A Deal in Wild Lands

—OR, THE—

Fight for the Musselshell Millions.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

A second shot from the half-breed gave Perry a closer call than the first, touching the outside of his arm at the elbow sufficient to draw blood.

He lost no time in responding, but his action was wholly negatived by a lurch of the carriage, and such proved to be the case with his next shot.

A second saddle was emptied by his fourth ball however, and this time it was the half-breed who "bit the dust," much to the satisfaction of the fugitives.

"That's good, so far as it goes," muttered Perry, with a reassuring glance at his betrothed. "But this initial misfortune only makes the ruffians all the more resolute."

Such, indeed, was the case.

Another tall and burly man had taken the lead, and was encouraging his associates by word and gesture.

"That's the chap who gave Colonel Whipsaw and myself so much to think of yesterday," remarked Baker. "I think he's a connection of Gaddler's. In any case he's worthy of his master."

He finished with a cry of dismay, remarking that one of his horses had stepped into a hole and given itself such a severe wrench that it was going quite lame.

A glance at the animal caused Perry to echo Baker's cry of regret, but the incident was now too closely pressed by other hints of disaster for him to linger upon it.

The new leader of the pursuers was straining every nerve to overtake the carriage, and several of his associates made every effort to keep him company, reserving their fire until nearer, and they were now within a dozen rods of the fugitives.

This was the moment for which Perry had waited with grim and dogged purpose.

Suddenly taking the offensive, he emptied his three rifles in rapid succession, heedless of the return fire, bringing down the new leader and at least one of his comrades.

A howl of consternation arose from the enemy at this result, but it was met by a furious yell from Gaddler, who had recovered his senses.

"Come on!" he shouted. "Don't mind me. Shoot them down, all of them. Don't let one of them escape. Lively!"

Nothing could have been more inspiriting than these cries at that moment.

With a yell in response, the pursuers came on with redoubled fury.

A moment later a second cry of dismay came from Baker.

"There's a draw just ahead," he cried, springing to his feet and looking in the direction indicated, unmindful of the mark he was presenting. "Ah, I see a gap which may enable us to pass it. Shall I try, Perry?"

"Anything that offers a chance."

Baker changed his course enough to enter the draw almost longitudinally, but the "gap" was a snare, being full of rocks, and the draw was a veritable gully, so that his next cry was one of terror.

"Hold fast, all of you," he shouted. "The ditch is a bad one."

Too late he saw that it was out of the question to pass it safely in any such way or at any such gait, and made a desperate attempt to hold up his horses, but the wild yell that came from the pursuers at this moment negatived his efforts, and the next instant horses and carriage, occupants and all, crashed into one mass in the fatal abyss.

While warning all to hold fast, Baker had taken good care to practice what he preached, and the result was that the two imperiled men arose uninjured from the wreck of their carriage.

Despite all his efforts to save Elfie from harm, however, Perry had the pain of seeing that she had received a shock which rendered her unconscious, and for a moment he even feared for her life.

That moment was a fateful one, as it proved, Sam Gaddler having been released from his bonds by his tumble into the gully, and having promptly gained his feet uninjured.

"Surround them, boys," he yelled, with furious gestures; "but take good care not to harm them!"

The order was obeyed by the time Mrs. Cotter and Mrs. Rankle had been released from the wreck of the vehicle, eight or ten rifles covering the fugitives, and then Gaddler added, addressing Perry Wynans:

"You see that fate has played you a bad turn, sir. Will you continue the fight longer, or will you surrender at discretion?"

One glance at the pale face of his betrothed and at his surroundings was enough for Perry. He realized only too well how anxious Gaddler was to give his men an order to fire upon him, and he hastened to reply:

"Of course, I am not fool enough to 'continue the fight' under these circumstances. As you suggest, we are again at your disposal."

CHAPTER XVII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

The wild rejoicings with which Gaddler secured the two men will be readily comprehended.

Then he bent a long and sinister glance in every direction around him, aiding himself with a glass one of his men happened to have on his person.

"It seems our little escapade has attracted no attention," he said to Perry, returning the glass to his follower, "and we are just as much out of the way here as if we were in the midst of the Sahara desert. The moment is accordingly a good one for you and I to reach a final settlement of the differences between us."

