New Styles in Ladies' Strap Slippers just received—75c to $2 a pair.

We figure this way.

We do not want to carry over any **Tan Shoes** to another season and in order to close them all out this month we must cut the price.

Every Tan Shoe and Oxford in the store reduced in price.

Big Cut in Bicycle Shoes!

Three tables of Bargains in Footwear—79c, 98c, $1.39

H. B. Merritt, 17 N. Saginaw St. Pontiac.

COUNTY LINE.

Cash Sturgis is getting out ship knees.

Mrs. A. Skinner is very poorly at present.

Mrs. J. C. Flynn visited relatives at Chatham lately.

S. Martin has Red Clawson seed wheat for sale.

Rev. Crosby and wife visited friends at Warren recently.

Miss Esther McRoberts visited relatives in Detroit lately.

Misses Mio Chipchase and Jennie Martin Sundayed at Warren.

Mrs. Sarah Cromie, of Detroit, is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

W. McBride, E. Norris, H. Halsey and their families are camping this week.

A very large crowd attended the picnic and dance Sunday on the Centre Line.

The new railroad through the village of Warren offer to draw all the gravel wanted free.

A. White, of Royal Oak, is plastering, building chimneys and a cistern at E. Wilson's this week.

Fred Grimm still continues tearing down and rebuilding and is making a great change for the better.

The village council of Warren granted right of way last week to the Detroit & Romeo street railway. Round fare from Warren 35cts.

BIG BEAVER.

Miss Maud Schultz spent a few days of last week at home.

Miss Grace Houghton spent a day of last week in Detroit.

Wm. Pallister, Sr., has been visiting his daughter at Toledo.

Miss Edna Scholtz, of Detroit, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. R. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Robbins and family are camping at Pine Lake.

The house occupied by the barber and owned by Frank Schlaack was burned Friday night.

Mrs. D. Harris and little daughter, Vahna, and Mrs. Ross Smith spent last week with friends in Detroit.

Miss Alta Groves, of Big Beaver, won the first prize for the 10-year-old girl's race at the D. of H. picnic on Bois Blanc Island Tuesday. She is visiting her aunt Mrs. Miles, of 24th St., Detroit.

TROY.

The Jarvis barn is nearing completion.

Emma Houghton is helping at Wm. Jennings' this week.

There was a large family gathering at Philip Brand's Sunday.

Mrs. Jason Scott, Mrs. Kate Leonard, Mrs. Will Jennings and Pearle Burrows are on the sick list.

The Ladies' Aid were entertained at Mrs. Chas. Renshaw's Thursday. There were eight ladies present.

Mrs. Coe, of Brighton, the aged mother of Mrs. C. E. Hadsell, is making her daughter a visit.

Dare Sherlock, the blacksmith, is looking for work in other places. He was at Rochester part of last week.

Pontiac Times is authority for the following: Laura Brown is also one of the unfortunates who did not draw the prize bargained for in the matrimonial lottery and Bromley & Davis will assist her in getting a legal separation from Emmet Brown, the alleged cause of her suffering.

Does Baby Thrive?

If your baby is delicate and sickly and its food does not nourish it, put fifteen or twenty drops of Scott's Emulsion in its bottle three or four times a day and you will see a marked change.

We have had abundant proof that they will thrive on this emulsion when other food fails to nourish them.

It is the same with larger children that are delicate. Scott's Emulsion seems to be the element lacking in their food. Do not fail to try it if your children do not thrive. It is as useful for them in summer as in winter.

Ask your doctor if this is not true.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

FROM THE GOLD FIELDS.

Will H. Benedict, in the Klondike Country, Writes to His Wife,

Telling of the Fine Weather—Their Narrow Escape Through the Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids—Getting Hard Aground on a Sand Bar—Their First Thunder Storm—An Other Incidents.

On board ship "Tenderfoot," No. 1192, June 6th, 1898.

