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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Oh! give me the life of a farmer's wife,
In the fields and woods so bright,
Among the singing birds and the lowing herds,
And the clover blossoms white.
The note of the morning's heavenward lark,
Is the music sweet to me;
And the dewy flowers in the early hours,
The gems I love to see.

Oh! give me the breeze from the waving trees,
The murmur of summer leaves;
And the swallow's song as he skims along,
Or twitters beneath the eaves!
The plowman's shout as he's turning out
His team, at set of sun,
Or his merry "good night" by the fire-fly's light,
When his daily work is done.

—Farmer's Advocate.

THE SILKWORM AGAIN.

Several letters of inquiry respecting the profits and practicability of silk culture in Michigan, have been received by the Household Editor since the furor over this "easy and profitable business for women" commenced. Part of these inquiries have been answered through the FARMER, a part by private letters. And still the inquiries come, the last being from a young lady of Decatur, who wishes to engage in the work if "all they say of it is true." The Household Editor, under the spur of the inquiries addressed her, has read everything on silk culture that has come in her way, and is obliged to confess that so far as the promises of large returns and little work are concerned, the highly colored statements so freely circulated must be taken *cum grano salis*. The parties who make the money are those who furnish the eggs at \$5 per ounce.

To our latest questioner we would say: Silkworms will prove a "white elephant" on your hands unless you have plenty of material to feed them upon. They will eat mulberry and osage-orange leaves, or the tender green of lettuce. But they have most voracious appetites, and the supply of food must be constant, and increase in a geometrical ratio from the time they are hatched until they are prepared to spin their winding sheets. A room must be given up to them, the temperature regulated to a certain point, and in rainy weather the leaves fed them must be free from moisture. The circular sent out with the eggs advises on most such points. But the two most important items to be considered before venturing into the business are: Have you an ample supply of food for them? and secondly, have you the disposal of your time so you can spend your whole time in attend-

ing to their wants? Unless you are thus prepared you had better not undertake it.

There have been several letters published in our exchanges, detailing the results of such attempts; nearly every one declares the returns, after the necessary expenses are deducted, are not commensurate to the work and care required. Even those who have succeeded in marketing the cocoons at a fair price, say it "don't pay." And in a late issue of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, an Arkansas correspondent alleges crookedness on the part of the New York Silk Exchange, to which he sent his cocoons, saying that though he consigned the crop to them in September last, and the receipt was acknowledged, he has as yet received no returns in the way of money.

Our advice to our Decatur friend, if she has the silk fever bad, is to send for a dollar's worth of eggs at first, see for herself what the work is, and decide whether she can make it pay. The experiment will involve but a small money outlay, and will settle all vexed questions. If she concludes to do so, we would be pleased to have her report her experience in the Household.

HENRY IRVING.

This eminent English actor, who has been starring in the United States this season, played a two nights' engagement in this city last week. I had the pleasure of being present at one of the performances, and cannot resist the temptation to briefly describe both actor and acting for the amusement of Householders. First, perhaps a bit of personal description of an individual so much talked of may not be out of place. It is said Mr. Irving resembles Oscar Wilde, but as I did not see the "sunflower poet" when he lectured on high art in Detroit, I cannot say as to the actual resemblance, yet certainly the actor bears a shadowy likeness to the poet-lecturer's pictures. He is tall, slightly round-shouldered, stoops somewhat, and is thin, so thin that a court costume worn in course of the evening, looks as if made for a fatter man. His face is long and thin, expressive, wonderfully mobile, and brightened by a pair of brilliant eyes, to whose color I decline to bear witness.

The play was "Louis XI," and Irving's part was that of the weak, cowardly, superstitious, treacherous king, perhaps the most imbecile who ever wore royal ermine; the king who, having mounted to

