The Bad Queen Bess

It is an extraordinary story, that of the heartless manner in which Queen Elizabeth, during a series of years, played with the Duke d'Alençon, and ultimately drove him to despair and death. No woman but one whose heart virgin and adoration had turned to adamant could have carried on the long jaggle as she did with the amorous young French prince, to the amazement and often the disgust, of her chosen counsellors. Swearing with awful oaths her promise to marry him and her eternal affection for him, sighing, languishing, and drawing him into compromising situations by her pretended love for him, she deceived not only her lover, but the keenest politicians in Europe; and yet, with her private correspondence now before us, we see that the whole comedy was a lie, so far as she was concerned; and that in what seemed her moments of utter self-abandonment in her love she was coolly calculating how to wriggle out of her compromise while leaving her suitor in the mire. When at length the poor lad was cajoled into leaving England with the fulfillment of his marriage still deferred, the queen traveled to Gravesend with him to see him fairly on the way, for he fearfully resisted going to the last moment. In feigned grief at leaving "her husband," as she called him, she wept and wailed at the parting; but an eyewitness of the scene tells us that as soon as her persistent lover's back was turned she sought the privacy of her chamber, not to indulge in her grief, but to dance for very joy at having got rid of him so easily; and scoffed at his simplicity to his own false servant Simier. When later it served her political purpose to extort terms from the king of France by again pretending her intention immediately to marry his brother, she called down curses upon her own head in such appalling language if she did not fulfill her promise this time that so seasoned a vessel as the elderly French ambassador declared that it made his blood run cold; and solid old Cecil himself, who was deeper in the plot than any one, whispered in awestricken tones to Lady Stafford that if the queen failed to keep this pledge surely God would send her to hell for such blasphemy."—Martin Hume in Harper's.

Mixed the Speeches Up

The Richmond News-Leader informs the Springfield Republican that Patrick Henry's famous argument in the so-called parsons' cause, which so shocked Rev. James Maury's counsel, Peter Lyons, that he cried out, "The gentleman has spoken treason and I am astonished that your worships can hear it without emotion or any mark of dissatisfaction," was not made in St. John's church, Richmond, in 1775, but in Hanover Court House in 1763. Henry won his cause, and when the court adjourned the delighted people carried him around the court yard on their shoulders. Parson Maury shared Lawyer Lyons's opinion that treason had been spoken to the jurors. He wrote not long afterwards to Rev. John Camm that it was plain Patrick Henry thought "the ready road to popularity here is to trample under foot the interests of religion, the rights of the Church and the prerogative of the Crown;" and the indignant Fredericksville parson added an emphatic expression of his conviction that such conduct "manifestly tends to draw the people of these plantations from their allegiance to the King." There was talk for a while of prosecuting Henry, but nothing came of it.

Two years later, in 1765 and in the house of burgesses at Williamsburg, he made his speech on the stamp act the "If this be treason, make the most of it!" speech. August 12, that year, Rev. William Robinson, commissary for Virginia, reported to the Bishop of London: "He blazed out in a violent speech against the authority of parliament and the king, comparing his majesty to a Tarquin, a Caesar and a Charles the First, and not sparing insinuations that he wished another Cromwell would arise."

The St. John's church speech (March, 1775) was the "Give me liberty or give me death!" speech

Where Money Is Made

Birmingham, England, has a mint which, in addition to turning out millions of English coins, does more in the way of supplying foreign governments with coin than any other money-making establishment in the world.

A few days ago it shipped the first installment of a huge Egyptian order for 10,000,000 piasters. The consignment weighed five tons, was conveyed in sixty cases, and valued at $125,000,000. For well over a century Birmingham has taken the lead in this literal kind of money-making. As far back as 1797 one firm coined under contract for the British government 4,000 tons of copper coin, valued at about $4,000,000. Among the countries and governments which have gone time after time to Birmingham for their money are India, Tunis, Canada, Turkey, China, Hongkong, Haiti, Sarawak, Tuscany, Venezuela and Chile.

