A SLEEP SONG.

BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

Sister Simplicitie,
Sing, sing a song to me,
Sing me to sleep.
Some legend low and long,
Slow as the summer song
Of the dull Deep.

Some legend long and low,
Whose equal ebb and flow
To and fro creep
On the deep marge of gray
'Tween the soul's night and day,
Washing awake away
Into sleep.

Some legend low and long
Never so weak or strong
As to let go
While it can hold this heart
Without a sigh or smart,
Or ere to hold this heart
When it sighs "No."

Some long swaying song,
As the swayed shadows long
Sway to and fro,
Where thro' the crowing cocks
And by the swinging clocks
Some mother rocks
Some weary woe.

Sing up and down to me
Like a dream-boat at sea,
So and still so,
Float thro' the "then" and "when,"
Rising from when to then
Sinking from then to when
While the waves go.

Low and high, high and low,
Now and then, then and now,
Now, now;
And when the now is then, and when the then is now,
And when the low is high and when the high is low,
Low, low,
Let me float, let the boat
Go, go;
Let me glide, let me slide
Slow, slow;
Gliding boat, sliding boat
Slow, slow;
Glide away, slide away
So, so.

ONE OF MANY.

I am sitting by the open window and looking out upon the orchard, where the trees stand laden with apple-blooms, whose delicate perfume floats in this twilight air just as it did four years ago to-night.

There is nothing changed about this old place, as I look upon its picture now. There stands the stone-curbed well, over which the long sweep hangs, with its dangling bucket, moss-covered and dipping water monotonously, just as ever. There is Carlo's kennel, and Carlo himself is lying there, with his nose upon his outstretched paws, and his eyes closed lazily; precisely thus he lay as I looked out of this window four years ago this hour. I can hear Kate and Bess and Dick and Duke stamping with their iron hoofs in the stables in the old red barn; and over the top of the same tree that bears the golden sweets, peeps the wooden weather cock on the roof of the hay-shed. The doves have been flying in and out of their cotes over the wide door, for the past hour; and the swallows, not yet gone to sleep, are squeaking and chattering in the eves overhead. There dangles the swing under the oak. Yonder comes Philip whistling up the road. He has changed no more in these four years than if he were an image, instead of being, as he is, a middle-aged serving man. Everything my eye rests on is just the same—just the same. I wish it were not. How can the world go on so unchanged?

It seems as if I had been dreaming, here by the window in the sun of the warm May afternoon, and had just awakened in the falling twilight. *Was* it my wedding night, this night four years ago?

Yes. There on the bed within this room, my boy is sleeping. Here on my finger is my wedding-ring, and I kiss it, and it is as cold to my lips as *his* forehead was. Here are my widow's mourning garments. I am twenty-two. I was eighteen when Frank drew me to his heart, here in this very room, and called me his darling, his brown-eyed bride. Oh, how I loved him! You ladies who live in cities, and whose lives are crowded with events—who have loved and unloved one man after another—whose hearts were older at eighteen than mine is this day, even after all its deep joy and sorrow—you cannot know how I loved my husband.

He was the only man I ever loved; remember, the *only* one. My father was so stern with me that him I never dared to love. My mother died when I was little, and my father kept me always under his eye, permitting me no such pleasures as those that country girls generally have, and books were my best companions. There were balls at the tavern at the cross roads in the winter, but I never went to them. There were picnic parties in the summer, and husking-bees in autumn, and other merry-makings of which I sometimes heard, but which I never saw. Almost my only knowledge of life outside my home was gathered from the glimpses I got of the neighbor-people on Sunday at the little church where all the farmers on Morton Heights met to worship, and still do. It was there I first saw Frank,—when I was a little curly-headed girl, and he was a blue-eyed boy, five years my senior. There I saw all I ever saw of him, till I was sixteen, and he was home for the vacation. I met him then, one afternoon as I was coming home from a neighbor's house, and he walked along by my side. I loved him that hour with my whole soul; and during the two years following I learned to find my sweetest happiness in his smile, the thrilling touch of his hand, the soft words of love he spoke to me; and at last to sink in the tremor of unutterable happiness upon his breast when he asked me to be his wife.

Can you wonder, then, that the wedding night on which he made me his was dazzling in its brilliancy to my eyes? I was almost intoxicated with the novelty and joy of that scene. The great rooms of Squire Morton's house were like those of a palace compared to the humbler home where I had been reared, and it was there we were married, for Frank wished it so. The crowding guests, the gleaming lights, the marriage ceremony, the congratulations, the whispered joy of my husband as he bent over me, and the odor of the apple blossoms pervading all, seemed like a beautiful dream then—seems like a dream now, with the orchard's perfume alone remaining.

