

THE RICHMOND ROCKET.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

TO DEMOCRACY WE PIN OUR FAITH.

\$1.50 per Year in Advance.

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ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND CO., N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1885.

WHOLE NO. 610.

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THE PEOPLE ARE HAPPY.

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Sells Dry Goods, Groceries, Shoes, etc., SO LOW that
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BY GOODS GROCERIES HATS,
BOOTS, SHOES, CLOTHING, MEAL,
FLOUR, MOLASSES, BACON, SHIP STUFF,
And almost everything needed by the people.
Call on me and see my better goods. I will
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store is at
Hamlet, N. C.

THE BARNES HOUSE,

ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

The table will always be supplied with the best
market afford.

RATES:
Table board per month.....\$12.00
Board with room, per month.....\$15.00
Board per week, from.....\$3.50 to \$4.00
Board per day, from.....\$1.00 to \$1.50
Single bed room, per night.....\$1.00
Single bed room, per night.....\$1.00

Shot by His Wife.

Arnold C. Stacy, who lived on the out-
skirts of Bath, Me., was shot dead dur-
ing a family quarrel. Stacy was proprie-
tor of the Crystal Mineral Spring, pur-
chasing it about three years ago, at
which time a residence was erected at
considerable expense. He became finan-
cially embarrassed about a year ago,
and the property was transferred to his
wife. A few weeks ago the debt was
cleared and he wished to become the
possessor of the property, but the wife
refused to turn it over. At the supper
table, so Mrs. Stacy states, her husband
renewed his demand, using threatening
language.

Fearing violence, Mrs. Stacy arose
from the table and from a drawer in the
pantry adjoining the kitchen took a re-
volver that was kept by her for defense
in his absence, as the house is quite a
distance from any residence. She states
that he took hold of the barrel when the
weapon was discharged, the bullet en-
tering the left side of his head, near the
ear, killing him instantly. Deceased
was about thirty-three years old and his
wife is a few years younger. They had
no children.

Found in Siberia.

An interesting discovery is reported to
have been made by the Governor of
Irkutsk in the course of a prolonged in-
vestigation of the province, which shows
that Siberia is still an unknown country,
even to the Russian authorities. His
Excellency came across the little town of
Ilma, with 500 inhabitants, 160 houses,
and four ancient churches, with remark-
able relics of Cossack times. It is still
under the Republican rule of a vobch,
or public assembly, convoked by a bell
as in old Novgorod the Great, although
the new municipal institutions were sup-
posed to have been applied to this part
of the Empire ten years ago. Not one
of the inhabitants can read or write.—
London Echo.

THOU AND I.

Strange, strange for thee and me,
Safely safe!
Thou safe beyond, above,
I'neath the star;
Thou whose flowers deathless spring,
I'neath thy fade;
Thou who lovest paradise,
I'neath thy shade
Thou whose each gasp breathes balm,
I'neath thy shade;
Thou where true joy is found,
I'where 'tis lost;
Thou counting ages thine,
I'not the morrow;
Thou learning more of bliss,
I'more of sorrow.
Thou in eternal peace,
I'where 'tis strife;
Thou where care hath no name,
I'where 'tis life;
Thou without need of hope,
I'where 'tis vain;
Thou with wings drooping light,
I'with wings of chain.
Strange, strange for thee and me,
I'where 'tis love;
Thou by Life's dewless fount,
I'near Death's river;
Thou winning Wisdom's love,
I'training to trust;
Thou 'mid the seraphim,
I'inth the dust.

FRANCIS CARR

ELLINGTON'S WILL.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Lily Ellington's bright face looked
very attractive as she presided over the
steaming coffee-urn; at least so thought
her father as he watched the slender
fingers adding just the right quantity of
sugar to his cup. As he received it from
her hand he said:

"I have something to ask my little
girl this morning."
Lily gave her father a shy, swift
glance of inquiry, but something in his
face kept her silent.
"I saw George Herbert this morning
as I was going into the post office and
he walked back with me. Can you guess
what he asked me?"
The old man looked at the girl keenly
but saw that she was really as indiffer-
ent as her careless "No, papa," sug-
gested.

Buried Alive.