In some instances, notably in that of China, the coins were not made in Birmingham. As a matter of fact, no Chinese coin has, so far as is known, ever been made outside the Celestial empire. The pride and prejudice of the Chinese have to be humored, so the firm sent out a complete plant with men to operate it, and the coins were struck in China. No fewer than eight separate plants have been sent out to China in this way.

For the new kingdom of Italy the same thing was done in 1862, 1,000 tons of "blanks" being shipped to furnish the raw material. Again, in Marseilles, when the re-establishment of the empire under Napoleon III. rendered necessary a new copper coinage, 750 tons of metal were in this way turned into money on French soil.

A Pledge of Constancy

Sweet, as the homing pigeon wings its
wide, unerring way,
As the dawn streaks the East at morning and the twilight follows day,
As the breath in the stag's red nostrils
speaks of the wood-sequestered pool,
Where the fearful huntsman's chase be
done, by the water clear and cool;
Sweet, as the trembling needle knows
the north, and the craft cruise true,
So the love in my heart shall falter not,
but always follow you.

See ye the birds! They know the Spring,
and up from the Southland fly;
See ye the grass grow green again; not
faithful more than I!
The quiver of sap in the tree's bare limbs
by the Sun's rayed messengers
Of Love upstirred, as the thought of
thee the sap of my passion stirs;
And the blush of the rose at the kiss of
spring shall follow not more true
Than the blush of my love that falters
not, but always follows you.

Sweet, as the swallow finds its nest and
the robin finds a song,
As the worn child turns to its mother's
breast when the way is drear and
long,
As the eyes of age feast hungrily on
youth that is spent and sped;
As Life shall drift like a river on to the
Ocean of the Dead;
As season shall follow season, and the
swing of the stars be true,
So the love in my heart shall falter not,
but always follow you.

Sweet, as the hope of Heaven springs,
unsown, in the souls of men;
As the seed shall burst with the germ of
life and the grain grow ripe again;
As the tide shall rise on the beaten
beach in the sweep of the restless
sea;
As the hungering heart shall find its own
and the prisoned soul be free;
As Heaven shall ope at the word of
God and the promises be true,
So the love in my heart shall falter not,
but always follow you.

—J. W. Foley in New York Times.

Weakness of the Czar

Shortly after the present war had begun a number of dignitaries and officials gathered round Gen. Kuropatkin one day and asked him how things were going on. With a malicious twinkle in his eye the war minister replied: "Like yourselves, I know only what is published. The war is Alexieff's business, not mine." When three ministers implored the czar to evacuate Manchuria and safeguard the peace of the world, he answered: "I shall keep the peace and my own counsel as well." To one of the grand dukes who, on the day before the rupture with Japan, vaguely hinted at the possibility of war, the emperor said: "Leave that to me. Japan will never fight. My reign will be an era of peace to the end."

The following comments are made on the czar's conduct of public business by a high Russian official: He is ever struggling with phantoms, fighting with windmills, conversing with saints or consulting the spirits of the dead. But of the means at hand for helping his people or letting them help themselves he never avails himself. Books he has long ago ceased to read, and sound advice he is incapable of listening to. His ministers he receives with great formality and dismisses with haughty condescension. They are often kept in the dark about matters which it behooves them to know thoroughly and early.

In his study he is generally busy signing replies to addresses of loyalty, or writing comments on the various reports presented by ministers, governors and other officials. He is encouraged by his courtiers to believe that all these replies and comments are priceless.—Chicago News.

The News of the Day.

Thirty-four years ago France was ruled by the government of the national defence, which consisted of twelve of the best known members of the Opposition under the Empire. Among them were such famous names as Leon Gambetta Jules Simon, Jules Favre and Gen. Trochu. Eleven of the twelve are dead now and most of them are forgotten. The last survivor is Henri Rochefort, who in his time has been journalist, convict, member of the Government and Boulangist.