Do you believe me exagerating when I say that I would have yielded up my own life unmurmuringly for my husband's sake? If you do, it only shows that you have no conception of a love like that I bore for Frank. It was wrong to love a man so, perhaps; but oh, I was so happy! He was my all, remember. On him I lavished the long-hoarded affections of a nature whose depths no mortal being had looked into before him. My heart would leap with gladness at the sound of his voice at a distance. I knew his footsteps so well that I would go far beyond the gate to meet him when he was coming up the road. His kiss was heaven to my lips, and the fond glance of his blue eye would thrill my being to the core.

You may wonder that I consented to part with Frank when I loved him so. It was because I loved him as I did that I could not oppose him when he told me, his face all glowing with enthusiasm, that he wanted to raise a company for the war. Then he talked so eloquently about it, his eye shone with such a luster, and his voice had such a cheer in it, as he spoke of going forth with his conarades to fight in defense of the dear old flag, how could I put in my selfish protest?

But I clung to his neck with silent fear in the darkness of night, when he lay fast asleep; I pictured his loved form lying wounded and bloody on the battle field, and I hid my face on my pillow, and pressing his dear cheek with my hand softly, so as not to wake him, while I wept as if my heart would break. But in the day time I never let him know; I tried my best to cheer him, for I knew it was the old patriotic fire that burned in his manly breast, and no tears of mine should quench it. I was always proud of Frank; he was a prince of men to me; but now I was prouder of him than ever before.

I was but the bride of a summer when he marched away. The harvest was ripe, and the leaves were browning. He kissed me again and again as we stood under the porch by the door, and I smiled a cheerful smile of adieu to him, and struggled to hide from him the quivering of my lips. Then he walked briskly away down the garden path, passed out the gate, and waved his gilded cap to me from the road; and when he was so far away that he could not see me weep, I leaned against a pillar and gazed long after him through the blinding rain of unavailing tears.

I used to get such cheering letters from my hero! He found so many amusing things to write about in his new life, and seemed to relish so well the novelty and hardihood of the camp. He would describe to me the minutest particulars of his surroundings, tell me what he ate and how, where he slept and how, and drew for me such photographs of the scenes in which he moved, that I soon quite lost my foolish habit of picturing him lying bleeding on cold battle fields, alone with the watching stars and the long night. Instead of this I began to share his dissatisfaction at having nothing to do through the long winter, and I looked foward to spring with its longing vision and learned to glory in my husband's strength as he himself did, and to feel certain that all perils must yield beneath the power of his one arm. Our boy was born that winter, too, and in him I found an object on which to pour out the love of my heart, and a compaion to make the time pass away.

The spring came, and in the battle of Fair Oaks my husband was taken prisoner. They shut him up in that fearful prison in Richmond, and murdered him by inches. Long, long months had rolled away. My boy grew till he could run about the house and play with Carlo in the yard; and every day he seemed to grow more and more like his father as he was when he went away, with his fresh, round cheeks red with bloom, and his merry blue eyes and ringing laugh.

Last October they brought my husband home. Oh, what a pitiful resemblance of a man who waved his gilded cap to me from the road as I stood in the porch that September morning so long ago! They left him alone in the parlor to wait for me, for I had fainted at sight of him from the window—my darling Frank—this skeleton with shrunken limbs, and ghastly, fallen cheek and dull eyes! Could it be he? Only when I entered the parlor where he sat, and beheld the clustering black hair that shaded his forehead, could I see aught of the man I had married on that May night when the odor of the apple blossoms was in the air? He looked on me so pitifully, and raised his wan hand as if to embrace me. I flew to his breast and kissed his white cheek and colorless lips, with despair in my heart, for I knew he had "come home to die!"

"Is this my husband?" I murmured, in a tone of awe, as I looked upon the strange face.

"This is what they have left you of him," said he, smiling faintly; and I hid my face in his bosom.

"Where is my boy?" he whispered, smoothing my hair with his bony hand.

I went for little Frank, and held him up while his father folded him in his arms. The little fellow looked into the white and bearded face with a straight, earnest gaze, and then his eyes filled with tears, and his lips began to quiver, but it was with pity, not with childish fear, for he put up his little hand to his father's mouth caressingly, and said "Papa sick!"

Next day the doctor came. He sat an hour with Frank; prescribed cheerfulness, quiet, and generous food; instructed me in the duties of my new office as nurse, for I would have no other; pressed Frank's hand cordially, and left the room. I followed him to the door.

"How long can he live?" I asked.

The doctor shook his head.

"All will depend on the care you take of him, Mrs. Moreton. With such care as I know you will give him he may survive a month, or even two. But I could not promise him a week of life. He has had a hard time. D——n the villains! They'd be torn to pieces like carrion if I had my way with 'em!"

When I went back to Frank he asked me what the doctor said.

