

ONLY A JEW.

In the land of Britain, and long ago, Lived one of those Despised and desolate, whose records show Insult and blows, Their old inheritances of wrong, who were Free ones as the eyelids of the morn, nor care Knew, nor annoy, That city of joy, Heaven-chosen child, whom none to harm might dare—

Lived one who did as his God stood near Watching his deed, Slow to give answer, ever swift to hear; Whose brain would breed, Walking alone, or watching through the night, No idle thought, but he with ill would fight, And day by day Would walk always Wiser and better, and nearer to the light.

And in this land a mother lost her child, And charged the Jew With crucifying him, who calmly smiled Down, "You Have slain," quoth she, "in keep your Passover, My son with sorceries." He answered her, "Your wit must fall; An idle tale Is this, what proof thereof can you prefer?"

But she went from him raging. Then he fled Out of that land; And those there set a price on his gray head, Who with skilled hand Of craft had fed one daughter fair as day, Now destitute. Soon gold before her lay The bait of shame; But she, all free With honor, flung such happiness away.

And writing, told her father, who came back By night, and bade Her claim his life's reward. "Rather the rack Rend me," she said; "And shall I give him death, who life gave me? Sell him and feed on him? Far sooner we Both die. Somewhere Beyond earth's care Hereafter we shall meet. It well may be— Somewhere hereafter." "Nay you still shall live."

He murmured, then Went out into the market crying, "Give This price, ye men, For me to her, my daughter." But these laid False hands on both, nor other duty pay Than death; for they, Gold hair and gray, Were slain hard by in the holy minister's shade.

After, in no long time, the little child Returned, a stray From the sea, it by a ship beguiled, In the hold a play, Had sailed unseen till the land a small speck grew; But still the people prayed in the porch, in view Of the blood-splashed stone, And made no moan; "Twas only a Jew," the folk said, "only a Jew!"

AN ARTIST'S DREAM.

Carradine sat alone at his easel, painting; and as he painted he thought.—Eight years before, when he was a poor and struggling boy, just entering on that race which must be run by every aspirant to art and its honors, there happened to him something which neither time nor toil had ever been able to efface from his memory. As he was passing along the streets a wreath of fragrant roses suddenly fell on his head, and, looking up in wonder, he beheld, reaching out from the embroidered draperies of an overhanging window, a child, with fairy-like proportions, with great, dark eyes, and long, curling black locks, who stood smiling and throwing him kisses from her curved lips, colored like a pomegranate.—While she still gazed a nurse had come forward and drawn the child away; the curtains were closed, and he saw the little creature no more.

Such was the vision that the artist had carried so long in his memory; in his memory only, for he had no second glimpse of the child. That very day an accident occurred which kept him a prisoner in his room for some weeks, and when next he went out the house was empty, and a placard with great glaring letters announcing it for sale stared him in the face, from the same window in which the little white-robed elf had stood waving her hand and smiling to him. In course of time other faces appeared there, but they were strange faces and among them was never the one for which he looked.

Now, as Carradine sat painting alone, he thought of all this; of the struggle that had ended at length in success; of his hard unfriended boyhood and of the beautiful child with her fragrant rose-crown, which had seemed almost like a prophecy. That rose-wreath, dry and withered now, was all that was left to him of the fair vision, but when this morning, in turning over an old port folio, he had come upon it by chance, it spoke to him of that by-gone day just as eloquently as when its blossoms were fresh and pure.

"Eight years ago," he said, thoughtfully, letting the shriveled circlet slip through his fingers slowly. "She must be near sixteen now—if she lives. If no, I do not doubt her living presence—somewhere. I wonder where she is now, and what she is like at sixteen?"

With that he placed the wreath beside his easel, and began to paint. The face, as it grew on the canvas, presented a young girl, in the dewy, morning blush of first youth, with shadows in the great dark eyes, and a half smile about the bright-curved lips, like an embodied summer sun-shower. It was thus that the artist pictured his ideal of the child-woman, whose infantile look and smile for eight long years had been his own dream of love.