MA CHERIE.—I am going to try and find time to answer the three letters I received from you at Lake Bennett. Before this reaches you I'll be digging prospect holes in the tributaries of the Stewart River, for we'll be there two weeks from now; we could make it in five days if it wasn't for making the portages around Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids, but we'll get there just the same and then hurrah for the gold fields.

So Byron has the western fever and you tell him that if I strike anything and can see even a chance to stake a claim for him, I'll do it and send for him immediately; but if we don't strike anything this summer Tom and I are going to Birch Creek this fall and work for the Johnston party.

We are now (9 a. m. June 8) only 20 miles from Miles Canyon and all kinds of funny expressions break out from us, yet the scenery is so grand that we do not have any time to dread what is ahead of us. So far the trip has been as fine as a summer outing in Lake Superior. I am sitting on a pile of dunnage in my shirt sleeves with no hat on, basking in the warm, almost not, sunshine, while our boat is being pushed on at the rate of 3 or 4 miles an hour by the current. We have just had dinner and are now within four miles of the Canyon and Tom is having more trouble than an old hen with a big brood of ducks and we don't help him feel more comfortable. First we tell him that we are going to "shoot" them, then to hear him worry and stew; then we tell him how many had their lives last year, then we "hatch up" stories until he catches onto our "josh" and then he calls us down for frightening him and we have our laugh. I wonder if all bachelors are queer and if, as they get old, they get queerer. Now I'll lay this aside until the canyon and rapids are past. By the way, we have taken up two new traveling companions, a Henry Crandall, of Detroit, and Paul Bodiue, of California, an old miner and prospector, who came on on the Cleveland with us; he is almost as tall as Whitehead and a gentleman all over. Crandall had his outfit burned on ship "Corunna" and then made his way to Chilkoot Pass where he worked until he got enough money to buy himself another outfit, so you see he has got the kind of grit that is required up here and as both of them were going in alone we got them together and they liked us so well that they wanted to go along and as we made them agree to that they must tell us of any finds and give us equal chance we took them in, and it gives us two more chances you see.

June 8.—Here we are at the place we have so long dreaded, yet hoped to pass safely. We are going to have a look at them before any real decision is reached, but we are mostly in favor of packing around. It is midnight (yet I am writing by the light of the sun which has just gone down an hour ago and will be up again at 3 a. m.) and we have had a look and study of the problem before us, and we have looked at the men who are packing their stuff around and they look all fagged out and discouraged. After an hour's discussion we have decided to "shoot" the canyon and rapids. We are going to have a pilot and then and Tom are going through with him on "Tenderfoot," while I take "Olgivie" (our tender) through and Bill Boyes takes our letters, and remains on shore, so if anything happens to us he can send them and also word as how we come out. We have to pack our goods as close as possible and put our rubber blankets over them and make everything fast and rope down our oars in the oarlocks, for the seething, boiling chaldron of channel we are going through is not the smoothest water on the earth. Now I must go to work, so goodbye and may God protect you if anything happens, yet I have a feeling of perfect safety. We will not sleep tonight as we start at 7 a. m. Yours in hope,

WILL.

Below White Horse Rapids 1½ miles, Saturday, June 11, 1898.

DEAR LITTLE JULE:—Here sits your husband on an island of rocks and sand in the middle of the stream and "Tenderfoot" is swinging her merry bruises along side, while our goods are on the island, where we are doomed to remain tonight, and as the water is rising it is not the safest place in the world. But to go back where we left off—at 7 a. m. Thursday morning I found our pilot and took him aboard "Tenderfoot" and he with Ben and Tom made a start at 7:35 a. m. I could not follow as they sent too hot a pace, neither did I try as did Bill, whom I laughed at for his foolishness which made him mad.

