

**AGRICULTURE.**  
**HOW TO MAKE HENS LAY IN WINTER.**—Having occasion recently to visit a friend in Northern New Hampshire, who has the reputation of making money through the keeping of hens, I found his method of operations somewhat as follows.  
The hen-house was in the basement of a workshop building, with windows facing the south. The size of the room where the hens were kept was about fourteen by twenty. The fowls were of the Brown Leghorn variety, and numbered about sixty birds. Although the room seemed small, considering the number of fowls, yet by means of good ventilation, it answered its purpose well. As we entered the room, the odor of onions attracted my attention.  
"Do you give onions to your hens?" I asked.  
"Yes, onions make good green food during the winter. As I had a quantity on hand, and for market, I am feeding them out in this way to good advantage."  
"How do you feed your hens during the winter months?"  
"In the morning I give them a dough made of bran and boiled potatoes. At intervals of two or three days I put cayenne pepper with the mixture. At noon I feed such scraps as are left at my table with baked potatoes. In the evening I give my fowls about two quarts of whole corn, believing that this grain tends to keep them from laying too fast. Twice a week I crop them neat. I buy cheap manure, chopping up bones and all before feeding. Every day I furnish a supply of pure warm water, also keeping before them at all times a pan of ground oyster shells."  
"Do your hens pay you a good profit?"  
"Most certainly. The net profits from hens more than pay my grocer's bills. There is no guess work about it, as I keep an exact account, showing the debts and credits in full detail."

**DOMESTIC.**  
**FOOD CURS.**—In no better way can good health be preserved or restored than by paying careful attention to diet. Without this precaution the best of health may be ruined, and to attempt to regain it by drugs alone is useless; far better in many cases to depend altogether upon proper food and rest. No doubt some need medicine, but it is equally necessary that food suitable for the sufferer should be restored to. We are not apt to appreciate health as we should until disease begins to break down the constitution, and then once more require the precious boon. How many dishes in common use ought to be discarded from our tables, if we would not become acquainted with that unwelcome visitor, dyspepsia. I am convinced by observation that many more might be restored to health if nourishing food suitable to their condition, and needful rest from work or care were given them, instead of stimulating the system by eating rich drinks and using drugs. Give nature a chance and she will do much towards repairing the wasted energies, if the kind of food is given the case demands. There is much choice in the kinds of meat and the manner of preparing them, which we should always observe when cooking for an invalid guest, or member of the family. The fruits and vegetables should also be selected with great care, and often it is necessary that some special dish should be prepared for the invalid. Instead of depending upon a diet of so much that others indulge in. We feel more than repaid for extra work when we have succeeded in getting something to tempt the appetite of the sick, with no bad results to follow.

**HUMOROUS.**  
The proprietor of a fashionable restaurant was found, the other evening, sighing mournfully, and ready, apparently, to burst into tears.  
"What's the matter?" ask his customers who happen to come in the time.  
"Ah, gentlemen, matter enough.—Fur persons went away without paying, after dining sumptuously."  
"That's bad, but don't take on so about it."  
"Ah, it's not for myself that I grieve, I am rich. I can stand it.—But it is for my waiter, my poor waiter, the father of a family, whose place is his only support. It is he who is obliged to stand the loss."  
As a medical practitioner was visiting at a colliery village not many miles from West Calder he was accosted by an elderly woman desirous that he would come in and see her husband, who was unwell. The doctor obeys the call, and, on entering, asked in a firm voice, "What's wrong, what's wrong?" The wife answered, "It's the guerdin that's been very bad a night." The doctor went to the bed, stood for a few minutes holding his hand to his forehead, then asked the patient, "Do you think you could swallow a pill?" "Weel, Doctor, I dinna ken; but I can swallow a tattie."

