

BURIED TREASURES.

BY MARY SHAW.

Gone is summer's rare vivid glory,
The roses of June died long ere its noon;
Yet they live in my heart's throbbing story,
With "pansies for thoughts"—sacred to
hold.
And May's cheery buttercups of gold,
But, ah, 'tis time in cool, calm September,
Which hints off rusty winter's chill.
To bid that yearning heart be still;
That hope-blossoms may haunt me not with
past hallowed hours.
And perfumes may taunt me not with June-
gathered flowers.
Radiant blossoms, just to remember,
Now, when soberer autumn-blossoms
Spring from sweet summer flowers' tombs.
Autumn's just autumn, nor will I bring
Into its days the manner of spring;
But why banish balmy scents, ling'ring yet,
Or sadly name remembrance, regret,
Deeming autumn days lack all blithesome
scope.
Because nigh gone is the nectar of hope?
I cannot let my gathered treasures go;
Hearts will stay warm through stern winter,
I trow.
Deep in mine's depths—eternally bright,
Safely sheltered from curious sight—
I will keep roses to recall
The joys of summer's sweetest thrall.
SOUTH KAUKAUA, Wis.

Dr. Elfenstein's Mission

A Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.
Not a word was spoken by either, although, to her dismay, Ethel found that he kept peering over his shoulder at her. As they emerged from the woods, Robert grasped her arm firmly with one hand, while with the other he produced from his pocket a pistol, which he instantly pointed at her.
"Now, Miss Nevergill," he said, "you stand still and hear what I have to say, or take the consequences."
Then, seeing that she turned deadly pale, he added, quickly:
"I do not intend to harm you, if you keep perfectly quiet, but I do intend to show you that I am master of the situation at this time. You need not look round for assistance, for I assure you no soul comes this way at this hour."
"Robert Glendenning," at last issued from the girl's pale lips, "put up that pistol instantly, and allow me to pursue my way unmolested. Sir Reginald requires my presence immediately."
"So do I, and, what is more, I intend to have it, so he must wait. Do you see that horse and phaeton behind those trees? They are there expressly to take you riding. I ask you, therefore, politely, will you favor me with your company?"
"No, sir."
"Yes, sir, you mean. If you do not mean it, it makes no difference, as ride with me you will. Go forward now at once to that conveyance, and let me assist you in. I assure you I will bring you back to the Hall in good season. Go on; I am determined you shall obey me!"
These words he enforced by planting the cold mouth of the weapon against her forehead.
Now this pistol, though it looked formidable, was not loaded, and he knew it, but for the sake of carrying his point he intended to fully frighten her into complying with his strange wish.
But Ethel was a brave girl, and though pale, she never even shuddered.
Fixing her eyes fearlessly on his, she said in a firm, stern voice:
"If you think it manly or wise to shoot, shoot away! But I will not stir one step toward that phaeton."
Thrusting the pistol quickly in his pocket, the young man sprang toward her so suddenly that she could not defend herself, and clasping her slight form tightly in his strong arms, he lifted her at once to the waiting conveyance, placed her in it, then leaning to her side, seized the reins and drove rapidly off, while the poor girl was in almost a fainting condition from displeasure and fright.
After a few moments of intense stillness, broken only by the clatter of the horse's hoofs, as he bounded on, Robert turned to her with laughing triumph in his eyes, and exultingly exclaimed:
"You see, my charming young friend, that when I say I will do a thing I intend to do it. Now I decided this afternoon to have you for a companion on a little drive, and here you are, seated cozily by my side, while we are dashing away in grand style. Confess now, is not this just splendid?"
"It is not, Sir, I think your conduct ungentlemanly and cruel in the extreme!"
"Not at all! I assure you, I regard you as the cruel one, when you declined to favor me with your company. Why you treat me so strangely is an enigma. You ought to feel honored to be allowed to ride with so well-known, wealthy and kind-hearted a man."
"It is no honor, sir, but a deep insult, to be thus forced to do what is disagreeable."
"I suppose it would be very disagreeable also to have me kiss you."
"Sir!" was the indignant exclamation that fell upon his ear.
"Well, disagreeable or not to you, it would be extremely agreeable to me. I tell you candidly, I would like to do it, you are so sweet and beautiful, but I will refrain and deny myself that pleasure, if you keep perfectly quiet and just try to enjoy this ride while you have the chance. If you do not—if you make the least fuss, I vow I will do it!"
"You vow you will kiss me, sir," queried Ethel, looking sternly in his laughing, saucy eyes as he spoke.
"Yes! And you know me well enough to believe I mean what I say. I see pistols make no impression upon your mind, so I will see what threatened kisses can do. Let us understand each other, Miss Nevergill. I will not touch you, or make myself offensive in the least, if you keep quiet and just enjoy this ride. You may as well do so, for this horse goes like lightning, and you could not possibly escape. If you scream, as I see you are inclined to do, no one will hear you, as this road is seldom used, and there are no houses on it for miles. If you do not wish to talk, I will not even speak, but rest assured, if you make the least movement, you shall instantly pay the penalty by being kissed. Do you understand?"
Ethel made no reply. She realized fully that the eccentric individual beside her had her in his power, therefore acknowledging to herself that it was best

