

### AM I WHO CAN TELL?

Am I who can tell what waits in when the veil  
Thickens that other life is rolled away?  
Beyond its borders mysterious, what dwells  
Small?  
What lies within its shadow, who can say?  
Who waits as there  
Beyond our sight?  
Hope or despair,  
Or day or night?  
Whom flies the soul when it casts off the clay?  
Am I who can tell?

Our loved ones die, through mists of binding  
Tears  
In deepest gloom despairingly we grope;  
For helplessly we see the lonely years  
Fleeting by their love, unnumbered by hope.  
Am I who can tell  
Where are our dead?  
Will all be well  
When life is dead?  
Guard they our path through life's descending  
slope?  
Am I who can tell?

We see the ceremonial wincing sheet,  
The toll of solemn funerals led we hear;  
The last rites are paid, and grief complete  
Fills all the hearts with desolation o'er.  
The sowing pall,  
The lonely heath,  
Can this be all  
That is of earth?  
End life with a coffin, shroud and funeral bier?  
Am I who can tell?

Even while we weep, the tears that ease the heart  
In this dramatic point of 'orphan skin',  
And a new hope, of our great grief a part,  
In faith prophetic do the doubt repel;  
Bodies must die—  
Death is their goal,  
Lively they lie—  
Not so the soul;  
God keepeth that with ever watchful eyes—  
All will be well.

By sorrow proved, made pure by trials here,  
The chastened heart looks up for relief,  
And holds in spirit that communion dear  
Which is the well spring of this sweet belief—  
After the strife  
Cometh a rest;  
Eternal life—  
Forever blest,  
The soul he gathers home a precious sheaf,  
And all is well.

### THE TWO ROSES.

I send two roses to my fair,  
A red one and a white,  
And if she love me, she will wear  
The pure white rose to right  
But if my love duty me grace,  
To bid my love be dead,  
In her sweet bosom she will place  
The fatal one, the red one.

In hope and fear the day I spend,  
Each moment slowly goes,  
For all my future both depend  
Upon a simple rose.  
Oh, that the night would come, I sigh,  
Then wish 'twere only noon;  
For me, if hope be doomed to die,  
The night will come too soon.

She comes! and with her comes a breath  
Of roses on the air;  
And be it life or be it death,  
I look upon my fair.  
I see the white rose on her breast,  
The red rose on her cheek;  
What need of words to tell the rest,  
So plain the roses speak!

—(Chicago Tribune.)

### HOW TO RELIEVE A HUSBAND.

A few evenings since, as Nellie T. Mary W. and myself were chatting over a cup of tea, and, womanlike, discussing the merits and demerits of our friends, Annette Gray came rattling in, and drawing up a chair to the table, sank into it, ponting with laughter. As soon as she could speak, looking into our astonished faces, she said:

"Oh, I'm not suddenly crazed, I'm only laughing at a ridiculous story Sally H. has just been telling me. By the way, Nell, did you ever try a fit of hysterics on John to gain your point in any matter in dispute between you? All's fair in war, and a woman, as the weaker vessel, has the right to resort to strategy to gain the mastery when she is struggling for it. At least so says Sallie. You know Sallie went out of town last week to see her aunt, and while there had a sample of ruling a husband by a fit of hysterics, which seems to have given her a new wrinkle in domestic management, and I rather think Phil will have a chance to see its workings the first time he is guilty of any shortcomings. I'll tell you the tale as she told it to me, and you can form your opinions as to its merits.

"It seems Sallie's aunt had made up her mind to have a new carriage, no common one either, but a handsome double carriage, silver-mounted harness, with her favorite dark green linings, etc., while Mr. S., her husband, had as fully made up his mind that he could not afford it, and had very decidedly said 'No' to all appeals, coaxings, etc. But Mrs. S. is no ordinary woman; with her to wish is to have, or there must be a very good reason why. So, it was carriage for breakfast, carriage for dinner, carriage for supper.

"Mr. S. went to sleep to the word 'carriage,' and got up hearing it repeated in his ear. But all to no avail, he would be blind, deaf and dumb, if he chose, and was so to all said on that subject. But then Cosar had his Brutus, Napoleon his Wellington; all great men have fallen before some enemy, and there was a weapon preparing for him of which he knew nothing, and before which 'he fell to rise no more.'