The writer of a paper recently read be-
fore the French Academy of Medicine
expresses the opinion that one in every
5,000 persons is buried alive, while offi-
cial statistics show that the mortality
among sailors from shipwreck averages
one in every 4,000. The question has
of late been much discussed by the medi-
cal body just mentioned, and it seems
to be settled that none of the accepted
indications of death, with the single ex-
ception of the unmistakable decomposi-
tion of the body, are to be regarded as
perfectly conclusive. It is certain that
the possibility of such a frightful death
waits on the whole of mankind.

Winter Life in the Northwest.

It is droll to see the transformation in
the street scenes after the cold weather
sets in, says a St. Paul letter. Every-
body who has much to do out of doors
wears a fur great-coat coming down to
his heels. Buffalo skin is the common
material, but almost every animal capa-
ble of furnishing a furry article is
brought into requisition. One must be
an expert in furs to recognize them all.
There are bear-skin coats, wolf-skin
coats, fox-skin coats, lynx-skin coats,
seal-skin coats, otter-skin coats and even
dog-skin coats. The furry procession
that moves downtown of a cold morning
is a curious sight to a stranger from a
less rigorous climate. He might well imagine
that a menagerie had broken loose and
that the animals had adopted the biped
style of locomotion. The illusion is
increased by the huge fur caps and
enormous fur mittens worn.

Joe Brown's First Drunk.

The Atlanta Constitution tells this
little story.—Senator Brown was asked
the other day at a banquet if he was
ever drunk. He replied, "Never
but once. When I was a boy I was sent
to mill by my father on a very cold day.
When I reached the mill I found the
wheel frozen into the creek, which was
a solid mass of ice. We were obliged
to have some meal ground, so we got
axes and cut the ice out so as to free the
wheel. This chilled us very much, and
the miller supplied us with whisky.
When I got home I was pretty badly
mired. My mother was disposed to
sympathize with me, but my father was
very emphatic. He addressed me a very
forceful argument which I never forgot."

A Friend to Poor Prisoners.

Gov. Begole, of Michigan, has written
a letter to a Detroit paper defending his
course in granting pardons by the whole-
sale. He says: "From my experience
in our prisons, where I have devoted
much time, I earnestly believe that there
are 200 men in our prisons to-day in
whose cases the ends of justice, both to
the State and the convicts, would be
better served by their release. There
are many young men serving out sen-
tences for no other crime than being
poor. There are rings in all the large
towns of our State that arrest, convict
and send to prison persons for no other
reason than to make business for con-
stable, sheriff and justices that a small
sum of money would release."

The Cause.—St. Louis has been
looking into desolation complaints, and
has discovered that in four cases out of
five, the head of the family is drunk-
ard and a loafer, and wouldn't reform if
he were paid for it.

not have the deed recorded for at least
one year. Try how the thing works. It
may not prove as pleasant as you think.
Leave a loop-hole of escape."

"Your advice is good, George, and I
will take it to please you, if for no other
reason. But you know what a true little
woman Lily is."

"Yes, indeed," answered Herbert.
"She is the best little girl in the world."
He did not add that Lily was but a re-
flection of Charles, and that sons-in-law
are not daughters.

The papers were drawn up, signed
and sealed in due time, and Mr. Elling-
ton gave them to his son to put away.
The Ellington house was very pleasant
and roomy. It was one of the owner's
hobbies not to have one room singled
out to be set apart for visitors and never
made any other use of. He wanted to
have every room nicely furnished and
inviting. He had a passion for flowers,
and so where you would through the
house during the many years of his ex-
perience as a householder, stands of
plants would give you a silent welcome
from the windows.

For a time, after the transfer was
made, all continued pleasant, and the
new arrangement worked well. One day,
about six months after the change, Mr.
Ellington was reading the daily
paper in the east room. It was about five
o'clock in the afternoon, and the free-
dom from sunlight made it seem a cool
and inviting retreat.

Young Story had come to tea earlier
than usual, and was sitting beside Lily
on the vine-shaded veranda. He broke
the silence which lasted some minutes
by saying:

"Lily, what say you to having the
east room refurnished and shut up, un-
less when we have company."

"Why, Charles, papa never would
have a room shut up. He says it makes
it seem so stiff and formal. We'll have
the furniture changed, if you are tired
of it, and we'll enjoy it ourselves."

"You must remember Lily, that I am
the head of the house now; and I wish
to have a parlor. Another thing you
can please me in. Ask your father to
choose some other place to read his
papers."