"Don't conceal anything from me, dear wife," said he, "There is no need, I am ready to go."

Then I told him and he smiled. There was a peculiar light in his eyes as he turned them on me and said: Mary, I shall live till spring."

It was October then. So many months of life yet? It seemed like a priceless boon. Nearly half a year to live? Oh, what a world of love should be crowded into that time! And I believed him, too. I don't know why, but I did.

The winter rolled by slowly, and he did not die. Sometimes I would feel a wild hope that he might recover, and he would see it shining in my eyes, and would smile and shake his head in answer to the unspoken thought.

"In the spring," he said, very often—"in the spring, I shall die."

The spring came too soon. The robins began to sing in the sunshine—the starling came to his old nest in the apple tree by the wall. Sometimes Frank would bid me open the window so that he could hear the plaintive notes of the bluebirds and the twitter of the sparrows under the eaves. Wrapped in heavy shawls, and sitting in his great arm chair, he would gaze out the window with his dreamy blue eyes till he seemed to forget that I was there.

"They are getting ready," he would murmur. "I shall hear from them soon.

I thought he was talking of the angels.

"What do you see out there, Captain Frank?" asked Dr. Thomas, one such day, as he entered the room.

"I am looking southward!" whispered Frank. "There will be grand news from the front very soon. That is what I am waiting for."

Then we understood him. The window looks toward the south, and commands a view of the road leading to the village, ten miles away. And it was there he sat when he died. You must know that here on the Heights we get the news but once a week. We are on no high road where travelers pass. The half-dozen farmers who live on the Heights with us, like us, go to the village on Saturdays, the common market day. Then we get the weekly newspaper, which is issued in the village on Friday morning, and contains all of the events of the week that is past.

Frank slept none on Thursday night, and Friday morning early he asked that Philip be sent to the village for the *Republican*.

It was afternoon when Philip returned. Frank sat by the open window, gazing earnestly down the road. It was a beautiful day. The air was balmy as in June, and the birds were flying about and twittering joyously in the trees. Presently Philip came in sight around a bend in the road. He was waving the newspaper in the air, and seemed to be shouting something, but we could not hear. The orchard shut him from view a minute after, and I ran down stairs to meet him at the gate and get the *Republican*.

"Hooray!" cried Philip. "Victory!"

I devoured the news with quick eyes, and then ran up stairs to Frank, and knelt by his chair.

"Dear husband," said I, "the news is grand. Do you think you can bear to hear it?"

"Mary," said he, "I shall never be stronger than I am this hour. It is my last. Tell me the good news. I have waited long for it."

Amidst my tears I read the news. Richmond was evacuated and our troops occupied it. Jeff Davis was flying for his life, and Lee's whole army had surrendered to Grant. An order had been issued to stop recruiting and drafting. Peace had already dawned.

He listened with closed eyes, an expression of unutterable happiness on his white face.

"Glory!" he murmured, when I had done. "The night is past. Dear wife, I am happy now. I knew I should live to see the dawn."

An hour later he passed away. I sat at his feet, clasping his hand in both of mine.

"Mary," he whispered, "you know the legacy I leave my boy. He is too young to understand now, but as he grows up teach him its priceless value. The day will come when he will be prouder to know that his father died one of the martyrs in freedom's cause than he would be if I had made him heir to millions. *I* was a soldier, too! *I* wore the army blue!"

His breath came fainter and fainter. His hand grew lifeless in my clasp. Then he rose up in his chair, gazed with brilliant eyes out at the window toward the south, waved his bony hand in the air, and fell back upon the cushions. I touched his cold forehead with my trembling lips, and heard his last faint whisper.

"Mary—don't forget!—I wore the blue!" And he was one of the many.

Jones' Experience with Grasshoppers.

Jones was a farmer in Kansas.

His crop looked fine, and he chuckled to himself as he thought of the piles of "rags," embellished with Chase's photographs, he would have in his pockets when his wheat was sold.

Jones read in the newspapers about the grasshoppers in his State. After he had read an account one evening he remarked:

"Grasshoppers be blamed! The idea of a little thing like a hoppergrass doing all this damage! Why, those fellows must be looney!"

Pretty soon the rumor came that the hoppers had got into his own county; but still Mr. Jones was skeptical.

One day, while he was in the kitchen taking a drink of water, he heard something drop on the floor. He looked around, and there was a grasshopper sitting on the floor quietly chewing a nail-head.

Mr. Jones said nothing, but he kept up a deal of thinking.

Next day he went into his wheat field and found it alive with 'hoppers. This looked to him as if grasshoppers were a reality, anyhow.

Soon they came—thicker and faster—came into Jones' house; they ate all the nails out of the weather boarding, and the boards dropped off on the ground; they chawed his chimney down flush with the roof; they ate his cook stove; they even ate his cellar out, so that he could not even find the hole it came out of.