under the circumstances to make no further resistance, she sank back in her seat and remained silent and motionless.
Away they flew over the long and lonely road, passing brooks, ponds, trees, rocks—indeed, everything but houses and inhabitants.
During the whole drive not one word more was spoken by either victor or vanquished.
Ethel's face was deadly pale, however, during the hour that ensued before the head of the horse was turned homeward, while Robert's was illuminated by a glow of intense satisfaction and triumph.
When at length the shades of evening began to gather, they once more neared Glendenning Hall.
Stopping the horse before they reached the place, in a sheltered and obscure spot, Robert jumped out, then turned to assist Ethel from the vehicle.
As he did so he remarked:
"I really wish you had not obeyed directions so implicitly; it would have been so sweet to have—"
Springing past him to the ground, Ethel darted away before he could finish the sentence he had teasingly begun, and with a saucy smile still upon his lips the egotistical and fun-loving young man entered once more and drove toward the stables.
Breathing a prayer of fervent thanksgiving to God for her safe return when she had once more reached her room, the poor girl brushed away the tears that had relieved her excited feelings as soon as she had entered, and then, with a sinking dread at her heart, at once repaired to the sick man's room.
"A volley of spiteful, hard words assailed her entrance from the irritable invalid, and it was some time before she could utter one word in her own defense.
When at last he gave her an opportunity to speak, she informed him truthfully of the outrageous conduct of his wife's nephew.
"Robert! Do you say Robert did so insolent a thing? Was he guilty of so unpardonable an act?" exclaimed the astonished baronet.
"Do not believe her, uncle," immediately interposed Belle, who had made it her business to be present. "What she says is utterly false. I do not doubt that she spent the time riding with some beau, but, I assure you, it was not with my brother, for he was with me the entire afternoon. She is a wicked girl to impose such a falsehood upon so sick a man."
As Belle uttered this cruel fabrication she glanced spitefully, yet with ill-concealed triumph, towards the amazed Ethel, who was not at all prepared for such an artful and malicious attack.
"Sir Reginald, I assure you I speak only the truth. It was Robert Glendenning who forced me into his carriage, and thus detained me against my will."
"You lie, you good-for-nothing jade! you know better," roared Sir Reginald. "You never believe it. Leave the room instantly. I do not wish to see your face again until morning."
With a cold, dignified bow Ethel left at his bidding—left, too, without another word, knowing well that contradictions would only enrage and excite the passionate and unjust person before her.
After she had disappeared Belle also at once took her departure, chagrined that her uncle had not instantly dismissed her rival from his service and house.
She did not know that this his lordship would on no account do, as he had intrusted to her keeping a secret which made her services far too valuable to be easily dispensed with. He might be enraged, and so dismiss her for a night; but no fault she might be guilty of would induce him to part with her while all went well in the concealed room.