This is the story as Tom told me: "We received our directions from the pilot so we could work in unison, and in a moment almost we were in the canyon. I felt like shutting my eyes for it looked like certain death to me, but we made the first half mile so quick I could hardly realize it, then we had a short rest before we entered the rest of the canyon, then with a rush and a whirl we were riding through the rest of the breakers and then the pilot broke his steering oar and thus lost control of the boat. In no her instant we were out of the canyon and into Squaw Rapids, where "Tenderfoot" struck a rock. By this time the pilot had another oar ready for use and as "Tenderfoot" was whirled off the rock he caught her and held her up with nose down stream. We did not seem to be sinking or taking in much water. We decided to "shoot" the White Horse Rapids without a stop, as was our first intention, and this time it all decided what our fate would be, as we were afraid that upon second thought, after what we had passed through, we would pack our goods around and not make the attempt, so we screwed up our nerve to the top notch and bent to the oars again and in a moment it was too late to back out for we were shooting across the choppy waves of the Rapids and then the next thing we knew we were shot into a small bay behind a reef to see how much we were damaged. In all we were 20 minutes making six miles."

And now comes my turn to tell a story for I have one to tell, yet it may not be so exciting for I looked at it differently than did Tom. Well to continue: After "Tenderfoot" pulled out I walked two miles down the shore to "Olgivie," where Crandall and I made her ready for the ride of her life and at 10:30 a. m. we shoved off. I took hold of the steering oar (with my heart where I could chew it for gum) and steered it straight for that mouth of rushing, dashing water that Neptune seems to be lashing into a mad race to see how far and high he can make it jump in the White Horse Rapids. Crandall sat at the oars looking straight at my face, never taking his eyes from mine waiting for me to give him his cue as what to do, so I had to keep my nerve so he wouldn't lose his, and before we had time to lose any we were strictly in it. The very first wave struck us so hard that it knocked me of my feet and we came to the bottom of the boat, but you can bet on it I did not stay there over an hour. Before the next wave struck us I was on my feet and ready for it and they did not get me down again. First I was down at the foot of a wave, so far down I could not see ahead, and then I was on the apex, where I would take my bearings for the next wave and so it continued with the roar and splash of the waves, making such a noise that we could not hear each other shout. Then we came into a place where the canyon widens out where we caught our breath for the next leap, then we were in it again passing a boat that had got turned upside down, but we could not see anyone and even if we had we were powerless to help them in that foam-lashed water. Next instant we were into the Squaw Rapids just missing a scow that had struck a rock and swung off just as we came along and it came near being all day with us, for if that scow had struck us it would have broken "Olgivie" into splinters. Out of these rapids we went into a quieter stretch of water and then Crandall said, "How is that?" and I said, "Oh! we are doing this swimmingly!" and before he knew it we were in White Horse Rapids. He was a little inclined to get mad because I did not give him a sign to use his oars, but I was holding him in reserve for the final struggle.

The waves lashed us on all sides, would open their terrible jaws to swallow us, yet "Ogilvie" rode out on the crest of the next wave only to be slapped on the side or end by another wave. The whole surface of the water was sharp-pointed white-capped waves which would apparently fight each other and then with one impulse join together to form a mighty breaker which in turn would join another to make a mightier one until it reached a mighty climax. At the "jumping off" place of the White Horse Rapids, where the river narrows up to about 50 feet wide, all rock bound on the sides and sharp rocks protruding from the bottom which make the water form into tremendous breakers, billows, whirlpools and eddies, and as we shot through those white-maned water-horses we heard a great shout: "What's the matter with Michigan?" "Hurrah for Benedict"—and then it was all over and we were gliding along the rapid River below the rapids. We landed and looked over "Ogilvie," but she had not a scratch to show from her perilous ride and we had not slipped a gallon of water. After a full inspection the boys and other Michigan men could not heap enough praise on me. Metcalf, of Detroit, said, "I wish I had hired you to pilot my "Dove" through; you must have had a great deal of experience, I should judge, from the way you held her on her course; I could not see her swing at all even in the 'big eddy.'" Then came Tom and slaps me on the back saying, "Bravo, old boy, I am glad to see you through safe and sound, but where could you find that happy smile that you had on your face? You looked like a 'king mariner' standing there on the stern of that boat with the wind tossing your curly hair and with that smile, while with your left hand on the oar and your eye peering steadily ahead, completed a picture I would liked to have had sent home to your wife, for it made one of which she might be proud;" and so on did they praise me, but I laughed them off in my usual way.