Odds and Ends.

The present Secretary of War, whose dignity equals that of any Judge on the Supreme Bench, is known as "Bill" Taft to all his intimates. In his case the nickname would seem to be a token of general good will and friendly feeling.

John Welsh, the man who fired the first shot under Dewey in the battle of Manilla, is at present in Milwaukee on recruiting service. He was with Gridley in Japan when he died and took his last message to his wife in Erie, Pa.

A BLUESTOCKING;

...OR... ROMANCE & REALITY.

By Miss Annie Edwards.

CHAPTER V.

Continued.

She stopped him by taking his hand. She left it filled—filled with her own well-worn purse, containing such slender savings from the proceeds of the poultry yard and dairy as were legitimately hers to give. Daphne's husband must not go away from them in anger, nor feel hurt by her offering. It was a little loan that, if his cash ran short, might prove useful, and that he could return when things were looking brighter. She wished him all success; was confident he would meet with work if he sought for it in earnest, and—and, meantime, would he promise to write home faithfully, for Daphne's sake?

Well, reader, for a moment, Barry Chester hesitated. To accept Aunt Hosie's money was an action that, even to his conscience, I suppose, bore an unpleasant resemblance to the robbery of a child. At all events, he hesitated. Then—the good moment passed; he thrust the purse away into his pocket; muttered some incoherent words about pride, about ill fortune, about speedy repayment, and, without looking into Aunt Hosie's face, was gone.

It was probably the most foolish action of Henrietta Vansittart's life; yet was it one of the follies that have a sweet taste in the memory. In the dark days to come this was the solitary moment, out of her whole intercourse with Barry Chester, to which Aunt Hosie could look back unpained. With her ready promptness at distilling the soul of goodness out of things evil, she remembered, not that Chester accepted, but that he hesitated to accept her gift, and from this frail premise argued that self-respect, that honor, might have come to light still in that lost heart.

"If life had been kinder to him!" This was an unfailing apology of Aunt Hosie's for ill-doers virtually past the pale of apology. "We women, whose portion lies in sheltered places, know so little of the fierce temptation that a man has to withstand. If life had been kinder to him!"

Life pressed with piteous harshness upon Daphne from that day forward. No tidings of Barry Chester reached Fief-de-la-Reine for more than a fortnight; and long before the expiration of that time the import of his abrupt departure had become matter of common talk even among the world of fisher-folk in Quernee Bay. He had flown, not from his wife alone, but from his debts, of honor and otherwise. "In short," so, tardily, he wrote to Daphne, "his return to the islands was impossible. She might write, if there could be any good—he failed to see it—in such a correspondence. Letters sent to a certain address, London, would be forwarded to him. But he must beg her not to look for constant replies. If anything in the shape of improved money prospects befell him he would let her know fast enough." And not one word of affection, of regret at leaving her, of inquietude about her state. The letter might as well have been written to Miss Theodora, to one of his creditors, to any indifferent man or woman on earth as to her whose love followed him night and day, whose thoughts were one prayer for him, whose prospects, for evil or for happiness, were bound up irrevocably with his until death should set them apart!

Her heart was crushed; her faithfulness stood the shock bravely. Poor Barry was an idle correspondent, just that. As soon as there was cheerier news to communicate his letters would grow longer, and—she, oh, she would cure herself perforce, of this foolish habit of fretting over their separation, and be content. As to the stories set afloat about him by wicked tongues, Daphne believed none of them. When his prospects brightened his creditors would be paid, of course. A poor two or three hundred pounds! What was this to a man of Barry's talents, Barry's resources? Give him time to look about him for employment, time to set going the interest of his friends, and all would come right. Meanwhile——

Meanwhile, when the early clouds of cherry and hawthorn lay white upon the hillsides, Paul opened his blue eyes upon the world. Daphne, as I have said, had stood up resolutely at first. Her heroism ended now. With physical weakness came reaction from the moral tension of all the past unhappy, sleepless weeks, and 'twas long before the doctors could pronounce, or Aunt Hosie believe her to be out of danger. She spoke of her husband in her delirium only, not asking for his presence; she looked with dull, unwelcoming eyes upon the child. Alas! and worse was to come. When, at last, her pale lips did murmur Barry Chester's name, with what response must she be met? How could it be broken to her, faintly struggling back from the stillness of the dark valley to the pain and glare of living, that he had deserted her forever; that the tiny baby who lay upon her breast was worse than fatherless?

