THE BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE
WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL, PUBS.

BIRMINGHAM, FRIDAY, MAY 5, '99

Do your noble acts today and your mean ones tomorrow.

Complaint is more apt to excite contempt than sympathy.

Some people make the best of everything and others take it.

A man's enemies are few if his relatives all speak well of him.

A man wastes a lot of valuable time by feeling in the wrong pocket.

Most men prefer to have their pet theories tested by some one else.

A woman extracts love from a man as a duty and confers it as a favor.

Love may go where it is sent, but some times it isn't sent where it goes.

Without charity for the defects of humanity there would be no self-esteem.

Ananias was probably the first to discover that truth is stranger than fiction.

Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations come to the idle.

Wireless telegraphy is probably a good thing, but wireless politics will be far better.

Spain is to build ten new war ships. It's a bit too early to speculate as to where they will wind up.

The lion's share is that part of an estate which is not visible after the lawyers get through with it.

What is wanted is frankness, confidence, less conventionality, and freer play of the soul. We are dreadfully artificial.

Gen. Wheaton complains that the Filipinos refuse to wait after being whipped to be killed. Why not try a proclamation on them?

It is possible this year to purchase a first-class bicycle for $40, but this price will not enable the wheelman to avoid riding against the wind most of the time.

A colored man was legally hanged in Kentucky the other day. There must have been some strong reason to prevent the "best citizens" from getting together.

Over in France there is a growing opposition to President Loubet on account of his personal appearance. What show would "Oom Paul" stand in such a country as that?

The keel of a ship lies concealed, yet it is indispensable to her progress and safety, so virtue does not always appear upon the surface, yet true manhood is unknown without it.

A Vienna lady, the Baroness Maurice de Hirsch de Gereuth, has left £20,000,000 to charity. If she had lived in this country that sum would have kept the lawyers fighting the case for a long time.

It takes a long time to heal the scars of war, but the process begins almost as soon as the last gun is fired. Already a cargo of American wheat has entered a port of Spain, and the people are hungry for more.

It appears that every European nation whose citizens can get permission to build a railroad in China expects to acquire thereby a "sphere of influence" in that part of the empire through which the railroad runs. Naturally enough! We ought to know how it works. Are not some sections of our own country dominated by transportation companies that are supposed to be its servants?

It appears that in the matter of spreading typhoid, the oyster has been unjustly maligned. Some experiments carried out under the direction of the British Royal society show that sea water is inimical to the growth of the typhoid bacilli. Bacilli were placed in oysters, and, although their presence was demonstrated in one case on the twenty-first day following, there still appeared to be no initial or subsequent multiplication of the germs. As to green oysters, the investigators say that some are wholesome and some are not. The greenness in the former case is due to the presence of a harmless vegetable pigment, with which, also, there may be associated a small quantity of an iron salt, but this has no connection with the coloring matter. In the other kind of green oysters the color is due to a deleterious salt of copper. The epicure is therefore recommended not to eat green oysters unless he knows where they came from.

A country in which nearly all the people are readers is sure to produce a large crop of authors. During 1898 it is said that about seven thousand books were published in the United States, including reprints; and New York city alone turns out every month more than a million copies of magazines. Then there are all the dailies and weeklies, whose aggregate issues in a year must reach at least three billions. These figures are bewildering and so is much of the reading-matter.

The question, Shall women be educated to motherhood? is considered by Helen H. Backus in connection with the question whether young men shall be educated to fatherhood. There is too much of this kind of foolish argument. Because women make good nurses shall men be educated to be good nurses too?

Rudyard Kipling is now able to sit up and institute court proceedings against those publishers who have been giving circulation to his work without his consent.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE DRUNKARD'S WOE, LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"And There Shall Be a Great Cry Throughout the Land of Egypt"—Exodus, Chapter 11, Verse 6—The Loss of Self-Respect.

(Copyright 1899 by Louis Klopsch.)

This was the worst of the ten plagues. The destroying angel at midnight flapped his wing over the land, and there was one dead in each house. Lamentation and mourning said woe through all Egypt. That destroying angel has fled the earth, but a far worse has come. He sweeps through these cities. It is the destroying angel of strong drink. Far worse devastation wrought by this second than by the first. The calamity in America worse than the calamity in Egypt. Thousands of the slain, millions of the slain. No arithmetic can calculate their number.