the throne by conspiring to the death of father and brother, distrusted all men, even his own son, of whom he said "I was a Dauphin once," and believed all men had their price "if you only bid high enough." I was forcibly reminded of Scott's delineation of this royal ingrate's character and person, as Irving came upon the stage, a wizened, decrepit, paralytic old man, shambling along among his attending courtiers, who seemed to pay him deference only when he demanded it, with his chain of saintly relics about his neck, and the row of little leaden images of saints decorating his cap. The art of the actor shows how the king is jealous of his imperial dignity, yet lacking its very essence, impatient of advice, yet too weak to stand alone, never thoroughly trusting any one, and marring plot with counterplot. In the first act Louis receives the Duke de Nemours, whose father had died on the scaffold at his decree, as ambassador from the Duke of Burgundy, demanding certain concessions he does not wish to grant. He therefore temporizes and equivocates, but Nemours, who thrills with passion at sight of his father's murderer, flings down his glove as a gage of battle, and it is lifted by Louis' son, the Dauphin. Louis, pleased at this filial act, embraces his son affectionately, but almost at the same instant his suspicious nature makes him spurn the kneeling heir apparent with an impatient "There, there, get up, get up!" He restores the glove to Nemours, promises to sign the treaty as Burgundy demands, and dismisses the deputation. Then, as the real Louis made confidants of his servants, rather than his ministers of state, so this mock king calls Toison d'Or, one of his men-at-arms, and plots with him to murder Nemours and his band while pretending to escort them to the French frontier. In the midst of their talk the Angelus rings, and the king pulls off his cap and mutters an "Ave Mary," after which he complacently continues to instruct Toison in the details of the massacre. Lest this plot miscarry, he plans a private interview with Nemours in his bedchamber, planning a pretext to arrest him. Philip de Comines warns the intended victim, gives him the key to the postern gate and his own dagger, and bids him fly. Nemours, mad with a desire to avenge the murder of his father, seems to obey, but returns after Comines has left the apartment, and secretes himself in the ante-chamber, meaning to murder the king when he is left alone. The

king, on entering, demands the presence of Nemours, and is told by Comines that he has escaped. And at this point Irving showed his wonderful art as actor. He is speechless with rage, he strives to speak but cannot, he lifts an impotent hand to strike, but it shakes with rage as with the palsy, it is pitiful but frightful to witness; he gasps a few incoherent words and falls back breathless, he rallies, still trembling as do the weak and aged under intense excitement. In the scene which follows, he gradually gains control of himself, and since it is not "policy" to quarrel openly with Comines, he dismisses him with a blessing, only to shake his clinched fists impotently at him through the door he has just closed, and call him "Traitor, traitor."

Louis, who besought the saints in rotation and spent fortunes for a nail-paring of St. Peter's, had caused to wait upon him a monk of great sanctity, who was reputed to be able to work miracles, and whose ghostly aid he meant to invoke to restore him to youthful health and vigor. To this spiritual counselor he will also make confession of his sins, hoping absolution at the hands of so good a man. The venerable father, in his robe of coarse brown serge, is received in the king's private apartment, and the royal inmate prostrates himself before him, and promises him wealth, treasures, power, all he can ask, for *ten* years more of life. The father's astonishment at this extraordinary request is misinterpreted to mean acquiescence, the king renews his promises, but this time "for *twenty* years more." He grovels in abject humility and self-abasement at the monk's feet, but rises quickly and walks away, muttering "I've had enough of that stuff," when he is told that if he repents his misdeeds, he may yet "live many years—but not on earth." His confession of his crimes to the father vividly portrayed the torture of a mind haunted by remorse as he described how the blood of his victims seemed to surround him like a sea from which there was no escape, and their ghastly heads encircled his couch; waking he saw them, asleep he dreamed of them, till his nights were filled with horror and his life accursed, yet he dared not think of death. The monk, overcome by the agony of this mind accused of itself, leaves him, exhorting him to repent, and so far as he may, make reparation, and is followed to the door, by the king, who promises repentance and amendment. But with what a look of cunning and craft does he deliberately say as he turns from the door "*But I won't repent,*" as if he thought to cheat the God he feared, by professions of repentance to His disciples, while cherishing his sins in his secret heart! And he sits down in front of the fire, and places his image-laden cap before him, and clasping his hands, prays Our Lady to grant him absolution for the sins he has committed, "and especially for this one, this one little one, that I mean to commit to-night," meaning the assassination of Nemours, whom he supposes his faithful villain, Toison d'Or, will escort to death that night. At this moment Nemours ap-

pears before him, and it is impossible to describe the face of the actor at this moment. It is at first as if he had seen a spirit; horror and awe are succeeded by deadly fear as he realizes that it is embodied vengeance, armed with a shining dagger, before him, and that he is alone and helpless. He begs abjectly for mercy; Nemours forces him to read his (Nemours) father's last letter, beseeching clemency and reminding him of old friendships, on his knees, the dagger pointing the words. Finally the duke flings off the suppliant king, still begging for his life, and bids him live, declaring that as he heard the confession to the monk he asks no better revenge than to know what mental tortures assail his guilty soul, and wishing him many years of life to suffer. The castle bell rings an alarm as Nemours escapes, attendants rush in with torches and search the apartment, and the curtain falls on the fainting king as he discovers the dagger Nemours had left, to be that of Philip de Comines.