Lily looked at her husband in sur-
prise; but there was no mistaking his
meaning. She saw he meant what he
said, and she had learned that she must
yield the point in any difference of
opinion, or she would feel a barrier of
icy coldness between Charles and herself
for days after. That was his mode of
punishment, and her tender little heart
could not bear it. So the next morning
she went to her father, and threatened
her fingers through his white hair,
suddenly she bent and kissed him, and
said, hesitatingly:

"Papa, Charles wants to have the east
room refitted and set apart for company.
Are you willing?"

"Do you want it, then said:
"Do you want it done, Lily?"
"Not for myself, father; but if it will
please Charles."

"Enough said, dear. The old man
must read his paper somewhere else."
The kind eyes resting on her face de-
tected the shade of sadness upon it and he
said:

"Never mind me, little girl, if Char-
les wishes it, it's all right."
So the change was made.

The next week Mr. Ellington was
caught in a sudden shower. In hurrying
to escape from a thorough drenching
he left his foot prints on the clean
veranda. When Charles came in he
looked decidedly cross. He said sharply:

"Lily, who was out last?"
"I think it was father."
"Will you tell him to wipe his feet
when he comes in? He must think our
house is a pig-sty."

"My son," answered a quiet voice, "I
should be more careful. You will not
need to complain again."
The young man did not vouchsafe to
answer, though he would not have spoken
so sharply had he noticed Mr. Ellington's
presence in the room. He preferred that
Lily should be the go-between. He
struck off milkily.

Lily's sweet face began to wear a trou-
bled look. She worshipped her husband,
and would fulfil his slightest wish,
though it tortured her; but her heart
was loyal to her father, and she felt a
keen heart pain to see her Charles so in-
creasingly disagreeable to him.

Mr. Ellington made no sign. He was
calm and courteous, and seemed to take
all in good part, even to have the coarse-
st portions of the food placed on a
plate, and having it pushed to him with
his air as though the task of helping
him was irksome.

One morning at the breakfast-table
Charles said to his wife:

"Lily, I hear that it is not healthy to
have so many plants in a room. I want
you to have this trash removed. Flow-
ers are no good any way, except to
shut out the light."

Lily's eyes filled with tears, but with
a strong effort she kept them back. She
loved her flowers as though they had
been children. It was an inherited taste,
and had grown with her growth. Mr.
Ellington was a silent witness of her
emotion. He knew that her wife's self-
abnegation was so complete that her
flowers would be banished if Charles
wished it; but he said nothing.

That evening the old man was seated
in front of the blazing grate-fire, appar-
ently seeing visions in the crumbling
masses of coal. Charles came in and
said, insolently:

"Can't you give the rest of us some of
the heat?"
"Certainly, my son, I did not think I
was keeping it from you," and he moved
to one side and continued his medita-
tions. After a time he said: "Charles,
will you get those papers for me? I
think of making a little alteration in
them."

The young man went to the room with
alacrity. Perhaps the old gentleman

had more property than he thought.
The idea was pleasant to him.
Mr. Ellington broke the seal and read
the document carefully through. Then
he set it into the blazing grate. It
flashed up into a fierce blaze for a few
moments, then smoldered into ashes.

Charles started forward with an excla-
mation of anger. Mr. Ellington rose
from his seat, and the old man and the
youth faced each other. In the presence
of Mr. Ellington's quiet dignity, Charles's
anger soon died out.

"Son-in-law, I have learned a lesson
in my old age. I find the part of enter-
tainer is more fitting for me than to be
dependent. I have discovered that fail-
ing powers of body must have money to
supplement them, to call forth the fail-
ing powers of a silvered head. Let by-
gone be bygones. I hope you and Lily
will be my true children again from this
time. All that my house and purse can
offer is welcome to you as my guests."

He seated himself and resumed his
meditations. Charles had the good
sense to see that it was useless to storm,
to scold, to scold the situation quietly.
From this time all was harmony. For
little Lily bloomed out again into her
former brightness, for the demon of avarice
which had held her husband's good
qualities in abeyance was crushed by her
father's timely interference.

After a time a baby boy was added to
the household. The sturdy little roguish
was named for his grandfather, and grew
into his ardent admirer, and love became
the ruling spirit within their household.

THE WAY TO MAKE WHISKY.

Differences Between the Real Still and
the Mixture that Kills at Long Range.

