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By COLL. VAN CLEVE,

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Agricultural.

Wood Ashes for Trees.

The following article, taken from the agricultural department of the Sacramento *Record*, should be carefully read by those interested in preserving their trees in a good healthy condition, and warding off the attacks of insects:

There are probably but few orchardists who appreciate the value of ashes as manure around fruit trees. Experience has proven them to be worth more as fertilizers or manure than the best of farm-yard manure; but they are still more valuable to keep away the borer and other destructive insects. Ashes and manure mixed make the best material with which to cover the ground around young trees. They act both as a mulch, a manure, and as a preventive of the ravages of insects. No farmer should allow his ashes to go to waste. Some safe receptacle at a proper distance from the house should be provided, into which all the ashes from the house should be carefully thrown each morning. They should be covered from the storms to prevent leaching. Each spring—say in February or March in this State—they should be well mixed with coarse stable manure in proportion of about one to three, and immediately covered over—say three inches deep—with soil. Let the mixture remain covered about ten days, when it will be ready for use. Spread the mixture over a circle of four feet in diameter around each tree, working it in with the surface soil about three or four inches deep. Trees treated thus each spring will remain perfectly healthy, and make a rapid growth, other things being favorable. If the cleanings of the hen-roost are mixed in it will be all the better.

Smut in Wheat.

Farmers in Oregon are seldom troubled with smut in wheat; nevertheless it is well enough to know how to guard against this destructive disease or fungi. One of the best preventatives against the disease, probably, is to soak the wheat before sowing in blue stone water. The *Rural Press* gives the following directions for using the blue stone, which our farmer readers might do well to cut out and put away for ready reference:

The method of using blue stone—blue vitriol—for the prevention of smut in wheat, consists in soaking the wheat or other grain—for it is as applicable to oats or barley as to wheat—for a few hours, quite immaterial as regards the number, but usually from three to five hours, or it may be put in soak at night and remain till morning, only in such case the soil where sown should be sufficiently moist to insure immediate germination, for the grain will begin to swell in that time. After soaking, pour off the solution and spread the grain six inches deep upon a floor and throw over it finely powdered, dry, slacked lime or wood ashes; then stir with a shovel till every grain is coated. If there should be more lime or ashes than can adhere, the same can be used on the next batch; and the same solution can be used again and again till it is all taken up. Use from six to ten pounds of blue stone to a barrel of water. Pulverize, or what is better buy it already pulverized, and have the water hot or quite warm, the quicker to dissolve it. Smut is a vegetable fungus which the vitriol and lime destroy the life of.

A gentleman in Macon, Ga., has utilized a spring-house, successfully wintering in it his tender plants, the warm temperature of the water preserving the air at all times pleasant and congenial to vegetation. We hear also of a similar structure in Pennsylvania, an old abandoned spring-house, where many partially tender plants are preserved very well without fire-heat. Among others of like hardihood thus repeatedly preserved is a grand old orange tree, which for many years has come through each succeeding winter looking unusually healthy and vigorous.

Home Interests.

To Cleanse Calf's Head and Feet.—Wash clean, and sprinkle pounded rosin over the hair; dip in boiling water and take out immediately, and then scrape them clean; then soak them in water for four days, changing the water every day.

Steamed Pudding.—One cup of sour milk sweetened with soda: half cup of cream; one cup of molasses; one cup of stoned raisins, and flour enough to made a stiff batter. Boil in a farina kettle two hours. Serve with sauce.

Lamb Stew.—Take half a shoulder of lamb; boil it in two quarts of water, for two hours. Then put in potatoes, onions, turnips, cut in quarters, two teaspoonfuls of salt and pepper to taste. Ten minutes before serving put in the dumplings.

Economy may be practiced in a thousand ways, and one way is in our fuel. Wood that has been sunned a few days after cutting and splitting it, and then housed four months or more, is worth for the family purposes of warming, cooking and washing, almost twice as much as when green.

French Omelet.—Break eight eggs into a basin, season with a small teaspoonful of salt, and a little pepper, and, if liked, mace or nutmeg; add two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, two ounces of butter broken in pits, and a little parsley cut small if liked, also a finely chopped shalot or white onion, well washed. Beat these ingredients well together with a spoon; put an ounce of butter in a frying-pan, let it become boiling hot, and pour the omelet in about half an inch thick; as it is cooking continue to stir it with a spoon, drawing it from the sides to the center, that it may be evenly done; shake the pan now and then to free the omelet from it; let fry gently, when it is a fine clear brown, turn it into a dish and serve.

Sweeping Carpets.—This matter of sweeping carpets during the winter season is not so easily managed as one might think. With a window full of charming greenery, a hanging basket with feathery sprays falling around it, and ivies clambering around our picture frames, to say nothing of the various *bijouterie* on brackets and *etageres*, how can we bear to raise a dust? Yet the carpet must be swept and the green leaves must not be banished. A patent sweeper, my friends say, wears off the face of the carpet. That cannot be permitted. I have tried tea leaves with fair results; pieces of newspaper wet and scattered over the floor, or sawdust answers very well; but my best success has been with bran wet and sprinkled over the carpet. This swept off nicely, and followed by a damp cloth wrung frequently from clean water will quite effectually remove dust from the carpet without raising the dust. Once a week, or once in two weeks, will be often enough to go through this process, which for fear of injury to the carpet, should not be given over entirely into the hands of an ordinary servant.

Scissorings.

Treasure Trove.