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**DEAD FROM HOMESTEADNESS.**  
A simple and touching story is that of the young Swiss peasant girl, Pauline Fuchs, who died recently; and it would be an idle, but that the ideals of the books have in them neither sorrow nor death. At noon the city "dead wagon" brought her body to the Morgue, and in lifting it out the cover slipped from the rough plow box. The face revealed was a pleasant one, handsome still, but if ever beautiful, so no longer. A brief inquest showed nothing except that she was found dead in her bed, and that, according to the testimony of her cousin Maria, she died of longing for her home in Swiss mountains.  
The little story which the girl, like all girls, kept concealed in her own heart is so simple that it is almost commonplace—would certainly become commonplace had it not an ending so sad. She lived with the family of a distant relative, all crowded together in two little rooms over a shop. After only two weeks of America she died. She was born near the town of Einsiedeln. Her father was a simple peasant, whose mind was bound up in his country and his religion, and this girl was his only child. She was spoiled and petted, having everything her own way until she was eighteen years old, when she met a young man named Henry Baumgartner who thought only a mechanic appeared a prince to the peasant girl. Of course, she loved him, and also, as a matter of course, her father would not let her marry him, for the Fuchs family had always been Catholics, and Baumgartner was a heretic. In spite of the prohibition she set her heart on marriage, and last March had perfected her plans to elope with her lover, but on the very day set her father found her out and thwarted this. She was closely watched after this, and the young man was forbidden the house. Pauline pined and was sullen.  
She alarmed her father by threatening to run away to America, where Mary Fuchs, her cousin and friend, had come a few months before. The threat was constantly repeated, until at last, when two months ago her father's cousin, his wife and six children, made up their minds to come to New York, he told her to wait. She was unwilling to leave home, but too proud to stay, so, taking her little stock of clothing and her dead mother's crucifix, she started on her long journey across the seas.  
At Havre they took steamer passage on the steamer Canada arriving in Castle Garden three weeks ago; remaining there a few days they came to St. Louis, where Mary Fuchs and her brother had been living since April. Mary is fifteen haired and rosy checked. She was overjoyed to meet her friend Pauline, who seemed equally pleased to see her, and who was for the first week cheerful. Then she began to long for Switzerland, and the color left her cheek. Mary was her room mate, both sleeping together on a "pallet" made in the floor in the room, and to her she confided her desire to return. "I will die here," she said simply. When another member of the family asked the cause of her changed demeanor, she replied "My heart hurts me."  
This was all she ever said on the subject until she grew so sick that they begged her to go to bed. She would not, persisting still that there was nothing the matter. In the evening she says to Maria Fuchs, her cousin: "I want to go back to Einsiedeln; I must go back, for I can not live here."  
She went to sleep on the floor, and at 3 o'clock the following morning her cousin heard her moaning. When they went to her, she persisted that she was not sick, and so they left her.  
The next morning when Mary awoke the girl had been dead for an hour. The policeman told the coroner, who, as they were too poor to give the unfortunate girl decent burial, ordered the body carried to the Morgue.  
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WHILE it is highly important that the farmer should provide good food for his horses and cattle, yet it is equally important that they should be fed regularly at stated periods. Animals in good time, however, and if the hour passes which they are commonly fed, they are apt to make their wants known; especially in the case of the cow. It is a very hard practice to feed her often and irregularly; and some farmers have an idea that almost every time the barn is entered the cow should be given hay or fodder. This is a mistake. The great object in view is to keep the cow quiet and contented, which can be readily accomplished by regular feeding, and supplying all the food which she requires in this manner in the morning, the cow will lie down and chew the cud, and are not disposed to be annoyed by the visits of any person. In the winter season, the second feeding should be about two o'clock in the afternoon, which will allow time to have the milk that time to milking, all they will eat, and giving a feed of hay when the milking is finished. The first stomach of the cow should be empty, or almost so, before more food is eaten. A cow which does not seem to be hungry. This is a quality as regards hay, but should likewise apply to watering and milking. This regular system of feeding applies just as well to pigs and sheep, when the latter are in winter quarters. Animals can be as easily trained to eat at certain hours, as those who have this in mind will be amply rewarded by the fine appearance of his stock, and the affection which will be bestowed upon him by them.