CHAPTER XVI. A NARROW ESCAPE.

The next afternoon Ethel felt that she could safely start to the village to make a few purchases for herself, as at the lunch table Robert had told Lady Constance he should leave home at two that afternoon to visit a young friend, and should remain away until noon the next day.
Longing, as she did, for another hour's freedom from the sick room, she inwardly rejoiced at the tidings, and with a lighter heart than usual, passed down the rambles and through the porter's gate.
As she had not ventured beyond the grounds of the Hall since her arrival, except on this afternoon before, she did not know in which direction the places of business lay; therefore, seeing Sandy Staples, the lodge-keeper's son, just beyond the place, she stopped and inquired of him.
"Oh, yes; I can tell you, certainly. Go straight forward, pass Dr. Elfenstein's cottage, when you will come to a grove of willows; pass that, and then the railroad track; and about one quarter of a mile beyond you will see a row of houses; that is the commencement of the real village proper, and there you will find several stores."
Thanking the boy, Ethel opened once more her parasol, for the afternoon was warm and sultry, and followed the path pointed out.
When she reached the cottage her eyes wandered over its small flower-bordered garden, its pretty vine-covered porch and open windows, with their bowed blinds, just revealing the dainty, cool-looking lace curtains within, that waved back and forth gently in the faintest of all breezes.
"How differently Dr. Elfenstein impresses me, with his manly bearing, his open countenance, and kindly eyes, even though his manners are reserved and quiet, from that vain, egotistical Robert Glendenning," she thought.
"I cannot understand exactly why I detest that person so thoroughly, nor why I admire the young physician so much. One thing, perhaps, influences me; I always loved usefulness in a man; Dr. Elfenstein labors for the welfare of others; young Glendenning is an idle spendthrift, living merely to gratify the pleasures of his own handsome self. One, constantly doing good, the other—I should judge by his looks and actions—evil disposed, and reckless in all his ways."
While thus thinking, she passed the willow grove and the railroad track, and soon reached the stores, where the purchases were made to her entire satisfaction.
Then she retraced her steps, walking slowly, in order more fully to enjoy a cooler breeze that was springing up; but as she neared the railroad she quickened her steps, for she knew that a train was nearly due.
Soon the place was reached, and in stepping over it to her horror she found the heel of her shoe fastened tightly in one of the frogs.
With a desperate haste she strove to loosen it; in vain! Every struggle only made it, as it seemed, more firmly wedged.

Hark! what was that rumbling?

