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Hints From the Greatest Poultry Country.

The Chinese prize the droppings of fowls as the best of manure, carefully collecting those of the geese, duck, chickens and pigeons. Goose-dung brings very high prices. In the use of such material they often dilute with water, and they manure the plants rather than the earth, squirting the liquid article out of watering pots at the roots of the plants.

They have many ingenious methods to save their fowls from being caught by the hawks. The pigeons in North China have tied to their tails whistles which make a whirring noise as they fly through the air and which frightens hawks away. I was for a long time at a loss to know what this sound was. I heard it many times a day in every city of North China. The goose-herder protects his charge in much the same way. He has a sort of bamboo whistle or tube fasteded to the end of a rope-whip which he swings from time to time around his head to scare away the hawks. Inasmuch as some of the goose-herds number as many as a thousand birds, and as the hawks are numerous and bold, it will be seen that this is not an unnecessary precaution.

The Chinese are very fond of eggs, but they never eat them soft-boiled, and they believe that an egg grows better with age. Preserved eggs are one of the dainties of China, and it takes forty days to pickle them for use. The eggs are covered with a mixture of tea-leaves, lime, salt, and wood-ashes, made into a paste, and are then packed away in wood-ashes, which, all over China, are sold to the egg-packers for this purpose. The older an egg grows after packing the better it is supposed to be. There are methods of pickling which turn the eggs as black as jet. In some cases, they are steeped in water in which the leaves of fir or cedar trees have been boiled. The Chinese also pickle eggs in salt water, and they believe these salted eggs as good for medicinal purposes. They have certain festivals at which they give presents of hard-boiled, dyed eggs, and when a child is born the family and friends celebrate the event by a feast of dyed eggs. All told, the egg industry of China gives employment to many thousand people and forms one of the important specialties of this very busy nation.—Frank G. Carpenter in American Agriculturist.

Winter Effects of Underdrainage.

Some of the minor advantages of underdrainage assume great importance in winter. It is quite apparent upon observation that ground properly underdrained heaves much less in winter. It is the expansion of the water in the soil, at the moment of freezing, that heaves the soil. Dry earth does not expand at any temperature. Draining protects the soil against an excess of water, and there is no excess of moisture, only capillary and hygroscopic moisture, to be expanded by freezing. The effect of the expansion of these is comparatively light. This partly explains why other things being equal, winter wheat succeeds best on underdrained ground. Under-drainage often prevents damage to the wheat in yet another way. Not infrequently water stands on the surface of the flat land, freezes into ice and smothers the wheat. It is rare that an entire field is so damaged, yet sometimes large fields are altogether killed out in this way. But damage to patches over which water collects, is quite frequent. Under-drainage which usually disposes of surface water, prevents smothering the wheat.

There are several material advantages in the winter spreading of stable manure and some other fertilizers. A respectable minority, if not an actual majority, of farmers would find such handling of manure the best, provided the loss from the flow of surface water could be avoided. Under-drainage at least largely reduces this flow; it carries the water through instead of over the soil. The water, on its way to the under-drain, carries the manure into the soil, where it is filterd out, instead of carrying it away. The water does not carry away so much of the soil or form so many gullies, something the farmers will surely appreciate whenever there is a thaw during the winter, and especially during the spring.—American Agriculturist.

A Few Small Matters.

Many men miss great fortunes because their minds are always full of big schemes.

The man with his head above the clouds is generally a failure. A man must know how to utilize the common things of life if he would prosper in a material way.

This is strikingly illustrated in the line of inventors going in for a big thing, like perpetual motion, for instance, he goes to the poor house, but when he puts a rubber tip on the end of a lead pencil he makes a cool $100,000. The man who knows how to handle the little opportunities of life never fails to make his knowledge pay. The inventor of metal plates for soles and heels made about $6,000,000. If he had scorned such small matters, and turned his attention to steel armor for vessels he would have probably wasted his time and labor. The roller skate netted its inventor $1,000,000. The inventors of little toys, puzzles and other trifles enjoy incomes ranging as high as $85,000 a year.

Against all these successful men are arrayed a host of bright but unsuccessful inventors who spent their lives in trying to accomplish something great.

It is so in every line of human endeavor. When a man wants the earth he gets nothing. When he expects to rake in a fortune in big scoops he dies in poverty. The successful men of the world fix their attention upon the commonest things—every day matters and opportunities around them.—Atlanta Constitution.

Paris Exposition.

Many strangers have been speculating on the cost of the Paris Exposition. It amounts to $7,600,000; but when to this is added the various amounts expended by the French Ministerial Department from the funds placed at their disposal for the purpose of entertaining foreign guests and for other incidental outlays, and those by foreign governments and individual exhibitions, the total, according to a rough estimate of the department of public works, cannot fall far short of $30,000,000.