Twice only had Mr. Chester written during Daphne's illness, in the first letter acknowledging, without note or comment, the news of his son's birth, in the second coolly announcing his own departure for America. His attempts at finding work in England, the [illegible] interest that he thought could be relied upon—all had proved empty. At the present moment, after paying his passage money to New York (where he would most likely starve), he stood without a tenpound note in the world. Useless for Daphne to dream of further correspondence. The marriage had been a "sell"—this was how Mr. Chester expressed himself—a "sell" for both of them. Let it be forgotten! He hoped that she possessed sufficient Christian charity to forgive him any pain he might have caused her, and that she would trouble herself no more about his existence. He was starting for America under a fictitious name; any efforts made with a view to tracing him must therefore be labor in vain. The past was past and done with. The best thing for both of them was to embark on a new life that should blot out the errors of the old one.

In fewer words, he had abandoned her and her child forever.

Daphne bore the blow with a quietness that, for a girl of her age and temperament, boded no quick recovery. Amid the tumult of thoughts that thronged her brain, the one, perhaps, which stood forth the clearest—the impossibility of her, Daphne Chester, having done with happiness. Nineteen years old and the sun shining into the hearts of spring's first roses, the birds chanting up and down the lanes—there was, literally, as yet "no place in the existing fabric of her thoughts" for the realization of her own despair. It needed time—time, whom the superficial name Healer! the slow engraver and perpetuator of grief in human hearts—to teach her to be wretched. The initiation over, the A, B, C of suffering mastered, she was no inapt or laggard scholar for the future.

In marrying Barry Chester she had invested her all—or she believed so; and are not our beliefs the sternest facts we know? In losing him, her docket was struck. She was bankrupt.

Aunt Hosie, with love-born keenness of insight, saw that the poor child's wound was likely to fare best if left to Nature's curing, and when they were alone together—by alone I mean, of course, with little Paul—the name of Barry Chester dropped gradually into disuse. But Miss Theodora, with surface sympathies—sympathies for the crying outward disgrace, not for the stifled inward groan—was far from approving or practicing such reticence. Theodora was all for heroic treatment in the moral ailments of others, the blacksmith's hand of iron rather than the surgeon's hand of steel. Theodora, during Daphne's illness, had exercised her conscience by writing a kind of circular letter to such of Mr. Chester's relations as she had knowledge of (including, I rather believe, the Warwickshire Stamers), and had accumulated facts that she considered it a sacred duty to lay before the girl in her hour of darkness. "Facts that will at least show you, child, what kind of a man you waste your regrets upon."

"Barry Chester comes of a doomed stock." So, in an upright feminine hand, wrote one of Miss Theodora's unknown correspondents, a Chester herself by marriage, smarting, possibly, under wrongs that infused gall into her ink. "His father was worthless, his grandfather worthless. The boy was born, as every Chester must be, to a hopeless inheritance of evil. Although I do not know Mrs. Barry Chester," the writer ended, "I tell her honestly that I congratulate her on her good fortune in having seen her husband for the last time. From father to son the Chesters have brought shame and desolation to the heart of every woman who has loved them. It will be so to the end."

Facts with a vengeance, these. Facts, each of whose written syllables seems to Daphne's soul to look up at her with cruel human eyes, and whose influence sank, like the stain of some dark poison flower, through all the yet unopened pages of her young life.