But I did enjoy that ride and I would not have missed it for almost anything. I guess it took almost as much courage (or daring) as it does our boys in blue and gray to make a charge on the Spaniards, but this lacks the enthusiasm and martial music to keep the nerves at a high tension. All we have to enthuse us is that ever persistent "Mush on." So we look each other in the eye with that searching look which says goodbye (we all understand what that means) and with a heart prayer to God we shove off from shore and in 10 minutes it is all over one way or the other. It is certainly exciting and full of danger, and yet the fascination is too great for me so I succumbed to its spell and don't think I would like to take it again for it is using up a long chance with too many odds against you. Well to continue, we started right in early Saturday and in half an hour we were hard aground in the river on a sand bar. Using "Ogilvie" to lighten our load we worked 8 hours in the ice cold water up to our waists, we succeeded in getting alongside of the island on which we are camped.

June 15—At the foot of Lake Labarge.—We got off the island, where we fixed "Tenderfoot," Saturday night. We found she had received a big jam and a small amount of work got her in shape and we packed the goods on in short order and reached the Tahkkena River at 11 p. m. where we Sundayed, and are now on our way again.

June 16, 9 a. m.—We are still "Mushing on" on Lake Labarge. We got caught in our first thunder storm which delayed us. I wish you might have heard it. The sharp flashes of lightning and the loud roar and roll of thunder and its echoes on the mountain crags made it magnificent. It rained most all night and this morning is as clear and bright as we could ask for.

P. S.—I mailed this at Fort Selkirk as the mail goes out over the Dalton Trail every 15th of the month and comes in the same.

P. S.—Enclosed find a rose from the White Horse Rapids. With love,

WILL.

We will add by saying that the enclosed rose resembles the American wild rose.

CLAWSON.

Avery Coon visited his cousin, Carl Hunt on Sunday last.

Miss Flora Baker, of Grosse Pointe, is visiting at Eli Phillips'.

Leisure Halsey, of Southfield, visited at Payson Halsey's the last part of the week.

Ed Fall, Harry Goldsmith and Mr. Woods spent a day of last week fishing at Cass Lake.

Mrs. Maria Bean bought of Jack Lawson last week, the property known as the Chase place.

Edward McBride was married to Miss Jennie Hutchins, at Royal Oak last Wednesday evening.

Little Myrtle Phillips gave a party to her playmates on her 7th birthday last Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Johnson, of Detroit, has been spending a few days with her father-in-law, who lives on the Francis Poole farm.

How to Look Good.

Good looks are really more than skin deep, depending entirely on a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver be inactive you have a bilious look; if your stomach be disordered you have a dyspeptic look; if your kidneys be affected, you have a pinched look. Secure good health, and you will surely have good looks. "Electric Bitters" is a good Alterative and Tonic. Acts directly on the stomach, liver and kidneys. Purifies the blood, cures pimples, blotches and boils and gives a good complexion. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold at Whitehead & Mitchell's Drug Store for 50 cents a bottle.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Alfred Dole, a nephew of ex-President Dole of Hawaii, is a member of Co. K, of the National guard, and was a member of the first expedition to the Philippines.

Frau Lilli Lehman, who retired for awhile from the operatic stage on account of illness, has reappeared in the great Wagnerian roles in Vienna, and her powers are said to be almost fully restored.

The young Siamese Prince Chakravausa, who has met with a serious accident at St. Petersburg by being thrown from a bolting horse, is a brother of the crown prince of Siam, now being educated in England.