Once upon a time four fiends met in the lost world. They resolved that the people of our earth were too happy, and these four infernals came forth to our earth on an embassy of mischief. The one fiend said: "I'll take charge of the vineyards." Another said: "I'll take charge of the grain fields." Another said: "I'll take charge of the dairy." Another said: "I'll take charge of the music." The four fiends met in the great Sahara Desert, with skeleton fingers clutched each other in handshake of fidelity, kissed each other good-bye with lip of blue flame and parted on their mission.

The fiend of the vineyard came in one bright morning amid the grapes and sat down on a root of twisted grapevine in sheer discouragement. The fiend knew not how to damage the vineyard, or, through it, how to damage the world. The grapes were so ripe and beautiful and luscious. They bewitched the air with their sweetness. There seemed to be so much health in every bunch; and while the fiend sat there in utter indignation and disappointment, he clutched a cluster and squeezed it in perfect spite, and lo! his hand was red with the blood of the vineyard, and the fiend said: "That reminds me of the blood of broken hearts; I'll strip the vineyard and I'll squeeze out all the juice of the grapes, and I'll allow the juices of the grapes to stand until they rot, and I'll call the process fermentation. And there was a great vat prepared, and people came with their cups and their pitchers, and they dipped up the blood of the grapes, and they drank and drank and went away drinking, and they drank until they fell in long lines of death, so that when the fiend of the vineyard wanted to return to his home in the pit, he stepped from carcass to carcass and walked down amid a great causeway of the dead.

Then the second fiend came into the grain field. He waded chin-deep amid the barley and the rye. He heard all the grain talking about bread, and prosperous husbandry, and thrifty homes. He thrust his long arms into the grain field and he pulled up the grain and threw it into the water and he made beneath the water fires—fires lighted with a spark from his own heart—and there was a grinding, and a mashing, and a stench, and the people came with their bottles and they dipped up the fiery liquid, and they drank, and they shouted, and they staggered, and they fought, and they rioted, and they murdered, and the fiend of the pit, the fiend of the grain field, was so pleased with their behavior that he changed his residence from the pit to a whisky barrel, and there he sat by the door of the bunghole laughing in high merriment at the thought that out of anything so harmless as the grain of the field he might turn this world into a seeming pandemonium.

The fiend of the dairy saw the cows coming home from the pasture field, full-uddered, and as the maid milked he said: "I'll soon spoil all that mess; I'll add to it brandy, sugar, and nutmeg, and I'll stir it into a milk punch, and children will drink it, and some of the temperance people will drink it, and if I can do them no more harm, I'll give them a headache, and then I'll hand them over to the more vigorous fiends of the Satanic delegation." And then the fiend of the dairy leaped upon the shelf and danced until the long row of shining milkpans almost quaked.

The fiend of the music entered a grogshop, and there were but few customers. Finding few customers he swept the circuit of the city, and he gathered up the musical instruments, and after nightfall he marshaled a band, and the trombones blew, and the cymbals clapped, and the drums beat, and the bugles called and the people crowded in, and they swung around in merry dance, each one with a wine glass in his hand; and the dance became wilder and stronger and rougher, until the room shook, and the glasses cracked, and the floor broke, and the crowd dropped into hell.

Then the four fiends—the fiend of the vineyard, the fiend of the grain field, and of the dairy, and of the music hall—went back to their home, and they held high carnival because their work had been so well done; and Satan rose from his throne and announced that there was no danger of the earth's redemption long as these four fiends could pay such tax to the diabolic. And then all the demons, and all the sprites, and all the fiends, filled their glasses, and clicked them, and cried: "Let us drink—drink to the everlasting prosperity of the liquor traffic. Here's to woe, and darkness, and murder, and death. Drink! Drink!"