His manner was so ominous that both Mrs. Cotter and Mrs. Rankle experienced a keen apprehension.

"If there is anything wrong about our flight, Mr. Gaddler," exclaimed the former, "you may put all the blame on me, for I am the one who is responsible."

"Oh, I will deal with you in good time," returned Gaddler, turning a furious glance upon her. "It is to you that I am indebted, no doubt, for the loss of my cook and chambermaids."

"Nothing of the sort, sir," replied the housekeeper. "They went away without so much as telling me of their intentions."

"At any rate, you did not send me word of their flight," growled Gaddler, "and you've turned out to be spy and a traitor. Be assured that I will settle with you later."

He turned to one of his men, adding: "And now see, Gilly, if you can get the carriage together so that we can use it for the rest of our journey."

The man in question made a brief investigation.

"The running gear is all right, sir," he reported. "The principal damage is a broken pole, but that can be readily spliced. In ten minutes we can have everything in shape for a move."

"Good," commented Gaddler. "Push ahead as rapidly as you can, and I'll have a few words to say to our prisoner."

He beckoned a couple of men to his assistance, and stepped nearer to Perry.

"As you see, Mr. Wynans," he resumed, "it will be a waste of time and strength for you to oppose my wishes."

"What do you want?" demanded Perry, at the same time assisting Elfie to a sitting posture, she having recovered her senses.

"I want those papers you have on your person."

"What papers?"

"The deeds of those wild lands on the Musselshell."

The prisoner looked his captor sternly in the face, seeking to read his intentions.

"What is your idea?" he asked.

"My idea?" And Sam Gaddler laughed jubilantly, motioning his followers to fall back a short distance. "I will soon tell you."

He lowered his voice to a whisper, resuming:

"Those deeds not being on record, it will be the simplest of measures for me to suppress them, and substitute a forged deed for them that will put me in possession of the property."

"Are you capable of that act?"

"Perfectly, as you shall see."

"How did you know that the deeds are on my person?"

"It was easy to guess the fact. I am frank enough to say, however, that Jerry Skidder has telegraphed me all the particulars involved in your trip to Montana."

Perry addressed a few words to his betrothed, with the intention of mitigating the sorrow she was displaying at the misfortune by which they had been overtaken.

"And now to hand out the documents, Mr. Wynans," added Gaddler, waving his hand toward his followers. "I think you will comprehend readily that resistance is out of the question. You may be sure that I shall not hesitate to use force in case force is necessary."

There could be no doubt upon this point, and Perry handed out the deeds, with as much grace as he could master.

"This is all very well, so far as it goes," muttered Gaddler, when he had glanced at the documents. "But there is another step to be taken. I want the $220,000 you took from Jerry Skidder before leaving Chicago."

"That money is mine, sir."

"I shall not waste words upon the subject, you may be certain," said Gaddler, menacingly. "Mr. Skidder says the money is his, and has asked me to recover it. The least reflection will tell you that I can do no less than accede to his wishes. Out with it!"

The money was produced and Gaddler stowed it away in his pocket, with with a jubilance he made no effort to conceal.

"Good," he said again. "We are getting on in the right direction. Is the carriage going to answer our purpose, Gilly?"

"You can take possession, sir."

Little more was said until the ladies had resumed their places in the vehicle, with Perry and Baker, and the whole party was in motion for the mines.

"Fortunately we have not gone far out of our course," muttered Gaddler, as he led the way jauntily at the head of his men. "We shall be safely at home in a couple of hours, and can rest as long as we please from the last three days of stir and worry."

We need not pause upon the attempts of the lovers to comfort each other under the trying circumstances in which they found themselves. As to Mrs. Cotter and Mrs. Rankle, they were too agonized to converse coherently, and scarcely broke the silence.

The scene of the disaster was soon left behind, and a vast stretch of wood and rock dawned upon the gaze of the prisoners, who could not help noticing that their way grew more and more lonely and solitary every moment.

At length they came to a wild mountain stream, in the midst of a solitude which did not show the least sign of ever having been traversed by a human being.

"This is the place," Gaddler was heard saying to Gilly, who was driving the carriage. "You comprehend?"