One evening, while sitting in the parlor, Sallie, as usual, dawdling, Mr. S. appearing deep in the paper, Mrs. S. commenced running through the whole scale of delights, comforts and conveniences of a new carriage, without one response, yes or nay, from her liege lord. All at once up she started, with a shriek that would have raised the dead, and darted from the room.

"Startled almost into fits themselves, Mr. S. and Sallie ran after her. She was apparently making her way through the garden to a large, deep creek that ran through the grounds. Mr. S. overtook her, but she struggled and resisted so that it was all he and Sallie could do to overcome her and get her into the house.

"Taking her into her room, and laying her on the bed, they rubbed her hands, fanned her head and face, and tried in every way to soothe and calm her excitement, without success; she did not seem to recognize either of them, and struggled and moaned, and went off into fits, and I don't know what.

"The nearest physician living some three miles away, 'her frightened husband was afraid to leave her to go after him, and the servants, as usual these times, when wanted, were not to be found. After some half hour's hard work with her, a loud halloo at the gate,

induced Mr. S. to go out, in the hope of getting the person who called to ride over for the doctor. No sooner had he left the room—Mrs. S. apparently in a fainting fit at the time—than she opened her eyes slyly and looking around said, 'Has he gone?'

"Poor Sallie was perfectly dumb-stricken when her aunt, rising up on the bed said: 'If that don't bring the carriage I'll give it up, Sallie.' Here the sound of returning footsteps warned her, and leaning back on the pillow, Mr. S. found her as he left her, in a dead faint, from which she only arrived to go into the 'jerks.'

"Sallie looked at the distressed face of her uncle as he soothed and caressed his wife, telling her to 'only get well, darling, and you shall have everything you want, while the wife lay apparently unconscious of all he said; and making an excuse to get out of the room, Sallie ran down-stairs and into the yard, and fairly rolled on the grass in convulsions of laughter.

"Poor Mr. S. sat up with his wife that night, and the next day set by her bedside and wrote a long letter to his merchant, with full descriptions of carriage, lining, silver mounted harness, etc. What do you think of that now? Hurrah for hysterics!

### Effect of Odor on Milk.

Upon this question Professor Arnold, in the work "American Dairying," says: "The London Milk Journal cites instances where milk that had stood a short time in the presence of persons sick with typhoid fever, or been handled by parties before fully recovering from the small-pox, has spread these diseases as effectually as if the persons themselves had been present. Scarlatina, measles, and other contagious diseases have been spread in the same way. The peculiar smell of a cellar is indelibly impressed upon all butter made from milk standing in it. A few puffs from a pipe or cigar will scent all the milk in the room, and a smoking lamp will soon do the same. A pall of milk standing ten minutes where it will take the scent of a strong-smelling stable, or any other offensive odor, will imbibe a taint that will never leave it. A maker of gilded butter objects to cooling warm milk in the room where his milk stands for the cream to rise, because he says the odor escaping from the new milk while cooling is taken in by the other milk and retained to the injury of his butter. This may seem like descending to little things, but it must be remembered that it is the sum of such little things that determines whether the products of the dairy are to be sold at cost or below, or as a high-priced luxury. If milk is to be converted into an article of the latter class, it must be handled and kept in clean and sweet vessels, and must stand in pure fresh air, such as would be desirable and healthy for people to breathe.

### The Incisors of the Horse.

The incisors of the horse, once worn down or lost, are gone forever, but in many species a provision exists by which the wear and tear of mastication is compensated by the perpetual growth of certain members of the dental series. This very convenient arrangement exists in all the rodents or gnawers, an order of which the beaver, the rat and the rabbit are familiar examples, and also in the elephant, the walrus, wild boar, etc. The incisors of the rodents are the seat of this perpetual growth, and any one who will take the trouble to examine the skull of a rabbit will at once see how admirably they are adapted to the animal wants. They are of curved shape, and occupy sockets extending to the back part of both jaws, the upper pair describing a larger part of a smaller circle, and the lower ones a smaller part of a larger circle. Each tooth consists of a solid column of dentine, with a plate of enamel in its outer surface, and, consequently, diminishes in hardness from front to back. The constant wear produced by the continual collision of the opposing surfaces forms an oblique chisel-like surface, sloping from the hard enamel of the front to the softer dentine of the back part of the tooth. As these are perpetually growing, they require constant exercise to keep their growth within due bounds, and the rat and others of this most mischievous family might assign, as an excuse for their ravages, the necessity of finding constant employment for their front teeth.—[All the Year Round.

