

PLANT GROWTH.

The Relation Which the Preparation of the Soil Bears to Production.

Those who are able to compare the manner which the farmers of to-day prepare the soil for garden and field crops, with that which was practiced fifty years ago, can in some degree realize the progress which has been made in the production of farm products. Fifty years ago the farmer possessed but very few implements adapted to the work of pulverizing the soil; not one farmer in twenty had anything but the plow and the old A-harrow, and the harrow was very rarely used except when small grain was sown in the spring. Very few farmers at that time had thought there was any better way to apply manure than to plow under the coarsest, and put the fine in the hill; therefore few thought it necessary to make any effort until the crop was large enough to require hoeing. But to-day this is all changed, very few farmers would think of planting even Indian corn without mixing some manure with the soil, and they would not be satisfied to do it with one of the old tooth harrows that is so constructed as to not only greatly lighten up the soil but thoroughly mix the manure with it. The advantage of this is so great that after once fairly tried it will not be abandoned.

When the manure is well mixed with the soil it is beneficial several ways, it not only lightens up the soil, but by so doing it lets in the warm air, which with the moisture of the soil acts on the manure and hastens decomposition; as the manure is well mixed with the soil this decomposition is taking place all over the top of the soil as far down as the warm air penetrates. Thus the whole surface of the soil is in a state of activity. The rapid decomposition of the fertilizing materials not only themselves furnish plant food, but no doubt that by the process of changing from crude materials to available plant food, there is an action on the surrounding soil which transforms insoluble to soluble materials that is adapted to the growth of plants. Thus the pulverizing of the soil and the mixing of manure with it accomplishes three objects, all of which are important for plant growth.

In our efforts to properly prepare the soil we must not forget that the work not only needs to be well done, but it needs to be done at the proper time; this is when it will secure the best results, or when the plants are soon to come into a condition to need large quantities of well prepared plant food. If the soil be prepared so early in the spring that decomposition in a great measure ceases before the plants begin to grow, the result will be far from satisfactory; but if the work be done but a very short time before the seed be planted, by the time the young plants begin to grow the soil will be in an active state of fermentation, while in this condition the young roots can more readily penetrate it, and the soil being full of divided atoms of manure that are soluble in water, the roots readily find all the elements necessary to force a rapid growth of the plants. A soil that is prepared just before planting will keep in a better condition during the entire season than it possibly could be if the preparation was made several weeks before, because the heavy rains which usually come in the early spring beat the ground down so hard as to retard, if it does not entirely stop decomposition before the roots of the plants begin to grow. If preparation be delayed until after the crop is planted it will be impossible to prepare only what soil is between the rows; this, if true, will do much to force the growth of the plants, but it will not help the growth of the plants when they first start, which is the most important period of their growth. By preparing the soil before planting it can be done better and easier than after the crop begins to grow; but the portion of the soil not covered by the growing plants should receive constant attention.

Whenever the farmer finds the soil is covered by a hard crust, caused by heavy rains, or from any other cause, he should lose no time in pulverizing it with some implement adapted for the purpose. The old hand hoe is a very poor implement for this purpose; a small iron rake is a much better implement. It is surprising that an implement, so ill adapted for pulverizing the soil as the hoe should have been so universally used for so many centuries; it probably would not have been if our ancestors had not mistaken the principle object for cultivating crops. The sole object was to kill the weeds and pull up the crop by drawing up all of the loose soil around the plants, leaving the ground between the rows hard and poor, neither the air or water could penetrate it. It did not occur to them that the soil should be kept light and loose enough for the air and water to have free access through it; so the old hoe was considered an excellent instrument, and in fact it was for the purpose it was used. But as soon as it was found that in addition to the killing of weeds it was necessary to stir the soil, implements were invented to take the place of the hoe. We have not yet got just what we need to cultivate properly and easily around growing plants in the garden. The wheel hoes in the garden are not made just as they should be; most of them are too heavy, and they fail to leave the soil as fine as it should be; in fact the inventors, most of them, still keep to the idea that all the work to be done is to kill the weeds; and we are sorry to be obliged to acknowledge that in many gardens they fail to do even that for a hand wheel hoe, if not run through the garden before the weeds get one or two inches high. It is a worse implement than the common hoe. When the wheel hoe is to be used it must be started as soon as the weeds are up, and run often enough to prevent them ever getting more than two inches high. The wheel hoe when run through the garden often enough can be made to go over a quarter of an acre of land in less than one hour and a half. For field crops the horse hoe and cultivator should be used.