The man nodded.

"Then let there be no failure!"

The party had reached the crest of a long slope, from which they could look down into a perfect flood of water, which came surging and roaring down the narrow valley.

"And now, forward, all!" cried Gaddler, putting spurs to his horse. "Follow me!"

A horrible conviction forced itself upon the prisoners, as they found themselves whirling down the slope at a furious gallop.

"He means to drown us all!" whispered Perry, in a guarded whisper to his betrothed.

"No doubt of it" was her answer.

"All the rest of the prisoners shared this opinion, as was attested by the glances passing between them.

"Forward!" cried Gaddler, again half rising in his stirrups, his face glowing like a demon's. "The brook may be dangerous, but we can't waste an hour to go down to the bridge!"

He did not speak again or even look back, but led the way into the stream at a gallop, with his followers pressing around him.

At that critical moment, with the carriage thundering down the slope toward the dangerous stream, not a sound came from either Elfie Tower or Mrs. Rankle.

Instead of uttering vain appeals for mercy, they exchanged a few guarded words, and then watched and waited.

That some resolute purpose had entered their souls would have been apparent at a glance, if their intended assassins had looked back at them.

The next instant preceding the arrival of the vehicle at the stream, Elfie cut the bonds of her lover and Mrs. Rankle those of Charley Baker, thus restoring them to freedom.

"And now for it!" enjoined Perry.

In another moment they were all out of the carriage, tumbling more or less violently, but the light, grass-covered soil proved an ample cushion for their reception, and not one of them received the least injury.

Gathering themselves up promptly, they flew to cover behind an outcropping of rock close at hand, at the same instant that the empty vehicle, with the horses at full gallop, plunged into the raging torrent.

A yell of consternation arose from Gaddler and his friends, but they did not dare turn in the stream, knowing that such a measure would result in their being carried into a lonely canyon immediately below, and so, with a volley of curses, they all struggled through the flood, gaining the opposite bank.

"Back, all!" cried Gaddler, with a furious curse. "Of course this trick won't save them. Out with you, Gilly, and we'll go back!"

It was easier said than done, the heavy carriage dragging the horses several rods down the stream before they could be detached from it, but at last, more dead than alive, Gilly reached the bank at the heels of his struggling steeds.

"And now hear me, Sam Gaddler!" suddenly thundered a commanding voice from the crest of a ledge overlooking the stream. "You and your men are my prisoners! A step, or the least resistance, and you die!"

The speaker was seen at a glance to be Colonel Harvey Whipsaw, of Rattlesnake Ranch, and all around him the rocks and bushes were alive with two scores of "boys in blue" he had summoned from the nearest camp.

One look was enough for Gaddler and his friends, and at the end of half a dozen minutes they were all in irons and well guarded.

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In good truth, the gallant Colonel had been even more active than was at first apparent.

Not only had he brought about the arrest of Jerry Skidder for working a mine to which he had no right, but he had given Hiram Skidder such a scare that that individual, with his son and daughter, was already on his way back to Chicago, where he made a miserable failure in business, and sank into that poverty and obscurity he so well merited.

It was not in the nature of Perry and Elfie, however, to mock at the calamity which had overtaken the schemes of their enemy. They merely took from his person the money and deeds of which he had robbed them, and then asked him for a warranty deed of the very handsome palace he had been building in the solitudes of Montana with the money he had stolen from their mines.

"I'll never do this—never!" the villain protested.

"Oh, yes, you will, assured Colonel Whipsaw, with the approval of the Captain commanding the detachment of soldiers, and within a few minutes thereafter the crestfallen ruffian had divested himself forever of all his ill-gotten booty.

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It is hardly necessary to say that Sam Gaddler did not marry Daisy Skidder. Instead, he was consigned to prison for a long term of years, and Daisy married a cattleman who had been the death of two women before her, and the couple are now living a thousand miles apart, Jerry having sold out all his barren hills in Montana to the Colonel and journeyed on to the westward with his daughter until stopped by the Pacific Ocean.