Carradine had not had an easy life. An orphan from his earliest years, poor and unfriended, he had striven hard for the means to gratify that inherent idleness for art which was always clamoring to find expression in form and coloring. He had fought and he had won; but now, at 26, he stood in the place which he had gained for himself almost as much alone at the very heart as he had been eight years before when the child's gift came to him as a prophecy.

It was not that he was friendless.—There were men who liked and sought him, women who would have gladly sought him to forget his loneliness in their affection. But though his nature responded readily to any kindness, there was one chord, deeper than all, that remained untouched; and, from the sweetest glances, his thoughts went back to the unknown child that had smiled down on him so long ago.

The ideal head became his great source of enjoyment, and a dreamy softness shaded his dark gray eyes, as lines by line and tint by tint took him back into that past, which, all lifeless as it was, seemed to him, in those moments, more real than the busy present. Yet now, in re-

viewing that one bright vision of his memory, it was not so much the lovely child that he saw, in fancy, as the beautiful girl whose face, with full depth and sweetness, looked out at him from his own canvas.

Instinctively, he hardly knew why, he disliked to work on this picture in any other presence, and he devoted to it only his hours of solitude. So it happened that it was nearly finished when, by some chance, a friend discovered him bending over it, too absorbed to notice any approach. As the door opened, Carradine rose hastily, turning his easel to the wall, so as to conceal the face upon it. This little stratagem, however, was destined to be of no avail. Having been marked by the intruder—one of those cordial, well-meaning people, good-natured to a degree, but with little delicacy of perception—the action at once aroused his curiosity.

"Aha, master painter," he said, with a laugh, "let us see what it is that you work at by yourself till it steals away your eyes and ears. Only one peep!" With that he laid his hand on the frame and receiving no forbidding word from Carradine, turned it round. The next moment he was loud in praise.

"But who is it, Carradine? If it is a portrait tell me where to find the original, and I will, if it is a seven days' journey!" Carradine smiled. "If I myself knew where to find such an original, I should not be here to tell you, my good friend," he answered evasively.

"Oh, a fancy sketch," said the other, misled, as the artist had desired. "I might have saved myself the trouble of asking. No real flesh and blood face ever looked like that—the more shame to nature, I say! Of course you will exhibit it, Carradine?"

"No," answered the painter quietly. "No!" repeated the other in surprise. "But, my dear fellow, you must, or I shall betray your secret, and you will have a swarm of visitors, worse than a plague of Egypt, let in upon you."

Carradine hesitated. A chance word in his friend's speech had suggested a possibility that made his heart leap in spite of sober reason. "You are right," he said. "I shall send the picture for exhibition. It will be better so."

After his visitor had left him alone again Carradine bent long over his easel gazing into the lovely, upturned face, until it began to fade into the gathering twilight. "If—if!" he murmured to himself, half unconsciously. "But it cannot be. Yet I will send it—and perhaps—"

And so the picture was sent, in due time; and it seemed almost as if Carradine's soul had gone with it and drawn him to follow. Hour after hour, and day after day, he sat in the gallery, scrutinizing eagerly every face amid the visitors, whom taste or fashion had brought to look at the now celebrated artist's latest success. Every night he went away unsatisfied and every morning he returned with hope springing afresh in his heart.

Still, the object of his search, whatever it may have been, does not appear and one day, discouraged at last, he resolved to go no more on so fruitless an errand. Shutting himself in his studio he began to paint, but, strive as he would, he could command neither hand nor fancy. Finally, tired of repeated failure, he abandoned work and yielded to the impulse which drew his steps in the customary direction.

When he entered the small side room in which his picture hung he found but two persons within, a young man and girl. Carradine could not see the faces of these two, but, with an earnestness for which he was at a loss to account, he followed their retreating figures as they moved slowly toward his picture. But the next moment an exclamation of astonishment burst from the lips of the young man.

"Why, here is your portrait, Leila! What does it mean? Who can the painter be?" With that, he hurried out to purchase a catalogue. Carradine advanced quickly to the girl.