He who would grow the largest crop with the expenditure of the least labor and material should see to it that his soil is thoroughly prepared just before

the seed is planted, and also after the plants are up that the soil is stirred often enough to keep a crust from forming on the surface; if this is done there will be no trouble about the weeds.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

FARM HOMES.

How They May Be Made Pleasant and Profitable.

It is unfortunate that there is truth in the statement that there is a strong tendency on the part of the children of our great producers to leave the farm and live in the cities, in quest of more genteel employment, easier labor and more attractive homes. Those who know the most of city and country life will be very slow to believe that these farmer boys, as a whole, are benefited by the change, taking into the account many, many dangers which surround the young in the cities, with the increased cost of living, made necessary by its extravagances. Again, if these young men have a mercantile life in mind, let them remember that about ninety-eight per cent. of the merchants fail, at least, once during their career; some many times, particularly those who intend to make money without any regard to moral principle! Mercantile life is but little less than a constant round of care, perplexity, anxiety, with almost a constant expectation of sad reverses, in connection with financial crises, resulting, it may be from our present banking system, which is "the best that the world ever knew" for the bankers! Farmers are the deeded producers of the world, though not the only ones, since the man who carries his products to the market, adding to their value, the mechanic who manufactures what the farmer needs, that he may do his work more profitably, the inventor and the man of science who publishes principles which will aid the farmer—any one who lightens toil and increases production, must be ranked with producers. The farmer is the most independent man in society, has the fewest perplexities and reverses, with the greatest per cent. of success—the least cause for worry and fretting. It is true that he has worry, predict droughts and many, many disasters, do much to annoy himself, if he chooses, but no one has less occasion for such unrest, since no business is any surer of yielding a fair return for the expenditures of labor and general outlays. An occasional dry season may occur, but not often, and never so severe as to prevent raising something—often very much more than may have been expected, if we may judge by the murmuring of some of this class. Early and late frosts may appear, but the intelligent and thoughtful farmer can do much to guard against these calamities.

It is possible, also, to do still more to render his boys more content and happy on the farm, by rendering it and its surroundings and accompaniments more attractive. If these boys and girls, in visiting city and village cousins, see comfortable homes, attractive houses, books in the library, papers and magazines on the table, pictures on the walls, a general air of taste and convenience, and know that there is wealth enough at home to secure the same, it is not matter of surprise if they should wish similar adornments, similar conveniences, to live more like civilized men and women.

Now, from what I know of Western farmers, I am convinced that there is enough wasted on the average farm to purchase enough of the coveted articles of adornment to make these boys and girls happy. The girls must have something "pretty" in the house, or they will not be satisfied, while no one can blame them. Let the money spent on some farms for tobacco and intoxicants be invested in papers and magazines for the table, in books for the library, in pictures for the wife and girls, and the house would promptly assume a new and improved appearance! While the former would absolutely nothing to improve personal appearance, morals, health or the good of the family and society, the latter will do very much in all of these respects, securing sufficient contentment to induce the children to stay on the farm. Now, let me, as a farmer's son, suggest the idea of forming an association of fifteen farmers—more or less—in any community having stated meetings, with necessary officers, having this object in view. At first, raise a moderate amount of funds, invest in good and instructive books, such as will give the farmer needed information, with valuable papers, in addition to those already taken, allowing these to be taken to the homes, for a brief period, the advantages to be afforded to all, in order. In this way, with additional improvements, such as will be suggested to the minds of the farmers and wives, a vast amount of good and enjoyment may easily be obtained.—*Dr. J. H. Hanaford, in Western Ploughman.*

A Flowery Name.