As to Elfie and Perry they were married in due course, with great rejoicings on the part of their numerous friends and the operatives of their mines, and at once took possession of the palace which had so strangely come into their hands, and there they are still living, with a growing family around them, in all the happiness and enjoyment which is ever given to mortals. Col. Whipsaw is one of their warmest friends and a frequent guest, and is in every way blessed and contented, although he did not secure the Musselshell Millions.

[THE END.]

The "First Lieutenant."

The duty of the "first lieutenant" aboard one of the big cruisers of the new navy is acknowledged to be the hardest in the service. The officer known as "first lieutenant" is the line officer standing next in rank to the commanding officer of the ship. He is the chief of staff, the mouthpiece of the captain, and, as he is otherwise known, the executive officer. The "first lieutenant' of such vessels as the Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco and Charleston is a lieutenant commander. Aboard the Yorktown, Petrel and Bennington the "first lieutenant" is a lieutenant.

Every detail in the ship's management must be perfectly familiar to the "first lieutenant," and where the crew numbers 400 or 500, the duty often taxes him to the limit of his endurance. The new ships require constant alterations and shifting of fitting, all unknown aboard the old type of craft. This work devolves on the "first lieutenant." When all hands are called on deck, the "first lieutenant" takes the bridge and delivers the orders.

The captain of the vessel will at such time stand by his side, and if he has occasion to address his chief of staff will usually do so in an undertone. In time of action the "first lieutenant" has immediate charge of the fighting of the battery. All orders affecting the control of fire, the pointing and concentration, devolves on the "first lieutenant." He remains among the guns throughout the fight, only quitting them to assume command of the vessel should his commanding officer be disabled. During the past few months endeavors have been made to secure the detail of an officer to each of the big cruisers to act as assistant to the "first lieutenant." The matter has been brought to the attention of the secretary of the navy, but has not yet been acted upon.—*New York Times.*

Not a Modest Poet.

If there are budding Western poets who are content to blush unseen, so to speak, young Mr. Martin, of Olympia, Wash., isn't of the number. Concerning this child of the muses, a correspondent of the New York *World* relates that, being the governor's private secretary and intrusted with the duties of sending copies of the annual message to the other governors, public libraries, etc., he slipped into each copy of the document a little eight-line effusion of his own on "Life," duly signed and dated.—*Hartford Courant.*

WAFFLES has cut you out with Miss Flirte, I hear." "Yes, but I'm having my revenge on him." "How?" "She plays and sings to him every time he calls."

HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

They Neglected the Swamps—How Farmers Could Unite for Mutual Benefit—Pure Water of the Right Temperature for Stock—A Convenient Arrangement for the Tired Housewife.

Low Lands.

ONE of the greatest mistakes made by the early settlers in our hilly country was in clearing the high lands and neglecting the swamps. The result has been disastrous in many ways. On many of the rocky summits where there was soil and vegetable matter enough to support a forest, the fire has followed the ax and the vegetable matter has been consumed and the sand either blown or washed away, and were it not for a few of the remains of the large stumps no one would suppose that the spot was ever anything else than a naked ledge. On other hills where there were no rocks the sand is drifting like the snow, and on some farms there are many acres of this shifting sand that a warranty deed will not hold and that is being conveyed without any legal process. On hills where the soil is between these extremes, the process of exhaustion is more gradual, but just as sure. And now that the high lands are exhausted and denuded some farmers are prevented from clearing up their low lands by the fact that they are all they can depend on for woodlots. But the time is coming when the deep, black deposits of vegetable matter which we call muck-bogs, as well the intermediate strips between them and the dry lands, will be cleared and improved, and other conditions of the farm will be made to conform to the change. These border lands between the high lands and the swamps are in many cases of the least value, because they are harder to subdue. The growth upon them is largely spruce, fir, and cypress and the soil is white or rusty sand, with a few inches of black soil above it, and as soon as the trees are cut off swamp moss will cover the ground and seeds will blow in and start a new forest.

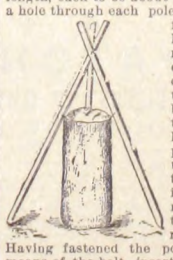
An Everlasting Fence.