The closing act represented the death of Louis XI, which I shall not attempt to describe, because I cannot. It was a wonderfully realistic scene, from the moment he appeared, clad in regal robes, sparkling with jewels, and crowned with the tiara of France, but with a face on which Death had set its seal, and upheld by two courtiers. His crown is too heavy, and is laid aside, but where his glazing eye can still discern it. He swoons, and is thought to be dead, and the Dauphin, now king, takes up the diadem, which he holds in his hand until he discovers his father has revived, and is standing behind him, looking at him with awful eyes. Then he lays it down, in response to the unuttered command of the dying owner. A moment more and all is done; one says "The king is dead!" and in a breath the courtiers cry "Long live the king!"

This English actor, coming among us well crowned with laurels won at home, has justified our expectations of him. The essence of true acting is to make us forget that it *is* acting; it is only the great actor who does not obtrude his own personality upon us. In Louis XI of France, Irving shows us that monarch's character as historians have portrayed it, the craftiness and cunning which would cheat alike Heaven and men, the utter heartlessness which plotted murders as if pastimes, the hypocritical piety which muttered prayers in the midst of the scheming; and it is Louis himself who is before us, and the stage the court of the fifteenth century, when all these lived and moved and had their being.

BEATRIX.

ONE of our Household friends sends us the following anecdote: Little four-year-old Harry was trying to harness a chair for a horse, but was so annoyed by his little sister, who was only seventeen months old, that after repeated cries of "Don't, Emma! Stop, Emma;" he sat down, with such a discouraged look, and exclaimed, "Dear me, Emma, I wish you was big enough to pray to God every day to make you better."

HOUSE SLOPS.

"What shall we do with the house slops?" This was the question which attracted my attention one day, as I took up a paper for a five minutes' read. The writer was a mourning mother who had just laid all that was mortal of her eleven-year-old daughter away; and she further added, "We are satisfied that her death was caused by a leak in the drain from the house."

The voice of my own ten-year-old girl, reading aloud in an adjoining room, sounded in my ears as I put the paper down, and I thought, how glad I am that we live in the country! "Living in the country!" There is the delusion that leads us too often astray. Dame Nature does so much for us, with her warm sunshine to evaporate, her strong breezes to waft away, and her purifying rains to wash and carry off so much filth and impurities. Her shoulders are broad, but we put too heavy a responsibility on them, when we expect her to make amends for all of our short-sightedness.

I am not writing of those in the city, who are blessed with all the modern conveniences of sinks, drains and sewers, but leave them to Beatrix, knowing by the way she shook out our beds and bedding, and opened the doors and windows to a regular "north-easter" a few months ago, that she is more capable of doing it. But it is to us country folks that the temptation is so great, to just open the door and throw out the pan of dish-water, the pail of suds or mop water, the tea or coffee grounds. We are in a hurry, just this once—next time we will carry it farther off, but not now. And so it goes; we ease our conscience with a future promise, and the occasionals become fixed habits. In the winter time, the practice is still worse; it is cold, or paths have not been swept; and then Nature coaxes us on, she quickly freezes up all of our uncleanness, rendering it less harmful for the time, and covers it with a mantle of purity. But the inevitable "January thaw" comes, and reveals it in all its collected disagreeableness.

I have taken a great fancy to cremation, not so particularly of our poor mortal bodies, as for all refuse from the table that is not eatable for pigs or chickens, such as bones, potato and onion peelings, poor coffee, beans or dried fruit, and many other things. Most anything can be burned, and then if it is not gone forever, it is at least reduced to a smaller compass. I still thank a lady friend who made this suggestion to me a few months ago; *i. e.* to brush the coarse crumbs from the table into a tray, and then shake the cloth over the dust pan on the floor. As to the slops, *carry them away from the house*; do not throw them out. And if the path to the back door is interrupted by traces of dish-water, or the Monday's wash water, potato parings and coffee grounds, do not be disappointed if the doctor's horse is often hitched at the front gate. c.

LITTLE PRAIRIE RONDE, Feb. 20th.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla for the blood.

SCRAPS.