The monument of the Emperor Rudolf of Hapsburg, which is soon to be placed in one of the principal squares of Vienna, is the first statue of an Austrian sovereign, previous to Maria Theresa, to be erected in the capital.

H. W. Danforth, acting assistant surgeon, who is reported among the wounded at the battle of Santiago, is a Milwaukee man. He had previously served with the Cuban insurgent army, being personal physician to General Maceo for nearly a year.

Editor Otto, the Dusseldorf editor who slandered the supposedly unslandersable Barrison sisters, has had his sentence commuted to a very light one by Emperor William on the principle, doubtless, that an editor ought not to be made to pay for free advertising.

Prof. William R. Brooks, director of the Smith observatory at Geneva, N. Y., has had conferred upon him by Hamilton college the honorary degree of doctor of science, in recognition of his numerous astronomical discoveries. Dr. Brooks has made a great number of cometary discoveries, many of which are of the highest scientific interest.

Ezekiel Clark of Iowa City, whose death is announced, was one of the pioneers of Iowa. "He was a close friend and helper of Gov. Kirkwood," says the Des Moines Register, "and it was mainly through Mr. Clark's assistance that Gov. Kirkwood was enabled to borrow the money and sell the bonds which supplied the funds to equip the Iowa soldiers during the civil war."

A NOTED EDUCATOR.

Of Whom Oakland County is Justly Proud.

The Holly Independent of the 18th inst, contains a life-like half tone and lengthy biographical sketch of County School Commissioner H. H. Snowdon, from which we clip the following, giving it our most hearty endorsement, for "them are's our sentiments tew:"

"We do not believe that we shall be accused of flattery, or lay ourselves open to criticism when we state our belief that no person has done as much for the cause of education in this county as our present Commissioner of Schools, Harry H. Snowdon may be fitly styled an Oakland county boy, as he was born thirty years ago in the city of Pontiac. Entering the city schools at an early age he was graduated from the Latin Scientific class of 1887. Mr. Snowdon's experience in the district school was not marked by any special work, but he was regarded as an earnest and industrious student, always anxious to make the most of his opportunities. He took special interest in the debating society of the high school and was soon recognized as an able and skillful debater. During his last school year he supported himself by working after school and Saturdays. In this way he managed to earn quite a sum of money which defrayed his expenses at school.

"Choosing teaching as his life-work, he commenced by teaching this first district school in the town of West Bloomfield, in what is known as the Pennell Academy. After teaching several terms Mr. Snowdon realized that a higher education was necessary in order to obtain desirable positions in school work. Entering the Michigan State Normal School, he took up the Literary-Scientific course, from which he was graduated in the class of '91, thus obtaining a life certificate.

"The little village of New Hudson was the scene of Mr. Snowdon's first labors after graduating. Here his work was so successful that he was asked to remain another year at an increase of salary, but being offered the superintendency of the Newaygo schools, he declined the offer at New Hudson and went to Newaygo. Here his work was of such a character that the board early in the year asked him to remain at an increase of $100 in salary. But his old friends at home had not forgotten him and he was nominated for the office of County Commissioner of Schools and elected by a handsome majority.

"For the past five years the schools of Oakland county have enjoyed the fruits of Mr. Snowdon's untiring efforts. The district schools have had his special care, and he has worked early and late to bring them up to a higher standard of excellence. Today we find libraries in many of our district schools, maps, globes and other necessary apparatus, as a result of his efforts. Educational meetings have been held in all parts of the county and the people encouraged to take an active interest in school work. Officers have been urged to hire their teachers by the year and to retain them as long as they continued to do good work. Teachers have been encouraged to make the most of themselves and to put forth their very best efforts so as to secure the best possible results. Educational centres have been selected where all the teachers of that section could meet with the Commissioner to discuss educational work. In addition to his Manuel, the last issue of which was a most handy, and valuable work, he has conducted an educational column in both the Pontiac Post and Pontiac Gazette. In brief, no pains have been spared to bring the schools of Oakland county up to the highest possible standard of excellence. That this work has been appreciated by the people of Oakland county the spring elections have clearly evinced, as Mr. Snowdon has been twice re-elected by increased majorities against his opponents.