He had a wagon painted green. The 'hoppers thought it was something good to eat, and so they got the wagon inside of themselves also.

Jones stood and saw all of this destruction. He was heard to remark:

"Oh, the dickens! won't I believe the newspapers after this," and with these remarks he started on a run fer the depot. He took the first train East, and now believes that such things as grasshoppers exist.—*Danbury News.*

Interesting Facts.

HOPS entwine to the left and beans to the right.

THE largest of the Egyptian pyramids is 481 feet high.

A BUSHEL of wheat weighing sixty pounds contains 550,000 kernels.

GOLD may be beaten into leaves so thin that 180,000 would be only an inch thick.

IN Greece it was the custom at meals for the two sexes always to eat seperately.

THE Romans used to lie on cushions at their dining tables, on their left arms, eating with their right.

THE walls of Nineveh were 1,000 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast.

BABYLON was 60 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 300 feet high.

ON one of the peaks of the Alps there is a block of granite weighing, by estimate, 131,568 tons, so nicely balanced on its center of gravity that a single man can give it a rocking motion.

THE Chicago *Tribune* relates the following incident, which it experienced last week. A man does not need to belong to the newspaper fraternity a great while to undergo an experience akin to this:

"A gentleman, whose name we will omit, sent the *Tribune* yesterday the manuscript of an address he is to deliver next week, in order to facilitate the work of the reporter. The speech contains forty-two pages. On reaching page 27, the reporter detailed to copy it found the following passage: 'But I must close.' ['No.' 'No.' 'Go on,' etc.] 'Then, if you will bear with me a few moments longer, I shall proceed to invite your attention to,' etc."

Current Paragraphs.

YOUNG EDINBURGH has opened his career with a royal and imperial attack of measles.

SOME Englishmen condemn the word scientist as an American absurdity, and propose "scient" as a substitute.

FOUR times as many patents were issued in this country, last year, as were granted in England during the same time.

THE Loiseau process, by which fuel is made from coal-dust, is to be applied on a large scale in Philadelphia this winter.

IN Todd's Valley, Cal., a monster blast of 1,815 kegs of powder was discharged on the 16th of October. It cost $6,000.

THE Detroit *Free Press* says that William Cullen Bryant probably never put up a stove in his life. What does it suppose made him write "The Melancholy Days Have Come?"

THE medallion of John Wesley, which is to be placed in Westminster Abbey, is nearly completed. A bass-relief under the profile represents him preaching at his father's grave.

A MICHIGAN farmer complains that he did not receive half the campaign speeches this year necessary to light his fires, and he has had to make a shaving contract with a cooper shop.

IN Japan the law requires that, when a person cuts down a tree, he shall plant one in its place. In this way the supply of wood is kept up. George Washington owes his country a tree.

"ALL the girls are patiently awaiting King Kalakaua's coming." This style of paragraph is still going the rounds, and is calculated to deceive. Kalakaua is not Oriental in his tastes, and is content with the one wife who has shared his trials and triumphs for many years.

THERE is a great revival in Madeira—in wine. The vineyards are increasing, old vines are renewing their youth; a stock of at least thirty thousand pipes is on the island. "Madeira," which was in olden times the wine for gentlemen, has long been given up as a lost art.

SCOTT LORD, the Democrat who beat Ellis H. Roberts in the Oneida (N. Y.) district, is a law partner of Roscoe Conkling. That two members of the same firm, opponents in politics, should be serving simultaneously in the upper and lower house of Congress is remarked as a rather singular coincidence.

A CHARMING fish story from Vermont: "A boy caught an immense pickerel, which broke the line and disappeared. The boy fell into the water and sank to the bottom, whereupon his brother grabbed him by the hair and pulled him out, only to find the lost pickerel firmly clasped in the boy's arms."

GENTEEL smuggling is what ails the New York importers. They claim that thousands of Americans go abroad yearly, and bring back as wardrobe kid gloves, laces, cloaks, silks, and other articles upon which the duty is heavy, thus defrauding the government of the revenue and depriving the importers of the sale of just the quantity of goods that is purchased abroad.

THE three-card monte sharps have made up a purse to fight the Union Pacific and Central Railroad Companies, and they propose to employ eminent counsel. Public opinion and sympathy are decidedly in favor of the roads. The issue at law is: Can the roads, as common carriers, adopt such rules as they wish for the protection of their passengers against offensive and dangerous persons? Shall the same be ejected from their trains and depot grounds?

Newspaper Postage.