"Born to a hopeless inheritance of evil," even as the babe, just beginning to smile up in her face, must be! She felt herself, and, what was dearer than herself, the child, to be in the grasp of inexorable law, marked-out victims of necessity. If she had graduated in the very newest school of scientific Calvinism, had listened to the last "high teaching" of Bile, Phosphorus and Despair, her morbid sense of slavery to circumstance could scarce have been profounder. And the other worldly utterances of pious friends—powerless, like all seemly phrases signifying nothing, against the shock of any great crisis—the Job-like consolations of the elder Miss Vansittarts, everything save the influence of Aunt Hosie's healthy, upward-looking spirit, tended to sink her more helplessly in the slough of fatalism; the most dreary creed, however learned, however formulated, that ever served to render human life unsweet.

The crocus opened, fell from their stalks; [illegible] rang harvest songs as heart [illegible], then shone harvest-moons as silver as of old. And then the woods turned from red to dun, the chill November rains began to sweep up from the Atlantic; and Daphne, wandering alone under the gray skies by the stormy shore, realized that her winter had set in. In the blossom of her youth she stood in an empty world, the plaything of a blind destiny through the [illegible] affections which were as the fibres and life blood of her being.

Had Chester lived, her unhappiness, however acute, must, with the progress of time, have become checkered. Barry Chester, living, must infallibly have wanted money, infallibly have fallen back upon the Miss Vansittarts for help; and Daphne, thirsting to forgive on any terms, would, you may be sure, have relented over the very first letter that implied reconciliation and asked for sovereigns.

But no such opportunity came to her.

Within a year of their separation Mr. Chester died, miserably as he had lived, in London—the little project of starving in America proved a fiction with which he had staved off the distasteful necessity of working for bread in England. A few personal trifles of no value were sent to the ladies of Fief-de-la-Reine by the keeper of the lodging house in which he died, also a doctor's and other bills—all of which, the poor gentleman assured her, his relations would make it point of honor to pay. Not one message of contrition or of love—not a remembrance of the woman whose happiness he had wrecked, or of his child!

One likes, at least in fable, to think of the most purposeless of human lives as rounded off into something of harmony by the approach of death. The inheritance of evil rested on Barry Chester to the end. Without a thought beyond the groveling satisfaction of the hour he had lived out his term of human animation, and dying breathed not a word to release one heart that loved him from its legacy of desolation.

* * * * * *

This was why her face, amid its pure lines and coloring, wore the unexpectant look of age. This is how her account with the world came to be closed at two-and-twenty.

CHAPTER VI.

Blue-Stockings a la Mode.

That civilized man, with all his resources, cannot attain to a new sensation was a truth guessed at by thinkers some time before exhausted young gentlemen of the nineteenth century had reduced it to a maxim.

Still, without making pretence to such an anachronism as absolute newness, the relative position of Sir John Severne and Mrs. Chester must, I think, be admitted to contain some unwonted elements of originality.

For a young and beautiful woman, modest as she is beautiful, to sink at your feet and in the first hour of acquaintance cover your hands with kisses is an experience that, I make bold to say, falls not to the lot of one man out of a million, and as regards that millionth—well, unless he be a very hardened cynic indeed, let him look to it narrowly that he become not on the instant a slave!

Sir John Severne is five-and-twenty, less of a cynic than some lads who have not left off their Eton jackets, and with a heart, up to the present time, untouched by passion—yes, although he signs himself the most devoted of Clementina Hardcastle, and for three years past has worn Clementina's portrait against his waistcoat.

So, when on, the day succeeding Paul's fishing expedition the young fellow finds himself again approaching Mrs. Chester's presence, sees her, afar off, quit the band of workers in the hay field, and walk unabashed toward him, her hand outstretched, the frankest smile of welcome on her lips—when this moment comes, young Severne, to his surprise, discovers the meaning of the word "shyness" for the first time in his life, and colors.