"Mr. Snowdon is a strong believer in social orders, being a member in good standing in the Masonic order, Knights of Pythias and several other orders.

"Three years ago he was happily married to Miss Fannie Andrews, a very estimable young lady of Fenton. A little over two twelve months old, helps to make their pleasant home still brighter by his childish prattle.

"Mr. Snowdon may be styled a self-made man in the truest and best sense of the word. He was the youngest son in his father's family and found it necessary to make his own way in the world, but he possessed a genius for hard work which stood him in good stead in his efforts to gain an education and to rise to an honorable position among his fellow men. Personally he is one of the kindest and most genial men of our acquaintance, one whom it is a pleasure to meet and whose presence and conversation are ever calculated to the betterment of his associates, no matter whether young or old.

"But the busy and successful life that Mr. Snowdon has enjoyed from a temporal point of view, crowned with domestic bliss and family duties, have not made him unmindful of higher obligations. He is, withal, an ardent churchman, having united with the Protestant Episcopal church at the early age of fifteen years and continued his relation with that church ever since. He has officiated as lay reader for a number of years and for a long period conducted a mission at Birmingham. He is also an active member of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, the character of which order is indicated by its name in honor of that disciple, who on hearing the Great Teacher, 'first findeth his own brother Simon.'

"Oakland county is to be congratulated on electing and retaining so long in office a County Commissioner of Schools so well adapted to the position, not only by educational attainments, but by his manly manhood, of a high standard of cultured christian manhood."

RAMS' HORNS.

The joys extracted by a corkscrew are always transitory ones.

The salvation of the world can only come through the Savior of the world.

There is hope for a nation which can fight without asking, "For how much?"

Wine may multiply the flow of words, but it never increases the purity of the thought.

The question is not, who is able? God will attend to that; but, who is willing?

The cry of "wolf" as often emanates from the wolf's companion as from the shepherd.

Modern society casts out the women who are lepers, and take the men into its palace.

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.

Abortion and Milk Fever.

In herds the best regulated and cared for there will occasionally occur a physical accident or some sudden fright that causes a cow to prematurely drop her calf, writes Henry E. Alvord in Northwestern Agriculturist. The herds should be constantly watched for symptoms of abortion, which will generally be recognized by the experienced herdsmen. Should such symptoms appear, the animals should be immediately removed to a hospital until the case is over or the signs disappear. In case abortion occurs in stable, yard or pasture, despite precautions, and wholly without warning, as is sometimes the case, take the animal to a hospital at once and use every exertion to thoroughly clean and disinfect the place where the accident occurred. The aborted cow should be carefully nursed and the genital organs freely dressed with antiseptic solutions. The animal should not return to the herd until fully cured, clean, and free from all vaginal discharges. Be on guard for a second case following the first in a few days or within three weeks; if a month elapses, recurrence is not to be expected. Veterinarians recognize two distinct kinds of abortion, viz., the sporadic, which is first mentioned above as resulting from accident, physical injury or fright, from disease of the uterus, or from "sympathetic" influences, and the epizootic contagious, which is undoubtedly a germ disease, communicated from animal to animal by the germ and caused only by contagion. There is still much uncertainty about this dread disease and its prevention. Milk fever, "dropping," or parturient apoplexy is another scourge of the dairy, twin to abortion. It is an affection which comes without warning, attacks the deepest and richest milkers, is sudden in attack, rapid in progress, and generally fatal. The symptoms are a chill, twitching of the head muscles, failure to eat, chew the cud or pass manure, distended udder without milk, insensibility of the hind quarters when pinched or pricked, later the cow becomes unsteady on her hind legs, and presently drops. Good cows should be carefully watched for forty-eight hours after calving, and if these warnings appear, a veterinarian can not be called too soon. Preventive measures form the best assurance of the owner against losses from this cause. The cow should have abundant exercise up to the week before calving, and then quiet and good care, with daily grooming and active rubbing. Keep the bowels active with proper feed, or purgatives if necessary. Insure comfort, guard against cold, and endeavor to maintain good circulation on the surface of the body. A strong dose of physic and brisk grooming may be used immediately after calving, in case of cows believed to be predisposed to milk fever.