A correspondent wishes to know the
process of making whisky. The grain,
corn, or rye, for instance, is ground be-
tween a pair of ordinary millstones.
The meal thus obtained is mixed in an
iron tub with barley malt in the propor-
tion of 4 bushels of malt to 2 of meal,
and 75 gallons of water at a temperature
of 150 degrees Fahrenheit. After wash-
ing, as it is called, for an hour and a
half 50 gallons more of water are added,
at a temperature of 190 degrees. Two
hours later, the mixture having settled,
two-thirds of the liquor, which is known
as beer, is drawn off into shallow vats
and 50 gallons of water are poured into
the tub at a temperature of 190 degrees.
In an hour and a half this is drawn off
and 80 gallons of boiling water are
poured in. In twenty minutes all the
beer in the tub is drawn off, and as the
last lot is very weak it may either be
boiled down to the strength of the beer
obtained before, or it must be used with
a fresh lot of meal instead of water.
The beer from the shallow vats is cooled
down to a temperature of 70 degrees,
and then one gallon of yeast is added
for each 100 gallons of beer.

When the mixture has fermented it is
ready for distillation. The beer is drawn
off into a still, and the steam is
steam by running it into coolers, which
in former days were long coils of copper
pipe running through tanks of cold
water, from which arose the name of
the worm of the still. The condensed
steam is simply raw whisky. It pos-
sesses the most disagreeable taste, and
will kill at forty rods range, but it is
nevertheless diluted and sold in the
cheap saloons.

The acrid taste of raw whisky is due
to the presence of certain greasy products
of distillation and light alcohols mixed,
which are known by the name of fusel
oil. These products boil at 178 degrees,
while the amylic alcohol, or the real
stuff, requires a temperature of 270 de-
grees. By redistillation the fusel oil is
separated. It may also be eliminated
by running the raw whisky through
granulated charcoal that has been pre-
viously heated. Whisky is therefore
simply alcohol of a peculiar flavor
due to the substances from which it was
derived, and diluted, when honestly
made, with about twenty-five per cent
of water, and some of the products of
distillation other than the pure amylic
alcohol.—N. Y. Sun.

Suing a Labor Union.

Henry E. Glover has commenced a
suit in the Common Pleas Court of To-
ledo, Ohio, against the Bricklayers'
Union, No. 3, of Toledo, and the suit is
brought to recover \$5,000 damages by
reason of the plaintiff's being deprived
of working at his trade on account of
him being a non-union man. After the
recital of a somewhat lengthy prelimi-
nary, the petition sets forth that in
April, 1881, the plaintiff was employed
at work upon a building being erected,
and was peacefully engaged in the pro-
cess of bricklaying, when one James
McCabe, a member of Toledo Union,
No. 3, who was engaged at work upon
the same building, ordered him to quit
work, and through fear of suffering per-
sonal violence at the hands of the union
men, he was obliged so to do. There-
after he was unable to procure employ-
ment at his trade in Toledo, and was
obliged to leave the city and seek em-
ployment elsewhere, only to meet with
the same fate. After a time he returned
to Toledo, and on December 2, 1884,
while at work on a building, he was or-
dered from the work by John Gordon,
Jr., and, through fear of personal vio-
lence and injury, he was forced to give
up his job, much to his damage, and for
those various grievances he asks
damages in the sum of \$5,000. This is
the first action of the kind ever brought
in Lucas county, and its result will be
watched with interest by trade unionists.
—Toledo Blade.

ON THE TEXAS PLAINS.—Those who
tend the great cattle herds on the Texas
plains seldom have anything else than
salt meat to eat. They cannot afford to
kill a beef just to get a sirloin, and it
that climate the balance of the animal
will not keep long. It is now proposed
to stock with German carp the trenches
in Lucas county, and the water for
which they dig to catch rain water for
themselves and their herds, and thus
they may have fresh fish as food while
living on the great interior plains.

GEN. HARNEY AND HEIRS.

SKETCH OF THE FAMILY—WHY THE
CHILDREN ARE DISSATISFIED.

His Children Bring Suit Against him on
Account of His Recent Marriage.

