CHEMICAL CLAIRVOYANCE.

The Story of a Man Who Knew of the Morrow, Written for This Paper.

BY EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.

CHAPTER I.

He was not a handsome man, from a classic standpoint, but there was something in his face pleasing to the eye of him who finds beauty in power. It was a strong face; a face bearing the impress of great mental force and showing those peculiar marks left on the human countenance by lofty thoughts. Do you want a picture in detail? Perhaps not, yet; but if you read his strange story you will be anxious to know how he looked. Taking it for granted, then, that you intend to peruse this tale, let me describe its central figure.

He was at the time of which I write 30 years of age, but his dark hair had so many gray locks, turning to white just above the ears, that he appeared at least ten years older. He was slender in figure and about 5 feet 6 inches in height—the Napoleonic standard. His head was too large for his frame and his overhanging brow and prominent nose added to his general lack of symmetry. His eyes were steel-gray in color, rather small, perhaps, but very fiery when he was aroused. His hands and feet were delicate in outline, and, though he was careless as regards his clothes, he always paid strict attention to his gloves and shoes. Even great men have small vanities.

His name was Danton—Maurice Danton. His grandfather had come to New York City sometime in the '30's, and had made a fortune in real estate. The father of Maurice had squandered a large part of his inheritance and had died young. His wife had not survived him long, and at twenty Maurice Danton found himself an orphan, with an income of about $2,000 a year—the pitiful remnant of his grandfather's vast wealth.

Maurice had been a gloomy, morbid boy, a hard reader, and more inclined to indulge his own queer reveries than mingle with his schoolmates. So with the world, he decided to spend a few years in Germany and perfect himself in certain lines of science. His income was sufficient to support him in comfort at the University of Heidelberg, and he had passed ten years of his life in that quaint old town, not happy, perhaps, but too unambitious to break from the intellectual fetters that held him there.

He had been looked upon at the university as a man of great talents who would never amount to much. His historic French surname had added to his unpopularity, and for a whole decade he had lived a lonely existence, poring over books, working in his laboratory, and brooding upon various problems as old as the mind of man.

His only friend in all that time had been a weird-looking little man, at one time a famous professor, but now forgotten and neglected in his later years. Danton and he were often together, and the Professor's den, at the top of a tumble-down house facing the Heiligenberg, was the scene of many meetings between this strangely-assorted pair. A conversation that took place between them a few months before Danton returned to this country resulted in the startling events forming the basis of this history.

"Science to-day," the old man was saying, "is injured by its overbearing egotism. It says, in effect, that the scientific workers in the old days were fools and fanatics; that the scientific methods of the present are the only paths toward truth, and that even the ancient achievements of science were the outcome not of reason but of luck."

"In that, I think, the contemporary science is right," returned Danton stubbornly. "What were the scientists—to abuse a great name—of past ages? Charlatans, cheats, chasers of the rainbow, men who sought to change iron into gold and find immortal youth in drugs. Faugh! The catalogue of those old errors is enough to make any blush to the end of time. The scientific present and the scientific past are as widely different as chemistry and clairvoyance."

The weazened face of the aged German took on a peculiar expression. He seemed to smile sarcastically.

"You are young and have the impetuosity of a Frenchman. There may be no such great gap between chemistry and clairvoyance as you think."

Danton looked at his companion in amazement. Was the old man's brain equal to its weight of years?

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Have you ever read the stories of that old scoundrel Balzac? Of course you have. Well, he is one of your grandfather's countrymen. Well, listen to this."

The Professor left his seat by the window, put on a pair of steel-bowed spectacles, found, after a time, the book he sought and resumed his place.