But whether by allegory or by appalling statistic this subject is presented, you know as well as I that it is impossible to exaggerate the evils of strong drink. Are they a plague? In the first place the inebriate suffers from the loss of a good name. God has so arranged it that no man loses his reputation except by his own act. The world may assault a man, and all the powers of darkness may assault him—they cannot capture him so long as his heart is pure and his life is pure. All the powers of earth and hell cannot take that Gibraltar. If a man is right, all the bombardment of the world for five, ten, twenty, forty years will only strengthen him in his position. So that all you have to do is to keep yourself right. Never mind the world. Let it say what it will. It can do you no damage. But as soon as it is whispered, "he drinks," and it can be proved, he begins to go down. What clerk can get a position with such a reputation? What store wants him? What Church of God wants him for a member? What dying man wants him for an executor? "He drinks!" A stand before hundreds of young men—and I say it not in flattery—splendid young men who have their reputation as their only capital. Your father gave you a good education, or as good an education as he could afford to give you. He started you in city life. He could furnish you no means, but he has surrounded you with Christian influences and a good memory of the past. Now, young man, under God you are with your own right arm to achieve your fortune, and as your reputation is your only capital, do not bring upon it suspicion by going in and out of liquor establishments, or by an odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush on your cheeks. You lose your reputation and you lose your capital.

The inebriate suffers also in the fact that he loses his self-respect, and when you destroy a man's self-respect there is not much left of him. Then a man will do things he would not do otherwise; he will say things he would not say otherwise. The fact is that man cannot stop, or he would stop now. He is bound hand and foot by the Philistines, and they have shorn his locks and put his eyes out, and made him grind in the mill of a great horror. After he is three-fourths gone in this slavery, the first thing he will be anxious to impress you with is that he can stop at any time he wants to. His family become alarmed in regard to him, and they say: "Now do stop this; after a while it will get the mastery of you." "Oh! no," he says, "I can stop at any time; I can stop now, I can stop tomorrow." His most confidential friends say: "Why, I'm afraid you are losing your balance with that habit; you are going a little further than you can afford to go; you had better stop." "Oh! no," he says, "I can stop at any time; I can stop now." He goes on further and further. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He loves himself, and he knows nevertheless that strong drink is depleting him in body, mind and soul. He knows he is going down, that he has less self-control, less equipoise of temper than he used to. Why does he not stop? Because he cannot stop. I will prove it by going still further. He loves his wife and children. He sees that his habits are bringing disgrace upon his home. The probabilities are they will ruin his wife and disgrace his children. He sees all this, and he loves them. Why does he not stop? He cannot stop.

* * *

If a fiend from a lost world should come up on a mission to a grog shop, and, having finished the mission in the grog shop, should come back, taking on the tip of his wing one drop of alcoholic beverage, what excitement it would make all through the world of the lost; and if that one drop of alcoholic beverage should drop from the wing of the fiend upon the tongue of the inebriate, how he would spring and cry: "That's it! That's it! Rum! Rum! That's it!" And all the caverns of the lost would echo with the cry, "Give it to me! Rum! Rum!" Ah! my friends, the inebriate's sorrow in the next world will not be the absence of God, or holiness, or light; it will be the absence of rum. "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup; for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder."

When I see this plague in the land, and when I see this destroying angel sweeping across our great cities, I am sometimes indignant, and sometimes humiliated. When a man asks me: "What are you in favor of for the suppression of this evil?" I answer: "I am ready for anything that is reasonable." You ask me, "Are you in favor of Sons of Temperance?" Yes. "Are you in favor of Good Samaritans?" Yes. "Are you in favor of Good Templars?" Yes. "Are you in favor of prohibitory law?" Yes. "Are you in favor of the pledge?" Yes. Combine all the influences, O Christian reformers and philanthropists! Combine them all for the extirpation of this evil.

Thirty women in one of the Western states banded together, and with an especial ordination from God they went forth to the work and shut up all the grog shops of a large village. Thirty women, with their song and with their prayer, and with one thousand or two thousand Christian men and women with an especial ordination from God should go forth feeling the responsibility of their work and discharging their mission, they could in any city shut up all the grog shops.

But I must not deal in generalities; I must come to specifics. Are you astray? If there is any sermon I dislike it is a sermon on generalities. I want personalities. Are you astray? Have you gone so far you think you cannot work? Did you be a few moments ago that a man might go to a point in inebriation where he could not stop? Yes, I said it, and I reiterate it; but I want you also to understand that while the man himself, of his own strength, cannot stop, God can stop any man. You have only to lay hold of the strong arm of the Lord God Almighty. He can stop you. Many summers ago I went over to New York one Sabbath evening—our church not being open for the autumnal services—I went into a room in the Fourth ward, New York, where a religious service was being held for reformed drunkards, and I heard a revelation that night that I had never heard before—fifteen or twenty men standing up and giving testimony such as I had never heard given. They not only testified that their hearts had been changed by the grace of God, but that the grace of God had extinguished their thirst. They went on to say that they had reformed, but they eat times before, but immediately fallen, because they were doing the whole work in their own strength. "But as soon as we gave our hearts to God," they said, "and the love of the Lord Jesus Christ has come into our souls, the thirst has all gone. We have no more disposition for strong drink."