The expenses of the glittering exhibition on the Camps de Mars in money was large, and so was the cost in life and limb. It is calculated that during the construction, 6,530 men were treated for injuries or for illness resulting from exposure; 300 workmen hurt their legs, 260 received severe injuries to their eyes from projecting timbers or bars of iron; 114 were scalded or severely burned, and 50 had their fingers cut off.

The deaths from falls are put down at the modest figure of 25; but it is believed they were far most numerous, and the correct number was not given by the promoters of the exhibition.—Scientific American.

A gentleman of wealth while practicing penmanship one day wrote his name on a blank piece of paper and allowed it to lie on his desk. It attracted the attention of a neighbor, who for a joke filled the space above the signature in the form of a promissory note, and a few days afterward the joking neighbor presented the paper with an offer to allow considerable discount if the apparent drawer would cash it at the same time. The gentleman perceived the joke and the holder of the document, placing it in his pocket, departed, and nothing more was said about it. Subsequently the holder died, and his executors finding the note, and having no knowledge of the joke attached, brought suit and received the sum for which it was drawn.—Youth's Companion.

Only a Baby's Hand.

"Big time to-night," the drummers said,
As to supper they sat them down;
"To-morrow's Sunday, and now's our chance
To illuminate the town.

"Good!" cries Biff Barnes the jolliest—
The favorite of all;
"Yes, let's forget our trouble now,
And hold high carnival."

The supper done; the mail arrives:
Each man his letters scanning.
With fresh quotations—up or down—
His busy brain is cramming.

But Bill—"why what's come over him—
Why turned so quick about?"
He says just as his pards start forth:
"I guess I'll not go out."

His letter bore no written word,
No prayer from vice to flee;
Only a tracing of a hand—
A baby's hand—of three.

What picture comes before his mind—
What does his memory paint?
A baby at her mother's knee—
His little white-robed saint.

What cares a man for ridicule
Who wins a victory grand?
Bill sleeps in peace, his brow was smoothed
By a shadowy little hand.

Nought like the weak things of this world
The power to sin withstand;
No shield between man's soul and wrong
Like a little baby's hand.
—Chicago Journal.

Debt.

Our youth are brought up to value freedom as their greatest blessing. They learn it from the lips of their teachers—they breathe it in the atmosphere around them. Slavery would be a degration to which even death would be preferable. Let them also be taught to dread and shun the slavery of debt—to prize above riches or honor, or luxury, or pleasure, that independence which owes no man anything but love and good-will. Such a habit of thought and life would make the crimes of faithlessness and fraud impossible. Character thus purified and made wholesome at its source would continue to flow on in clear and unsullied streams for the moral health and vigor of society.—Ex.

The Editor's Form.

A well known editor, who never talks shop unless he has something worth telling, recently told a story at his expense to a party of friends, which was overheard by a reporter:

"Not long ago," he said, "I received a poem from an unknown contributor, who lived in a little Western town. The letter accompanying the manuscript was written in that confidential strain which always proves the writer to be untrained contributor to the press. After praising my paper and informing me that he had been a reader of it for more years than it had taken in existence, he had been the liberty of sending me a little poem for publication. The honor of appearing in print was all the remuneration he desired; indeed, he was frank enough to state that he did not consider the verses inclosed had any market value. When I examined the poem I found it was one I had written myself many years before, and for which I had received a handsome sum."

The Chinese wall is the largest wall in the world. It was built by the first emperor of the Tain dynasty, about 220 B. C., as a protection against Tartars. Its length is 1,250 miles. Including a parapet of five feet, the total height of the wall is twenty feet; thickness at the base twenty five feet, at the top fifteen feet.

Liberal Straw Bedding.

The farmer that raises wheat or oats or rye largely, and has not stables fitted with manure gutters and reservoirs, will do well to use straw liberally for bedding. If enough is used, it will absorb nearly all the liquid manure. The liquid manure will hasten the decomposition of the straw more rapidly, converting it into a valuable fertilizer. Without the straw or some similar substance, the decomposition of the liquid manure is so rapid as to be destructive, and a part of its value is lost. Straw is a very imperfect conductor of heat, hence, when it is used liberally for bedding, much less food is consumed in the production of animal heat, and the animals are healthier and thriftier.—American Agriculturist.

Filling the Ice-House.