Many years ago—says the Salinas *Index*—nearly twenty, when the tutor of Tiburcio Vasquez the notorious Anastacia Garcia, committed numberless dark and bloody deeds in the city of Monterey and vicinity, the half of which was never divulged, a strong box in an old fort was stolen under circumstances that caused the belief that Garcia and others had induced a young Mexican, who was employed by the officers as a servant, to steal the box, which was known to contain a large sum of money. These suspicions were founded on the fact that shortly after the box was missed

THE YOUTH DISAPPEARED,

But was subsequently found murdered in the chaparal near the town. The theory advanced was that in order to hide all evidence of the crime and retain all plunder, Garcia had decoyed the youth into the bushes and there murdered him. Garcia was finally

HANGED BY A MOB

In Monterey. It is supposed that he divulged the hiding place of the box to surviving friends, and that it remained in its cache until a few days ago. On Sunday the 1st inst., a party including a Spaniard recently liberated from San Quentin went to the clergyman who has charge of the Catholic Church in Monterey and requested permission to

DIG IN THE CHURCHYARD,

Averring that upon several occasions they had seen phosphorescent lights over a certain locality, which they believed emanated from evil spirits or the corpse of a murdered man and they desired to unravel the mystery. The kind padre granted permission, and that night the party, provided with lanterns and utensils, proceeded to make their investigations. When the padre arose the next morning the diggers had departed, the excavation had been filled and leveled, and he was naturally puzzled to learn the real object and intent of the transaction. Questioning a few old inhabitants, the story of the money stolen was revived, and knowing ones feel confident that it was unearthed from its long resting place on the Sunday night in question, though it is not so easy to account for the reason why it was left so long undisturbed, unless its location was known to only one person, and he has been in prison ever since he acquired the information, and had no opportunity to prosecute the search previously. There seems to be sufficient mystery and truth, however, about the two affairs to connect them.

A Remarkable Man.

From the Hawkesville (Ky.) *Plaindealer*, we copy the following:

There lives in Ohio County, near Whitesville, Daviess County, a man whose name is Henry T. Tanner, aged 57 years. He never had a bad cold, has never voted for a President, has never been to the county seat (Hartford,) has not voted since 1861, though an old citizen, and has never been to his precinct but twice. At the age of 23 he lost, by straying, the only horse he ever owned, though he is now a well-to-do farmer. He went to hunt his mare, and failed in finding her, but found a wife and brought her home instead. She is 25 years older than he is. At the time of marriage her weight was 238, his 128 pounds; now his is 230, and hers 130. At one time since their marriage they weighed exactly the same, viz: 233 pounds. Tanner is a very strong and healthy man. He has never lost but one meal of victuals from sickness. When he built his house he carried enough plank up a steep hill to lay the floor of a room 17x19, at two loads, and had six planks left. It is his custom to go to mill three and five miles and carry the corn and meal, never using a horse, and carrying two bushels at a time. He has raised 3,000 pounds of tobacco, this year, and a horse has never been in the field. This is the usual crop he raises in the same manner, never using a horse. He has never hauled any firewood that he has burned, always carrying it. His brother Jonathan carried a rock weighing 700 pounds across a mill-dam, walking a timber about eight inches in width. The same brother cleared and fenced ten acres of land in one winter, carrying all the rails—seven to fourteen rails was his load. He and Henry Tanner wrestled four hours (different beats) and neither was thrown. Many other things could be truthfully said of this remarkable man, but we think this is sufficient to entitle him to the adjective. This account was given us by Tanner himself, and in the presence of several citizens of Whitesville who vouched for the most of it as the truth.

A Growing Seed.

We take the following from a Chicago paper of the 13th inst.:

A prominent builder of Chicago has an order by telegraph from the Commissioner of the Mennonite colony to build three hundred houses a month for them. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company have just sold 18,000 acres of land in Halsted, Harney County, to this colony, and 29,000 more are engaged to be taken during the coming season. This great tract is one of several which the German-Russian-Quaker-like sect are locating for their 40,000 brethren in Russia, who, it is alleged, will find their way hither as soon as the way is prepared for them. These people emigrated to Russia some seventy years ago, and by their indefatigable industry and high morality built up a great colony. They are emigrating to America rather than serve in the army of the Czar. Their history is now too well known for a repetition here. Thirty pioneers of these colonists passed through here a short time ago, and created a very remarkable impression. They are Germans, and with one exception, have resided some little in Illinois and Iowa, and are all farmers by occupation. They were on their return, after contracting with the Land Commission of the Railroad Company for the purchase of the land as above stated.

We are indebted to the Newburyport *Herald* for a curious bit of philology. It appears that "*a tinker's dam*" is not profanity, but simply an inclosure made, commonly of bread, around the hole to be mended, that the melted solder may be retained till it cools off around the metal. After being subjected to this process, the bread is burned and spoiled, and is a fitting type of utter worthlessness. This is one of those instances not uncommon in which the corrupted phrase is quite as forcible and fitting as the original—tinkers usually being vagabond persons to whose swearing nobody pays much attention.

It is such little incidents as this that keep alive one's faith in human nature and in the future: Just after the great fire, the employes of Macullar, Williams & Parker, Boston, of their own notion, proposed a reduction of salaries. Their generous offer was accepted. Since then the business of the firm has prospered, and last Wednesday the partners played the return game. They presented each one of their clerks with a check for the full amount of the pay surrendered, and announced that all the salaries had been put back to the old figures. We wish such histories as this got into the newspapers a great deal oftener than they do.—*Springfield Republican.*

"Fellow-travelers," said a colored preacher, "ef I had been eatin' dried apples for a week an' then took to drinkin' for a mont', I couldn't feel more swelled up than I am dis minit wid pride an' vanity at seeing such full 'tendance ber dis evenin'."