It was a new revelation to me, and I have proclaimed it again and again in the hearing of those who have far gone astray, and I stand here today to tell you that the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ can not only save your soul, but save your body. I look off today upon the desolation. Some of you are so far gone in this habit, although there may be no outward indications of it—you have never staggered along the street—the vast majority of people do not know that you stimulate; but God knows, and you know; and by a mathematical calculation there is not one chance out of five thousand that you will ever be stopped. Beware! There are some of you who are my warm personal friends, to whom I must say that unless you quit this evil habit, within ten years, as to your body you will lie down in a drunkard's grave, and as to your immortal soul, you will lie down in a drunkard's hell! It is a hard thing to say, but it is true, and I utter the warning lest I have your blood upon my soul. Beware! As today you open the door of your wine closet, let the decanter flash that word upon your soul, "Beware!" As you pour out the beverage let the foam at the top spell out the word, "Beware!" In the great day of God's judgment, when a hundred million drunkards shall come up to get their doom, I want you to testify that this day, in the love of your soul and in fear of God, I gave you warning in regard to that influence which has already been felt in your home, blowing out some of its lights—premonition of the blackness of darkness forever.

Oh, if you could only hear Intemperance with drunkards' bones drumming on the top of the wine cask the dead march of immortal souls, you would go home and kneel down and pray God that rather than your children should ever become victims of this evil habit, you might carry them out to the cemetery and put them down in the last slumber, waiting for the flowers of spring to come over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God hath a balm for such a wound, but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulchre?

Women Live Longest.

Women are said to be longer lived than men. Among centenarians the proportion of women to men is almost double. There are in this country 2,583 women who have reached the century mark, while there are only 1,398 men who have lived so long. In France seven out of ten centenarians are women, while in the rest of Europe there are sixteen women among twenty-one centenarians.

WORTH KNOWING.

A Kansas soldier, in a letter home, tells how "General Otis came along one evening, and when the men had stopped firing for a minute, said: 'Well, boys, how are you coming?' Only a few of the men knew him, and one of them said: 'All right, pard, how's yourself?' Another of the boys that knew General Otis told him to shut up; that the man was General Otis. The general overheard him, and said: 'That's all right; pard is as good as general tonight.'"

Strangers sometimes mildly wonder what newspapers or sheets of blank paper are tied on the windows or balconies of certain houses for. A sheet of paper thus arranged is a sign meaning that there are rooms to rent in the house on which it is displayed, and is just as significant in its import as three golden balls over a pawnbroker's shop are in other countries.—Mexican Herald.

"I am sorry," said the magazine editor courteously, "but we are not accepting any short stories now." "But the scene of this story," said the confident contributor, "is laid in a place that nobody ever heard of, and is written in a language that no one can understand." "Then why didn't you say so before?" exclaimed the magazine editor, as he grasped it eagerly.—Life.

A girl with an osprey plume went into a drug store, and, somehow her feather caught fire from the cigar lighter flame. The soda fountain clerk grabbed up a seltzer bottle, aimed a stream of seltzer at the blazing hat, hit the girl in the ear, a man in the eye, knocked off the hat, and didn't put out the fire in spite of all his efforts.—New York Journal.

Count Sergius Tolstoi, the second son of Count Leo Tolstoi, who has thrown in his lot with the Doukhobortsi, is now located in Winnipeg, where the most important of the settlements is situated. The count is looked upon as a kind of leader, and he has so far realized his role as to set his fellows an example of uncomplaining fortitude.

Senator Platt of New York, has always been a careful keeper of scrapbooks. Upon the declaration of hostilities between Spain and the United States his efforts and those of his several secretaries were redoubled, and he is now believed to own one of the best contemporary histories of the Spanish war extant.

The tube of a twelve-inch gun, which is used in some warships, has fifty spiral grooves inside, which cause the shot to revolve at a rate of seventy-five times a second as it rushes through the air.

Yawns are excited by improper aeration of the blood, and are akin to the unconscious, tired sigh. They are evidence of mental fatigue, and sometimes are symptoms of brain disease.