With pallid lips and trembling form she heard a distant whistle call of the swiftly coming train.
In despair, she stooped to unbutton the shoe; but it was a new one, and therefore hard to manage, while her trembling fingers sought to undo the fastenings, but she found them powerless to accomplish the task.
On, came the engine.
She could feel the rails vibrate with their motion, and still her foot was fast, and she could not move.
Then, one wild shriek of terror rang out upon the air, and even before it died away a man's feet came running to the spot.
"Be calm! I will save you! Do not struggle—stand perfectly still!" said a voice in her ear.
On came the cars; even then they could be seen in the distance.
One moment more and she would be under the fearful wheels; but a strong hand caught the foot, wrenched open the buttons, then, as the hot breath of the engine was almost upon her, she was drawn from the perilous position, and knew no more.
When she opened her eyes she was lying on the green grass, a short distance from the spot, while her head reclined upon some gentleman's shoulder, and the same person was gently fanning her with a folded newspaper.
Looking up, she met the earnest eyes of Dr. Elfenstein bent upon hers, and saw that he was thus kindly supporting her.
"It is all right now, Miss Nevergill. You are safe, and will be yourself in one moment," he said, in answer to the inquiring look she gave him.
"Oh, but that was terrible, terrible!" she murmured, with a shudder, as her eyes closed again, at the mere remembrance.
"It was, truly! While I got to you in time, thank God, there was not a second to spare!"
"Oh, Doctor, I can never thank you. I know now that it was you who saved me!"
"Do not try, Miss Nevergill; I will not be thanked. My fright, I assure you, was nearly equal to your own."
"How did you get the shoe off?" she asked, at length, as she raised herself from his arm, and glanced at her foot.
"I never can tell; it was so stiff and tight it took all my strength. But now, since you are better, I will see what has become of that obstinate little boot."
In a few moments he smilingly returned with its dilapidated remains in his hand.
"You will scarcely know your own property," he remarked, "it is so crushed and torn. The action of the heavy train loosed it, and thus I came off with the spoil."
"My poor, poor shoe," said Ethel, a faint smile hovering around her pale lips. "Well, it may better be crushed than my foot; but, really, though scarcely wearable, I must put it on; and she reached out her hand for the torn object.
"Nay, allow me to restore it to its place," said the Doctor, kneeling beside her. "My poor child, you have scarcely strength enough yet for such a task."
With the greatest tenderness and care, he drew the boot over one of the smallest little feet he had ever seen supporting a woman, and as he finished buttoning the very few buttons that remained, he arose, and begged her to keep seated until he brought hither his horse and gig, as he told her he should insist upon carrying her home, as she was, he knew, still weak from fright.
Looking around, Ethel saw, for the first time, his horse standing quietly by the roadside, a short distance from the track, where he had left him to rush to her assistance.
Bringing the animal and conveyance to her side, Earle turned, and before she fairly understood his intention, gathered her in his arms from the ground, and, lifting her into the seat, sprang lightly to her side.
"You must not be startled at my presumption, Miss Nevergill. Remember physicians have privileges over others here. You are my patient now, and until I see the color re-established on your lips and cheeks, I am in duty bound to care for you. You are not offended?"
He bent to gaze into her eyes as he asked the question, and his earnest look brought the tell-tale blood back to her cheeks.
"Oh, no, no! That would be ungrateful indeed!" was the low reply.
The ride really revived her, and as the Doctor took her quite a roundabout way, in order to prolong it, assuring her it would be beneficial to do so, she was able to give a natural spring as he held out his hands to assist her to the ground, when length they drove up to the entrance of Glendenning Hall.
There was a happy smile still upon her lips, as after thanking and bidding her kind friend adieu, and seeing him lift his hat as he drove off, she ran up the piazza steps to pass to her room.
But the smile vanished instantly as Belle came forward from behind the heavy screen of vines, and with an angry look in her eyes exclaimed:
"What does this mean? I wish to know if Sir Reginald pays you a salary to ride around the country with young men? I shall inform him of this ride, again, to-day."
"As you please, Miss Glendenning. It certainly is not my intention to keep secret the fact that I have just narrowly escaped death by being crushed by the cars. As Dr. Elfenstein risked his life to drag me from danger, and then employed his skill to bring me from a dreadful swoon, he certainly thought it no harm to restore me safely to your uncle's aid, as I was too weak from fright to walk."
So saying, Ethel passed on, leaving the angry but astonished girl to her own reflections.
That these were not of a very pleasant nature the following whisper gave evidence:
"It is always the way. Wish to keep one person away from another, and something is sure to happen to bring them together. One thing I am determined, however, he shall never marry Ethel Nevergill, if I can possible prevent it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Bad Bite.

Mrs. Reel—"You have been drinking, Mr. R. Look at your nose."
Mr. Reel—"I—I've been fishing, you know, my dear, and—and fishermen always have to take something along for snake bites, you know, my dear."
Mrs. R.—But you haven't been following a mountain stream; you were out on the ocean, after bluefish."
Mr. R.—"Y—e—s, my dear. I—I was bitten by a sea-serpent, my dear."
—*New York Weekly*

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

HOUSEHOLD AND AGRICULTURAL TOPICS DISCUSSED.