"Of course," he premised, "Balzac has no weight with you or me on a subject of this kind, but a certain passage here will illustrate what I have to say to you before you return to the land of your birth. Listen: 'In these days so many authentic and established facts have come to light by means of the occult sciences, that before long these sciences will be taught just as we now teach chemistry and astronomy. It is surprising that at this moment in Paris, where they are now creating professorships of the Slav and Manchoo and other futile literatures of the North, they have not revived under the name of anthropology the teaching of occult philosophy—one of the glories of the ancient university. In this respect Germany, a nation so great and yet so childlike, has outrun France, for there they have revived this science—a science far more useful than the various philosophies which are, in point of fact, all the same thing.' Now, there is a good deal of nonsense in this and just an atom of truth. Balzac realized that those thinkers whom you call scientists and charlatans saw clearly certain things to which science now pertains, dimly discerning hinds herself. You mean, then—to place the matter in practical light—that such a subject as clairvoyance, for instance, is worthy of attention from modern scientists?"

"Yes. Let modern science pride herself upon her own achievements, but not forget that there were warlocks before Agamemnon and clever men before Bacon. The point is here. The alchemists and [illegible] were, to a great extent, frauds, but their lines of endeavor were the outcome of many ages of human thought. Modern science arises and says that all those centuries of investigation shall count for nothing, and the phenomena not at present explainable cannot exist—a decree as arbitrary and absurd as any ever made by the church against science. Now, young man, bear this in mind. If we could gather from the past whatever truth it discovered regarding the phenomena of what are called the occult sciences, and could apply thereto the methods of modern science, a startling result might be obtained. Do you follow me?"

"Vaguely."

"For instance, let us take—but hold! I'll quote from Balzac again: 'If any one had gone to Napoleon and told him that a building or a man projects, at all moments and perpetually, an image upon the atmosphere, and that all existing objects have within that atmosphere, a perceptible and obtainable spector or shape, he would have promptly sent his information to Charenton, just as Richelieu sent Salomon de Caus to Bicetrd, when that Norman martyr offered him the vast conquest of steam navigation.' Now if I should tell you that objects that do not yet exist project upon the atmosphere a perceptible and obtainable specter, shape you would consider me as crazy as Napoleon would have thought Daguerre. But I make that assertion to you boldly. Not only does the atmosphere contain the specter of everything that was and everything that is, but in its bosom recline the image of everything that will be. This is hard for you to believe. Let me help you. Your mind still retains the picture I presented as I lay ill in bed a few months ago, does it not? Yes. Well, your mind now holds my image as I appear at the present moment. But, more than that; you know I will be at work in the library to-night upon a certain book which I described to you fast as it came. Your mind can make a most vivid picture of me as I shall look in the morning as the image you hold of me when I lay in bed. That is, the delicate chemistry of the mind is able to photograph the past, the present and the future. Do you understand?"

Danton hesitated a moment. "I agree with you in part," he said at last. "But I doubt if I can accept the conclusion at which I see you are aiming. You mean to imply that if we could so refine the chemistry of photography that our apparatus would perform as delicate work as does the human mind, that we could obtain pictures of things that do not exist so far as our senses can determine. I have heard of pictures produced by spirit hands, but, being a scientific man, I have never for a moment admitted the possibility of this form of art."

The young man smiled sarcastically and relighted his pipe.

"I do not ask you to accept spiritualism," returned the professor, rather haughtily. "You call yourself a scientist. The world once gave me that name, and not without reason. I am a scientist, and if I tell you that there are more things in heaven and earth than you wot of, I still retain my right to the high title we both claim. No, I simply want you to grasp the fact that, if the ancients were right in their assertion that the future makes an impression upon the present, it is not beyond the reach of modern science to grasp and hold that impression. Listen. I am a very old man. For many years I have sacrificed my time, money, fame upon the altar of a great discovery." The speaker arose and stood before Danton in a new guise. His time-worn face had thrown off the marks of age, his eyes sparkled with triumph, and his attentive form seemed to take on again the fullness of youth.