"And that, then," said Mrs. Waggs thoughtfully, putting down the paper from which she had been reading of the canned meat controversy, "is what they mean by funeral meats."—Judge.

Among the sights of Pekin in the autumn months are thousands of camels. They come from the interior of Asia and take back the caravan tea and other freight.

The Corriere della Sera of Milan has a story of two peasants who caught in their nets in two weeks 43,200 small birds, which they sold at 12 cents a dozen.

Khartoum will be reached by the railroad by November next, barring accidents. The railroad is now fifty miles south of the Atbara river.

The Lancet, in a statement of the number of doctors in Great Britain holding British degrees gives the total of practitioners as 34,994.

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.

Notes From Kansas.

Alfalfa vs. Millet for Milk.—Mr. C. Carlson, a patron of the Manhattan Creamery, milks three cows. Up to the 20th of February he had been feeding these cows one ton of alfalfa every 30 days, and had been sending to the creamery an average of 54 lbs of milk per day, besides what was needed at home for the use of a large family. At this time, which was during the severe cold weather of February, his milk was testing 4.6 per cent and butter fat was worth 17 cents a pound, we will credit the skim-milk at the low price of 15 cents per 100 pounds. For 30 days this would amount to $14.84 or $4.95 per cow per month. Having a chance to sell alfalfa at a good price Mr. Carlson thought he would feed millet. He tried it for two weeks with the result that his cows gave an average of 42½ pounds of 4.1 per cent milk, besides what was needed at home. Had millet been fed a month instead of two weeks the average would doubtless have been lower, but taking the figures at the above rate for 30 days, the income from the three cows would be $10.60 or an average of $3.53 per cow per month. Granting that the cows received no more millet than alfalfa, the result shows that the latter is worth $1.42 more per ton than millet for milch cows.

A Dairy School for Kansas.—On March 4 the Kansas legislature passed a bill making appropriations for the State Agricultural College, in which $25,000 was allowed for a dairy building, $6,000 for equipment of building, and $3,000 for a herd of cows and a place to put them. This is a much needed addition to the equipment of the Agricultural college and will be greatly appreciated by the dairy interests of the state. Beginning January 2, 1900, and lasting for twelve weeks, there will be three courses offered in dairying, a course in creamery buttermaking, a course in cheese making, and a course in private dairying. The latter course might also be called a creamery patron's course. Special attention will be given to the production of pure milk. For the first time in the history of the state, Kansas young men will have an opportunity to perfect themselves in any branch of dairying they desire. Applications are already coming in for next year, and it is to be hoped that a large number of young men will avail themselves of the opportunities at the Kansas Agricultural College.—D. H. Otis.

* * *

Skim Milk Worth 40 Cents Per Hundred.—An experiment at the Kansas station compared skim-milk with lots of pigs of six each, shows excellent returns from feeding skim-milk, as compared with alfalfa and cotton seed meal. They were fed all the ground Kaffir corn they would eat in addition to the other feed. The skim-milk made 40 per cent more grain and gained 2.43 pounds per day each, against .88 pounds for the alfalfa lot, and .95 pounds for the cotton seed meal lot. In 22 days lot 1 ate 629 pounds ground Kaffir corn and 250 pounds alfalfa; lot 2, 588 pounds Kaffir corn and 93 pounds cotton seed meal; lot 3, 860½ pounds Kaffir corn and 1,685 pounds skim-milk. Placing the cost of alfalfa at $6 per ton, this makes cotton seed meal worth $27.8 per ton and skim-milk 40 per cents per hundred. In the ordinary price of alfalfa, $3 per ton, skim-milk would be worth 20 cents per hundred. This experiment was in progress during the extreme cold weather of February.—Ed. H. Webster.

Best Age for Brood Sows.