THE minuet, says an exchange, is a French national dance, introduced at the French court in 1653. The name is derived from *menu*, meaning small, and referring to the short steps. It is said it was introduced because one of the court ladies whose presence at court entertainments was essential, was in delicate health and could not bear the fatigue of the usual dances. I saw the minuet danced by the "Jersey Lily" and her company at the time of her Detroit engagement, and was more than charmed with the grace and beauty, the gentle, undulating movement, every motion a "line of beauty," of the figures. The antique costumes, the court trains, rich brocades, the powder and patches of the court dames, the full wigs, satin coats heavy with embroidery, the silk stockings and knee buckles of the gentlemen of the play, made the stage like an old picture. But what would Young America do with its abundant spirits if compelled to relinquish the mad gallop, the wild rush of the waltz, the "kicking" and stamping of schottische and polka, for the slow, dignified, high-bred, courteous minuet, which well deserve its adjective—stately? It is the poetry of motion in its graceful, easy undulations, and can be characterized as a dance fit for *ladies*. It would be a good thing if its stately measures could be the fashion again, instead of the romping and rushing about which we have called dancing so long. And whether Mrs. Langtry can act or not, certainly she can dance divinely. So beautifully was the movement executed that a rapturous *encore* followed, and the Lily's brocades rustled and plumed fan waved again in time to the subdued orchestral music.

MATINEE performances at the theatres here are principally attended by ladies, the afternoon entertainment enabling many to enjoy theatre-going who cannot get out evenings. It was rather surprising therefore to see so many boys and lads flocking into Whitney's at two o'clock of a Saturday afternoon, recently, instead of the usual bevy of gaily dressed women. They were the youthful heirs of "our best society," with watch-chains parted in the middle and "the latest" in neckties, the sons of the respectable citizen, freshly washed and clean collared for the occasion, and the dirty but sharp newsboy, with his pennies clutched in a grimy hand, all intent on securing seats to witness the performance of "Peck's Bad Boy." There was the staid citizen himself, who had snatched a couple of hours from business to give his chubby, round-cheeked boys an afternoon holiday, and who seemed scarcely less eager than the lads themselves. But the larger part of the audience that was flocking in, were boys from eight to eighteen, the most impressionable age. Well, the play "took" immensely, the papers told us. The "Bad Boy" ran the whole business, father, mother, the famous groceryman, the minister and the policeman. The audience shrieked

with delight at his impertinences, and the jokes he played on his victims; he was "the life o' the wake," so to speak. But I could not help thinking we had enough "bad boys" of the Peck order, without educating them in any additional deviltry. The average Young American is up to "that sort of thing" quite as much as is good for him or those in authority over him, without supplementing his inventive genius by lessons from the stage. The Lord have mercy on us if we are to have a generation of "Peck's bad boys!" Seriously, while no one can read the confessions of the "Bad Boy" to his friend the groceryman without laughing, both at the *naïve* humor of the boyish recital, and the ingenuity of the young sinner, I seriously question the effect upon the young, who are so strongly imitative and imaginative. It is owned on all sides that the so called "Jesse James" literature, that is, the stories of daring crimes in which the authors pose as heroes, has done incalculable damage to the boys of this decade. They have attempted to imitate these exploits, set forth with the utmost skill to fascinate their young minds, to their own perdition. And this "Bad Boy" stuff seems a milder form of the same mental pabulum. It incites the natural love of mischief, that thoughtless mischief which must have "fun" at the expense of others; it teaches disrespect to parents, and holds them up as handy subjects for practical jokes; it inculcates irreverence toward those for whose calling we should at least have respect, and a disregard for legitimate authority. Of good it gives absolutely nothing; it is silly and tiresome, its sole object is to provoke laughter, and to do this nothing is too sacred. On the whole I should class it as hardly less pernicious than the "dime literature" of the day, and by no means include "Peck's Bad Boy" in the family library, nor its stage representation among the family amusements, unless I had muscle to correct its influence by a brisk application of shingle whenever it bore fruit in a practical joke.