"I have proved, Maurice Danton, that photography can deal with the past and future; that it can give us a picture of Cæsar or the representation of a city still unbuilt. You look incredulous. You think that much study has made me mad. But you are wrong. You claim to be a scientist, and yet you doubt the grandeur of science. I tell you, Danton, that man has only just begun to make intelligent use of Nature's forces. You say the telegraph was a great discovery. Bah! Merely a crude device that should have been made available centuries ago. What's that you say? I am incredulent. Not at all. Because I acknowledge that the older scientists saw something of forgotten truth, I do not imply that they achieved the triumphs that should have been easily won. My position is just this: By weeding the errors from the scientific past and by rendering the scientific methods of the present more delicate I place myself in the way of making a combination the results of which will amaze you."

Danton could not resist the enthusiasm of a man who had heretofore seemed to him cold, cautious and indifferent.

"Why do you tell me all this?" he cried.

"Because," answered the professor, changing his manner at once and quietly seating himself. "Because I shall confide my secret to you. I shall place in your hands a power greater than was ever held by mortal. My sands are almost run out, my blood is cold, and the pleasures of earth have no place for me. But you are still young. You have not tasted the dainty fare the world presents to him who possesses both youth and wealth. I have loved you, Danton. When all men neglected me, you sought me out and became my friend. For years I had been looking for some one who would combine certain qualities. I wanted a young man, a man of science, a student, a man who was in search of no worldly rewards for the love of truth, a man who would come to me of his own accord and value my friendship as he did his books—for intrinsic value, not for sordid gain. In you I found the man I sought. You are a strange mixture, and for a long time I doubted your fitness for the task I have set. But long acquaintance has convinced me that you are able and willing to push my scientific achievements to its ultimate triumph in the eyes of men. Am I not right?"

Danton smiled on the old man, and took his withered hand.

"I care nothing, professor, for the material joys to which you referred. But you have aroused my scientific enthusiasm, and I give you my solemn promise that whatever aid I can render you in regard to this affair shall be cordially yours. What is the first step for me to take?"

"Read carefully this manuscript," answered the old man, handing Danton a roll of paper. "Come to me to-morrow afternoon. I will prove to you that the statements I have made therein are not the ravings of a madman."

Danton returned to his rooms and spent the night in perusing the professor's scroll. There was much in it that he could not understand, but his mental training had been of a kind that enabled him to follow in a general way the argument before him. His difficulty lay in accepting the proposition that the invisible world contained the image of things not yet existent—the shadows of approaching entities. But that could be established, there was nothing in the manuscript to startle a mind used to the contemplation of scientific achievements.

Weary with the sustained effort of the night, Danton threw himself upon his bed at daybreak and slept soundly for six hours. When he arose he felt refreshed and there came upon him like a flash of lightning the conviction that the professor's assertions were founded upon truth. By that strange process known as unconscious cerebration he had gained in his sleep a clearer insight into the problem presented to him than he had obtained when awake. He dressed hurriedly, ate a light breakfast, and hastened to the professor's rooms.

"Ah, you are early Danton!" exclaimed the old man, evidently pleased. "You have come at the right moment. A book has been written by an old acquaintance of mine at Berlin. He is about to send it to the publisher. See. Here is the announcement in a newspaper that the volume will be given to the public next month. Now your faith in my discovery is still weak. If I should show you a picture of this book's title page would you be convinced that my photography is an improvement on Daguerreotype?" The old man was in high spirits and seemed to take delight in watching the changing expressions on Danton's face. He led the way to his laboratory, a small room, ill-smelling and carelessly kept.

"Now, my friend," continued the professor, "your apprenticeship is about to begin. If the book of which I spoke is to be printed and bound this month—within a month—then your power—whenever you please, there exists an image of it in the atmosphere. Not only that, but each atom of the universe is a microcosm bearing images of all that is or was or ever shall be. Do you follow me? You know that I could obtain by photography a miniature representation of your form as you stand there. But further than that, if I could place any atom of the universe beneath a microscope of sufficient power I would find your image there also. This I cannot prove to you by experiment, but it is the only deduction possible from certain investigations that I have made in other directions. Were it not true, the miracle, so to speak, that I am about to perform would be impossible."