An Austin colored man, Jim Webster by name, of rather limited education, and whose memory is remarkably defective, was recently blessed with a son. His wife, who is more intelligent, determined that the son and heir should have a high sounding name, and selected a very beautiful one. When the child was presented to the clergyman for baptism the latter said: "Name this infant." "Jim," scratched his head for a while and finally said: "Squash." "Squash?" "Dat's no proper name for a Christian child." "Sun-Flower, den." "Once more the clergyman shook his head incredulously. Jim Webster leaned over and whispered to his wife to give the right name. "Hyacinth," she replied. "Well, I knowed it was some kinder garden truck."—*Texas Siftings.*

—An English writer points out the probability that a smoky atmosphere is not a wholly unmitigated evil, since its carbon and sulphur must absorb many germs of disease, and tend to prevent the spread of epidemics.

THE CUCKOO.

A Bird That Has Been an Object of Superstition for Ages—How It Trespasses Upon the Nests of Other Birds.

The swallow and the nightingale have been the themes for a prodigious amount of indifferent verse. But it may be doubted whether either of these birds has been the moving cause for as much poetry as the cuckoo has prose. Volumes have been written on its habits and its distribution. Discussions, which come and go with less regularity than the bird over which they are expended, are again and again raised regarding its habit of laying its eggs in the nest of other birds. Yet so comparatively little is known for certain regarding this migrant that there is, perhaps, no single fact in its history which is accepted without cavil by the hundreds of ornithologists who busy themselves with its private life. As for the country folk, they seem more interested in the supernatural powers which the superstitions of ages have woven around it than in solving the many most problems in its career. In Switzerland, for instance, the cuckoo is considered to be a transformed baker's boy, and the shepherd girl, when she first hears the notes of the bird, counts the number of times it is repeated, under the belief that an equal number of years will elapse before she is married. In Germany a similar augury is drawn as to the number of years the listener has to live; and in this country it is a current belief that they who hear the first notes of the cuckoo with an empty pocket are destined to remain coinnless until he disappears. The Danes dread to hear the cuckoo on an empty stomach, for in such case the hapless wight so placed is doomed some day to come to actual starvation. There is an old adage in Serbia to the effect that when the cuckoo sings in a wood without leaves he is the harbinger of distress; whereas, if he wait till the period when the trees are clothed, all will go well—with, we presume, the person who has not been too premature in detecting the song of ill-omen. The French peasant imagines that in the autumn the cuckoo changes itself into a hawk, just as the Vancouver Island Indians believe that the grouse become gulls during the winter. In short, there is a mythology of this bird, just as there is a zoology; and even the philologists have contributed some very learned pages to its voluminous history. The name which the bird bears is, curiously enough, nearly the same in all countries. It is, for example, the kukukua of the Sasser, the kukuk of Greece, the cuckoo of Italy, the kokkuz of Germany, the kok of Sweden, the koekoek of Holland, and the concou of France, while the oldest English spelling gives us cuckoo for a bird which evidently derives those names from its familiar note—this fact giving the students of onomatopoeia a weapon of which they have not failed to avail themselves.