**MONDOVI, (Wm.) Buffalo Co. Herald.**  
**Notions of the First Settlers.**  
Mr. W. H. Amidon, one of the first settlers in the town of Gilman, Wis., and one of the most industrious and hard working men in the country, has been very severely troubled with rheumatic pains during the past few years, so much at times, that he was disabled from performing manual labor. Learning of the use of St. Jacob's Oil, he procured a few bottles and experienced immediate relief. Many others of our acquaintances have used it and express themselves as highly gratified, with the relief it has afforded them. This kind of medicine can be bought everywhere.

**BOGUS CERTIFICATES.**  
It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and pulled up by long bogus certificates, or pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, efficient medicine, made of well known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See another column.—*Zealot.*

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**AGRICULTURE.**  
**HOW TO MAKE HENS LAY IN WINTER.**—Having occasion recently to visit a friend in Northern New Hampshire, who has the reputation of making money through the keeping of hens, I found his method of operations somewhat as follows.  
The hen-house was in the basement of a workshop building, with windows facing the south. The size of the room where the hens were kept was about fourteen by twenty. The fowls were of the Brown Leghorn variety, and numbered about sixty birds. Although the room seemed small, considering the number of fowls, yet by means of good ventilation, it answered its purpose well. As we entered the room, the odor of onions attracted my attention.  
"Do you give onions to your hens?" I asked.  
"Yes, onions make good green food during the winter. As I had a quantity on hand, and for market, I am feeding them out in this way to good advantage."  
"How do you feed your hens during the winter months?"  
"In the morning I give them a dough made of bran and boiled potatoes. At intervals of two or three days I put cayenne pepper with the mixture. At noon I feed such scraps as are left at my table with baked potatoes. In the evening I give my fowls about two quarts of whole corn, believing that this grain tends to keep them from laying too fast. Twice a week I crop them neat. I buy cheap manure, chopping up bones and all before feeding. Every day I furnish a supply of pure warm water, also keeping before them at all times a pan of ground oyster shells."  
"Do your hens pay you a good profit?"  
"Most certainly. The net profits from hens more than pay my grocer's bills. There is no guess work about it, as I keep an exact account, showing the debts and credits in full detail."

**DOMESTIC.**  
**FOOD CURS.**—In no better way can good health be preserved or restored than by paying careful attention to diet. Without this precaution the best of health may be ruined, and to attempt to regain it by drugs alone is useless; far better in many cases to depend altogether upon proper food and rest. No doubt some need medicine, but it is equally necessary that food suitable for the sufferer should be restored to. We are not apt to appreciate health as we should until disease begins to break down the constitution, and then once more require the precious boon. How many dishes in common use ought to be discarded from our tables, if we would not become acquainted with that unwelcome visitor, dyspepsia. I am convinced by observation that many more might be restored to health if nourishing food suitable to their condition, and needful rest from work or care were given them, instead of stimulating the system by eating rich drinks and using drugs. Give nature a chance and she will do much towards repairing the wasted energies, if the kind of food is given the case demands. There is much choice in the kinds of meat and the manner of preparing them, which we should always observe when cooking for an invalid guest, or member of the family. The fruits and vegetables should also be selected with great care, and often it is necessary that some special dish should be prepared for the invalid. Instead of depending upon a diet of so much that others indulge in. We feel more than repaid for extra work when we have succeeded in getting something to tempt the appetite of the sick, with no bad results to follow.