While he was speaking the professor had been busy with various plates and chemicals. He allowed the sunlight to play for a time on a piece of glass which he had covered with an oily substance having a peculiar and unpleasant odor. Then he closed the blinds and shut out every ray of light. There was nothing ostentatious in his movements. It went about his work as though he were about to perform the most common feat in chemistry. Danton watched him suspiciously at first, for the young man still had doubts now and then of the professor's sanity. But the man's methods were so thoroughly scientific in appearance, that skepticism seemed to be unjust to him.

"Come here," said the professor at length, and Danton groped through the darkness toward him.

"Look there." Out of the gloom a phosphorescent light seemed to come, and the outlines of the glass plate became plain. Danton leaned forward and on the plate was a small, dark speck.

"I see nothing remarkable," he exclaimed.

"Take this and place it above the black spot," said the Professor, handing him a microscope.

Danton did as he was directed, and was amazed to see clearly the title page of a book dated at Berlin in the following year. The letters and figures were perfectly distinct. After a moment the image faded rapidly and was soon swallowed up in the glare of the phosphorescent light.

The Professor threw open the blinds and looked searchingly at Danton.

"Have I proved myself entitled to your further consideration?" he asked, playfully.

"Yes, master; teach me your art," answered Danton, humbly.

CHAPTER II.

Some weeks later Maurice Danton found himself in New York—a stranger in the city of his birth. There was something in the bustle and hurry of the streets that annoyed him as he rolled up town. The marked contrast to the scholarly quiet of Heidelberg struck him painfully, and for a time he regretted his desertion of the place in which he had spent so many contented years. He had been urged homeward by a peculiar longing, a vague unrest that had increased in force after he had gained a clear insight into the Professor's method of advanced photography. Perhaps Danton had grown suddenly ambitious; perhaps the subtle magnetism of his birth-place affected him; perhaps the unsatisfied longings of mature manhood made him restless. At all events, he had returned to New York to live, and at first he found the change distinctly disagreeable.

His small income obliged him to take modest rooms in a crowded house on a cross-street, and his first night in the metropolis was rendered sleepless by strange and disturbing noises. He tossed about feverishly, wishing that the cats of America might yet become as phlegmatic as those of Germany. The intermittent roar of the elevated trains, the rumble of heavy carts, and the crying of a child in a neighboring room added to his discomfort.

After a few days he became somewhat hardened to the annoyances that had affected him at first so unpleasantly, and gradually the peculiar fascination of life in a great city appealed to his impressionable nature. He sat looking out of his front window late one afternoon, about a week after his return. He had spent the preceding days in roaming about aimlessly, enjoying the unwonted sights that met his gaze. Now, as he leaned thoughtfully upon the window-ledge and watched the changing lights made by the setting sun, his strong face wore an expression of dreamy contentment.

"I think I shall like it here, after a time," he said to himself. "But I have work to do before I can enjoy myself. This city represents a great materialistic civilization. Honor is paid to wealth. Riches are power, and a poor man stands no chance in such a place as this. Thank heaven I have in my grasp a magician's wand that shall open to me the treasures of New York. To-morrow I shall begin the acquisition of a fortune. I wish I knew more about the details of speculation. My capital is small, but I run no risk with it."

"Twenty-four hours is all I need, and the experiment is simple. Let me have a glance at the stock quotations one day ahead of the time, and no power on earth can prevent my attainment of wealth."

He arose and unlocked a drawer in his bureau. Before him lay a pile of green, crisp bank notes.

"I suppose," he reflected, "they thought I was crazy for withdrawing this."

There was $30,000 in the drawer, and he fingered them with awe. They represented a small part of that power for which he had craved. His little fortune had been well invested, and, from the standpoint of a man who knows nothing of chemical clairvoyance, Danton's acquisition of his capital was a reckless move. Paying investments are hard to find in these days.

The following morning he retired to a small ante-room, which he had crudely fitted up as a laboratory, and began his delicate task. Under the professor's guidance he had learned to perform the simpler feats in photography. As yet he could not produce anything from the remote future, but he was able to anticipate time by a few hours. His present intention was to gain a fleeting picture of a newspaper the day before it was issued from the press, and, with the foreknowledge thus gained, to put up his money on a margin with the certainty of large commercial returns.