There is one of the vexed questions among swine breeders as well as farmers. Our observation has been that the breed only from young and not fully matured sows is those late in life and spring, says Michigan Farmer. If the sow is a good one, the breeder is wise in retaining her so long as she gives him a fair sized litter of good pigs each year. We believe that many breeders have lost size, bone, and consequently stamina, from breeding entirely upon young stock for breeding animals. The farmer who raises hogs for market, however, stands in a different position from the breeder. His business is to furnish hogs for the block in the best finished and the shortest manner possible. Hence he must have large litters of pigs which will mature quickly, and when ready for market will ship well and arrive at their destination in the best condition to meet market requirements. If he has a brood sow that is an extra good breeder, gives large litters and raises them well, then it is good policy to keep her several years—or until she begins to prove less satisfactory, and then market her. We believe a brood sow is always more satisfactory after she has had at least one litter. She takes better care of the young pigs, and as a rule is a better mother in every respect. To market a brood sow after having only one litter, and relying always upon young ones, is not good policy. It will be better to have those a little older, and let the boar be the youngest of the two. But each individual case should be treated by itself. The best policy is to make a careful selection of the sows bred, and then keep the best one more that proves the most satisfactory.

Dairying in Southern Illinois.

At the Illinois State Dairymen's convention R. G. Welford, speaking on the above subject, said: In my experience of 30 years in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Missouri, I have been taught that wherever the milk cow is there is prosperity whether the climate be good or bad. A cow will do as much in southern Illinois as she will in northern Illinois. When we first began using milk cows in our part of the state, cows were selling at from $15 to $20 each, but now good cows bring twice that. This has resulted from the increased demand and by the better breeding. Dairying has increased the sociability of the farmers, for they meet when they come to the creamery. While they are waiting they discuss how to make good butter and how to keep their cattle. This has done wonders. I know of towns where, in an open winter, it is almost impossible to get to them, and the towns that do not have creameries it is so now. The creameries have improved the towns in which they have been built, and the merchants in the towns favor the creameries because they bring about road improvement and thus make it easier for people to get to the stores. Dairying in southern Illinois has helped in the raising of both pigs and poultry.

English War on Condensed Milk.

A report from London, England, says:

An attempt has just been made by a deputation consisting of medical representatives of the various local authorities to induce the government practically to boycott condensed milk, the sale of which in this country is enormous. It is asked that a clause be added to the food and drugs bill by which it shall be made imperative on the manufacturers label their condensed milk as being unfit for food for children or invalids. Dr. Smith, chairman of the public health committee of camberwell vestry, said that children brought up on condensed milk invariably suffered from rickets. Dr. Stocker said that 40 per cent of the children under 1 year of age that died in the district of Willesden last year died from the effects of condensed milk. Dr. J. Robertson of Sheffield said that as a food for children it was most dangerous.

The president of the board of agriculture said in reply that the government could not undertake to protect the public against itself, or to put shackles on the public to prevent it from purchasing an article it might choose to purchase, but that the government would see that the public was clearly informed what it was buying. Now that the permits of condensed milk have been brought to the attention of the people, action of some sort is likely to be forced on the government.

A Step Toward Improvement.

There are many farmers who would like to take any step they know to be the proper one toward the improvement of the utility fowl, says the Homestead. Poultry shows have for years been giving premiums for the best fowl, pair or pen of a certain breed and a certain feather marking has been the deciding point. Now comes a step in the right direction, and a poultry show management proposes to give a premium for a pen of hens that has laid the most eggs during the year. There is just one point against this feature, and that is the wonderful proliferous of some breeds in some hands to lay eggs in incredible numbers. It is a fact that some hens that have disqualifying feathers have laid more eggs in three months than some of the prize takers have in a whole year. The walking horse at county fairs has never been appreciated, and yet the fast walking horse is quite valuable, other things being equal. The production of butter in some breeds of cows has been brought up to a very high standard. A similar improvement in fowls will be a step in the right direction, but it cannot be secured by always showing up the dangerous side of the business.

The Start in Poultry.

The best way to start in the poultry business on a large scale is to start with only a few, learn all you can about chickens, and then try to breed all the good birds you can take care of without crowding, the first year, says Pacific Poultryman. If, at the end of the year, you are satisfied to go ahead, and have enough money on hand to get everything ready for a larger breeding flock, as well as to carry you through the year for the necessaries of life, then you might quit your job and start in, but remember, that this first year is what counts. You learn whether you have a taste for the business, and get a pretty good idea of raising poultry. The second year you should be able to produce a flock large enough to enable you to go into it more heavily, and with ordinary success you should make a good living off of five hundred hens. We should strongly advise you, when starting, to be governed by the following rules: First start with the best to be had; second, decide which you desire to breed for—egg or meat; third, get one variety, and stay with it.