"I am the painter," he said. She turned and looked at him with one steady gaze from those glorious eyes that had haunted his visions for so many years. Then she spoke:

"You painted that picture, and how?" "From remembrance," he answered. "It was my only tribute to the little unknown princess who crowned me once with roses. Does she, too, remember it?"

For a moment doubt was in her face; but as he looked fixedly at her it vanished in certainty. A smile just touched the bright lips.

"It was you, then, on whom I forced my roses? a princess who gave away honors unasked. How often I have wondered since—"

She stopped, turned to the canvass and added abruptly, "But I was a child then; and here—"

"Here you are a woman," said Carradine, completing the unspoken sentence. "Is it so hard to understand?—The same power that kept the child in my heart showed me into what she would ripen."

Not another word was said. As the young man approached, Carradine fell back a step and looked at the two. His was a fair, handsome face, so little marked as yet by time, that it would be hard for an unpracticed eye to conjecture with what lines the shaping character would yet stamp it. Nevertheless, with one keen gaze Carradine estimated both present and future.

She said a few low-spoken words to her companion, who presently moved toward Carradine, the painter of this picture. Carradine bowed without speaking.

"Will you pardon me for asking if it is a fancy sketch?" continued Mr. Wyndham.

"Partly so, but suggested by the face of a little girl," answered the artist. "But the likeness is so very striking!" muttered the young gentleman. "I must have it at any rate. Of course you will part with it—at your own price?"

"The picture is not for sale," said Carradine, quietly, still regarding the young man with that cool, steady gaze which had already caused him to betray a hesitation, almost confusion, very unlike his usual easy confidence. He seemed to have an instinctive knowledge that the artist was measuring him, and to shrink from that measurement with unconsciousness drew.

Carradine saw Leila Auverney once more before she returned to her home in a distant town. Then he took his picture from the academy walls, and hung it in his studio, where his eyes could find it whenever he looked away from his work. For he did not give up work; yet, among themselves, his friends pronounced him an altered man, and marveled what had caused so subtle a difference. Always quiet, he now seemed to live in an ideal world of his own; and, whatever he might occupy himself with there was that in his manner which appeared to imply that it was only a temporary diversion until the coming of some event for which he was waiting.

So passed half a year, at the end of which there came a letter to Carradine. It was very brief, but it was enough to assure him of that which he had been almost unconsciously expecting.

The letter was from Leila Auverney. He went to her at once. She met him with a laughing light in her eyes such as he had not seen there when she stood in the gallery beside her betrothed husband; a light which recalled the merry child who had smiled down on him so long ago.

"Mr. Carradine," she said, "I told you my fortune was gone, but I did not tell you how utterly it had been swept away. I am nothing better than a beggar. Will you take me for one of your students, for charity's sake?"

He looked searchingly into her smiling face. "And Mr. Wyndham?" he asked, in a low voice.

She laughed without so much as a flush of emotion. "Mr. Wyndham has gone with the rest of my worldly possessions. Did I not say that I had lost everything? You see, Mr. Carradine, that I am not worth as much now as my picture."

The words as she said them did not seem bitter. He took her hands. "Leila," he said, "does your loss make you unhappy?"

"Do I look so?" she asked, gaily. "As for the marriage it was my father's wish, and to gratify his dying request I consented—before I knew my own heart—"

Here a vivid color shot into her cheek, but she went on. "There never was love on my side; and on his—well, money is much more than love—with some natures. I do not wish to blame him."

Carradine's grasp tightened on her hands. "Leila," he said, "once your answer put a bar between us, when I spoke words that were surprised out of my heart. Would it be so now, if I should say them once more? My love, my life, will you come to me?"

"Will I come?" she repeated, looking up into his eyes and drawing nearer, until his arms were silently folded about her.

And so Carradine found his love at last.

A Family Orchard.