However, interesting though the cuckoo may be from a linguistic, folk-lore or geographical aspect, the one point which gives it so prominent a place in ornithological literature is one which redounds least to its credit. It is during the next few days the keen observer chooses to keep a watch on the haunts of the bird he may see it skimming along the hedge-rows, often pursued by flocks of the smaller species, who either mistake it for a hawk or are conscious that its flight betokens no good to their still unatched offspring. The cuckoo is on the outlook for a nest. The chances are that it has its egg in its bill, ready to be deposited in the likeliest one; for it is now very generally accepted as an article of the zoological creed that the bird first lays on the ground, and then carries the egg to the place where it is to be hatched by the foster-parent. It is, indeed, apart from the fact that the process mentioned has been observed more than once, all but impossible that it could sit on the nest in which its egg is found. It is also a mistake to suppose that the sparrow is the species usually selected for this imposition. The garden warbler, the blackcap, the white-throats, the redstarts, the robins, warblers, willow wren, whet, wagtails, pipits, skylarks, yellow-hammer, red-backed green, nightingale, chiff-chaff, buntings, siskinets, linnets, wheat, black-bird, bullfinch, turtle dove, wood pigeon, jay, spotted flycatcher, and various other species are each of them at times chosen to be the victim. No sound ornithologist as the late Mr. Gould was at one time inclined to distrust the old tale of the young cuckoos turning out of the nest the rightful tenants, apparently unconscious that one of the earliest contributions to science of the famous Jenner was an account of such a scene. Whether a suspicion ever crosses the foster-parent's brain that there is something wrong, it is hard to say. At all events, they are assiduous in feeding their ungrateful handlings, sometimes even sitting on their backs in order to reach the mouths of the overgrown fledglings. Shakespeare will have it that the young cuckoo devours not only its foster brothers and sisters, but ultimately consumes its foster-parents also. Happily this awful charge is not confirmed by more accurate observation. Yet the reality is bad enough, without the addition of any calumny. Of late years cuckoo literature has been increased by some hot debates over the theory which teaches that the cuckoo selects a nest for the deposition of its eggs in accordance with the color of those laid by the foster-parent. This idea seems a little fanciful. It may be that now and then the cuckoo chooses a nest which already contains eggs similar to her own. But the egg in question is so often found among others different totally from it in color, that apart from the difficulty of supposing that the cuckoo flies around, egg in mouth, seeking for a match in color, or has any power of influencing the hue of its eggs, it is wise to maintain a neutral position toward the ingenious theory with which the name of Herr Baldamus is connected. And there are so many moot points to be solved, without disputing over this crux. Why, for example, should the great spotted cuckoo build a nest for itself and hatch its young, as has been asserted, denied, and asserted again, and the domestic "paisano" of California—a near relation—construct those wonderful "runs" for which it is cele-

brated, while their cousin in these latitudes leads so desolate a life? Again, it is more than probable that the "unnatural parent" visits its egg at intervals to see that it is properly tended. Why, then, does it not show decent affection at the outset, and what circumstances first led to the adoption of so extraordinary a trait of character?—*London Standard.*

A SURPRISED PARTY.

How Jimmy Brown and a Young Companion Evaded a Social Infliction.

I said a while ago that I had invented a plan for driving ghosts out of the wall. My plan was to pour something into the hole in the wall of my room where the ghosts are that would make them glad to come out and go somewhere else. Now there is a kind of medicine called nastyfettdy that smells worse than anything you can think of. I went to our druggist and asked him if he couldn't melt some for me so that it would stay melted. I didn't tell the druggist what I wanted it for, but he said he guessed he could do it, and gave me a bottle full of something that smelt just like nastyfettdy. I took it home and poured it into the hole, and left the window open, so that the ghosts could get out, and shut the door and went down-stairs. I think the ghosts left. They couldn't have staid in the wall, for I couldn't stay in the room, and I'm not as delicate as a ghost. Father hopes that he shall be able to go into the room some time next spring, but he doesn't feel very sure about it, for we can hardly live in the rest of the house. Of course I told him all about it, and when he explained to me that I had done wrong, I admitted it, and was very sorry. He told me that for a punishment I could not go skating for a month, and I hope, my son, it will teach you not to play tricks in my house again. But I deserved it, and I do hope it will teach me something.