The best and cheapest fence on my farm I built seventeen years ago, and it is still good. The posts are cedar, set eight feet apart with the end of the timber which naturally stood up placed down. This is the way to make the fence: Let the posts go in the ground thirty inches and project four and one-fourth to five feet above ground. A top rail of two by four scantling is to be mortised into the corners of the posts and nailed fast. White oak pins are turned uniformly one inch in diameter and inserted in holes bored in every other post. They must be previously well seasoned and soaked in boiled oil. The holes must be bored in the posts at the exact point where the wire is to pass it. To get the holes exactly right with the least trouble, it is the best plan to first bore a board for a pattern.

Now lay a wire along the line of posts, coil one end of it around a pin and drive the pin in until its head imbeds the wire in the post. Then drive a staple over the end of the wire. Now, with one man to handle and drive the pins and another to stretch the wire by means of a crowbar or wire-stretcher each time a pin is driven, fifty rods of fence may be hung in one day. I use five wires under the scantling. Each time after a pin is driven the wire is slackened to allow it to be twisted about another pin. These pins are only placed on every second post, the wires being stapled to the intervening posts. The cost is as follows: Two cedar posts at 15 cents, 30 cents; five plain wires, No. 12, 15 cents; five oak pins, 5 cents; scantling, 13 cents; labor, 37 cents. Total, $1. The wire rarely or never breaks, as its contraction and expansion are taken care of by these pins.—[George W. Humphrey, Onondaga County, New York.

Simple Bag-Holder.

Take three light poles, cut to the same length, each to be about 6 feet. Bore a hole through each pole 2½ or 3 inches from the end, large enough to receive a one-eighth or one-quarter inch thick carriage bolt. Be sure that the bolt is long enough to pass well through the three poles, leaving plenty of room on the threaded end to receive the burr.



Having fastened the poles together by means of the bolt, insert into each pole a screwhook in such a position, and at such a height, as to hold the bag well open and allow the bottom to rest upon the floor or ground, as shown in illustration.—[Practical Farmer.

Co-Operation of Farmers.

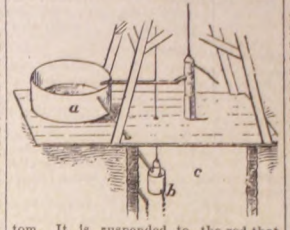
There seems to be quite a tendency among farmers, of late years, to form closer unions for mutual benefit. First, farmers' clubs were organized; then came the Granges; then Farmers' Alliance, etc., all calculated to increase the power and influence of the farming class by union and combination. The principle of co-operation might be greatly extended among farmers with good results. Since so many kinds of farm implements and machinery have come to be substituted for manual labor small farmers labor under a disadvantage unless able to invest quite a large capital in labor-saving machinery. If able to make the investment the limited use to which each machine can be applied on a small farm of 40, 50 or 80 acres hardly saves enough labor to pay interest and wear of machines.

Now, if a dozen farmers owning together 600, 800 or 1,000 acres of land could unite and purchase all necessary farm machinery it would greatly reduce the cost to each individual, while serving their purposes nearly as well as if everyone owned all the machines. Of course, they would need to eliminate something of human selfishness, and allow the one who most needed the use of the machines to have the first use. If only a broad, liberal, manly, Christian spirit were always cherished small farmers could, in many ways, co-operate to mutual advantage.

LIVE STOCK.

Water for Farm Animals.