"I was beginning to think the lanes were playing you false again, or—or that you had gone away to England without remembering us." Thus she greets him, her round, soft face, with its halo of pale gold, its full-looking hazel eyes, seeming as the face of one of Raphael's virgins, in Severn's sight. "And I wanted so much to thank you seriously for your great goodness. I could not sleep last night for thinking how cold, how poor my words must have sounded; but indeed," her voice sinking in a way that threatens tears, "I was too wild with terror to know exactly what I said or did."

Happily for Sir John, who can feel quickly enough—too quickly, perhaps—in situations where 'twere wisest to feel nothing, yet possesses the true British incapacity for uttering graceful sentiments at the fitting moment, Paul just now runs up beside his mother; Paul with his clothing reduced to a minimum, his tattered straw hat a few degrees more tattered than yesterday, his sunburnt Murillo face aglow with excitement.

"Hullo, Mussieu l'Ang'laz," he cries, all the neatly framed thanksgiving speech that Daphne has laboriously taught him forgotten. "Allons donc!" Holding out his hand, patronizingly, to Sir John. "Allons jouer a 'pousse me j'quara' avec les babouins!"

And in five minutes' time Severne finds himself among a crowd of girls and children, now pulled this way, now that, through the mazes of catch-me-that-catch-can, while Paul, sturdily grasping his hand, shrieks aloud with triumph over every fresh instance in which Mussieu l'Ang'laz shows his ignorance of the game.

All throughout the neighborhood of Fief-de-la-Reine the farming is strictly co-operative, the ideas as to paid labor held by these peasant lords of the soil being pretty much on a level with those of small English farmers of a hundred years ago.

To be Continued.

The cost of the pension roll is $1.75 a year for every man, woman and child in the United States.

Governor Terrell, of Georgia, has on his staff Col. J. S. Raine, who is a stickler for the respect due the State Executive and members of his family. This was shown the other day at St. Louis, where the Governor and party are visiting the Fair. Col. Raine knocked down a camel driver in the streets of Jerusalem because the driver refused to permit Mrs. Terrell to dismount when she discovered that she did not like to ride. The blow brought results. The camel was stopped and forced to kneel while the wife of the Governor dismounted.

Emperor William, in fixing the course of study for Princes August William, Oscar and Joachim, has prescribed a course of comprehensive lectures on commercial subjects. These will embrace railway progress and problems in the United States.

Sheffield Ingalls, son of the late Senator John J. Ingalls, again has been named for the Kansas Legislature from the 3rd Representative District by the Republican committee in Atchison. He was named by the committee several months ago, but there was some talk to the effect that the nomination was not regular and he formally withdrew.

Queer English Court Decisions.

A new set of false teeth was awarded last May as damages to a Clapton coachman who had bitten upon a small pebble which had somehow got into a steak-pudding he was eating at a coffee shop, and broken and strained the set of teeth he was using; while "the first and second pick of the next litter of pups" was the amount of damages gravely entered for a Plaistow dog-fancier who had had a little trouble with another of the craft as to the disposal of some pedigree fox terriers.

The Farm

Repair the Tools.

Have you a workshop in which to repair tools? Whiffletrees, hoe handles and the like should be repaired rainy days and not left until the busy time when they are needed most.

The Weed Seed.

Now is the time to raise your crop of weed seed for next year. No great amount of care is needed to secure a large crop but you will have to hustle next year in order to keep down the progeny.

Hints About the Sow.

Feed the sows that have summer pigs slops rather than too much grain, and don't encourage the pigs to eat much corn yet. Give them slop. But don't feed sour slop. We've told you that before.

Setting Strawberries.

Autumn is not considered as good a time for setting strawberries as the spring, but there is a word to be said. If the ground is ready and there is time to set them they will get established before cold weather. Next spring they will be ready to grow and will get a good start before the new beds are set. They will bear a small crop if allowed to do so, but it is better to pick off the blossoms and let the strength of the plant go to the new growth. A great difficulty is the fall drouth. If the ground is moist the plants should grow well enough.—National Fruit Grower.