A suit has been brought in St. Louis
by the children of Gen. William S.
Harney against the General and his
wife, the late Mrs. St. Cyr, asking that
a receiver be appointed for the property
of the family. While it has caused a
great deal of gossip, it is no great sur-
prise. In the suit John M. Harney,
born Annie B. Harney, the Comte De
None and his wife, born Eliza Harney,
join in asking that a receiver be ap-
pointed to take charge of the property
mortgaged by the Harney family to the
Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance
Company to secure a loan of \$380,000.
It was agreed when the mortgage was
made that the property pledged should
be placed in the hands of an agent, who
would apply its revenue to the interest
and to a sinking fund on the principal
of the debt. About one-half of the
money was paid to the children and one-
half to Gen. Harney.

Since his marriage, it is alleged, he
has withdrawn this property from the
agents' hands and diverted the income
to other purposes, throwing the burden
of the mortgage upon the children.
There is now due on this mortgage
property \$340,000, with interest amount-
ing to \$5,151.93, and taxes amounting to
\$18,000. The Connecticut Mutual has
threatened to foreclose the mortgage,
and a receiver is prayed for.

The making of the Connecticut Mut-
ual a party to the suit simply means
that that corporation holds the deed of
trust on the property. The proceeding
is entirely a family quarrel, with about
\$1,200,000 worth of property involved
and an annual income of \$100,000.
The bringing of this suit throws into
court a portion of the vast Mallanphy
estate. Old John Mallanphy came to
the village of St. Louis in 1804, bringing
with him his wife, whom he had mar-
ried in Baltimore, and some \$30,000 in
hard cash which he had accumulated.
He at once began business as a money
lender on real estate security, and in a
very short time he had loans placed on
some of the very best property in St.
Louis. When he came to make his will
in 1830 he was, with one exception, the
richest man in St. Louis. His estate
was worth about \$2,000,000, a great es-
tate in those days. His will divided his
property into four parts. One-quarter
went to Jane Chambers and her issue;
one-quarter to Bryan Mallanphy, the ec-
centric philanthropist who afterward
founded the Mallanphy emigrant fund;
and one-eighth each to Catherine,
Graham, Ann Biddle, Mary Mallanphy,
and Eliza Mallanphy, his daughters.

Gen. Harney, who was born in 1803,
was educated at West Point, and served
in the United States Army, in St. Louis
on October 1, 1833. His
property has increased so that it is now
worth over \$1,200,000. It is altogether
lauded property.

The old General is now 84 years old.
He was a gallant and popular member
of the society of old St. Louis fifty years
ago, and carried off one of the richest
matrimonial prizes which the old town
offered. His life since has been one of
elegance and comfort, diversified by en-
ough warfare to make the change pleasant.
He was one of the most noted Indian fight-
ers in the army, and his services on the
frontier and in the Mexican war are part
of the history of the republic. He has
been an old man for some time past, and
his constant attendant has been Mrs.
Lizzie St. Cyr, a lady whose former hus-
band was one of the most widely known
men in St. Louis county. The two
were married very unexpectedly at the
cathedral on Nov. 12, after filling a mar-
riage settlement, in which the General
conveyed to Mrs. St. Cyr one-half of
his own property, worth about \$100,
000, and one-half of the income from
the property in which he held a life es-
tate, an arrangement which would give
Mrs. Harney about \$50,000 a year dur-
ing the life of the General.

The Financial Outlook.

The Commercial Bulletin estimates
that during the month of January up-
ward of \$60,000,000 will be paid out by
the government and by corporations as
interest on debt and bonds and divi-
dends on stock. This sum will seek
reinvestment, and it must be admitted
that wall street prices, when compared
with former years, offer tempting "bar-
gains." In truth, however, much of
what is there on sale is so tainted as
to warn off would-be investors. This
large sum will probably go to swell the
already large amount of idle capital
which is awaiting opportunities for prof-
it. The banks are holding nearly \$125,
000,000 in cash, as against \$87,000,000
a year ago, and their reserve above the
legal requirement, which was then
about \$7,000,000, is now nearly six times
as great—\$41,000,000. This speaks
eloquently of idle funds.—New York
Herald.

In the Bad Lands.

The Ploche (Nev.) Record tells this
incident of life among the cowboys:—
Old Ed. Lamb, who was lynched the
other day, may have gently prosed his
headed brand against stock that be-
longed to persons other than himself,
therein he might not have done so; he
might have stolen stock, then again he
might have done nothing of the kind.
An old stockman informed us that there
are men out in that country who could
steal two head of stock to the old man's
one, and that Lamb was robbed of double
the amount of stock he had ever stolen.
There is considerable truth in the very
common saying that "a man in this
country has to be a thief to be a success-
ful stock-raiser."