### Root Pruning.

The London Garden prints the following regarding the pruning of roots: The experiments were made on the apple and pear. A vigorous apple tree, eight or ten years old, which had scarcely made any fruit buds, has done best when about half the roots were cut in one season and about half three years later, by going half way round on opposite sides in one year and finished at the next pruning, working two feet underneath to sever downward roots. It has always answered well also to cut from such trees all the larger and longer roots about two and a half feet from the stem, leaving the smaller and weaker ones longer, going half way round, as already stated. The operation was repeated three or four years later by extending the cut circle a foot or two further away from the tree. By this operation unproductive fruit spurs become thickly studded with fruit trees and afterward bore profusely. This shortening of the roots has been continued in these experiments for twenty years with much success, the circle of roots remaining greatly circumscribed. The best time for the work has been found to be in the latter part of August and beginning of September, when growth has nearly ceased, and while the leaves are yet on the trees, causing greater increase of bloom buds the following year than when performed after the leaves had fallen.

In the examination of candidates by Bishop Hurst in the conference of California, recently in session in Oakland, it is stated that the questions laid down by the church began with the inquiry as to faith, and ended by asking the candidate if he is in debt and if he will abjure the use of tobacco. We are not a member of the Methodist church, but we will be strongly inclined to go that way if we can thereby get rid of the tobacco abomination.

### Jackson's Old Servants.

Visiting the hermitage not long ago, I found two old servants who had belonged to Gen. Jackson and had never left the place where they were born. Not those of the old hero's own blood could feel greater pride of birth or a more religious reverence for his name. The present incumbent at the hermitage is a lady in feeble health who never receives visitors. So Aunt Gracie was our "cicerone." That Gen. Jackson was the greatest man that ever lived is as fixed in her mind as the eyes in her head, and she feels that his lightest word has a value demanding caution and dignity in her repetition. She took us through the house, showing us her master's books and sword and favorite chair, this last comfortably facing Washington's arm chair, so that neither need be moved an inch if ever the two great ghosts want to talk together in the dim old room. Then we went through the old-fashioned garden, neglected with a method, one might say, so pleasing was it in its wanton growth and neglected wreath of roses. We seated ourselves on the granite steps of the tomb, under the dome with its Corinthian pillars, planned by the restless brain it covered, and read the inscriptions on the two flat slabs—the one long and of a pathetic eloquence, the other bearing only the name "Andrew Jackson" across the surface.

"He said if dar was mo' ter tell, his story would tell it," said Aunt Gracie in a solemn voice. By this time her husband, Uncle Alfred, ragged hat in hand, had joined us from the field. "He was great company-keeper, dar general was," said Uncle Alfred; "he always kep' de front do' open. Never made no difference between rich an' po', pervided dey had behavior. You know dar's a heap o' difference betwixt just a man an' a gentleman." Uncle Alfred was evidently a tremendous old aristocrat. "De general never got mad," he said, "unless you disputed him an' he found you was on de realities; den his blood would rise." This was rather obscure, but we inferred from it that the general only "got mad" when he perceived that his opponent was in the right. In answer to an inquiry of how Christmas was spent at the Hermitage, Aunt Gracie, by way of impressing us with the general elegance of things under the old regime, declared loftily that "it was Christmas all de year round." But Uncle Alfred came in with: "Den de real Christmas, was a time. We would all go up to de houses jes' like a troop of soldiers. Mis' Rachel she would gib de women presents, de General would gib de men-eto-clothes, an' head-handkerchers, an' terbaccer. Den we would draw rations dar de week's holiday—four an' sugar an' tea. An' we would walk round de house singin', de General a bowin' an' a-wavin' his hat at de front do'." An' by de time we had got round to de back do', dar he was to receive our greetin's.

"He didn't have a servant but would 'a' died for him," said Aunt Gracie softly. The Hermitage is not paid for, and when an appropriation for the State debt was voted on, not long ago, old Alfred got all the negroes within his influence to vote for it "for the sake of Gen. Jackson's home and honor."—[Lippincott for October.