In setting out a family orchard it is well to do it understandingly, and so arrange it that fruit may be enjoyed from early summer until late in the spring. The first apple to ripen in the summer is the Early Harvest. This apple is rather tart to suit a good many tastes as an eating apple, but is valuable because it is the first to mature. It is followed by the Red June and Red Astrachan; the latter is the better of the two because being valuable as a cooking apple as well as for the table. The early apples are numerous. A few famous apples are especial favorites with children, and every family should plant a few trees for home use. It is a small apple, very juicy and of pleasant flavor. The Rambo should have a place in every orchard, large or small; it is good for cooking, and one of the best in its season for cider. The Gravenstein is an excellent apple, large and plenty tart enough to be good for cooking. The Northern Spy is a high-flavored apple, but tender and of short duration as to keeping. There are so many apples coming at this season it is difficult to discriminate. For sweet apples at this season the Autumnal Swaar and the Chillicothe Red are among the best; a tree or two of each should be grown. For early winter the Gelloni Bellflower is one of the best, though it is exceedingly tender for shipping. Norton's melon is a spicy, fine-flavored apple, is of good size, bears regularly every year, but is very tender. The four leading kinds of fruit are the Yellow Newtown Pippin, Bull's-eye, Esopus, Spitzenberg and Monmouth Pippin, or Red-cheek, as it is often called. Of these every orchard should have a full supply, which would be valuable both for home use as well as for shipping. The business of fruit-raising, we predict, will ultimately grow into a large industry, and persons who have its culture in view cannot enter too soon into the business. The time is by no means distant when the attention of fruit dealers will be turned to the great Northwest for a supply, and in Washington Territory is the place to procure it. So plant your orchards and be ready for the boom when it comes, for it is sure to come in less than ten years.—Walla Walla Statesman.

A Great Advocate.

Miss Francis E. Willard, who will soon be visiting the chief towns of this coast in the interest of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, makes some excellent suggestions in reference to making successful temperance meetings. Miss Willard comes to our great field hoping to enlist good women "to join in the work of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, of which association she is president, and which, with its thirty auxiliary State and territorial unions, is the largest society ever composed and conducted by women. She comes with a woman's heart, consecrated by the Holy Spirit to a work as holy as ever undertaken by woman. Intemperance is peculiarly the foe of women. The drunkenness of husbands and sons crushes, impoverishes and murders woman. The poor inebriate does not inflict upon himself near the sorrow, shame, loss and utter woe that he brings upon his wife. His beastliness finds some relief in the gratification of his appetite and his passions. He brutalizes himself, he tortures his wife to death. The children he begets are often born with the hereditary taint of his own terrible taste, and become drunkards by an unconquerable tendency, of which he is the guilty cause. Women are the chief victims of the whole criminal business of making, selling and drinking spirituous liquors. The mighty task to be accomplished is, that of educating the people. Miss Willard desires to have a thoroughly successful campaign. She will receive a royal welcome from the "good women" of this State.

Miss Willard is the originator of the "Home Protection movement," i. e. the ballot in woman's hands as a weapon for the protection of her home. I cannot close this article more fittingly than by quoting Mrs. Ingram's fine summary of the character of Miss W.: "Rare by endowment, of superior education and high purpose, she has also entire freedom from conceit and other forms of selfishness; possessing fidelity, enthusiasm, simplicity and sweetness of spirit. It is enough to say that she has a great soul and instantly recognizes greatness of soul in others. If any one has a good trait, Francis Willard is sure to find it out."

"Such qualities render her pre eminent and entitle her to wear the crown of leadership. She is not a hobbyist, nor a particular one-sided, but has consecrated unusual talent to a noble cause, and works persistently and conscientiously for it."

What may we not expect here from the labors of so gifted and worthy a woman? As Methodists, we may well feel proud of our peerless sisters, and as temperance workers, greatly encouraged by the effective service she is sure to render to this important cause.—Christian Advocate.

She Didn't Want to Catch 'Em. The Chicago Tribune publishes the following: "How she must have loved him."