A Washington dispatch says: The Postoffice officials, who are making arrangements to put the new postage code in operation, have discovered that the lack of uniformity in the rates of postage on newspapers and periodicals is likely to create much confusion, and to give publishers additional labor. The law provides that newspaper matter shall be sent at the rate of two cents per pound, and periodical matter at three cents. It has been the custom of the publishers who issue both magazines and newspapers to send a newspaper and a magazine in the same wrapper where one person subscribed for them. This is also the practice of the large newspaper companies in sending their bundles to the local dealers. A strict compliance with the new law will necessitate the discontinuance of this practice, for the reason that the Postmaster of the place of publication will not be able to compute postage at different rates on different grades of matter inclosed in the same wrapper. It has been suggested that this defect in the law should be called to the attention of Congress directly upon its assembling, and that the rates should be made uniform by amendment before the new law can go into effect. It has been suggested that a uniform rate for all classes of mail matter should be fixed at two cents.

A Quaker Printer's Proverbs.

Never send an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name oftentimes secures publication to worthless articles.

Thou shouldst not rap at the door of a printing office, for he that answereth the rap sneereth in his sleeve and loseth time.

Never do thou loaf about, nor knock down the type, or the boys will love thee as they do the shade trees—when thou leavest.

Thou shouldst never read the copy on the printer's case or hook, or he may knock thee down.

Never inquire of the editor for news, for behold it is his business to give it to thee at the appointed time without asking for it.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter his office take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what may concern thee not, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding.

Neither examine thou the proof-sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eye thou mayest understand.

Prefer thine own town paper to any other, and subscribe for it immediately.

Pay for it in advance, and it shall be well with thee and thine.

FIGARO reports a little game of the Paris tailors. The tailor says to his customer: "Sir, I had the honor to see you at the marriage of Mr. So-and-so. The coat I made for you needs a little change." Naturally, the gentleman sends the coat, and a few days after the tailor returns it, but no change has been made, only it has been worn by a gentleman who had to have a coat for that night, and there was no time to make one.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Dirge for Autumn.

Sad winds are sighing,
Autumn is dead!
Deep in the dreary,
Solemn old wood
Cold he is lying
On his lone bed.

The red maple leaves
Pillow his form,
And the grim oak bows
Above him forlorn
In the blast of the rude
Wild winter storm.

Draw to the curtains,
Close up the door
Shut out the tempest
Beginning to roar;
Bid Autumn adieu
And weep no more;

For spring-time verdure
Will come, we know,
And June's sweet fingers
Will violets throw
On the spot where he lies
Shrouded in snow.

Benefits of Sparrows.

In his "Key to North American Birds," Mr. Coues expressed his apprehensions that the English sparrow would molest and drive away our native species. He now writes to the *American Naturalist* that these apprehensions have already been verified. From a letter written by Mr. Thomas G. Gentry, it appears that in the neighborhood of Germantown, Pa., the English sparrows are driving away the robins, bluebirds and native sparrows. "They increase so rapidly, and are so pugnacious, that our smaller native birds are compelled to seek quarters elsewhere." It is chiefly on this account that Mr. Coues has already been opposed to the introduction of the English sparrow, but also for other reasons. He holds that there is no occasion for them in this country, and that the good they do in destroying certain insects has been overrated. The time will come, he says, when it will be deemed advisable to take measures to get rid of these birds, or at least to check their increase.

How to Drive Sheep.

Like many other persons, I handled sheep a long time before acquiring the art of driving them to the best advantage, when the sheep are turned on the road without any help to assist me. The first day I drove eight to ten miles, and got them in good pasture at night. The next morning, after getting under way, I found the sheep were very hard to drive; they wanted to lie down under every shade, and I labored hard all day, and only made seven or eight miles on the journey; and this was my experience for three or four days. I began at last to reflect as to the cause of the sheep driving so badly, and it occurred to me the reason was they had filled themselves during the night, and wanted to lie down and chew their cud, instead of traveling on a full stomach. I resolve to change my tactics at the next stopping place. Accordingly when night came, instead of turning them into a pasture field as heretofore, I put them into a nice clean barnyard, and let them rest all night instead of eating. The result was that next morning when I turned them on the road I had to get before them to restrain them. I found it necessary to use a long pole to keep them back, so marvelous was their anxiety to push ahead. The reason for this change was simply owing to the fact that the sheep had had a good night's rest, and were fresh and hungry.—*Cor. Am. Farmer.*

A Few Needed Small Things.