He had laid his plans carefully. He had obtained possession of his capital, and had paid a visit to Wall street to learn something of the modus operandi employed in the fleecing of lambs. He had even selected the broker to whom he would go when his prevision had given him a start to wealth.

He worked nervously all day, his face flushed and his gray eyes black with excitement. He required a certain drug, the preparation of which was a difficult feat. Twice he failed to obtain the correct chemical proportions, and the labor of hours was rendered vain in an instant. Late in the day, however, his efforts were crowned with success and he possessed the most important element of his experiment. Carefully locking the door of his laboratory, which was now filled with an almost unbearable odor, he came forth in the twilight haggard, worn, nervous, but inspired by a great hope that made his eyes gleam like sparks of fire in the darkness.

He had eaten nothing all day, and the thought of a ceremonious dinner was distasteful to him. Habits acquired in Germany were still strong upon him, and he went forth to a quiet beer saloon on Eighth avenue and found relief for his overwrought nerves in the sedative influence of malt liquor. Beer to a man who is exhausted from brain work is sometimes the most restful beverage in the world. Danton found it so in this case, and when he left the saloon he felt greatly refreshed. He strolled up the avenue, whose plebeian surroundings looked less sordid by gaslight, anxious to free his mind from exciting thoughts. After awhile he turned towards Broadway and finally stood in front of the Metropolitan Opera House. Crowds were pouring through the great entrance, handsome carriages rolled up and deposited their loads of gayly dressed women, while loud-mouthed boys rushed about with librettos, much as though they were racing programmes bearing "the names of the horses, color of the riders and the weights they carry."

Danton, moved by a sudden impulse, joined the throng of music-lovers who do not own boxes, and was soon seated in the vast auditorium. The enlivening scene impressed him pleasantly, and the opera had begun before he had satisfied his curiosity regarding the occupants of the boxes near at hand. It was his first glimpse of New York society on parade, and he was struck by the number of handsome women in the house. He had visited the leading capitals of Europe, and felt a patriotic pride in the discovery that the "materialistic civilization" of the new world has been able to produce a more attractive form of patrician elegance.

Danton was not an enthusiast over Wagner's operas, but the weird music and impressive story of the "Rheingold" affected him strangely that night. It seemed to him that the moral of the old legend possessed a new significance in the light of his present purpose. Would he find the gold he sought a curse? Would he meet destruction in his search for the power lurking in the yellow nugget? For a time he felt inclined to abandon what seemed to him at the moment an unhallowed design. Then he looked about him upon the outward signs of wealth and his ambition returned.

In a box above him there appeared, at the end of the first act, a woman whose peculiar beauty made a marked impression upon Danton. He found himself watching her with more perseverance than good taste. She was not more than 20 years of age. Her auburn hair, clear-cut feature, brilliant eyes and graceful neck and arms formed a dazzling picture of youth and loveliness. There was in her face the repose of culture, and, perhaps, the ennui of wordly wisdom. To Danton's eyes she seemed to embody the very essence of the scene before him. She was the final triumph of the evening, the reward that should come to him who found the gold nugget.

The young man sat where he could watch her without appearing rude. As time passed by he saw that she was bored. "Why does she come here if she is not fond of Wagner?" he thought; but if he had gazed at other faces as searchingly as he did at hers, he would have discovered that this question was of very general application. In her case he feared that he had found an answer when a man entered her box and engaged her in a whispered conversation. He would have been unreasonably jealous had he not observed that the expression of ennui did not leave her face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

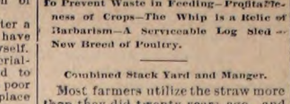
HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

To Prevent Waste in Feeding—Profitableness of Crops—The Whip is a Relic of Barbarism—A Serviceable Log Sled—New Breed of Poultry.

Combined Stack Yard and Manger.