A Budget of Useful Information Relating to the Farm, Orchard, Stable, Parlor and Kitchen.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Economy and Thrift.

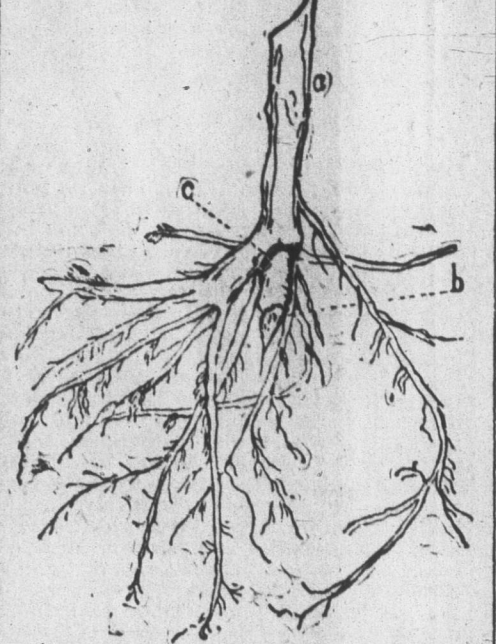
WRITER on the subject of economy says, in the pages of *Good Housekeeping*:
Economy has another meaning than mere thrift. It is a sense of justice. Nature shows us what to do. Over and over again she weaves unsightly debris into tissues of living beauty. Not one particle of material has ever been thrown away since first the planets rolled out of nebulae. Nature kneads and refines, separates and unites, but never destroys. She can not; it is not in the constitution of things to do so. The granite is refined into soil, and soil into the rose, the rose dust into wheat, and wheat into man.
The discovery of the conservation and correlation of force and energy is one of the most brilliant achievements of this wonderful century. And what is that but a triumph of economy? This unity in the midst of change is the grandest poem which our foster mother has yet sung to the intellect of man, one before which scientist and moralist alike stand entranced. Like all true poems it has an ethical meaning.
It means, first and lowest, that we are in duty bound to make the most and best of all things with which we have to deal. He who wastes time, opportunity, money, material, food, or clothing impoverishes himself and robs others. Possessions of every kind are a sacred trust. They will not keep themselves; they must be watched, guarded, and improved. Rot, rust, leakage, and decay, which is only transmutation into other forms, be it something or somebody else, these are the penalties of waste or neglect. That we can not keep what we do not guard and improve is a law ruling alike in the material world in intellect and in ethics. Neglect, apathy, indolence are as fatal to character as to property. The balance of justice is delicately poised, and nothing escapes her tests. Political, social, ethical, and household economies stand on the same basis. The laws governing use and justice which underlie economy, are as imperative as the laws of gravitation.
In obeying this law there is no necessity of descending to that base prudence which stabs all generous sentiments, all beneficent impulses; rather it furnishes the means by which they may be fostered. The wasteful housekeeper has nothing left for service to others if she lives to the full extent of her ability day by day. Lucretia Mott wrote her letters upon scraps of paper, unfolded envelopes, and such bits as another would have cast away. She saved that others might be blessed from her frugal store; saved to carry glad tidings and great truths to the poor and enslaved. In such prudence subsists more generosity than careless wealth can ever show.
There is no room in a large heart for that prudence which adorns the Rule of Three, which never subscribes, which never gives, seldom lends, and asks but one question of any project: "Will it bake bread?" It is a prudence which aims at the highest culture through the highest justice, the only way in which that can be reached.
Hints to Housekeepers.
CONSUMPTIVE night sweats may be arrested by sponging the body at night in salt and water.
A HARD cold is oftentimes cured by a cup of hot lemonade taken at bedtime, as it produces perspiration.
A HALF teaspoonful of soda in half a cup of water will relieve sick headache caused by indigestion.
TERTHER children may be relieved of convulsions by being immersed in a warm bath, and cold water applied to the head.
WHEN going from a warm room out into the cold air, close your mouth and breathe through your nose to prevent taking cold.
FOR nervous headache, when the pain is over the eyes and the temples are throbbing, apply cloths wet with cold water to the head, and hot baths to the feet.
THE Juice of red onion is a perfect antidote for the sting of bees, wasps, hornets, etc. The sting of the honey-bee, which is always left in the wound, should first be removed.
WARM mustard water should be given to one who has accidentally swallowed poison; this will cause vomiting; after that give a cup of strong coffee; that will counteract the remaining effects.
FOR croup or pneumonia bruise raw onions, lay on a cloth with powdered gum camphor sprinkled over it, and apply to chest and lungs, and cover with hot flannel. This is a sure cure if taken in time.
THE FARM.
Too Much Shade.
In a recent number of the *Sanitarian*, Dr. W. T. Parker protests against the thick planting of trees very near the house. Not only do they prevent the free access of air and of sunshine or even light, but they also injure the character of the soil as suited for permanent occupation. "A soil," says the writer, "loaded with roots and densely shaded is unfit for man to live upon constantly. Vegetation produces a great effect upon the movement of the air. Its velocity is checked, and sometimes in thick clusters of trees or underwood the air is almost stagnant. If moist and decaying vegetation be a coincident condition of such stagnation, the most fatal forms of malarial diseases are produced. A moist soil is cold, and is generally believed to predispose to rheumatism, catarrh, and neuralgia. It is a matter of general experience that most people feel healthier on a dry soil.
"In some way, which is not clear, a moist soil produces an unfavorable effect upon the lungs. A moist soil influences greatly the development of the agent, whatever it may be, which causes the paroxysmal fevers." Of course, in the desire to avoid possible dangers, it is not necessary to place a house on an absolutely bare spot, away from any tree, as is often done by rural builders, even when fine trees are within reach. Enough trees to produce an effect agreeable to the eye and comfortably to shade