There are a great many farms that are supplied with the best of all kinds of large field implements, such as reapers and mowers, horse-rakes, horse pitchforks, hay-loaders, gang and single plows, cultivators, planters, harrows, markers, and so on through the list, but yet you cannot find about them many little conveniences, trifling so far as cost is concerned, that save time and labor, and do away with many of the vexations that beset the craft. How many farms are well supplied with ladders for fruit-picking, mounting the house or barn, or with step-ladders for inside use? The garden, or even the ordinary canal wheelbarrow is not found with any great frequency, yet they are exceedingly convenient at most seasons of the year. The wagon-jack is another little thing that finds a welcome place in the considerate farmer's hands. The farm scale should not be forgotten, neither should the kit of carpenter's tools including a plane or two, saws, chisels, etc. We only enumerate a few of the many little articles or tools not often found but always needed, and call upon readers to fill out the list with all the smaller contrivances that they have invented, or whose usefulness has been proven by others. Another thing, when purchasing these things always get the best; they may cost a little more at the start, but their durability more than repays. When got, beware of the borrower. Choose your customers in this respect.

A New View of Draining Flower Pots.

Mr. Peter Henderson, who grows hundreds of thousands of pot plants without drainage, writes to this effect in a contemporary:

The question of drainage is not whether plants require it or not, we all agree on that. But the question is in what way the water passes from the pot; whether from the bottom or whether from the sides. We who advocate that the practice of crocking pots is useless, claim that nine-tenths of the escape of moisture is from the sides; they who practice "bottom drainage," would signify by so doing that in their opinion the escape of water is mainly from the bottom. If any one wishes to decide this matter for himself, let him take half a dozen glazed pots, such as water will not percolate through, let him knock the whole bottom out if he will, and "drain" in the usual way with potsherds, charcoal, or anything else he thinks fit. Let him also take half a dozen of the ordinary style of flower pot. Fill these up with the same soil as used for the glazed pots, but without drainage. Let the same sort of plant be grown in each lot, and under the same conditions of temperature and moisture. Let him note the result three weeks after the experiment has been made, and if he does not find that the glazed pots, with the bottom drainage, show indications of stagnant water in a greater degree than those in the porous pots, then all my observations on this subject have gone for nothing. If I am correct in this, does it not emphatically prove that the escape of moisture is nearly entirely from the sides of the pot, and not from the bottom, and hence the futility of placing potsherds in the bottom for drainage?—*Michigan Farmer.*

Observations on Wintering Bees.

An Iowa correspondent of the *American Bee Journal* gives his experience in that direction. He says:

Last fall I dug a cave, or outdoor cellar, 10x14 feet, and six deep. Through the center was set a row of posts, and on these and the dirt sides rested a roof composed of poles, brush, hay and dirt. This roof was about two feet thick, and two ventilators 4x6 inches were inserted in it, one of which reached to the floor of the cave. The doorway was large, with loose inner and outer door, the intervening space filled with hay. In this cave thirty stands of bees were wintered from the 22d and 24th of November to the 20th and 22d of March. During the winter, the temperature in the cave varied from thirty-four to forty degrees.

Once a week we went into the cave to see that all was right, generally raising some or all of the hives to examine them. Five times, at intervals of about two weeks, fire was built in the cave, and the temperature raised to fifty or sixty degrees for a short time. Twenty-six stocks were in the Quinby hive, covered with cotton cloth, well gummed down with propolis, and with rather tight, flat roofs. To these stocks no ventilation upward was given until Jan. 18, when considerable upward ventilation was given, as much moisture had collected. Plenty of ventilation was given the four box-hives at all times. Following Burch's suggestions, some hives were raised, on boxes, twelve inches from the shelf, some four inches, and some were set flat on the shelves.

Now for results. No signs of disease appeared in any hive, but all were bright when set out. All wintered on boney gathered in August and September, and consumed from ten to fifteen pounds per hive. Out of thirty hives, nearly three quarts of bees died, but this loss was quite unevenly distributed. The box-hives lost almost none, the strongest stocks in movable combs next least, and the weak stocks most. Those hives raised on boxes lost more than those sitting directly on the shelves.

Household Helps.

IN order to preserve fruit jellies from mold, cover the surface one-fourth of an inch deep with fine pulverized loaf sugar. When thus protected, the jellies will keep for years in good condition, and free from mouldiness.

POTATO SALAD.—Cut a dozen cold boiled potatoes in thin slices and mix them thoroughly with a little onion chopped very fine, teaspoonful of salad oil or melted butter, a chopped apple, a bit of parsley and a half a gill of vinegar. This makes a nice relish for tea or lunch.

BROWN BREAD.—Peel, core and quarter good tart apples. Half fill a pipkin or stone jar with them, and nearly fill apples with water. Then fill up the jar with the crusts and crumbs of the rye and Indian loaf, covered close and stew gently until apples and crusts are all tender; then mix intimately and serve warm as a dish.

COFFEE.—Never boil coffee. The reason is that not only the better part (the exhilerating) escapes, but that the extractive properties, which, if largely used, are unhealthy, are alone present. Bring up to the boiling point, but do not boil it. You thus get sufficient of the extractive matter to give body, retaining all the volatile, healthy and relishing properties.

