TWO PICTURES OF THE CZAR.

THAT IS TO SAY, THE PICTURES FOUND WITH HIS "SECRET" HE CARANTED A PHOTOGRAPHER.

Berlin World: I shall never forget my entrance into Fredensborg. I drove from the station to the castle in a wagonette, when all at once a royal carriage came towards us. It was an exceedingly large open landau drawn by two strong horses, but without a groom. His place was occupied by a sturdy boy in sailor's dress with bare neck, to whom the coachman now and then handed the reigns. On the back seat sat the Czar in an ordinary gray suit, a soft felt hat with a broad ribbon cocked on one side of his head. On his knees sat a little princess in a white dress with laughing eyes. The Czar was also laughing, but when he saw my carriage he called out in English: "Attention, children, there are visitors." At the same time, the boy that sat next to the coachman lashed the horses, and the carriage shot by me. The Czar returned my bow by slightly raising his hat, and the children (I counted five) cried out to me in English, as if by command: "Good morning!" An hour later I saw from my hotel window the same carriage returning to the castle. Instead of the Grand Duke Michael (for that was the handsome boy I had seen burning to drive), the Duchess Tuyra, daughter of the Crown Prince, now sat on the box; but this did not prevent her from taking lively part in the conversation going on inside the carriage. And what was the conversation? I could only hear unbridled laughter (for etiquette is laid aside here, at least out-of-doors), and saw only a wide bouquet-band of flowers as they drove past. The children almost well, and the Czar did his best—to hide. Just as the landau turned the corner a violent-pink thistle flew into his beard.

The Czar does not like having his photograph taken, especially when he has to stand alone or is subjected to the process unexpectedly or suddenly. A Danish photographer found this out two weeks ago. He had taken up his position on the roof which lents from the castle to the stables, near the Fortuhaus Hotel, in order when the Czar took his usual morning walk to the station to catch him, and to force him in a sense to give him a sitting. This Czar, however, Jack would have it, quite alone, when suddenly to his left he heard the ominous click-click of the instrument. He immediately turned sharply around, as if the shadow of a danger had crossed his path, and I saw his pace off the black camera, which, being dazzled by the sun, he did not at once recognize. "I stood here at my window," continued my informant, an old female servant of the royal family, "as I was living there, there being at the time no room in the castle, and I saw the whole scene. The Czar's face was whiter than my apron; the stick, which shortly before he had been carelessly waving in the air, fell from his grasp, and he trembled like a a frightened leaf. In face of a sudden fright, but then, as if by sudden determination of will, he collected himself, and as the photographer came forth from behind his box with a humble request, he gave him a look which made the young man tremble, and the words died on his lips. 'Jamais!' hissed the Czar between his teeth, picked up his stick, and hurried back to the castle, a group of children running to meet him. In their midst he most likely soon regained his composure. The photographer," the old woman concluded, "returned by the next train to Copenhagen. He was very near fainting, the poor fellow, and for half an hour nearly lost the power of speech, such an impression had the Czar's enraged looks and his imperious 'Jamais' made upon him."

ONE WAY OF GETTING AT IT.

HOW A CHICAGOAN BROUGHT THE WORD FOUR TO MIND.

(Chicago Tribune.)

A man who had stopped into a 31st street grocery store yesterday morning with a slip of paper in his hand and a perplexed look on his face asked the salesman:

"How far is it from here to New York?"

"About nine hundred miles," I reckon," answered the man.

The robbed looked at his slip of paper, reflected a few moments, and shook his head.

"That doesn't help me any," he said. "What's the population of New York?"

"City or State?"

"Shot if I know. I don't think it's the population I want to inquire about anyhow. What's the latest news from New—no, that isn't it, either. When was New York discovered?"

"Say, if there isn't anything you want you'll have to excuse me. There's a customer at the other end of the counter waiting for—"

"Hold on! This is business. I'm coming to it in a minute."

He consulted the slip of paper in his hand again and inquired:

"Has there been anything exciting in New York lately?"

"Nothing that I know of, except the election. Say, what have you got there?"

"Oh and I pretty near thought of it then!"

"What's on that piece of paper you're carrying?"

"It's a date line from a telegram in one of these papers. I got it in my pocket to remind me of something, and I can't bring it up to save my life."

"What does it say?"