certain portions of the house and its immediate vicinity in summer, yet not so many as to render the soil damp, or prevent the free circulation of air, or wholly shut out the sun. This should be the household's ideal. Conifers are especially bad if many of them stand close to the house, because they exclude sunshine in winter, when one cannot have too much of it.

Renewal of Tree Roots.

A dozen or more years ago I dug a post hole near a large apple tree, severing one of the smallest roots less than thirty inches from the stump. It recently became necessary to grub the tree, and I was enabled to see the results of this accidental amputation.

The illustration shows the present appearance of the root. As it stands on a



chair before me it does not take much imagination to believe it to be the compact, well-furnished root of a four-year-old apple tree. A portion of the root which was severed at 'b' in digging the post hole. At this point the root was about one and one-half inches in diameter at that time, and appears to have grown but little since, a callus having formed at 'c' three inches from the end, and a mass of roots starting from that point, which have developed as illustrated, save many of the smaller, which have been left out to prevent crowding the drawing. The ground was very rich, being near the barn.
The matter is interesting, as showing the capacity of a tree to develop feeding roots near the trunk, and showing how by cutting short trenches and filling with rich soil an old tree might be fed with a spoon, as it were. — *Correspondent Country Gentleman*.

Growing Flax and Barley.

Through some mistake a quantity of flaxseed was sown with barley a few years ago. Though the flax grew so small that it was hardly discernible, yet there was an extra large barley crop, not at all injured by the growth of the flax, as the farmer thought. The piece sown was excessively rich for barley, and it is quite possible that the flax by exhausting the soil kept the barley from too luxuriant a growth, and thus made the barley crop fill better than it otherwise would. At any rate, when threshing time came the farmer found fully as large a barley yield as he had expected, and about ten bushels of flaxseed ready cleared and delivered in the screening-box. It was before the West grew flax so largely and made it so cheap, and he received \$2 a bushel for the flaxseed. — *American Cultivator*.