Lay boards from the ice up the bank, to the top of an old packing-box placed there. The box should be two feet higher than the bed of the wagon or sled in which the ice is to be hauled. The boards will soon become icy, and the ice can easily be pulled or pushed along them to the box, and from it to the wagon or sled. The colder the weather the better for cutting ice. It is always easier to slide ice than to lift and wheel it. The prime point of putting the ice in the house is to fit the cakes closely together. The less air confined among the cakes, the better the ice will keep. Make the crevices small, and fill them with powdered ice.—American Agriculturist.

CURIOSITIES OF PLAGIARISM.

The Habit of Claiming Other People's Literary Work.

The setting up of a claim to the authorship of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" by a lady whose literary work has never attracted public attention to herself must awaken interest in the phenomenon of a malady not yet classified by the doctors, but familiar to all editors, critics and publishers.

The disease is akin to the opium habit in its persistency, in the ease with which it is acquired, in the obstinacy with which it resists treatment and in its effects upon the moral character of its victims. The characteristic symptom of the ailment is an irresistible disposition to claim to have written other people's literary works.

It has never been definitely determined whether the disease is infectious or not, but there is a strong suggestion that it is so in the fact that even the most robust moral health seems to afford no secure immunity from its attacks.

Let us consider a few typical cases. The late Dr. Holland was the instigator of the "Saxe Holm" stories. They were written by a person or persons perfectly well known to him. He was consulted from time to time concerning them. He received them in manuscript, suggested occasional changes, many of which were made, and, as the editor of the magazine in which they were published, he drew checks in payment for them. He confidently believed, therefore, that he knew who wrote the stories as certainly as he knew who wrote his own poems. And yet there were three entirely reputable persons, all accounted truthful, each of whom solemnly assured Dr. Holland that he or she, in fact, wrote the stories, each having a different tale to tell of the way in which the manuscripts were stolen.

Mr. William Cullen Bryant once told the present writer that a person who was not born until years after the first publication of "Thanatopsis" vehemently claimed the authorship of that poem, and went away indignant when Mr. Bryant declined to surrender his own pretensions in that particular.

The number of persons who wrote "Beautiful Snow" was estimated by the late Richard Grant White at twenty-four, and everybody remembers how many different persons produced "All Quiet Along the Potomac" and "Rock Me to Sleep."

The curiosities of plagiarism are endless, and sometimes startling coincidences arise in connection with them. The present writer, when editing a weekly periodical many years ago, had offered to him an article which he had himself written and published anonymously in a daily newspaper two years earlier. The article was written for a temporary use, and there was nothing in it to cause any reader to remember it after the immediate occasion had passed away. If the plagiarist had offered his literary swag to any other editor his theft would not have been suspected. His ill luck led him to submit his manuscript to the only person in the country who could have known its origin and real authorship.

A rural clergyman in New York had the courage upon one occasion to offer a literal transcript of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" to a New York editor for sale, and when the editor objected that the work was already widely known as Dickens', the clergyman solemnly protested that he could not imagine how the author of "Pickwick" could have got at his manuscript, which had been locked up for years in his parsonage desk. The editor was unable to aid him with any plausible conjecture.

Some years ago a student in the University of California made a collection of the best college magazine poems he could find, and among the pieces was one of unusual quality, whose author had been much admired throughout the college world for his remarkable production. A newspaper critic presently discovered that Alfred Tennyson had shamelessly stolen the poem and published it as his own many years before its actual author had ceased to wear bibs at dinner.

In the year 1873 or 1874 a woman committed suicide in Milwaukee who had attracted a good deal of attention there as George Eliot. She had explained to those who interested themselves in her literary career that her latest story, "John Andross," then running as a serial, was written under the pseudonym of Rebecca Harding Davis. Yet the editor of the periodical in which the story was published had been all the while paying a Philadelphia lady for the installments, under the impression that she was Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, and that the story was really her work and not George Eliot's at all.—New York World.

Death in a Letter.

Just a little while ago an occurrence took place on the other side of the ocean which, while by no means without a parallel, is still a matter that will interest all fond of studying, in an amateur way, the transmission of disease. A poor fellow died in London of typhoid fever, and his wife sent to a friend in Glasgow a letter conveying the news of his decease. While the fever at the time was very prevalent in the neighborhood where the London victim died, there was no sign of it in Glasgow then, but three days after the receipt of the letter the Glasgow friend grew sick with all the typhoid symptoms. The doctors who attended him so diagnosed the case, and expressed the opinion that, notwithstanding the long journey between London and Glasgow, the letter had carried the germs of the disease.—New York Press.

Miss De Gold—Ma, that man in the upper left hand box is a brute. He has been ogling me all the evening.

Mother—That is young Mr. McCash, whose uncle died and left him one hundred thousand last month. He is looking for a wife, they say, and——

Miss De Gold—He is a nice looking gentleman, anyhow. Can't we put him on our list, ma?—Demorest's Magazine.