Protect the Soil.—It is always a loss to leave soil naked through the winter, especially if the surface soil is friable. Unless snow comes as a covering, much of it will be blown into adjoining fields. Often when snow comes it will be wind swept into banks behind fences on its leeward side, and so soon as the banks are formed the sun will be darkened by clouds of fine dust, which is deposited on its surface. This wind-blown soil is always extremely rich, as is shown by the quicker growth and darker green of the grass that grows up after the bank has melted in spring. Always the land on the leeside of fields that have been much land long plowed is richer near the fence on the leeward side than it is nearer the center of the field. For this reason, when plowing, turn the furrows as much as possible from the fences towards the center of the field. Doubtless there is much blowing of surface dirt in succeeding showers, though it is not so plain to the sight as is the dust that darkening lies on top of a white bank of snow.—Ex.

Horse Breeding Reviving.—Horse breeding is reviving throughout the west. The draft-horse breeders and breeders have inquiries and visitors like old times. Of course many have not yet got their courage up to paying importation prices, but those who have stallions know that when these are sold they cannot be replaced except by importation, and we all know horses are higher in all Europe than ever before. However, there are so few stallions to be had and so many wanting the best that it is just a question of who buys them first.—Western Agriculturalist.

Care should be taken to have each sow separate some time before pigging, and not allowed too much bedding, as there is less danger of smothering her pigs than when much litter is allowed.

Read good dairy literature and keep posted on new ideas, says the Maine Farmer.

Real Estate Exchange

Of Whitehead & Mitchell at the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of farms, city and village lots and real estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list:

No. 1.

Sixty feet front on Southfield Ave., Birmingham, at the end of Maple Ave. Fine level lot. Records at stone on the premises go with the place. Must be sold. Make us an offer.

No. 2.

Farm of 50 acres, well fenced, well watered—never-failing stream, good timber. Five miles from Bloomfield Center and electric railway to Detroit and Pontiac. Price easy.

No. 3.

The east half of section 4, Royal Oak, 80 acres good land, well fenced, fair buildings. Fronting on line of the electric road to Detroit and Pontiac. Land of this section sold for $300 an acre in better than this. Must be sold, to settle estate. Will take less than half down to 6 per cent. Acre is close it out at once. Terms are cash, but we will take a mortgage on this farm for $3,000 in order to settle the estate. This is, without doubt, the best of the best bargains between Pontiac and Detroit.

No. 4.

Tenant house and two lots with 105 feet frontage on Saginaw St., and 97 feet deep. Cellar, well, cistern, etc. Price $800. Electric cars pass the door.

No. 5.

Elegant house and lot 66 feet frontage and 200 feet deep on Maple Ave. East, (half an acre). The barn is a fine one, strong and small frame. Electric bath, closet, etc. Can be bought for what the buildings cost. Fine chance to get improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

No. 6.

The VanEvery farm on the north shore of Wing Lake, 160 acres, two good houses, three barns, fine lake frontage, 10 acres for tillage, 15 acres timber. Excellent fishing, boating and bathing. Terms easy.

No. 7.

The J. E. Quick homestead in Birmingham with 140 feet frontage on Saginaw St. and about 250 feet deep. New modern dwelling, good barn, fine lawn, shade trees, well, cistern, etc. Electric cars pass the door every half hour for Detroit and Pontiac. Farm to Pay 7 to 10. Pontiac Ho. Owner is now in Toronto and must sell. We think it is a bargain. Come to us to investigate this bargain. Make us an offer.

No. 8.

One of the best farms in Oakland county. It is almost enough to say when we tell you that it is the John Butler farm, in the town of Troy, 220 acres, excellent buildings, two good bowling walks. Carpenter and stock shop, 4 miles of silo, fine orchard, 5 miles from Birmingham, 3 miles straight south of Troy village, where there is a church, store, postoffice, school, etc. Price low and terms easy.

No. 9.

Excellent farm on Gilbert Lake about three miles from Birmingham. Good buildings, fences in good shape and everything in good repair. Level location on the lake, and fine fishing, boating and bathing; 197 acres of as fine farm land as there is in the county of Oakland. Will exchange in part for good improved city property. Thirty acres of good heavy timber. Terms very easy.

No. 10.

Large roomy two-story house on Townsend St. in Birmingham, good barn, city water and all ordinary conveniences. 120 feet front and 103 ft. deep. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

No. 11.