As Myrtle Redingote spoke these words softly to W. Simpson a blush of maiden modesty flamed for an instant across her pure young face, and disappeared silently behind the tiny pink ears that stood like pigmy sentinels of a battlement of rose tinted flesh, soft and warm, and with beautiful curves, whose dimpled outlines would have made even an anchorite resign. George had been telling her that beautiful story of the princess of olden times who, when her lover was stricken down by a poisoned arrow, knelt by his side, and with her own ruby lips drew from the wound the fatal element. When he had finished, the girl gave utterance to the words with which this chapter opens. And then, for an instant, silence fell between them.

George was the first to speak. "If I were wounded by a poisoned arrow, darling, would you emulate the example of the princess?"

"The girl's form shook with a sudden tremor, and her head fell upon his shirt front.

"I could not do it," she sobbed through her tears.

"Why not?" asked George.

"Do not press me for an answer," replied the girl.

"But I must know," he says, in low, agonized tones.

"Then," she murmurs, pressing him still more closely to her, "you are from Kentucky, and I do not care to catch the delirium tremens."

Women Who Speculate in Oil.

One of the curious features of the late rise in oil is the extent to which the ladies of this city have yielded to the temptation of acquiring wealth suddenly and have gone to speculating on the Exchange. In the gallery your correspondent counted seventy-five of the fair sex watching the fluctuations as keenly an did the speculators and the brokers on the floor beneath. Half of this number were resting note-books on the railing, and a little shower of notes was continually dropping down into the hands of brokers below, containing instructions for their guidance.

There were fair young girls in silk and satin, whose notes were entered with jeweled pencils on the daintiest of books; hard-worked shop-girls, eagerly poring over their business-like figures; matronly ladies trying to look unconcerned, and dropping their orders as stealthily as possible; and here and there a broker's wife, whose face showed a superior knowledge of trade, but whose dealings as a class were the least fortunate of all. These ladies were all respectable, many of them moving in the best society of the city. There has been for a long time much speculation among the ladies here "on the quiet" but not until the last few days has it been so open. Familiarity overcame the first fear of wickedness attached to this form of gambling, and the practice now so firmly founded will probably continue as long as does the present excitement. Society life is certainly dull enough in a town like this, and it is no wonder that the ladies are driven into the ranks of speculation for something to do.

And they do not deal so lightly, either. As nearly as could be ascertained, the gallery occupants to-day purchased in the neighborhood of 250,000 barrels of oil, and the most lucky speculator, the wife of a well known broker, cleared

\$5000 on her day's transactions. Two shop girls found themselves possessed of a—to them—small fortune, \$1200, at the close of the day's business, and other winnings were \$1200, \$1000, and several between \$500 and \$1000. Of course, there are losses; and these are borne without a tear—in public, at least. A society belle drew her check for \$200 to margin oil she was holding when the market went the wrong way, but she pluckily stuck to it, and has a good chance of getting even to-morrow.—Chicago Tribune.

Rather too Realistic.

At a very refreshing season of revival in one of the large railroad centers not long ago, one of the pastors announced that he would devote an evening to the boys connected with the roads, inviting them all to be present, and promising something that would be of interest to them. The night came around and the lads were on hand. Perhaps they did not take much stock in emotional religion, but they were prepared to pay respectful attention to anything that might be said.

"Ring the bell!" exclaimed the minister, plunging into his theme without further introduction, hoping to please his auditors by continued reference to their vocation. "Toot—toot—toot! Away we go!" and he began to hop up and down and stagger around the stage. His imitation of cat motion was infectious and the men bobbed around on their seats.

"We are plunging along at sixty miles an hour!" he roared.

The audience said nothing, but looked at each other with raised eyebrows.

"There is nothing between us and death!" continued the clergyman. "It is a station to which we are all bound. Look out! Ha! That switch is open! Now we are bound to eternal perdition! There is no help for us now! We are—"

But all he could see were assorted sizes of legs disappearing through doors and windows. There was but one man left in the audience, and he was screwing at an imaginary brake with all his strength.

"My friend," commenced the pastor. "Jump, you dogged jacks!" roared the solitary brakeman. "If we've out the switch, and hell's ahead, you want to jump."