The water supply is a matter of prime importance to the stockman. Without an abundance of pure water of an agreeable temperature, farm animals cannot remain healthy, or make a highly profitable gain of flesh, or yield of milk or of wool. J. M. Stohl in the *Practical Farmer*, tells how to arrange a well and windmill so that the animals at all times may have fresh water of an agreeable temperature. The diagram shows how this highly desirable result is accomplished; *a* is the tank, which should hold eight to ten barrels; *c* is the well. The curb, the lower part of the tower supporting the wind-wheel, and the pump, can be at once distinguished; *b* is what is known as the reefing bucket—a bucket of two or three gallons capacity, having a small hole in the bottom. It is suspended to the rod that passes through the curb, and throws the mill in or out of gear. When the tank is nearly full, water flows from it into the reefing bucket, through the pipe shown in the cut leading from near the top of the tank to the reefing bucket. When the reefing bucket is filled, its weight pulls the mill out of gear, and, of course, stops the pumping. A small pipe leads from the bottom of the tank into the well, as shown in the cut. It is of such capacity that it will just about empty the tank until the water has drained out of the reefing bucket through the small hole in its bottom. As the reefing bucket becomes nearly empty, its weight is not sufficient to keep the mill out of gear, and the pumping again begins, and is kept up until the tank is filled. The water again flows from the tank to the reefing bucket, and the pump is stopped as before. Of course, the flow of water from the tank to the reefing bucket stops as soon as the water sinks a little in the tank. If animals come to drink, there is no flow in the reefing bucket, and of course the pump keeps at work until the animals have drank what they want, and the tank is filled. That the drawing may be plain, all this apparatus is represented as above ground. In fact, the tank is usually banked around with earth, and the pipes are below the surface. By this arrangement, the animals have cool water in summer, and water of a considerably higher temperature than the freezing point in winter. Stopcocks make it easy to stop the working of this apparatus whenever its stoppage is desirable.



THE DAIRY.

Stopping the Churn.

It is very important to stop churning at the right time. Churning after the butter has come will injure the butter. These round grains are solid butter; there is no milk in them, the milk is around these grains. At this stage the milk is easily washed from the butter. Never put your hands in the butter. Draw the buttermilk off, put enough cold water in the churn to float the butter, revolve the churn a few times, or agitate it by shaking or rocking it gently; draw off the water and repeat the washing with pure cold water three times, and the milk will all be washed out. Put one-half ounce of dairy salt to the pound, work the salt in only enough to get the water out; the less butter is worked the better. It is impossible to work all the milk out of butter, but it is no trouble to wash it out. Water and butter will not mix; the water is easily worked out. Unnecessary working mashes the grain and ruins the butter. continuous working, mixing and smearing changes it from butter to grease, causes it to lose its flavor, and ruins its keeping qualities, and very soon it will assume a cheesy smell and taste, and later on it will have a very pronounced and repellant odor.—[Dairy World.

Dairy Notes.

SOME dairymen claim that oat straw makes butter bitter.

IT is said that hay, beets and carrots give a good flavor to butter.

TAKE care that no impure air reaches the milk, for it is very easily tainted.

AFTER milk is set it should be lowered to 50 or 55 degrees as quickly at possible.

WITHIN the last five years the export of oleomargarine has doubled and now amounts to 2,500,000 tubs annually.

IN Cheboygan County, Wisconsin, two of the cheese factories have each employed a young lady to take charge of their affairs.

IN washing the butter keep a close watch on it and stop when it is washed enough. There is just as much danger of washing too much as there is of not washing enough.

DAIRY and Food Commissioner Harkness, of Wisconsin, is making war on the dealers of milk in Milwaukee that have been defrauding their customers with skimmed or watered milk. The Commissioner has the good wishes of every honest man.

A CONTROVERSITY is agitating the cheese making world, the bone of contention being whether it is advisable to allow a part of the cream to be taken from the milk when the percentage of butter-fat is so great that the rennet cannot "grasp" all of it. It might do to partially skim the milk in certain cases, were it not for the fact that ordinary human nature is not to be trusted.

THE dairyman should be to some extent a veterinarian, at least enough to be able to tell when his cow is sick and what is the matter with her. Many times milk is sold from a sick cow for days before he is aware that anything is the matter with her. Thus the germs of tuberculosis and other deadly diseases become scattered through the community, and there is no knowing how much sickness and death have been caused by this ignorance.—[Farmers' Review.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Poultry and the Farm Boys.

We will venture to assert that if each boy is given a flock of fowls, if only Bantams, and he alone have the management of them, and the receipts—a very important adjunct—the flock of fowls will cause the boy to take an interest in farming from the start. Let him become accustomed to the breed and he will soon learn the points of all breeds. And he will not stop there. He will aim to know the breeds of cattle, sheep, horses, and hogs. He will look forward to the exhibitions at the county fairs, and strive to win prizes. He will have a love for the farm bred in him from the start, and when he is a man he will yearn for the happy days spent on the farm, and he will go back to it if he can, should he be induced away. When one becomes interested in poultry on the farm he becomes educated to an interest in everything else. As soon as your boy can manage them, give him a few Bantams, and after he is older start him with some pure breed of standard size. It is the best plan for teaching the boy to remain on the farm.—[Mirror.