His Malady Accounted For.

Plumber's Wife (sitting by his bed
died in an embossed velvet gown and
with \$125,000 worth of jewels scintillat-
ing on her ears and fingers)—"Is he
dangerously ill, doctor?"
Doctor—"No, indeed. He is the most
comfortably off of all my patients."
"But what makes his right arm and
hand shake so?"
"That's only scriver's palsy."
"Palsy?" she exclaimed, with a clasp
of her jeweled hands; "what could have
so prostrated my dear Algeon?"
"He has been writing too much with-
out rest," smiled the doctor. "He
has been writing steadily for four
months, for four months he has
written his annual bills."

PROFIT IN POULTRY.

No Occasion for "Fussy Details" Only
Need of "Common Sense."

BY C. S. HISS.

Poultry-keeping is at this time the
most promising branch of general farm-
ing. The demand for poultry and
poultry products for home consumption far
outruns the national supply. The im-
portations, especially of eggs, are in the
aggregate very large and steadily in-
creasing. This ought not to be so.
There is no good reason why our own
people should not profitably produce all
these articles that the country can con-
sume. With the single exception of
Canada, none of the countries from
which our imports are drawn have so
cheap food or such ample facilities for
the profitable production of eggs as
this, while they labor under the disad-
vantage of being a long distance from
our markets, with expensive transporta-
tion, and certain deterioration in value
if not in quality. But they make it pay
or they would not continue, and con-
stantly expand the business. The feed
on which many of the imported eggs
are made is shipped across the ocean,
paying two or three profits before it
reaches the consumer, and the eggs
after paying two or three more profits
are sold in our markets at a price less
than our own products, equivalent to
still another profit. But still the com-
plaint comes up from all over the country
that farmers cannot afford to keep pol-
try and raise eggs! It is a question of
grave importance to the farmers of the
country, to consumers generally, indeed
to the nation, whether this is really so.

Costing about for some sufficient
reason for the prevailing condition of
the poultry and egg industry of the
country we find, first of all, a widely
prevailing sentiment that the "hen busi-
ness," as it is generally called, is beneath
the dignity of men. The few city and
suburban fanciers and specialists are
generally looked upon as cranks who
have intruded upon the domain of the
grubbers, and an attentive reading of the
voluntinous poultry literature of the
time only tends to confirm the impres-
sion in many cases. It is not greatly to
be wondered at that reading farmers
should be disgusted with the fussy de-
tails which they are told are necessary to
success in the business, and decline enter-
ing upon it. All these details may be well
enough for the fancier and suburban
man who has an established demand at his
own price for anything he can produce;
but for the farmer whose products must
go upon the general market through the
regular channels of trade, they are a dis-
tortion and snare, and certain to run him
in debt if he attempts their practice.

But there is a middle course, as far re-
moved from the fussy detail of the theo-
retic as from the much heralded system
of the fancier, which is well adapted to
the farmer's needs, and which will en-
able him to produce and sell his poultry
at a profit.

Fowls have the instinct of self-preservation
as fully developed as any other ani-
mal, and we have but to furnish them
the means of reasonably indulging it,
under certain restraints which in their
unnatural condition in life become nec-
essary to their well being. They need
about as much protection from the
weather as other animals, certainly no
more; but like other animals they
need that it be adapted to their nature.
When kept in close apartments, though
only for the night, the same principles
of ventilation should be applied as in
the case of other animals. And so on
down through the whole category of
special requirements which go to make
up the most elaborate system of poultry
appliances. A little exercise of ingenu-
ity tempered with a dash of common
sense will enable any farmer to fit up on
the sunny side of the barn, or better
yet, in it, suitable accommodations for
a flock of thirty or forty hens at a merely
nominal expense.

When the flock is fairly domiciled and
provided with suitable runways it is no
more work to take care of them, and
costs no more to provide for them, than
for a single cow. The physiology of the
organs of digestion in fowls shows that
they are designed by nature for contin-
uous feedings. They have but one meal
time in the day and that lasts from early
dawn to set of sun, and they should
have the freshest possible range and be
provided with food adapted to their use.
They should never eat enough at one
time to fill the crop. But many farmers
object