Most farmers utilize the straw more than they did twenty years ago, and many of them consider good bright oat and barley straw to be worth, for feeding purposes, quite as much as over-ripe clover, or timothy hay.

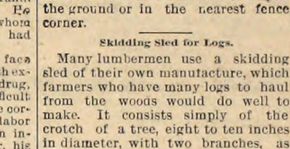


DEVICE FOR PREVENTING WASTE.

and, pound for pound, worth fully half as much as any good hay. Hence, instead of wasting the straw by building flat topped stacks and allowing the cattle and other stock to have free access to them, a yard is built around the stacks, and the straw fed out as regularly as hay or grain. To make all secure, a log pen is built, like the one in the illustration from a sketch by L. D. Snook, in the American Agriculturist. The logs rest upon a foundation of stone or wood, the lower log being one foot from the ground, and three logs on each side, the extreme height of fence being not less than four and a half feet. On the leeward side of the stack pen a permanent and durable manger can be easily made from small poles. This may extend the entire length of the pen, and be built upon one or more sides. The straw is thrown into it directly from the stack, and, if a ration of hay of straw be fed at noon, it will prove equally as valuable, the only objection being that it is located out of doors. However it is more convenint and economical than to throw the food upon the ground or in the nearest fence corner.

Skidding Sled for Logs.

Many lumbermen use a skidding sled of their own manufacture, which farmers who have many logs to haul from the woods would do well to make. It consists simply of the crotch of a tree, eight to ten inches in diameter, with two branches, as shown in the sketch, leaving the



A SERVICEABLE LOG SLED.

branches four feet in length. The bark is peeled off. Trim down the the trunk end for the attaching of clevis or chains, fitting on a wooden saddle for the end of the logs to rest upon, and the equipment is complete. Attach the saddle with tough wooden pins, which will be found more serviceable than iron ones.

Profitableness of Crops.

The price of all kinds of farm crops and products is governed by the law of supply and demand, but the cost of production is the only source for determining profitableness. The law of supply and demand is variable and bears an uncertain relation to the question of profitableness. A large product may be secured, but the demand for it may be so weak as to render a sale almost impossible at any price, in which case the crop would result in no profit, and possibly an expense in the cultivation. But again, there may be a demand far exceeding the entire supply, in which case there will be quick sales at high prices and a good profit realized. But these are chances that come to the farmer and cannot be anticipated when favorable, nor avoided when in the reverse line. The only rule that would seem to be safe and to be largely recommended is to aim at production at the least possible cost. So long as the price is uncontrollable, all the reduction in cost of production that can possibly be secured will add to the profitableness of the crop, for if corn that sold for 50 cents per bushel was produced at a cost of 45 cents per bushel, there would be a profit of 5 cents per bushel. If the cost could be reduced to 40 cents per bushel, the profit would be doubled. Saving in production is what counts in profits. —Germantown Telegraph.

Discard the Use of the Whip.

It is a noticeable fact that the most successful drivers of trotting horses seldom use the whip. Even when hard-fought races are on and sensational finishes are made the extreme limit of speed is secured without the use of the lash. There is a lesson in this, not only for the drivers of trotting horses, but for those who handle any kind of horses. With the proper training a draft horse will reach the limit of his power and exert every muscle in his body under kind treatment as quickly as he will when abused with the whip. A horse that will respond to the request for his best effort in a kind way is one that can be depended upon under any and all circumstances. It is the fault of the driver in nine cases out of ten when the use of the whip is made necessary. When horsemen once understand that kind words are worth more to urge a horse to his full capacity in any direction than the use of the whip will be very limited.—Clark's Horse Review.

[illegible] for House Plants.

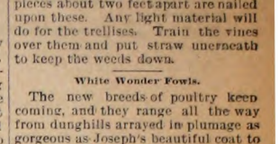
[illegible] soil for house plants is made by procuring some of the black earth found in decayed stumps. Sift it and see that there are no worms in it, and mix it with some dry garden soil. With this soil and good drainage plants will grow finely and will require little or no stimulating. Sometimes a fence rail or a stick of wood becomes imbedded in the earth and decays. This soil is excellent, when fine, to mix with common earth. Burnt bones mixed with pieces of broken flower pots are very good for drainage.—Indiana Farmer.