One day the whole family except me went to New York to spend the night, and Tom McGinnis was allowed to come and stay with me, so that we could take care of the house. As I couldn't go skating, Tom and I thought we would make a skating pond in our front yard. So we poured a great lot of water over our front walk, which is made of asphalt; and as it was very cold it froze in a very little while. We skated all day, and toward night we poured more water over it to make it nice and smooth.

We have been having surprise parties in our town this winter, and I heard father say that we had them worse in our town than in any other part of the country. A surprise party is a whole lot of folks who rush into your house at night, and don't give anybody time to change their clothes or take their hair out of curl-papers. The surprise party generally brings cake and pie with them, and everybody eats some and drops the rest on the carpet, and when the party is gone you sit down and burst out crying, and say you were never so wretched in all your life, and wish those wretched, impudent people were a thousand miles away.

Tom and I had a beautiful time after we got through skating and it was dark. We had supper, and then we brought down a mattress from up-stairs and turned somersaults on it in the parlor. We were going to black up and play we were minstrels, but we couldn't find any cork.

All at once we heard the most awful noise in the front yard. Every few seconds somebody would shriek like a rat that sees a rat, and then men would use swear-words, and everybody would talk all at once. Tom and I rushed upstairs, where it was dark, and looked through the window. A big surprise party was falling all over one another on our front walk. Most of them were lying on the ice and moaning, but every minute or two a man or a woman would get up and try to walk, and then slip and come down on somebody else. It was a most dreadful sight, and Tom and I could hardly keep from rolling on the floor and laughing loud enough for the surprise party to hear. After a while some of them managed to get off the walk on to the grass, and then they pulled the rest off the ice and helped one another over the fence, and went home; that is, all except three or four who were helped into a wagon because they couldn't walk. The next morning we put ashes on the walk, and when father came home and we told him about it, he said we had done very wrong, and then gave us each ten cents, and went into the house laughing. I never knew him to act that way before.—*Jimmy Brown, in Harper's Young People.*

ANSON STAGER.

A Story of Ante-Bellum Times Concerning the Late General Stager.

It was way back in the fifties, when telegraphing was in its infancy and reading by sound an accomplishment in which few excelled. General Stager was never a good sound operator, and read from the instrument with considerable difficulty. One day he was told that the assistant at Toledo was absent from the office without leave. On the day following the missing operator reported for duty. General Stager, then at Cleveland, asked him to come to the key. "You were absent yesterday without permission. This is the second time this has occurred. If you can not give a better excuse than you did before I shall have to dismiss you," he telegraphed the young man. The operator knew that the General was not clever at reading the sound, and so for a couple of minutes he rattled the key as hard as he could, without saying anything that was at all intelligible. Then suddenly slowing up he added, so plainly that any novice could read it "and that is the way it all happened."

General Stager was too proud to ask the operator to send slower, notwithstanding everything that came over the wire was unintelligible to him except the concluding words. "Oh, well," said he, unwilling to confess his ignorance. "If that's the case you are perfectly excusable, and we'll say no more about it."—*Washington Letter.*

BEEF FOR FOOD.

The Feeding That Is Necessary in Order To Make the Best Beef.

It is not the heaviest nor the fattest animal that should bring the highest price for the butcher's block, but that animal giving the largest per cent. of lean meat to live weight. Such an animal will always contain fat enough with the meat fiber to make it palatable, juicy and nourishing. The fat parts of beef cattle or mutton sheep are little used as human food. Hence the crucial test must ever be the greatest proportion of lean meat (muscle) to the carcass. It is well known that steers quickly fed to fatness on sweet, flush pasturage give the most succulent and finely-favored food. Why? The relative proportion of fat and lean is normal. Fat cows sell for less money per pound than steers. Why again? The proportion of fat to lean is greater, as the principal cause, and, as a secondary reason, although better flavored than that of the bull, the meat of the cow is not so delicate as that of the steer. Fashion, however, years ago decided that a carcass must be considered inferior if it did not show immense development of fat, even to great patchy masses on the outside. It was established in the "good old days" of tallow candles, when fat was one of the most important parts of the animal. So long as fashion demands this feeders must cater to it. Indian corn will easily make fat. Some food, richer in phosphate and nitrogen, however, is required with corn, to keep the proportion of fat and lean equal. If the true relation as between fat and lean were understood by the buyer this could be produced probably cheaper to the consumer than the monsters of fat so much admired at our fat-stock shows. Yet so long as the feeder and buyer alike take pride in these fat-overladen animals there will be no change. The fact, however, remains constant: the last two hundred pounds of fat added to a steer, ripe in flesh, add only to the cost of the succulent lean meat produced.