NEURALGIA.—One who has tried it recommends the following recipe for neuralgia: An ounce and a half of gum guaiacum dissolved in half a pint of alcohol. Take one teaspoonful three times a day before meals. Another remedy is two teaspoonfuls of magnesia and charcoal mixed together in a little water, and taken night and morning. Usually two doses will effect a cure.

A REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.—A correspondent writes to the *Scientific American* that the worst toothache, or neuralgia coming from the teeth, may be speedily and delightfully ended by the application of a small bit of cotton saturated in a strong solution of ammonia to the defective tooth. Sometimes the late sufferer is prompted to momentary nervous laughter by the application, but the pain has disappeared.

SOAP ON THE FACE.—There is rarely, if ever, any need of using soap on the face, except for very dirty people, or where there is much oil secreted by the skin. Pure soft water is generally quite sufficient. As a rule, avoid the very free use of soap on the skin, except the mildest kinds. Face powders injure the skin just as dirt does, by obstructing the pores. If there is any poison in the face powder, as there often is, it only adds poison to dirt and makes the matter so much the worse.

BUTTER.—In Turkey and Eastern countries they test their butter by heat; so says Dr. Edward Smith. When fresh, it is placed in a long-necked vessel over a heat not exceeding 140 deg. Far., by which it will rise to the surface as a clear transparent fluid, and should be carefully removed. It is then strained through a cloth, and cooled by immersion in cold water, after which it may be mixed with salt and packed closely. The action of the salt seems to be chiefly that of attracting any water which remains.

A FINE DISINFECTANT.—Permanganate of potassa is one of the most efficient and elegant of all disinfectants. Twenty-five grains will be ample for two quarts of water, and a tablespoonful in a soup plate of water, exposed in a room of ordinary dimensions, quickly removes any ordinary smell. When the pink color disappears more must be added. It is frequently used to remove the smell of bilge-water and guano from ships. It speedily cleanses foul water and makes it drinkable. A tablespoonful to a hogshead is generally enough, but more may be added until the water retains a slight pinkish tint. This will disappear by putting a stick in the water for a few minutes. No sick room—especially one in which an infectious disease is prevailing—should be without this invaluable disinfectant.

HONEY FOR WINTER USE.—The luxury of honey with buckwheat cakes furnishes of itself sufficient inducement to the housekeeper to make timely provision for its supply. Honey brought to table in the comb makes a very pretty dish, but can only be thus served during a short season. If purchased in any larger quantity, exposure to heat causes honey to ferment and become thin, while the first severe cold weather hardens it into a solid, white mass, uninviting in appearance and rough to the palate. Pour all your honey together into a clean colander; support the ears of the colander by two rods resting on the rim of the bowl. Cut the comb transversely and repeatedly, then leave it to drain. This will be accomplished perfectly in a day or two, the honey running through a clear liquid, leaving the wax behind clean and dry. Bottle the strained honey, cork tight, and it will be ready for use at any time. To make assurance doubly sure some housekeepers let their strained honey boil before bottling, and say that thus prepared it may be kept for an indefinite length of time. A warm, dry storeroom is to be preferred as a place of deposit.

Sol. Shipley's Foot-Race.

A good many years ago, when publishing newspapers in Michigan was a brigandish sort of business, a man known as "Old Sol Shipley," was employed on a journal in Eaton county. He had just come from the East, and was in mortal terror of wolves, bears, and the other wild animals abounding in the swamps and forests. The proprietor of the paper had a big dog, which took a great liking to Shipley. One evening the old man started to go out to a farmer's, about a mile from town, where there was to be a grand "hoe-down," and the dog sneaked after him, skulking along so softly that Old Sol didn't see him until clear of the village. Then happening to turn around he found the dog at his heels, and he made a clean jump of fifteen feet, believing that a wolf was with him. The dog gave a yelp and made after him, and Shipley flew down the road like a rabbit going for a hollow log. The dog kept close to him, thinking it was all in fun, and the printer's yells were plainly heard half a mile away. Nearing the house, he thought the wolf was gaining on him, and he turned aside and began circling around a log barn and yelling with all his might. The folks came running down the road, but they saw what was up, and they stood back and yelled at Shipley to put in his best licks until they could get a gun. And then they stood there and counted until he had made the circuit of the house thirty-five times. At last he found his legs failing, and he would yell out as he came around:

"Oh, Lor'—githegun—giterquick—give yo fiftydollar!"

The race came near using him up. When he stopped he had but one boot on and was bareheaded, and no one could ever find the missing articles.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The South Carolina Sandhillers.

As we were passing through the region of the Sandhillers, I said:

"The Sandhillers, Gen. Kershaw—what tribe of people are they?"