### A Cause of Immortality.

The hardest class of shop girls to deal with are those who have seen better days. In her forthcoming report, Miss Jennie Collins, manager of Boffin's Bower—an institution organized twelve years ago by that lady to ameliorate the condition of unfortunate shop girls and workwomen generally—has much to say of the evil effects of the ruinous competition in the clothing and other business. The meagre sum paid shop girls in not a few of the large and small establishments frequently results in the demoralization of the purest and best. One prepossessing young woman, some two months since, related her case to Miss Collins as follows: "I came to make you a little present of \$10. Use it to help some one else before they get where I am. I had to earn my living, I tried housework first. The family's washing was beyond my strength. I then procured a place in a shop, commencing with three dollars a week, with the promise that at the end of three months my pay would be increased according to my ability. At the end of that time I was discharged, and another novice taken with the same inducement. My next place was in an office for \$3 a week, and from that I went to do up packages of groceries, with the promise that when I got used to the business I could make \$6 or \$7 a week. It was the same old story; I was discharged and another novice put in my place. I next got a position to tend in a cheap variety store, with an advance of \$4 a week on this stipulation—that I was to dress as well as the other young ladies. To do this I was obliged to live upon one meal a day. Half starved, disheartened and oppressed, I drifted where I am now."

These are facts; and the story of this girl is the story of hundreds of other girls. The police here say that Boston has more "drifted" women to the square acre than any other city in the country. Crowds of young women come from Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont to get their living, and, falling in that, on account of starvation wages, are tempted, and lead a life of immortality. The women who apply at the Bower for aid are of all classes. The young and intelligent ones are easily disposed of. During the past 12 months Miss Collins has furnished over 3000 meals to destitute girls. She is doing a humane work, but her labors are not half appreciated by the Boston public. She saves hundreds of girls from death and destruction every year.

PERPETUAL ICE SNOW.—The Hon. G. W. Stapleton returned yesterday from a business trip to Glendale, and while there was told of a lake which a hunter had seen near the bowwaters of Wise river about eighty miles south of Butte. It is situated high up in the mountains and surrounded by steep crags, and the water is frozen solid, notwithstanding the remarkably warm weather in this section. The hunter is convinced that it never thaws, and states that in the center of this great body of ice is an avalanche of snow piled up to a great height, which has evidently slid down the crags surrounding the lake. It is described as a beautiful spot, scenery grand, and the whole country alive with game. A glorious spot, no doubt, for a summer excursion.—[Montana Star.

### A Georgia Corn-Shucking.

The farmer who proposes to give a corn-shucking selects a level spot in his lot, conveniently near the crib, rakes away all trash and sweeps the place clean with a brush broom. The corn is then pulled off the stalks, thrown into wagons, hauled to the lot, and thrown out on the spot selected, all in one pile. If it has been previously "norated" through the neighborhood that there is to be plenty to eat and drink at the corn-shucking, and if the night is suspicious, there will certainly be a crowd. Soon after dark the negroes begin to come in, and before long the place will be alive with them—men, women and children. After the crowd has gathered and been moderately warmed up, two "gin'ls" are chosen from among the most famous corn-shuckers on the ground, and these proceed to divide the shuckers into two parties, later comers reporting alternately to one side or the other, so as to keep the forces equally divided. The next step, which is one of great importance, is to divide the corn pile. This is done by laying a fence-rail across the top of the corn pile, so that the vertical plane, passing round the rail, will divide the pile into two equal portions. Laying the rail is of great importance, since upon this depends the accuracy of the division; it is accompanied with much argument, not to say wrangling. The position of the rail being determined, the two generals mount the corn pile, and the work begins. The necessity for the "gin'ls" to occupy the most conspicuous position accessible, from which to cheer their followers, is one reason why they get up on top of the corn; but there is another, equally important, which is to keep the rail from being moved, it being no uncommon thing for one side to change the position of the rail, and thus throw an undue portion of the work upon their adversaries. The position of the "gin'ls" in a corn-shucker differs from that of the soldier, in that the former is in greater danger than any of his followers; for the chances are that, should his side seem to be gaining, one of their opponents will either knock the leader off the corn-pile and thus cause a momentary panic, which is eagerly taken advantage of. This proceeding, however, is considered fair only in extreme cases, and not unfrequently leads to a general row. If it is possible, imagine a negro man standing upon a pile of corn, holding in his hand an ear of corn, and shouting the words of a song below, and you will have pictured the "corn gin'ls." It is a prime requisite that he should be ready in his improvisations and have a good voice, so that he may lead in the corn-song. The corn-song is almost always a song with a chorus, or to use the language of the corn-shuckers, the "gin'ls give out," and the shuckers "drone." These songs are kept up continuously during the entire time the work is going on, and though extremely simple, yet, when sung by fifty pairs of lusty lugs, there are few things more stirring.—[October Century.