THE STOCK RANCH.

Pure Bred Stock.
No line of agriculture is more fascinating to ambitious young men than the rearing of pure-bred live stock. Many, however, enter into the business without giving themselves that thorough training essential to success; they drift into it, following their natural bent, taking up the intellectual side of the calling, and fail to drill themselves properly in the little details of handling, feeding and managing so necessary to success. The best merchants are those who have grown up in the business from cash boys, and have learned by years of drudgery just how each branch of the business is conducted. The young man, the goal of whose ambition is to some day own and manage a herd of pure-breds, should begin at once by schooling himself in handling and managing just such animals as he may find about him to-day. Feeding calves may not appear to be very elevating work, yet until one can successfully feed calves he should not think of taking care of older animals. How can one leave to others duties which he cannot perform thoroughly and well himself? Having learned just how a young calf should be fed and how it should appear when well fed, one is ready to take the next step in the business. If rightly started the young animal is on the way to a thrifty yearling, and here study is needed again to make that happy decision between unprofitable overfeeding and not less expensive underfeeding.
In studying how to feed and handle, too great haste should not be incurred because of the drudgery to do anything well and to have the judgment rendered quick and active one must repeat the operation he is studying many times. Our young stock breeder, reading the directions given by noted cattlemen, warms up and feels that he can rapidly learn to do just as they are doing; let him remember, however, that these men have many of them grown gray in their calling, and that they started out as well equipped mentally, and with as great ambition to succeed as the coming generation, and only by schooling himself in years has given these masters the deftness and good judgment they now exhibit. To hope to acquire the same degree of expertness in a brief time is utterly folly. Reading alone will not make one an expert. No one can at first pitch a base ball successfully after having carefully studied the directions from a book. Careful, thoughtful reading will help one greatly and materially shorten the time required to attain success, but reading must be followed up by extended practice.
Young men who cannot own full bloods can get excellent practice in handling grades. They can secure pure-bred sires—for any other system is absolutely inexcusable at this time—and can rapidly grade up the herd with ample opportunity for carefully observing the value of good blood. They can take much pride and gain a world of information in just this work. The young man who will not improve to the utmost the cattle he may happen to possess, but neglects them, longing for the time to come when he can own better ones, is not worthy of his calling and his pretended devotion to such is probably not deeply enough planted to ever bear fruit, even if it has an opportunity. To be expert in pedigreeing is very proper and essential, but

one had a thousand times better begin his studies by rendering himself expert in feeding, handling, and judging. When this is acquired in a fair measure the other can be added, and then one can set out on the road with little fear but that success will ultimately crown his efforts.

Another point. Ambitious young men are not always willing to begin in a small way and let time make up what they lack in money. To start with one or two pure bred females seems entirely too small a beginning for their ambition, and rather than take up with so little they make no start at all. No greater mistake could be made. In beginning so small there are almost no chances of failure, while the opportunity for studying is concentrated thereby. We have in mind some of the very best breeders whose beginning seems very insignificant compared with present attainments. The long years have brought much experience to them, and with the increasing herd comes increased experience and the judgment essential to success. We have but to look around us and observe how the majority of our successful business men have begun and advanced to get an excellent idea of the best way to proceed in building up and managing a herd of pure-bred cattle. — *Breeder's Gazette*.

THE POULTRY-YARD.

Guinea Fowls.
The guinea fowl is a native of Africa, and has never outgrown its wild nature enough to be closely confined, when bred for domestic uses. The white and the pearl are the two varieties most commonly found in a domestic state. With propriety the guinea may be called the watch dog of the poultry yard—ever watchful and on the alert it gives the note of warning on the first approach of danger.