Trellis for Dewberries.

A correspondent of American Gardener in describing his way of making a trellis for dewberry vines says: "I take stakes two or three feet long, and drive them into the ground about half their length, three feet apart, and across the dewberry rows. Scantlings (2x4) inches is large enough) 10 or 12 feet long are nailed along the tops of the posts, and cross-pieces about two feet apart are nailed upon these. Any light material will do for the trellises. Train the vines over them and put straw underneath to keep the weeds down.

White Wonder Fowls.

The new breeds of poultry keep coming, and they range all the way from dunghills arrayed in plumage as gorgeous as Joseph's beautiful coat to solid buff, white or black. One breed that is attracting quite a bit of attention has been produced in Vermont, and has been named by the originator White Wonder fowls. He claims that they are just what the



WHITE WONDER FOWLS.

farmers have been waiting for, for years. Having bred market poultry for more than twenty years, he combined the good points of all the varieties he ever bred and is satisfied that his new breed shows more good qualities than any of the others. The White Wonder fowls, says a correspondent, are hardy, quiet, easily confined, large (cocks weighing 9 to 11 pounds, and hens 7 to 9 pounds), compactly built, low combs, not liable to freeze, white plumage, and yellow legs, beak, and skin. They grow very rapidly and feather well at an early age. Looking at them from a market poulterer's standpoint the description would indicate that they are well suited for use in towns where people are willing to pay a good price for fine dressed fowls. In many markets they would not bring so good a price as an equally good fowl that did not have feathered legs.—F. E. Dawley.

Poultry Cackles.

THE best profit from eggs is in the winter and good treatment must be given to secure.

KEEPING fowls until they are too old is one cause of poultry failing to return a good profit.

WHEN the house is made warm, care should be taken to see that it is well ventilated daily.

RUSTY nails in the drinking water will often prevent the fowls from losing their feathers.

SELECT the food for your fowls with care and do not confine them in uncomfortable quarters.

SWEET oil is recommended for roup; rub well over the heads and give a half teaspoonful inwardly.

WITH poultry, as with many another business, the first year is the most trying. Once fairly started, the road to success is easier.

WHILE the returns from the poultry may seem small in themselves as compared with other crops they often prove quite an advantage.

Kitchen Recipes.

BOILED SWEET POTATOES.—Cut cold boiled potatoes lengthwise into one-quarter inch slices; season and brush over with melted butter. Broil three minutes over a clear fire.

PLAIN COTTAGE PUDDING.—One pint of flour, one cup of milk, one egg, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake twenty minutes or half an hour and serve with a liquid sauce.

SQUASH PIE.—To one pint of sifted squash add one quart of boiling milk, one egg, two crackers rolled fine, one large cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of corn starch, half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, salt, and a little nutmeg.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—Two cups of graham flour, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of molasses, one cup of raisins, one teaspoonful each of salt, soda, and cinnamon, half a teaspoon of cloves. Steam an hour and a half and serve with a liquid sauce.

BROILED OYSTERS.—Select large sized oysters, drain, wipe dry, and dip each oyster first in melted butter then in fine bread crumbs or cracker dust, seasoned with pepper and salt. For broiling, a fine double wire broiler is requisite. Turn frequently and when the beards are curled take up on a hot dish. Pour over a sauce made by melting a tablespoonful of butter and mixing it with the same amount of tomato catsup.

BLACK BEAN SOUP.—Take one [illegible] of black beans, boil in four quarts of water with a little salt and pepper. When well boiled, press through a colander into the water they were boiled in. Add not quite a teaspoonful of allspice, mace, and cloves well pounded. Boil again for half an hour. Have ready three hard boiled eggs, chopped fine; put them with a tablespoonful of butter in a tureen, and pour on the soup.