One of the results of this fashion has been the forcing of breeding cattle until they now, through heredity, early develop fat abnormally. The yearling a mountain of blubbery fat is gazed on with wonder. Grade Devons and well-bred native steers, however, continue to fill the eye of the butcher and the true gastronomist. It is so in England. The black cattle, the Devon, and the graded Hereford bring the best prices at Smithfield market. The reaction has already set in in the United States to the effect that a yearling or two-year-old, however fat, does not constitute a beef animal, and in the case of that wonderful animal of bovine development, the Short-Horn, serviceable animals, even what would be called by some breeders "plainly bred"—what the seller hoping to get something over a hundred dollars for would call "useful"—these are coming to have more and more advocates year by year. They are not wonders of precocious fatness, but they are nevertheless just the animals, whatever the breed, that, bought at one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars for a bull, will pay one hundred per cent. on the investment to breed grades on the common stock of the breeding farmer. If they lack somewhat of early maturity they give stout hearty feeding calves that will make thick-fleshed steers and cows of more than average goodness at the mill. There would seem to be no better time for the intending purchaser than now to enable the bull to become fully "wonted" to the herd before the breeding season commences.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Embossed Leather."

Hundreds of men, women, and even boys, in New York are engaged in the "business" of collecting old boots and shoes, which they take to the wall-paper factories, where they receive from five to fifteen cents per pair. Calfskin boots bring the best price, while cowhide ones are not taken at any figure. These boots and shoes are first soaked in several waters to get the dirt off, and then the nails and threads are removed and the leather is ground up into a fine pulp. Then it is pressed upon a ground of heavy paper, which is to be used in the manufacture of "embossed leather." Fashionable people think they are going away back to medieval times when they have the wall of their libraries and dining-rooms covered with this, and remain in blissful ignorance that the shoes and boots which their neighbors threw in the ash-barrel a month before now adorn their walls and hang on the screens which protect their eyes from the fire. Carriage-top makers and book-binders also buy old boots and shoes, the former to make leather tops for carriages, and the latter leather bindings for the cheaper grade of books. The new style of leather frames with leather mats in them are entirely made of the cast-off covering of our feet.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Mr. John Jacob Astor has presented to the Astor Library, in New York, three manuscripts which are probably the oldest classical works to be found in any collection in this country. They include Hesiod's "Works and Days," "Æsop's Fables" and Lucian's "Pharsalia," and were formerly a part of the private library of Pius VI., who occupied the Vatican from 1775 to 1788.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Horses will get more rest out of their Sundays by being allowed the freedom of a field, or lot, than by being kept tied up in the stable. They need exercise every day, and if they have no work to do they should be given the liberty of a place where they can romp as they like.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—The fat of chickens is said, by a cake-maker of great experience, to be the finest butter for making the most delicate cake. If the fat of boiled chickens is to be used, cook them without salt, and there will not be the slightest flavor of fowl.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—People must have something to worry about, and a scientist realizing this has put forth a declaration that the earth is liable to explode at any moment.

A Venerable Historian.