Streaky Butter.

Among the various causes of streaky butter that of temperature—too cold a temperature somewhere in the process of making—is not sufficiently considered, says a writer in Agricultural Gazette, Tasmania. Sometimes, and especially at this season of the year, the water with which the butter is washed is of a temperature very many degrees lower than that of the butter. Now, the use of very cold water chills and hardens the surface of the butter granules, while the interior remains comparatively soft; when salted the salt will not mix evenly, and the color of the different parts of the granules will vary. If worked in this condition the chilled granules will not combine readily, and the result will be streaky, mottled butter. Even if the butter is left in the water a length of time sufficient for the granules to be of the same temperature throughout the butter of the granules will, if the latter are very firm and hard, cohere more than it will adhere. That is, the granules do not stick to each other with the same force that the butter particles of the granules stick together. The working flattens out the granules, but does not make of them one homogenous mass, and as the outsides of these granules are salter than the inside, and therefore deeper in color, the butter will, when cut through, look marbled, mottled, or streaky, according to the degree of working.

Man With the Chicken Fever.

I claim this chicken fever that gets us all some time during our experience is contagious and needs a remedy, writes M. M. Johnson in Rural Californian. I would prescribe moderation in all cases. If it is an extremely bad case where the patient has quite a reasonable income, in order to get rid the first year in the poultry business, I would advise some kind of a tonic, such as holding on to a part of some job that he is acquainted with and knows its bearings. I can't name one of any one with the fever. I had it once myself and am too sensitive now to even think how I pulled through. It was about six years ago this month that I was stricken. I came on in this way: If it only costs one bushel of grain to keep a hen one year, I could buy said one bushel in corn for 85 cents. If said 85-cent hen laid 240 eggs in one year, at 1 cent each, I would have $2.25 clear profit out of the said one hen. Whereas, if one hen makes a profit of $2.25, why would not 100 hens make a profit of $225? My figures said they would. And if $225 was the profit of 100 hens, then 1,000 hens would bring me in the nice income of $2,250 every year; and about all I would have to do would be to buy the grain and wheel in the eggs. Then I took up the broiler question for consideration. It, considered fine, was as follows: One dozen eggs, at 12 cents, turned into broilers worth 40 cents each. The figures ran wild and some of them got away, and I have never been able to get said figures all together since. Gentle readers, can any of you sympathize with me? Have you ever had it? Some years later I had gone through all the experiences that belong to the novice in the business. I find that poultry really pays, and the best way to make it pay is to throw away your state and pension, roll up your sleeves, and go into it. Start on small capital and with a small flock. Learn the trade and grow up with it. You will find a screw loose occasionally, but always carry a screw driver.

Little Thing in Incubation.

If a man is about to start using an incubator for the first time it will be well for him to look after some of the little things that have so much to do with the success or failure in handling these adjuncts to poultry raising. One of the things that should be looked after carefully is the regulation of the heating apparatus and the reading of same by the thermometers. It is best for a man to practice with the incubator without eggs in it till he is sure that he can control the heat. We believe it is a mistake for any amateur to go ahead at once with the eggs in the drawer without knowing if he can keep the temperature uniform. In looking at the thermometer each time, do so quickly, as a draft of cold air will quickly cool off the air inside of the incubator.