**HUMOROUS.**  
The proprietor of a fashionable restaurant was found, the other evening, sighing mournfully, and ready, apparently, to burst into tears.  
"What's the matter?" ask his customers who happen to come in the time.  
"Ah, gentlemen, matter enough.—Fur persons went away without paying, after dining sumptuously."  
"That's bad, but don't take on so about it."  
"Ah, it's not for myself that I grieve, I am rich. I can stand it.—But it is for my waiter, my poor waiter, the father of a family, whose place is his only support. It is he who is obliged to stand the loss."  
As a medical practitioner was visiting at a colliery village not many miles from West Calder he was accosted by an elderly woman desirous that he would come in and see her husband, who was unwell. The doctor obeys the call, and, on entering, asked in a firm voice, "What's wrong, what's wrong?" The wife answered, "It's the guerdin that's been very bad a night." The doctor went to the bed, stood for a few minutes holding his hand to his forehead, then asked the patient, "Do you think you could swallow a pill?" "Weel, Doctor, I dinna ken; but I can swallow a tattie."

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**DEAD FROM HOMESTEADNESS.**  
A simple and touching story is that of the young Swiss peasant girl, Pauline Fuchs, who died recently; and it would be an idle, but that the ideals of the books have in them neither sorrow nor death. At noon the city "dead wagon" brought her body to the Morgue, and in lifting it out the cover slipped from the rough plow box. The face revealed was a pleasant one, handsome still, but if ever beautiful, so no longer. A brief inquest showed nothing except that she was found dead in her bed, and that, according to the testimony of her cousin Maria, she died of longing for her home in Swiss mountains.  
The little story which the girl, like all girls, kept concealed in her own heart is so simple that it is almost commonplace—would certainly become commonplace had it not an ending so sad. She lived with the family of a distant relative, all crowded together in two little rooms over a shop. After only two weeks of America she died. She was born near the town of Einsiedeln. Her father was a simple peasant, whose mind was bound up in his country and his religion, and this girl was his only child. She was spoiled and petted, having everything her own way until she was eighteen years old, when she met a young man named Henry Baumgartner who thought only a mechanic appeared a prince to the peasant girl. Of course, she loved him, and also, as a matter of course, her father would not let her marry him, for the Fuchs family had always been Catholics, and Baumgartner was a heretic. In spite of the prohibition she set her heart on marriage, and last March had perfected her plans to elope with her lover, but on the very day set her father found her out and thwarted this. She was closely watched after this, and the young man was forbidden the house. Pauline pined and was sullen.  
She alarmed her father by threatening to run away to America, where Mary Fuchs, her cousin and friend, had come a few months before. The threat was constantly repeated, until at last, when two months ago her father's cousin, his wife and six children, made up their minds to come to New York, he told her to wait. She was unwilling to leave home, but too proud to stay, so, taking her little stock of clothing and her dead mother's crucifix, she started on her long journey across the seas.  
At Havre they took steamer passage on the steamer Canada arriving in Castle Garden three weeks ago; remaining there a few days they came to St. Louis, where Mary Fuchs and her brother had been living since April. Mary is fifteen haired and rosy checked. She was overjoyed to meet her friend Pauline, who seemed equally pleased to see her, and who was for the first week cheerful. Then she began to long for Switzerland, and the color left her cheek. Mary was her room mate, both sleeping together on a "pallet" made in the floor in the room, and to her she confided her desire to return. "I will die here," she said simply. When another member of the family asked the cause of her changed demeanor, she replied "My heart hurts me."  
This was all she ever said on the subject until she grew so sick that they begged her to go to bed. She would not, persisting still that there was nothing the matter. In the evening she says to Maria Fuchs, her cousin: "I want to go back to Einsiedeln; I must go back, for I can not live here."  
She went to sleep on the floor, and at 3 o'clock the following morning her cousin heard her moaning. When they went to her, she persisted that she was not sick, and so they left her.  
The next morning when Mary awoke the girl had been dead for an hour. The policeman told the coroner, who, as they were too poor to give the unfortunate girl decent burial, ordered the body carried to the Morgue.  
"She died of homesickness, because she was out of sight of the mountains," insists her cousin.

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