### The King and the Wasp.

The following is from a correspondence entitled, "The Funeral Tent of an Egyptian Queen."

It was desirable in the interest of science to ascertain whether the mummy bearing the monogram of Thothmes III. was really the remains of that monarch. It was, therefore, unrolled. The inscriptions on the bandages established beyond all doubt the fact that it was indeed the most distinguished of kings of the brilliant eighteenth dynasty, and once more, after an interval of thirty-six centuries, human eyes gazed on the features of the man who had conquered Syria and Cyprus and Ethiopia, and had raised Egypt to the highest pinnacle of her power, so that it was said that in his reign she placed her frontiers where she pleased. The spectacle was of brief duration; the remains proved to be in so fragile a state that there was only time to take a hasty photograph, and then the features crumbled to pieces like an apparition, and so passed away from human vision forever. The director told me that he felt such remorse at the result that he refused to allow the unrolling of Ramses the Great, for fear of a similar catastrophe. Thothmes III. was the man who overran Palestine with his armies 200 years before the birth of Moses, and has left us a diary of his adventures, for, like Caesar, he was author as well as soldier. It seems strange that though the body moldered to dust the flowers with which it had been wreathed were so wonderfully preserved that even their color could be distinguished, and they looked as if only recently dried, yet a flower is the very type of ephemeral beauty that passeth away, and is gone almost as soon as born. A wasp, which had been attracted by the floral treasures, and had entered the coffin at the moment of closing, was found dried up but still perfect, having lasted better than the king, whose emblem of sovereignty it had once been; now it was there to mock the embalmer's skill, and to add point to the sermon on the vanity of human pride and power preached to us by the contents of that coffin. Inexorable is the decree, "Unto dust shalt thou return." Running in the same line of meditation it is difficult to avoid a thought of the futility of human devices to achieve immortality. These Egyptian monarchs, the veriest types of earthly grandeur and pride, whose rule was almost limitless, whose magnificent tombs seem built to outlast the hills, could find no better method of insuring that their names should be held in remembrance than the embalment of their frail bodies. These remain, but in what a condition, and how degraded in the uses to which they are put! The spoil of an ignorant and thieving population, the pet curiosity of some wealthy Yankee, who buys a royal mummy as he would buy the Sphinx if it were removable; "to what base uses art thou come," oh body, so tenderly nurtured, so carefully preserved! How far better to have mingled with friendly mother earth, and served the nobler purpose of enriching other lives in nature's wondrous transmutations!

The Russian novelist Turgeneff is now a confirmed invalid. He is in pain continually.

That a country may be truly free, the people should all be philosophers, and the rulers all gods.—[Napoleon.

### The Minister Ceased to Wonder.

Appropos of the Egyptian troubles, we wish to relate a little story, the circumstances of which occurred during our trip to the Holy Land several years or more ago.

He was a devout Christian, and had made the study of the Bible and a proper understanding of the Big Book the highest aim in life.

When he arrived at the Sea of Galilee his heart was filled with awe, and he felt enraptured and cleansed by the thought that he was gazing on the very spot where his Savior once stood.

Approaching the boatman, he addressed him in his choicest Arabic, and with Bible and commentary in hand he awaited an answer.

"Ah! what 'smatter 'th yer? Why don't yer talk United States?" asked the man contemptuously. He was a real live Yankee, who was picking up a living by ferrying tourists across the sea.

"So this is the Sea of Galilee?" devoutly murmured the searcher after knowledge.

"Ya-a-s."

"And the is where our Savior walked upon this waters?"

"Ya-a-s."

"How much will you charge to take me to the exact spot?"

"Wa-al, you look like a clergyman an' I don't want to charge you nothin'."