Another thing that will be of interest to note will be the relative heat compared with the outside temperature. Some incubators are so carefully and thoroughly built that the outside temperature has little effect on them. There are others, however, that seem to be greatly affected by the general state of the weather. This is of great moment, as, if it be found that an incubator responds too quickly to outside influences, it will be necessary to place it in the cellar or some other place where the temperature is uniform, or at least changes but slowly.

It is not necessary that the eggs be kept at a 103 or 102 all of the time. The eggs may even be taken out each morning and allowed to cool down to 70 or 75 degrees and then returned. We believe there is less danger of the eggs being injured by too little heat than by too much. We have seen hens leave their nests in the early spring and stay away till it seemed that the eggs must all be chilled, and yet the same biddies would bring out a full brood of chicks from the eggs so treated.

As to the thermometer, be sure that it is correct. There will be no gain in saving money on a cheap thermometer and losing it in a whole drawer of eggs. If a cheap thermometer can be obtained that is reliable it will be as good as one that is expensive, but see to it that it is in every way reliable, no matter what it costs.

Galloway Robes.

A recent publication, issued by the Galloway breeders, says: The hides of the Galloway, when taken at the right time in the fall, and properly tanned, make excellent robes, quite equal to the buffalo robes of the old days. This is becoming an important trade and a profitable one. Accustomed as the Galloway has been for generations to an outdoor life in a humid climate, he has now an excellent coat of warm fur with a long wavy outside covering, and a short thick mossy hair below, making a beautiful robe. In the north and northwest of our continent, where winter furs are so much needed, the Galloway offers an excellent winter covering. They make good, serviceable coats and jackets, worn by both men and women, fur caps, soften for the cutter, and rugs for the dwelling. Seldom a pure black, they are often a warm rich dark brown or a brown black—or vary in shade between the two. For this purpose brindled ones would be valuable, though now rather uncommon. The writer lately saw a fine brindled robe sold in Quebec for eighty dollars. The brown stripes across it were as clear as those of a tiger skin. At one time brindled animals were quite common, but since the fashion has set in for black, other colors have become rare. Other colors may be just as pure as the prevailing black. The Galloway black is not a jet black. The calves when first dropped are usually a dark mahogany brown. The undercoat of fine hair often keeps this tinge which is clearly seen when the coat is being shed. A very deep black is more frequently found among half-breeds. The rich brown tinge is a good sign of purity of blood. Many families have more or less white on the udder, and a few white patches on the underline as well. Other have a few white hairs scattered through the hide, often not noticed, but the trait may run in a family for generations. Belted cows are still met with, but are not now as common as they were in the early years of this century. Then there were whole herds of this belted race, which had a good reputation as milkers. One herd had marks—white face and white stripes on the back like Hereford colors. Dun or light drabs are still met with, and reds are not unknown, but these are becoming more and more rare. Off color is no proof of want of purity of blood.

Advices from France are to the effect that since the forty-dollar per head duty was imposed upon horses, prices have risen materially and the French breeders are correspondingly happy. Five American importers are now visiting the breeding districts of France in search of French Coach and Percheron stallions and mares. One small lot of stallions was shipped at Havre a week ago, we learn, consigned to an American gentleman who has not previously been identified with the French Coach breed.

Exercising Brood Mares.—Mares with suckling foals should be exercised plentifully with slow and light work. After the foal is a month old it may be left in a box stall or feed lot out of sight and hearing of its dam from morning till noon, when it should be allowed to suckle. If the mare's udder is very full of milk, it should be partly emptied when the animal comes home at night and before the foal is allowed to get its evening drink.—Ex.

Egg Eating.—At this period of the year some of the hens will be guilty of eating their eggs, and it is one of the most annoying vices that can exist in a flock. If it is allowed to be acquired, one hen becoming addicted to it and teaching the others. Hens will never eat their eggs, however, unless induced to do so from some cause. If fresh shells of eggs are given them or if you sympathize with me? Have you ever had it? Some years later I had gone through all the experiences that