"It says 'New York, Nov. 3. That's all there is of it. I thought I'd know just what it meant but I don't. A man that hasn't a better memory than mine ought to have a little dog to lead him around the street. Let me see—'New York, Nov. 3.' What'—"

"Nov. 3," interrupted the salesman. "That was the day of the election, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but that doesn't seem to"—

"And Flower's majority was"—

"That's it," exclaimed the man delightedly. "Got it now, by ginger! Hand me a 50-pound sack of the best you've got!"

Pure mutton tallow is one of the most useful and inexpensive of medical agents. For the care of sores and wounds where a healing, healing application is indicated it is now in beyond compare. Many an obstinate sore of many years has been healed permanently by pursuing the following simple method: Wash thoroughly, but gently, once or twice a day with warm water and castile soap, dry with a soft cloth and cover with a coating of tallow. This should be spread upon a piece of linen or cotton, the tallow being sufficiently thick to prevent the cloth sticking from adhering to the wounded or diseased surface. The importance of the time or frequency in dealing with all troubles of this nature should by no means be overlooked.—Good Housekeeping.

SOME HANDSOME COLLIES.

"A Servant and Friend Not Reserve Will Take from Him."

The Rural New Yorker told recently a correspondent who visited Sky Farm, are pictures of a handsome collie and Scotch collie respectively, copied from that paper. "A Scotchman," writes enthusiastically of these much prized friends of man in his native land. He says:

The Scotch collie has been bred to assist the farmer in herding cattle, sheep and boys. The former breeder finds his trained collie equal to two or three men in handling his herds or flocks, in herding or driving to water, new pastures or market. For indeed are the Scotch farms where the collie is not an indispensable part of the help, sometimes overlooked it may be, but seldom missing. Without the collie the sheep industry of Scotland would be an impossibility and her bonnie red hills would not be haunted by the flocks of sheep in summer, which are turned into the neep (turnip) fields in winter, realizing money for the farmer.

The collie owns his remarkable intelligence to its constant contact with man. All day long on the hillsides he is the only companion of the shepherd, and night sees him still with his master in the cottage romping with the weans. While you can teach the collie every trick your ingenuity can devise he does not show them off to strangers. He has a more exalted and practical purpose in life, that of watchman and all-drivers for his master. For the small farmer he will drive the cows to pasture in the morning and bring them home to be milked at night. The chickens will be kept from the front yard, and where there are children no better playmate can be found for them. I know where a collie carries written messages from his master to his mistress on a small piece for needed information; only can many steps not be saved on the farm in this way? and, last but not least, he is a terror to tramps.

Did you ever watch a collie head off a flock of sheep? See him squat before the leader, and by his superior brain or magnetic power force the sheep back step by step, he quietly moving forward as the sheep move backward until his object is attained. There is no fuss, scattering or stampede, which breeders recognize as detrimental to the growth of all kinds of stock. Many shepherds have their collies trained to pick out the sickly or lame sheep from the flock, or any animal needing attention. If you want to be successful in raising stock you have to fix or lay yourself out to take proper care of them. If you desire conquered, reliable help you have to teach and watch them. Put a little time into the training or teaching of an intelligent dog, one which takes as naturally to carrying for stock as a duck to water, and you have a servant and friend no reverse or disaster will turn from you, and whose motto is "aye ready."

PARD.

PANSY.

Potatoes.

Use chlorine next eggs.

Ducks fatten on potato bugs.

Pigs should begin to eat when two weeks old so as to relieve the clinker-breeding sow.

The breeds of swine that received prizes at the St. Louis fair were the Poland-China, Berkshire, Duroc-Jersey, Chester white, Yorkshire and Essex.

Speaking of the nasty habit of allowing poultry to meet in the tool house, The Rural New Yorker remarks, "You might just as well invite two hens in to roost on your wife's sewing machine."

Standard prices for horses in the New York market: Pairs of carriage horses, $600 to $1,800; teams of trucks or express horses, $600 to $800; good saddles, $175 to $250 each; drivers, $275 to $750; hackney, $175 to $275, and streeters, $100 to $200.

In raising animals for breeding purposes let them be well matured before their work begins. Do not overfeed, as fat is a disease that impairs a breeder's usefulness. It is a keen observer and reasoner who knows when an animal is just right, neither too fat nor too lean.

Instead of shutting up a sow and weaning pigs in the usual fashion, try simply keeping away from the sow all slopy, milk producing food. Give her dry food and let the milk dry up itself. A man who has tried this method says that by it the milk gradually fails and the pigs wean themselves before they know it.