Aside from the warfare they wage against various kinds of insect and vermin pests of the farm, they cannot be considered of much pecuniary profit to the farmer. They are an ornament to the farm yard and often prevent the loss of other poultry by giving the alarm of approaching danger. Mrs. J. B. Howe, in the *Farmers' Review*, gives a "chat" about them from which we take the following:

The pearl or speckled guinea is rather more wild in its habits than the white, and delights in hiding its nest in some lonely and sequestered spot, in which it deposits a large number of eggs, if undisturbed, but if the nest or eggs are meddled with it deserts the nest and seeks a new one. Its eggs require four weeks to hatch, and the young have all the shyness of young prairie chickens or quails. The flesh of the speckled guinea is dark colored and inclined to dryness. On the other hand the white guinea is quite domestic in its habits, especially if reared by chicken hens, and in such cases runs with the chickens and lays in their nests, the same as the hens. They never forget the hen that reared them, but will follow her through thick and thin until they are fully grown, and if separated from her they show a marked preference for hens of her color. Its young is also shy and tender, until say a couple of weeks old, when, if handled properly, they become as hardy as any of the fowl tribe. For the first week or two the young should be fed upon coarse oat meal slightly scalded and salted, or crumbs of stale bread soaked in milk curd, and maybe a little hard boiled egg. All food slightly salted and fed often. Gravel and green tender stuff, such as lettuce, onion tops and the like, should also be mixed with the food. They should not be kept too long confined, as their wild nature, like that of the turkey, demands a certain degree of freedom and liberty to search for insects. The flesh of the white guinea, unlike that of its speckled relation, is yellow and very tender and toothsome. In color they are pure white, except the head, which is red. The legs are yellow. Guineas are very sprightly and watchful fowls, spying a hawk, skunk, weasel, or strange cat or dog before any of the other fowls, and setting up their peculiar din to frighten the intruder and give warning of his approach. They also observe if any of the fowls get beyond their accustomed limits and fearlessly attack them and persistently keep after them until the wrong is righted. The white guinea, especially, is a very fine layer, almost rivaling the Leghorns. They begin early and continue on until many of the hens have stopped to rest. They are quite interesting fowls, and for many reasons amply repay the pains required to rear them. Their odd looks and voice together with their pretty plumage, attract many admirers. The male and female are similar in appearance and plumage, but are easily distinguished by their different manner of speaking. The hen calls in what has often been said to resemble the cry of "buckwheat," "buckwheat," while the male makes a sort of whining sound all in one syllable and with one intonation. Guineas grow and mature rapidly and for broilers equal young chickens.

THE KITCHEN.

Gingerette.
One gallon of water, one pound of white sugar, one-half ounce of best ginger root, two sliced lemons, one-fourth ounce of cream tartar. Boil the ginger and lemon ten minutes in part of the water; dissolve the sugar and cream tartar in cold water, add one gill of good yeast. Let it stand over night and strain and bottle in the morning.
Raw Beef Sandwiches.
Scrape fine a small piece of fresh, juicy, tender raw beef. Season highly with salt and butter. Spread it on thin slices of bread, put them together like a sandwich and cut into small squares or diamonds. This will often tempt an invalid who could not otherwise take raw meat. More palatable by toasting them slightly.
Snow Balls.
Two cups sugar, one and one-half cups butter, one cup sweet milk, three cups flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, whites of five eggs. Bake in deep, square pans. The following day cut in two-inch squares. Cut off the crust and leave it white. Take each piece on a fork and frost it upon all sides and then roll in grated cocoanut.
Rice Pudding.
A teaspoonful of rice, the yolks of four eggs, the whites of three beaten separately, two ounces powdered sugar, two ounces raisins, one-quarter pound suet, chopped very fine; flavoring of ratafia or vanilla; put these ingredients into a mould and boil one and one-half hours. Serve with brandy or sweet sauce.
A FEVER patient is cooled off and made comfortable by frequent sponging with warm soda water.