"But you, my brother, but you—" exclaimed the clergyman, hoping to improve the opportunity and impress one emotional soul.

"Never mind me!" yelled the brakeman, setting his foot firmly and crouching over the wheel. "Never mind me! I've been brakeman on this road twenty-one years, and I'm willing to lay off in hell for a little rest. Jump, you infernal jacks, unless you're tired of preaching!"—Traveler's Magazine.

SHORT BITS.

An economical woman after the death of her infant used the remainder of her soothing syrup to poison rats.

There was great excitement in New Jersey the other day over the rumor that a bank cashier had not absconded!

A man in Syracuse boasts that he has had 302 colds in his head in one year. He'd better rent his head for an ice-box.

"I really was puzzled what to do for the best," said our own Mrs. Ramsbotham. "I was quite 'on the corns of a duenna,' as the saying is."

After looking at the specimens of Greek art at the museum the other day, a gentleman remarked: "Greece must be a very warm country. Nobody seems to wear clothing there."

"No, I can't write in cold blood," remarked Fenderson; "I have to be thoroughly warmed up to do good work."

"The same is true of the goose the tailor uses," murmured Fogg, in a stage whisper.

An exchange says, taking Gov. Glick's own word for the admirable condition of affairs in Kansas, it is unable to see any necessity for a Democratic Governor, unless it be to give the State a veterinary surgeon.

Young lady—"Isn't this child a little Frenchman?" Nurse—"I cannot tell; the father is a German, the mother French." Young lady—"Ah, then, we shall not be able to find out until the little fellow can speak."

The Squirrel's Winter Habits.

The red squirrel does not lay by a store of food for winter use, like the chipmunk and wood mice; yet in the fall he sometimes hoards in a tentative, temporary kind of way. I have seen his savings—butternuts and walnuts—stuck here and there in saplings and trees, near his nest; sometimes carefully inserted in the upright fork of a limb or twig. One day, late in November, I counted a dozen or more black walnuts put away in this manner in a little grove of locusts, chestnuts and maples by the roadside, and could but smile at the wise forethought of the rascally squirrel. His supplies were probably safer that way than if more elaborately hidden. They were well distributed; his eggs were not all in one basket, and he could go away from home without any fear that his storehouse would be broken into in his absence. The next week when I passed that way the nuts were all gone but two.—John Burroughs in the Century.

EXPLOSIVE MIXTURES.—Explosive mixtures were often prescribed by doctors not well informed in materia medica. Chlorate of potash, permanganate of potash and glycerine is one of them. A pomade of chloride of lime, sulphur and other substances will detonate when rubbed in a mortar. Hypophosphite of lime or soda, when triturated alone, sometimes explode. Pills of oxide of silver are apt to decompose with a tremendous explosion. Tincture of iodine and ammonia form the iodide of nitrogen—a violently explosive substance—which, agitated with water, is nearly certain to detonate. Chlorate of potash and tannin are likely to act in the same way. A dentrifrice containing chlorate of potash and catechu has been known to explode in the mouth.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