"The Sandhillers are the queerest people we have, and, though poor, not uninteresting. They live in this belt of country contiguous to Columbia, where the soil is pretty much bare sand, uninviting to the eye, and scrubbily timbered with pine and small oak. Their little plank cottages, almost black with exposure to the sun; their small figures, almost stunted, it would seem, but capable of great fatigue; their dwarf cattle, and docile character, make them a sort of independent peasantry, not unlike what is found in old parts of the North of Europe. It has even been guessed that they were of Icelandic or Norwegian descent, emigrated anterior to the historic period of Carolina. Their straight black hair, nearly oblique eyes, of an almond shape, and unambitions home habits, remind us of nothing else."

"Were they generally friendly to the Confederate cause?"

"Always. The Sandhiliers made some of the very best soldiers in the Confederacy. They were easily disciplined, obedient beyond any other soldiery, could not be worn out by marching, and they were the first to plunder the battlefield."—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

Pepper in It.

There has been opened on Second street, in a beer cellar, a free minstrel performance, such as it is. Last night some scalawag, who said if there was anything in this world he did love it was to see people sneeze, the expression of the countenance being so excruciatingly uncertain, "steamboated" the cellar while it was crowded with visitors. His plan of procedure was to roll a quantity of red pepper in a piece of cloth, ignite it, and then throw it on the floor beneath a seat. It is said the effect was astonishing. Some of the occupants of the place fell up stairs in the street, and others tumbled into the mud in the alley. A fat performer, who weighs about three hundred pounds, got more than his share. While he was warbling "Mother, I've Come Home to Die," the perfume struck him, and he almost collapsed. Forgetting all about his mother, he went out of a window with the sash around his neck, into the muddy alley.—*Sacramento Union.*

EMIGRATION OF ENGLISH FARM LABORERS.—The "National Agricultural Laborers' Union," of England, are contemplating very seriously the emigration of 500,000 farm laborers to the Mississippi Valley. In small bodies, or if they brought money enough to support themselves for a short period, these laborers would form a most desirable accession to our population. Emigration *en masse* is to be deprecated, as the labor market is one that is easily overstocked, especially in times like the present.

THE state scrip of Arkansas has risen rapidly in value since the elections and the adoption of the new constitution, and will soon be worth ninety cents on the dollar.

THERE is nothing like leather shoes with a SILVER TIP for children. Try them. They never wear through at the toes. For sale by all dealers.

ANNA S. GETSINGER, of Honesdale, Pa., writes the following: "After suffering for nearly two years from neuralgia in the breast, passing up into the throat, face and head, I was entirely cured and restored to health by using Dr. L. Q. C. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial."

WISHART'S

PINE TREE TAR CORDIAL.

It is now fifteen years since the attention of the public was first called by Dr. L. Q. C. Wishart to this wonderful remedy, and so well has it stood the test of time that to-day it not only *has the confidence* of the entire community, but is more frequently prescribed by physicians in their practice than any other proprietary preparation in the country. It is the vital principle of the Pine Tree, obtained by a peculiar process in the distillation of the Tar, by which its *highest medicinal* properties are retained. For the following complaints, Inflammation of the Lungs, Coughs, Sore Throat and Breast, Bronchitis, Consumption, Liver Complaint, Weak Stomach, Disease of the Kidneys, Urinary Complaints, Nervous Debility, Dyspepsia, and diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood, there is no remedy in the world that has been used so successfully or can show such a number of marvelous cures. The following will serve to show the estimation in which this sovereign remedy is held by those who have used it.

Consumption for Ten Years Cured.

DR. L. Q. C. WISHART: Dear Sir—I am grateful to you from the fact that you have made a medicine that will cure the disease of the Lungs. My wife has had the Consumption for ten years. Physicians had told me that they could only patch her up for the time being. She was confined to her bed and had been for some time. I heard of your Pine Tree Tar Cordial and secured one bottle; it relieved her cough. She has now finished the fourth bottle, and is able to do the work for her family; and may God speed you on with your great discovery and cure you have made for Consumption.

REV. E. E. HOPKINS,
Jackson Centre, Shelby Co., Ohio.

From St. Louis, Mo.

DR. WISHART, PHILADELPHIA: Dear Sir—During a visit to Philadelphia, some three years ago, I was suffering from a severe cold, and was induced to take a bottle of your Pine Tree Tar Cordial, which had the effect of curing me in a few days. I have used it in my family ever since, and am of the opinion that it saved the life of my daughter, who was suffering from a severe and painful cough. If the publication of this will be of any service, you are at liberty to use it. Yours respectfully,

JOHN HODNETT, St. Louis, Mo.

For sale by all Druggists and Storekeepers and at

DR. L. Q. C. WISHART'S OFFICE,
No. 1132 N. Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.