A Great Waste.

"One of the most universal wastes on the farm," said the late Colonel J. H. Brigham, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, "arises from the practice of keeping scrub stock, which is likely to occasion loss rather than profit. Coincident with this is the common waste resulting from careless feeding and lack of proper shelter for and attention to farm stock. The neglect of probably the majority of farmers to keep close account of the various details of farm expense and production results in farmers continuing to raise this scrub stock whereas they would otherwise weed it out without delay."

Pruning Currants.

The fruit is borne on both old and new wood, but the best fruit is produced by one, two and three-year-old canes. After three years of age the old wood should be cut out, leaving from four to eight stems of varying ages not exceeding three years. No wood over three years of age should be kept, as it then becomes hollow and rough barked, and harbors, worms, insect eggs and fungous spores. To destroy these the old wood should always be cut out, gathered and burned immediately after removal, and not left lying around, as is sometimes done. The old idea of training the currant in the form of a tree is not now considered profitable, but rather the plant is allowed to sucker, and send up many stems, the number being limited as above described.—N. E. Homestead, in the Mirror and Farmer.

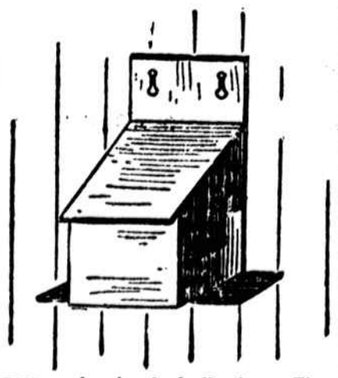
Hog Cholera.

I think calomel a sure cure if given in time for hog cholera. I do not know the minimum dose that will cure, nor do I know whether it will salivate or not. I have not salivated any.

Last year I had three sows and one litter of small pigs. I put about one-fourth teaspoonful calomel in wheat bread, three pieces; two sows ate and got well; one refused and died. I carried the pigs about seventy-five yards to a chicken coop. They would neither kick, blink their eyes, nor squeal. I gave each about as much as two doses for a grown person. They staggered back and all got well. I think a good plan to give calomel (say to a dozen hogs) shell three or four ears of corn, pour a little sorghum syrup on each grain, sprinkle the calomel on, stir so as to get the calomel as evenly through as possible; then feed. I have cured hogs several times in this way. Hoping your readers will profit by my experience, I am, respectfully, J. W. Jones, in Home and Farm.

Clean Nests.

A filthy nest is an eyesore in many a hen house. To obviate this a movable box, one that is easy of access, but cannot be roosted upon, should be used. The cut gives such a one and has been found by constant use for



years to be ahead of all others. They can be made in two sections, but in that case a solid partition should be in the centre to prevent hens fighting and breaking eggs.—W. B. German, in The Epitomist.

A Good Egg Preservative.

In giving the readers of this department the benefit of the method most used for the preservation of eggs, it is done with the hope that the eggs thus preserved will be used at home, or, if sold, sold strictly on their merits. It is the selling of preserved eggs as "strictly fresh" that has ruined the poultry business of more than one man. If one has strictly fresh eggs that he can guarantee in midwinter, sell them as such and demand the highest price. If the eggs offered are preserved, say so. The best egg preservative now known is water glass, or, in other words, a solution of silicate of sodium procurable at any drug store. Put the solution in an earthen vessel, add nine times its bulk of water, and put in it as many eggs as the solution will cover. Then place a cover over the vessel and place it in a cool cellar. Eggs preserved now in the manner described will keep in good condition for seven or eight months. It is necessary that the eggs be perfectly fresh when they are put in the preserving fluid, or they will not keep as long as stated.

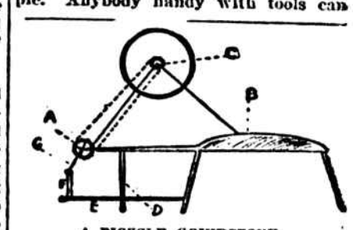
Thrush in Horses.