The devout man boarded the boat, and at last is pointed out where the miracle is said to have occurred. After gazing at the waters and dividing his time between glances at his books and devout ejaculations of satisfaction, the searcher signified his willingness to return.

"Charge you \$20 to take you back," said the speculative Yankee.

"But you said you would charge me nothing."

"Naw, didn't. Nothing to bring you out. Twenty to get back."

"And do you charge everybody to take them back?" asked the searcher.

"Ya-a-s, that's about the figure."

"Well, then," said the devout one, as he went down into his clothes, "no wonder our Savior got out and walked."—[N. Y. Dispatch.

### Bernhardt's Jealousy.

Bernhardt is terribly jealous of her new husband, whom marriage has not entirely cured of a passion for flirting. She keeps a close eye upon his movements and is never comfortable when he is ought of her sight. During her stage performances the bare thought that her attractive lord and master is engaged in "mashing" some of the footlight beauties behind the wings drives her nearly distracted. At Blackpool recently, where an immense audience had assembled to see her in "Camille," she refused after the first act to play any longer. She alleged sickness as the reason for this sudden whim, and pointed to the blood which she was raising from her lungs with a violent attack of coughing as a proof of it. It was shrewdly surmised, however, that the blood was merely "stage blood," which Sarah had used with realistic effect, and it was afterward discovered that her jealousy was the real reason of her refusal to continue to play. She had detected Damala in a new flirtation, and could not remain on the stage while she was out of her sight. If she doesn't shoot or poison this fickle benedict before long, or kill off herself or every beauty he is likely to admire, she won't be true to the traditions of the disappointed actresses of the French stage.—[Chicago Times.

### The Women of Quebec.

The French Canadian people have had the rare taste or luck to keep their surroundings in harmony with their character. I imagine the city would be dull, or even distasteful, if its drowsy and romantic spirit were replaced by a coarser life. The women of Quebec are attractive by their appearance of good health. Few of them are pretty, but many of them are good-looking and pleasant. You meet them at almost any hour, returning from mass or confession, dressed always in dark colors, and walking with a slow gait that might be taken for meditation. Their manners are unobtrusive; their voices are low and pleasantly modulated. The young women, as you brush close by them on the narrow sidewalk, look up frankly, without either boldness or shyness, and pass on with a direct and modest manner. You see on the cathedral steps some ladies of the old French type, with high-bred features and a dark complexion rich with color. Their walk, though dignified, is graceful and free from haughtiness; and their manner suggests characters at once strong, sympathetic, and dignified. But the most beautiful objects in Quebec are certainly the children—rosy, bright, and cherubic.—[October Century.

### The Title of Rail-Splitter.

Mr. Seward was nominated in the Convention by Mr. Evarts of New York. Mr. Lincoln was nominated by Mr. Judd of Illinois. The nomination of Mr. Lincoln was seconded by Mr. Delano of Ohio, who said: "I desire to second the nomination of a man who can split rails and mail Democrats—Abraham Lincoln." This probably originated the term "rail-splitter," which immediately became popular. Decorated and illuminated rails surrounded the newspaper offices, and became a leading feature of the campaign. "Rail-splitter battalions" were formed in the different cities and minor villages of the North. At a great ratification meeting at Cooper Institute, June 8th, after speeches by Messrs. Evarts, Blatchford, G. W. Curtis, General Nye and Judge Tracy of California, the last-named said: "We wage no war upon the South, we harbor no malice against the South. We merely mean to fence them in;" (pointing significantly to a rail exhibited on the platform) "this is all we propose to do to stop the extension of slavery, and Abe Lincoln has split the rails to build the fence."—[The Century.

Good plain gingerbread is made of two pounds of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of cinnamon and ginger, one pint of molasses, a tablespoonful of soda dissolved in a half cup of sweet milk; use that, and a half a teaspoonful of soda. Bake in very thin layers; mark each layer with a fork in lines an inch apart. The open should be hot when the gingerbread is put in.

### HOUSE AND FARM.

Coarse salt, in crystals, is the best to use for picking.

Geese can be plucked twice a year—May and September.

Potato tops make an excellent addition to the compost heap.

Canada thistles should always be cut when in blossom, or before.

The Virginia State Fair will be held from October 25 to 27, inclusive.

In their native climate century plants bloom when nine years old.

The English harvest will fall short of what was expected two months ago.