Young ducks are not to grow rather too much calpon to their flocks. A very small quantity during the moulting season may perhaps be dished out to them with profit if weather be dry; but in wet weather sulphur fed to chickens make them lazy and rheumatic. Cases of leg weakness have been traced directly to this cause.

When Julius Cæsar fell, as he was landing on the African coast, he is reported to have said, to banish the fears of his soldiers, who accepted the occurrence as one of ill omen, "Land of Africa, I take possession of thee!"

A farmer in Jefferson county, Wis., disinfected a hogs rack at the bottom of his well, when it sank out of sight, revealing a subterranean lake.

Breaking Up Incubation.

Keep in the Time to Begin Operations Saving Customers.

November will not be too soon to begin operations for hatching the early broilers. It requires thirty weeks for incubation which will bring the hatch down to the middle of June, and the week more will be required for the growth of the chicks, thus getting them into market in March. All the operations for hatching should therefore be completed before January, if early broilers are to be a specialty. As one can easily calculate the number of weeks required for hatching and rearing the chicks the importance of beginning early cannot be overrated. The hatching should be so regulated as to allow three months from the time the eggs are put into the incubator until the chicks are to market, when they should then weigh about one and a half pounds each.

Early chickens in large numbers will be an impossibility with the use of hens, as the hens are too uncertain and may not begin to sit before spring. If the broiler business is to be pursued with a view of securing profit, the hatching must be done with incubators in order to have each week under control. With an incubator one can hatch out chicks at any time and in as large numbers as may be desired, while the hen is at times useless. There are drawbacks and advantages with incubators, and the same applies to hens. In the winter one has more time to devote to hatching, and may profitably employ time that would be otherwise lost.

Quick growth and the heaviest weight in the shortest time are matters of importance in raising broilers, and the use of pure bred males will add much to the value of the chicks. It is not necessary to discard the hens because they are mongrels or cross bred, but it is very important that no mongrel males be used. The Wyandotte, Plymouth Rock, Langshan or Brahma males will assure a wonderful improvement in the size and quality of the chicks, and as a single male may sire a thousand chicks in less than a year, the use of mongrel males is not economical, the addition of one fourth of a cent to the value of each chick being more than the value of the sire if he has sired several hundred chicks. In the face of this fact it is unwise to an extreme to omit the pure bred males.

If incubators are to be used it is not too soon to begin. Much can be learned with a trial hatch, and now is the time to experiment. The greatest drawback is that of procuring the eggs. There may be plenty of eggs to be procured, but all eggs are not suitable for incubation, as the hens may be too fat; the males too young, or the eggs from immature pullets. No eggs except those of normal size should be used. Large eggs, small eggs, rough eggs or misshapen eggs should be discarded. It is best to have your own hens from which to secure eggs, but if this cannot be done, and eggs need be purchased, let it be from flocks that are known to you. Any attempt to hatch chicks from eggs received promiscuously, from all sources, will fail to give satisfactory results, no matter how well the management may be otherwise.—Southern Live Stock Journal.

Breaking the Poultry Yard.

A poultry yard should be placed upon sandy soil which drains itself naturally, but if this is not feasible throw several loads of sand and gravel around the house. Last fall I had the hard coal ashes emptied in my yard; it not only formed a firm and dry walk, but the cinders furnished the fowls with grinding material for their crops. Charcoal sifted from wood ashes should also be supplied them, and broken oyster shells, ground bone, or some other shell forming materials. A long shed closed toward the north and west is a better place for feeding fowls in winter than the house in which they roost, as greater cleanliness can thus be obtained, and the fowls are induced to take more exercise. Even in the very coldest weather they should not be allowed to remain all day upon their perches.—Miss H. C. Dodge.

Live Stock Points.

Hogs, sheep and poultry on the farm. Whatever these combined have may safely be allowed to go to waste.

When your hens cease laying change their diet awhile, giving them less grain and more fresh meat scraps and milk.

Let plenty of sunlight into your stables for the winter. Cows and horses were not meant to live like rats in a hole. The same applies to the cow stable the richer the milk, Board's Dairyman says.

Some of our learned scientific experts are discussing the question of how fat gets into milk. It does not matter how it gets there so there is only enough of it, and it costs our boys and girls 4 per cent. regularly we are not going to quarrel with them about how they got it. We know they did not steal it.

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deathly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the troubles. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX.

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