To relieve hiccough at once, take a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar. To relieve a severe headache, bind the temples tightly with a handkerchief or cloth. Hemorrhage of the lungs or stomach may be quickly stopped by small doses of salt. For carache dissolve asafoetida in water; warm a few drops and drop in the ear; then cork the ear with wool. A good powder of snuff which will cure catarrh is made of equal parts of gum arabic, gum myrrh and blood root. Toothache may be speedily ended by the application of a small bit of cotton saturated with ammonia to the defective tooth. It is stated by a medical writer that carbolic acid diluted with warm water and poured into the ear is a sovereign cure for carache. For a scald or burn apply immediately pulverized charcoal and oil. Lamp oil will do, but linsed is better. The effect is miraculous. Dr. Spencer, of Berks county, Pa., claims that he has employed cold water sponging and ice bags to the throat in severe cases of scarlet fever during twenty years and with such good results that he considers the treatment not only permissible, but actually necessary where the symptoms are alarming. To treat sprains give the affected part rest and apply warm fermentations. If inflammation has set in put on leeches and cooling applications, which may be removed at intervals if necessary. When the inflammation subsides use friction and stimulating liniments or poultice made of bread, vinegar and water. To stop bleeding, if from a cavity in the jaw after a tooth has been extracted, shape a cork in the proper form and size to cover the cavity, and long enough to be kept firmly in place when the mouth is closed. Careful cooking of even the longest used and best known kinds of food, whether animal or vegetable, is the important rule to insure health and strength from the table. No matter what the quality of the food to begin with may be, a bad cook will invariably incur heavy doctors' bills and a not less inconsiderable "little amount" at the druggist's. For chapped lips, mix two tablespoonfuls of clarified honey with a few drops of lavender water, or any other perfume, and anoint the lips frequently. To remove warts, get a little bullock gall and keep it in a bottle; rub a little on the warts two or three times a day, and in a short time they will disappear. It may be useful to know that hoarseness may be relieved by using the white of an egg, thoroughly beaten, mixed with lemon juice and sugar. A teaspoonful taken occasionally is the dose. To destroy blackheads, wash the face thoroughly at night with tepid water and rub briskly with a Turkish towel; then apply a mixture of one ounce of liquor of potassa and two ounces of cologne. New Method of Drilling Wheat.

Mr. P. H. Smith, a farmer of Kansas, claims to have discovered a new method of drilling wheat. The Kansas Farmer highly recommends the invention, and is satisfied it will prove of great value to farmers. The invention has been patented and consists of attachments of iron wheels about two inches wide to follow every drill hoe, and so constructed that every roller accommodates itself to the inequalities of the surface: It follows the drill into hollows and over ridges independently of the other rollers. Each roller has a pressure of 75 to 80 pounds. They press the earth down on the seed, crushing clods and filling up all the little air chambers near the seed and leave furrows in which the plant receives benefit instead of injury from winds and frost. In dry weather this method has the same advantage that listing corn has. It is down where the moist earth is, if there is any. Wheat may be planted by this method in weather that would be too dry for the ordinary way of seeding, because the earth about the seed is pulverized and pressed together, making available what little moisture there is, and putting the earth in a condition to retain it as well as to receive more from the atmosphere. The furrows catch and hold the drifting dust of windy days, so that earth gathers around the growing plant instead of being blown away from it; and when frost heaves the ground, as it softens and falls it drops in about the wheat. Mr. Smith claims that, by this process, a half bushel of seed is too much to the acre.

A Coal Economizor.

Mr. Pridgin Teale says truly that our present open fireplaces are all on the furnace system, and advocates the adoption of a remarkably simple plan, which converts them at once into slow combustion grates. A plate of iron to inclose the space between the hearth and the lowest bar of the grate is all that is wanted, or, in his own words, "a simple shield resting on the hearth and rising as high as the bottom bar of the grate. It cost two or three shillings, and requires no fixing or 'man's time.' The economizor makes three tons of coal do the work of four. By its universal use in Leeds Infirmary it saves £100 a year in coal. It consumes all cinders, and leaves at the bottom of the grate a fine ash, valuable to farmers. It is reckoned that if everybody in the United Kingdom converted his fireplace into a slow-combustion grate, on the principles laid down by Mr. Teale, there would be a saving in the consumption of coal of nearly 9,000,000 tons in the year. Having heard of the economizor a few months ago, I got Jones of Down street, Piccadilly, to put one into my kitchen stove and drawing-room fireplace, and have found no discontent expressed below, and much satisfaction felt above, as the fire keeps in regardless of much attention from the butler, and always looks cheery and bright when I come home.—[Hall's Journal of Health.

MEASURING WHEAT IN NORTH CAROLINA.—A gentleman of our village not long since caught in Grassy creek, about three miles from here, a huge turtle. The flesh fed four families five days, until they got tired of it, besides a good deal given away to the neighbors. The shell is used for measuring wheat.—[Oxford Torchlight.