straw can't be beaten; renew it at least twice before spring. If any of your fowls have scaly legs annoint with a mixture of coal-oil and lard before severe cold weather comes. It is cruel to put it on in very severe weather. Have the roosting house dry and free from draughts if you would have your fowls free from roup. Turkeys are better off to roost in a shed open to the south, than in a house. One of Canada's foremost turkey raisers found it to be so to his cost. Make a warm place for the ducks to roost, and cover the ground with lots of litter, renewed every few days. If you will need any more ducks as layers in the spring, get them now. They don't like being changed around, especially near the breeding season. One drake to five ducks, and first of the season, later one to seven will be enough. Be sure and have a scratching place for your hens; a shed adjoining the roosting house if possible, but if not, drive them to the barn or some building each morning and make them scratch for their grain in deep, fine litter. Houses need not be expensive. The warmest house I ever saw was made of straw, the next warmest of logs. Don't believe it, if you hear and read against the feeding of corn. Take good poultry journals, and read them, then use your own common sense, remembering "what's one man's meat is another's poison.—Emma Clearwaters in Farmers' Review.

A New Combination for Silage.

Last year I think I discovered a way to get nitrogen into my ensilage with a very small expenditure of time or money, by a modification of the Robertson idea, writes W. D. Dana in Hoard's Dairyman. Instead of planting beans separate from the corn, I planted a pole garden bean, Kentucky Wonder, in the corn hills when the corn was about eight inches high. They were planted later than the corn in order that the corn could have a start, so it would be able to act as a support for the bean. The beans did finely, made a good growth of vines and pods. The corn was cut with a McCormick corn harvester. The beans were handled all right and went through the cutting box without any trouble. The ensilage was satisfactory, though I did not have enough of it to make any test beyond the fact that beans and corn could be grown together and harvested in a satisfactory manner, with no greater expense than the corn alone. I do wish that some of our experiment stations would take up this idea and test the silage accurately both for feeding and chemically. I think about three quarts of beans planted through an acre of corn would be about right.

Chicken Cholera.

So called chicken cholera investigation will often prove is but an excessive development of vermin, says Boston Cultivator. The healthy hen is free from vermin. Almost invariably other ailments, except, of course, colds and causes of roup, are mainly due to vermin. The fowls that are infested with vermin are so debilitated that they readily succumb to diseases, and are also more apt to get colds and roup than hens not infested. It is during warm weather that eternal vigilance becomes necessary to drive down insect pests that abound where neglect allows them to once get a foothold. Every known device must be utilized during summer to keep the vermin pests of the poultry yard in check. The first and most important consideration will always be cleanliness of the most thorough nature. Will fowl rarely ever become infested with vermin to any great degree because they are not confined to restricted quarters in large colonies, like domestic fowls. Under conditions, even as they will be necessary to resort to in keeping domestic fowls the vermin pest takes advantage of every neglect. When the summer season arrives, which is to propitious for the increase of vermin in the poultry yards and houses, every exertion and all known methods must become the order of the day. Finely pulverized soil kept under cover will afford the fowls a chance to indulge in dust baths—nature's plan for ridding birds of vermin. If some tobacco dust, insect powder and once in awhile powdered sulphur, is added to the dust bath, either will hasten the extermination of the pests.

Advantages of Agriculture.

Making the farm pay in these days is an art, and a lost art to a great many farmers, says Farmers' Home. The art of profitable farming is not a developed scheme or "wrinkle," which enables one farmer to "get ahead" of another farmer; it consists simply of changing methods to suit changed times. No manufacturer would think of working his factory in the same way and with the same tools that his father used fifty years back, and for the same reason farming as practiced a half century ago is no longer profitable. Of the many material changes, none are extended more privileges than farmers. Both by public and private organizations the art and science of agriculture is constantly studied, and the results of experiments often determined only by the expenditure of thousands of dollars, a given individual free of all cost. Each state maintains, more or less with governmental support, at least one agricultural experiment station. Public lectures are held throughout the farming districts, and printed books are distributed to all who ask, free even of postage.

Tidy or Untidy Packages.

A correspondent of the New York Produce Review says: I have noticed recently some very untidy packages of creamery butter in stores here. Just how the packages became dirty is difficult to say. It would seem hardly possible that any buttermaker or creameryman would ship such packages. It is not improbable that the transportation companies handling the butter might have been careless, either in loading it at shipping point or at some transfer station. It is nevertheless a matter which should be carefully looked after, as an untidy, unclean package detracts not only from the appearance of the tubs, but often seriously affects the sale of the butter packed in them. Buyers have always been rather particular to have clean, well-made tubs, but are growing more so as time goes on, and are reluctant to take goods in untidy packages at top price although the quality of the butter may be fancy. It is, they say, difficult to convince their customers, that the butter is fancy when it comes from a dirty package.

Cooling Off the Pig.

A great many breeders, upon having a pig or hog overheated or very warm, attempt to reduce the temperature by dashing a bucket of cold water over it, says the "Indiana Farmer." Very often the result is a dead pig in a very short time. The proper way to cool off a pig just received in a crate or one that is overheated, is to let it lie still and commence pouring water gradually on its nose and continuing for the space of two minutes on the nose up to the top of the head. Then when the head is thoroughly cooled, proceed backward gradually, not pouring too rapidly at first, till you have reached the tail. In this way the hog will be cooled off without danger of any bad effects from the overheating.

A Scratching Pen.

Fowls cannot forage in winter but they can be made to scratch and work under shelter, which is equivalent to foraging. Any breed—even the Light Brahmas—will forage if made to do so. Of course, as stated, there is such a thing as foraging in winter, but it should be a rule not to feed hens in summer if the grain abounds in grass and insects, as the hens will not work if they are fed before going on the range. Make your own range for winter by having a place for the hens to scratch—not by throwing a small quantity of litter on the floor, but by covering it to a depth of two or three inches, and then scattering a gill of millet seed over the litter. If you want eggs make your hens work. Laying hens need more food than the nonlayers, but the main point to observe is to keep your hens at work.—Ex.

Introduction of the Horn Fly.

The horn fly has only been in the United States about ten years, and this is, we believe, in the fall of 1887 it appeared in southern New Jersey, but was not numerous enough to attract special attention till 1889. Since this time it has spread throughout the eastern part of the United States and from the Gulf of Mexico into Canada. It reached Michigan late last season, and was reported from Manchester and several other places in the southeastern portion of the state. The rapidity with which it spreads is wonderful.—Ex.

Clean Feeding Racks.

When you construct a feeding rack for sheep, make it so that dust, rubbish and seed from the hay and fodder cannot fall into the sheep's fleece. This is an important matter and should be attended to. You can have the rack right by making it wider at the bottom than at the top. Then the dust will fall under the rack, not upon the sheep.—Ex.

Cayenne pepper is a drastic thing to give poultry. If you don't believe it take a little yourself.