Mr. Bancroft, who recently celebrated his 84th birthday in excellent health, is a native of Massachusetts. He graduated at Harvard and pursued a course of three years further study in Germany. On his return to this country he contemplated entering the ministry, but settled down to a literary life. His principal work has been his history of the United States, the first volume appearing in 1834, and the tenth and last forty years later. At times he has taken a lively interest in politics; was collector of the port of Boston in 1838, secretary of the navy under Polk, minister to England in 1846, and Prussia in 1857, to the North German confederation in 1869, and to the German empire in 1871. He is still engaged in literary labor.

The Terrible Goodwin Sands.

(Manchester (Eng.) Times.) The "Goodwin" is a quicksand, and it is this, as well as the tremendous sea that beats upon it in heavy weather, that makes it so terribly fatal to vessels that get stranded on it. At low tide a portion of the sand is dry and hard and firm, and can be walked on for a distance of about four or five miles; but as the water again flows over any part of it that part becomes, as the sailors say, "all alive," soft and quick, and ready to suck in anything that lodges upon it. Suppose a vessel to run on with the falling tide, when the sand shelves or is steep, the water leaves the bow, and the sand there gets hard; the water still flows under the stern, and the sand there remains soft a longer time; down the stern sinks lower and lower; the vessel soon breaks her back or works herself deeper and deeper by the stern; as the water rises she fills and works, and still sinks deeper in the sand every roll she gives, until at high tide she is perhaps completely buried, or only her topsides are seen above water. Other vessels, if the sea is heavy, begin to beat heavily and soon break up. Lifted up on the swell of a huge wave, as it breaks and flies away in surf and foam, the vessel thumps down with all its weight upon the sands; the timbers give and strain, the seams open; she soon ceases as she fills with water, to rise upon the wave; great gaps are torn from the bulwarks; the decks burst open with the air seeking to escape from the hold, and as the sea rushes over the vessel each roll she gives wrenches her more and more; the masts fall over the side; her cargo floats and washes away, and speedily, even in a few hours, she is in a torn and shattered condition, completely wrecked and destroyed. The broken hull is full of water and lurches heavily to and fro with each wave, rolls and slightly lifts and works, until it has made a deep bed in the sands in which it is completely buried so that many vessels have run upon the sands in the early night, and scarcely a vestige of them been seen in the morning.



Robert Bonner, the proprietor of the New York Ledger, has the reputation of paying the best prices for the contributions he accepts for his paper. He paid Fanny Fern \$1,000 for a ten-column story, and Longfellow received from him \$4 a line for writing "The Hanging of the Crane." He has paid fabulous prices for horses that he fancied, but then it has brought him world-wide fame and advertising. Mr. Bonner is 69 years of age and comes from the north of Ireland, a section of country which has produced men remarkable for their shrewdness and business tact.

Physiology of Fainting.

(Harper's Magazine.) A timid person sees, perchance, some accident in which human life is possibly sacrificed, or the sensibilities are otherwise shocked. His feelings overcome him, and he faints. How are we to explain it? Let us see what takes place.

The impression upon the brain made by the organ of sight creates (through the agency of special centers in the organ of the mind) an influence upon the heart and the blood-vessels of the brain. This results in a decrease in the amount of blood sent to the brain, and causes a loss of consciousness.

In the same way persons become dizzy when looking at a water-fall, or from a height, through the effects of the organs of sight upon the brain.

To the Oyster.

(New York Journal.) We try him as they try him, and even as they pierce him; we're partial to him lucious in a roast; we boil him and we broil him, we vinegar-and-oil him, and oh, he's delicious stewed with toast. We eat him with tomatoes and the salad of potatoes, nor look him o'er with horror when he follows the cold slaw; and neither doth he fret us if he marches after lettuce and ahead of cayenne pepper when His Majesty is raw. So, welcome with September, to the knife and glowing ember, juicy darling of our dainties, disseminator of the clam! To the oyster, then, a hoister, with him, in royal roaster, we shall whoop it through the land of Uncle Sam.

The American Society for Psychological Research, organized in Boston, has established a branch in New York. The object is the excellent one of apprehending scientifically the mysterious hypnotic and clairvoyant states.