The old Shutes farm in the township of Troy, one mile east of Birmingham, 80 acres, all cleared, 7 acres of the finest orchard, good house and two barns. All the advantages of the village and none of the disadvantages of the city, in other things, too. Come and find out all about it.

No. 12.

The Bayley farm in the town of Troy, 127½ acres. Good house and farm buildings; flowing well at the barn; 2½ miles to village of Troy; 29 acres good beech and maple timber, 4 acres fine grafted orchard. Circumstances render it advisable to sell at once and the man who wants a home will secure one of the best bargains in the country. Look it up.

No. 13.

The east half of the west half of sec 14 in Bloomfield and about 3½ miles from Birmingham and a mile from Circle, 80 acres, no buildings and fine land for pasture, rolling gravelly loam, 35 acres good plow land, balance excellent pasture. Look here! The price is only $25 per acre. If you want a cheap farm, this is it.

No. 14.

Two hundred and fourteen acres in sections 13 and 18, Southfield, with finest farm buildings in Oakland county. Large and productive orchard of all kinds of best varieties of fruit, 10 acres fine very heavy timber. Will sell or exchange for city property. Will divide two farms if required. Buildings on each track. Price as low as any on our list, all things considered. Ask us about it.

No. 15.

The Butler farm in the township of Troy, 42 acres, ample buildings in good repair; 35 acres good land, all fenced, 2 acres of fruit, water and everything convenient for a small and tidy farm of 40 acres. Come and let us show you the premises.

No. 18.

A small farm of five acres, being part of the west of section 2, Southfield township, Oakland County. Four good buildings; house, barn, fowl house and piggery. Buildings insured for $1,200. Premises abundantly supplied with cold water from never-failing spring. Well in the barn, furnishing plenty of water for stock or other purposes all the year round. Good fence, excellent soil, gravelly loam in high state of cultivation. House, two-story and wing; 9 rooms, woodshed, cellar, cistern, all conveniences; 2¼ miles from Birmingham, over roads which are the best in the country; 1 mile from good school; 80 rods from Kirby's mill. Excellent neighborhood. This place is in good order throughout, without a cent for repairs or improvements. Price $1,800; Terms easy.

No. 19.

A farm of 100 acres in the township of Rose, Ogemaw County, Mich.; 50 acres cleared, 50 acres mixed hard wood timber. Barn worth $400. Price $1,000; $500 down, balance on long time at 5 per cent. Here is a golden opportunity for a poor man to acquire a good home in a short time. Better investigate.

No. 20.

This includes All of the Gorsan addition left unsold, comprising lots 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, and two fine wood lots, Ave., next to the residence of A. J. Wedge, Esq., fronting on Pine Ave. and Woodward Ave. These are without exception, the finest building lots in Detroit. High and dry, city water, convenient to the D. & Electric; and will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Prices range from $125 up. Let us tell you all the particulars about 'em. We also include in this number the lot on the N. E. cor. Block 5 in Urbanrest, near Royal Oak, at $50 per lot.

No. 21.

The Corson Homestead on Maple Ave., consisting of lots 6, 7 and 8 of Willits's plat, being 132 feet front, 180 feet deep, 132 feet front on Maple Ave. one of the most valuable residence locations of the village. A good comfortable house, good barn, and ample grounds for all purposes. Fine shade trees and best neighborhood in the village. Frontage on Maple Ave. and Oak Ave. is worth $50 per front foot; that would make $6,600. Now, everyone knows that Mr. Corson wishes to sell and sell right away, he will take $3,500, and it ought to be spot cash at that; but that can be arranged so that the terms need not worry you at all.

No. 22.

Want a lively lake farm? Well, here it is and a fairly decent price with it, too. Wing Lake is delightfully situated in West Bloomfield Township, in the place for fishing, boating and bathing. Has about 40 rods lake frontage, with hard beach—no marsh—with a fringe of lake shore. Has 42½ miles road frontage, all on the same distance from Pontiac. Pontiac on one farm, with 45 acres of good hardwood timber, 2½ miles from Orchard Lake, ¾ mile from good school. Fishing, boating and bathing can be enjoyed. Forty acres, 35 cleared, 7 acres timber, house, well, barn, orchard, beautiful maple grove. Price, nearly new, $2,000. Terms, $1,000. Like the sound of it? Let us tell you more about it.

THE EXCHANGE BANK,

Birmingham, Mich.