In nine cases out of ten when thrush occurs it is due to the horse standing in filth, so that the prevention of the trouble is plain to be seen. Investigation will prove that the majority of the horses afflicted with thrush are heavily fed and given little exercise, and, as stated, stand in filth. While there are many honest differences of opinion as to what material constitutes the best floor for a horse, it is certain that the floor must be kept reasonably clean or the animal will contract disease of some kind. The best treatment for thrush is to cleanse the foot thoroughly, soaking it well in water as hot as the horse will stand, if necessary, and then place calomel in all the crevices of the frog, covering it with oakum to hold it in place; this dressing must be changed daily.

Place the horse in a large box stall and provide a heavy bed of straw so that there will be a sort of cushion for the feet at all times. While the horse is in the stall and not fit to exercise a great deal, cut the rations down, being careful that the animal has sufficient variety to keep the bowels in good condition. As soon as the animal can be given exercise it should be taken out of doors several times a day. The dressing should be faithfully applied until the discharge of matter ceases.

A Grindstone Frame.

A correspondent has drawn an outline of what he has done with an old wheel that had passed its usefulness on the road, and he says: "I therefore made a grindstone frame of it, and it works so well that if I could not procure another money would not buy it. In construction it is very simple. Anybody handy with tools can



A BICYCLE GRINDSTONE.

make it. The seat is two-inch chestnut plank. You will notice that the seat plank has a neck (that is so the legs can use foot pedals). The sprocket of the back bicycle wheel C is on the axle of the grindstone. A is the sprocket as it belongs on the wheel chain to connect with the grindstone sprocket; B the frame inserted in the seat, a one-inch hole being bored in the same; D a single leg to prevent it from being front heavy; E a foot pedal, connected with the front leg to connection F to pedal bar G, both made of hard wood one by two inches.

Oat Hay.

Farmers who intend making oat hay should keep careful watch on the crop that it does not become too mature. For hay, oats should be harvested when the grain is in the dough stage, not when ripe enough to thresh. When cut at this time there will be no danger of losing any of the grain, as it will not shell, and the quality of straw will also be worth much more as a feed. The stems and leaves of the plant can all be saved and they will cure into very good feed for almost any class of stock. Of course if the crop is intended for seed or grain, it should not be harvested until thoroughly matured. It should be remembered, however, that a day or two of nice growing weather will make a great difference in the condition of any crop, especially when near maturity. For this reason we say, keep close tab upon them, and no matter what they are to be harvested for, endeavor to do the cutting at just the right period. Weather conditions may sometimes interfere with one's harvest, and that, of course, cannot very well be helped, but as far as possible every farmer should make it a point to have all conditions under his control and then see that everything is done exactly on time. Every year there are many dollars' worth of crops lost by neglect in harvesting them at just the right time. Overripe crops, especially grains, are always handled with great loss, even at the best. Be on time, and by so doing save pounds of roughage feed when in prime condition and every bushel of grain when mature, and when it will cost the least to harvest.—Farmer's Guide.

Farm Hints.

A cross-bred animal should never be chosen as a breeder.

There is no single breed that possesses only good qualities.

Nothing so surely impoverishes the farm as the selling of hay.

With improved stock, to insure success, must come improved treatment.

Any kind of live stock will depreciate in value when cut short in their rations.

Always sift coal ashes before putting them in the dust box for the use of poultry.

In hot weather especially, horses subject to colic should be handled with great care.

All things considered the best place to put manure is on a freshly plowed soil. Haul out as fast as made.

A little care in the matter of watering and feeding horses will prevent much sickness and consequent loss.

In breeding, other things being equal, the more vigorous animal tends to impress itself upon the progeny.

It is much easier to tell how a thing should be done than it is to demonstrate the advantages of a plan by experiment.

Public revenue of Great Britain in the quarter ended June 30 was $18,440,020 below the same quarter last year.