I was somewhat impressed by a new educational scheme, which has been tried in a Massachusetts township, and was recently mentioned in one of our eastern exchanges, the *New England Farmer*, if my memory does not deceive me. In this township there are nine school districts. The State law provides that every child shall attend school twenty-four weeks in the year, until fifteen years of age. The school terms are arranged for spring and fall, leaving a vacation during the heated term and also during the severest winter weather, when Massachusetts country roads are frequently blocked by snow. The best of teachers are employed, and the terms in each district begin and end at the same time. During the winter vacation in these schools a twelve weeks session is held in the most central district, for the benefit of the larger and more advanced pupils, for whose instruction a more extended course of study, including several of the sciences, is provided. The little ones are thus safely housed during

inclement weather, the larger children are enabled to give assistance in farm work when it is most required, without depriving them of school privileges, while the teacher of the winter term is enabled to give them careful and painstaking drill, not having so many classes to attend. Moreover, the children are kept under home influence and restraint, instead of being left to themselves in some village, where they are nominally "attending school." Then too, since all the districts unite in paying for the extra session, a better teacher can be secured than if each district secured its own. Certainly our Michigan district schools need to be made more efficient; very few of them serve the purpose for which they are supported. It seems as if in our older counties, where population is more dense, some plan akin to this Massachusetts scheme might work beneficially. Generally speaking, I think our school districts are not too large, but too small; so small that the pupils are few in number, and the school officers feel themselves justified in offering that old excuse for employing a poor teacher: "Oh, our school is small; anybody can teach it." Farmers themselves are responsible for the inefficiency of our ordinary district schools; queerly enough, while taxed to support a school in their midst, which they will not properly support and look after, they send their children away from home to be educated in those common branches, which ought to be taught in the home school, often at an expense they can ill afford; as if education, like imported wines, is more to be prized if it comes from a distance.

BEATRIX.

A VOTE OF APPROVAL.

I have long wished to become a member of the FARMER Household, but have been prevented by various reasons, the principal one being my dread of essays, which I have possessed ever since I was a school-girl.

But when I took up the FARMER of Feb. 5th, and read the article from the pen of A. H. J., on the subject of "taking something," I thought I could no longer hold my peace, but exclaim in the language of Carleton's "school-committee man," "Them's my sentiments tew." A reform is certainly needed in this direction and why not begin in the FARMER Household? There have been many subjects discussed, from rag carpets to woman's rights, that are not of as much importance to us as our own health and that of our little ones.

Kindly thanking the members of the Household for many useful hints on various subjects, I give space for the next to speak.

HOPE.

HILLSDALE, Feb. 16th.

Contributed Recipes.

We are indebted to Mrs. J. W. Perkins, of this city, for the following recipes. As J. W. insists that the pudding is "boss," we advise a trial:

GINGERBREAD PUDDING.—Two cups sour milk, one cup molasses; half cup butter; two

teaspoonfuls soda; two teaspoonfuls ginger; a pinch of salt; sufficient flour to make a cupcake; put in a pail, cover closely, and steam in a kettle with boiling water three hours. To be served with sauce.

BUCKWHEAT JOHNNY CAKE.—One quart sour milk, one quart buckwheat flour, two teaspoonfuls soda, pinch of salt; put the soda in the milk, and stir in the buckwheat flour, bake in square tins, cut in squares, and serve as hot as possible.

The Poultry Yard.

Turkey Raising.

A noted English authority gives some information in reference to the raising of turkeys as practiced in Norfolk, England, where the business is carried on extensively:

"The time when turkeys require the greatest care is until they are six weeks old, when the young cocks begin to show a little red on their heads. Dryness is of the first importance; large, roomy coops, with covered runs, are desirable, that the young birds be not allowed to roam about in wet weather, or when the dew is on the grass.

"The food for the newly hatched birds should be principally hard-boiled egg, with dandelion, lettuce, onions, or nettles chopped up, with a little bread crumbs; to this may be added a little rice boiled in skim milk (if quite sweet), a little suet or greaves, and in wet and cold weather a little cayenne pepper, with grain of all sorts as the birds grow older. A fresh site for the coop every morning is a *sine qua non*, and a little exercise if the mother is a turkey, but not if she is a fussy old hen, is also advantageous as the chicks get on. A good sign is to see the young turkeys catching flies. In order to get fresh, untainted ground, it is a good plan to hurdle off a part of a field, a new ley, if handy, for the coops, and the grass should be kept mown closely to the ground.

"Turkeys will take to any young turkeys, whether hatched by themselves or not; so when our young birds get fairly strong, we generally transfer those hatched under hens to the turkeys. One has to be careful that the chicks do not perch on the rails of the hurdles or the tops of the coops; crooked breasts would be the inevitable result; they should be induced to sit on the ground as long as possible, and then taught to perch in low bushes and trees, and until they are shut up for fattening they are better never to have entered the fowl house. Having reached the age of two or three months, June has arrived, and the birds are perfectly hardy, requiring little care, but generous feeding. A more economical food is now desirable, and barley meal, with, perhaps, a little scrapcake, maize, barley, and small wheat is the usual food.