Clean Eggs.

One of the finest things for a poultryman to learn, says the Toronto *Blade*, is the fact that soiled and dirty eggs should never be sent to market. Many of the eggs that come in are filthy—the shells frequently stained with mud or manure. Fastidious people—the only ones who are willing to pay a "fancy" price—will never buy such eggs if they can help it. Clean the eggs before they come to market. It will pay you well to do so.

Poultry Notes.

WHEN you get ready to fatten the fowls do the work quickly.

TARRED paper is recommended for a lining to poultry houses.

FOR the prevention of roup some poultry keepers scatter air-slaked lime over the ground and floors of the poultry houses.

REMEMBER that sulphur is a powerful fungicide and insecticide. Therefore use it freely around and in the nests, and in any other place where you think it will do good.

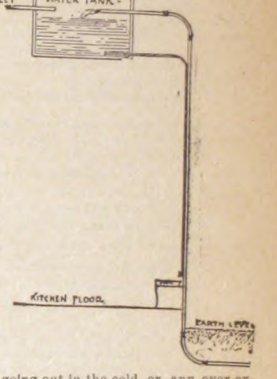
DO NOT expect any breed to lay equally well in summer and in winter. If you insist on a good supply of eggs from November till February, then select a breed noted for the ability to lay in the winter. Do not expect everything of one breed.

THE raising of ducks is only in its infancy in this country. The time will perhaps come when that fowl will be raised as extensively as in China. One of the best reasons for extending the breeding of ducks is the fact that they are less liable to disease than any other breed of fowl.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Help for the Tired.

With such a simple arrangement as is here shown in the kitchen, the tired wife may have all the water she wants at a moment's notice, without the necessity of going out in the cold, or any over-exertion by carrying it. A zinc-lined box is mounted on heavy brackets at the top of the kitchen, or, still better, on the floor of the attic. The heavy pipe shown leads from a spring or well into it, or it may be made very large in the attic and supplied from the eaves. If the well be depended upon a force pump will be needed. When water has risen in the box to a certain level it flows out of the surplus pipe shown. The pipe running to the sink comes out of the bottom of the box and can drain off all the water it holds, when it will at once fill again.



On a large scale, supplying the whole house, the plan is an excellent, but costly one. To fix for the kitchen alone is simple and attended with little expense. A five-gallon can in which castor oil came, can be bought at a drug store for 10 cents. The housewife will gladly wash it clean. Then a little work, a few feet of galvanized pipe and joints and a borrowed pipe wrench will complete a job which may save a doctor's or an undertaker's bill and the most precious member of any American home.—[Hollister Sage, in Rural New Yorker.

Things Worth Knowing.

Clean piano-keys with a soft rag dipped in alcohol.

To clean a black silk dress, use a sponge dipped in strong black tea, cold.

Take egg stains from silver by rubbing with a wet rag which has been dipped in common table salt.

To clean a teakettle, take it away from the fire and wash off with a rag dipped in kerosene, followed by a rubbing with a dry flannel cloth.

To clean ceilings that have been blackened by smoke from a lamp, wash off with rags that have been dipped in soda water.

To mend cracks in stoves and stovepipes, make a paste of ashes and salt with water, and apply. A harder and more durable cement is made of iron fillings, sal ammoniac and water.

THE KITCHEN.

Domestic Hints.

DRAWN BUTTER.—Rub together two tablespoonfuls butter, one of flour; add just a trifle of cold water, then some boiling water, until proper consisteney, little salt. Boil two minutes.

RASPBERRY SYRUP.—On three quarts of red raspberries pour 1½ pints of cider vinegar, and let stand twenty-four hours. Strain, and to each pint of the liquid add a pound of granulated sugar; scald twenty minutes, skim and bottle, sealing tightly.

BOILED MACARONI.—Put macaroni into a porcelain-lined kettle; add a small onion chopped; boil in water about half an hour, stirring often. When tender add pieces of cheese; take away from the fire, cover tight, and let the cheese melt before serving.