Indiana is making claim to the largest yield of wheat over any other State.

Variety in feeding does more for the animal than excess of one kind of food.

A hedge that is not thick at the bottom is no hedge at all. Keep it close.

Honey should be kept where it is perfectly dry if desired to be in prime order.

Coal oil should be used carefully around fruit trees, as it sometimes kills them.

A Massachusetts farmer claims that Paris green kills the birds when applied to vines.

Prune in autumn to insure growth, and in spring to insure fruitfulness, is a grape maxim.

When manure begins to heat too much turn it over and sprinkle it with plaster while so doing.

Prof. Budd notes the fact that no trace of blight of pear or apple trees can be seen in Europe.

Lancaster county, Pa., ranks as the banner county of the United States for agricultural products.

The value of agricultural products of New Jersey exceeds that of any other State in proportion to the area cultivated.

Chas. Downing says it is not safe to give a decided opinion concerning any new strawberry or raspberry short of five years' trial.

The Maryland State Fair will be held at Baltimore, Oct. 3. The time is favorable for stock, and an excellent display is expected.

Tomatoes will continue to bear until frost, and as fast as ripe ones are gathered new blossoms will appear, especially where they have been well cultivated.

Pastures given to excessive moisture should, as far as possible, be avoided for sheep grazing, excepting, perhaps, the middle of the day, when surface moisture has been dispersed.

Jelly made of unripe grapes, just before they change from green to purple, is very delicate. Wash the grapes, after picking them from the stems, in several waters, then put them in a porcelain kettle; wash them before putting them on the stove, as then you will not need to put any water with them, and of course the less time it will take to boil the juice. Put the grapes when sufficiently cooked in a bag made of firm flannel, and let the juice strain out without squeezing, if possible.

### Times Have Changed.

"I'm no hand to complain," he was saying to a friend in the corridor of the postoffice, "but it makes me feel bad to have a man doubt my financial standing."

"Has any one doubted it?"

"Well, not in so many words, perhaps, but I can see a great change in human nature. Three or four years ago I could buy a trunk for a dollar, arrive at a hotel in a \$600 hack and live on the fat of the land for three weeks before I had to skip. Alas! how times have changed. Nothing less than an \$8 trunk will secure a room, and you can never tell when the clerk will ask you to break a \$50 bill in order to sign your pile. It makes me feel degraded to have a man doubt me, and I sometimes think I might just as well pay my bill with a bogus check as to slip out the back way and leave my empty trunk to square the account.

CURIOSITIES OF INDUSTRY.—Perhaps the fact is not generally known that the leading textile manufacturing companies spend large sums of money yearly in sending samples of their new products. One establishment at Lowell has been sending samples of their prints, figures and cretonnes to every section of the country. This practice is followed twice a year, beginning in May and September. Soon after the patterns of the laid aside until all the patterns of the season have been produced, when they are cut to the desired measure. All the samples are fastened with a patent arrangement and then properly packed in boxes and sent to their respective agents for distribution. The adhesive agents for distribution, are dresses, printed on gummed labels, are affixed to the envelopes, which are then stamped by corps of young women. The Lowell company has just sent out 15,000 sets of these samples. Every dry goods store of importance in the States and territories receives a set. Some \$25,000 in two cent stamps was used in mailing the sets, and 17,970 yards of cloth were used in cutting the 1,885,000 "swatches," a swatch representing all the patterns. This work involves much labor and expense.

Dan Simpson, the veteran drummer-boy of 1812, has given the Bostonian society his portrait and the drum that John Robbins beat at the battle of Bunker Hill. He sends a characteristic letter with the gift. Mentioning that his friends have suggested that he make the society a birthday present, he says: "I gave you the drum and portrait, to be framed by you, and both of them hang up. I should like to have the portrait of the old drum in the memorial hall to be forever state-house in Boston, and to be forever in the care and custody of the Bostonian society. If you could hang the drum, (and possibly the portrait, for I was a drummer in the war of 1812) in sight of the lion and unicorn, perhaps they would leave the building, as some timid people wish, as I hear, without being ordered. For to do so by the common council, but I may part I like these old relics, but I may be because I feel like one myself. Daniel says that the oil portrait, which represents himself holding the drum, is the work of Darius Cobb, a most worthy gentleman, who spent great time and labor to make it a good portrait."