"Turkeys for Christmas should be shut up in a light, dry, roomy house the first week in November; troughs with as much maize and good barley as they can eat should be always by them, with two good meals a day of just as much barley meal,

mixed with flat milk, as they can eat, and milk to drink. Sliced mangel, turnips and swedes, and cabbage are useful and necessary, and plenty of sand, lime, ashes and brick-dust should be in the corners of their houses. Let the troughs be well cleaned every morning, all surplus food removed; on a farm there are plenty of other fowls glad to clean up after turkeys."

Profits of Duck-Raising.

C. B., the poultry correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, gives the following instructions as to the way to raise these fowls:

"Ducks can be kept and raised quite as profitably as chickens, with only water sufficient for drinking purposes. Indeed they become a greater source of profit if limited in their runs. They consume a large amount of food if allowed access to it, but after a certain amount the surplus food is rather a disadvantage, and should be kept from them, for it is consumed at a waste. Ducks should be kept separate from the other fowls, as they are apt to create a disturbance. Ducks are great foragers, and will live largely on insects, like other fowls, if kept from the neighborhood of running streams. When once given access to a running stream, they become difficult to control. If kept like other fowls, they give no more trouble.

"There are many varieties of ducks, but the common gray duck is about as profitable as any. They are good layers, and the young mature early, and are fit for market by mid-summer, when they bring good prices. A duck will lay from 14 to 16 eggs, when she will sit. The period of incubation varies from 26 to 28 days, according to the weather and the steadiness of the sitter. Ducklings are not hardy; indeed, I think they are more delicate than our common chickens, until fully feathered. The growth of young ducks is very rapid where well fed, in which case they are quiet, and are little trouble if given a place of resort where they can do no mischief. They are mischievous if allowed access to the garden, as they will destroy the young vegetables. If given a place by themselves, with a shallow trough of water to bathe in, renewed daily, they will give no trouble when well fed. The mother will lay two, and where well kept, three clutches of eggs, which may be put under hens, if it be desired to keep the ducks in laying, which they will do if well fed, and also mother the ducks of the first hatching. Ducklings that are raised by the natural mother are the more profitable, as she leads them in ways agreeable to the instincts of their nature. Ducks do not pine in confinement, but take to their quarters naturally, providing they are kept furnished with food and water regularly. The feathers of ducks are worth more than those of the turkey or fowl."

Leg-Weakness in Fowls.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* gives the following account of this disease and its remedy:

"Leg-weakness rarely attacks robust

fowls, but sometimes appears when in the spent condition, at the moulting period, a little after the bird has its new plumage, seldom before, and on the approach of cold weather. It is a rheumatic or spasmodic affection, brought on by the action of cold on the victim when in a weakened or low condition consequent on moulting, and the previous drain of egg-production. This low condition may be occasioned by the presence of vermin that continually sap the strength from the infested fowl. Fowls that are bristling with pin-feathers seldom wallow, therefore have no method of ridding themselves of these pests. With leg-weakness the fowls do not lose the appetite, and in every other respect may appear to be well. I have had them entirely helpless, and so dependent as not to move an inch without assistance, yet they were warm and hearty. The fowls were young hens, and good layers, that had become reduced through the winter from cold and laying. They were close bred in order to preserve a particular strain. Of twelve large pullets every one was affected—some more than others. All survived with good care, and came out strong in the spring.

"The remedy is cleanliness, generous feeding on strengthening diet, and warmth. The fowls may be infested with minute roost lice, almost invisible to the naked eye, as they secrete themselves in the hollow places and cavities beneath each feather. A warm ash bath is quite beneficial as well as strengthening. Give the fowls a good and careful dusting. Remove them from the flock, place them by themselves in a warm room, and put food within reach. With strict attention all will recover. In a day or two the patient will walk off as if nothing had been the matter. The difficulty requires good care and nursing, together with strengthening food. It should be taken in hand as soon as discovered, as if long continued there is no help."

Thirteen Years' Dyspepsia.

"I have suffered with dyspepsia for thirteen years," writes John Albright, Esq., of Columbus, Ohio. "*Samaritan Nervine* cured me." As it always cures such disorders. At druggists.

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