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By order of N. G.

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MUSINGS.

I sit in my room in the lamplight,
And look at my books lying round;
Then my thoughts wander forth with a tramp-like
Monotony of feeling and sound.

I think of my friends that are scattered,
I think of my friends that are near,
And I wonder if my soul would feel flattered,
Could their thoughts of myself reach my ear.

Could their thoughts unvarnished and openly,
Without hypocritical guise,
Be laid like an open book 'fore me,
A chapter that's clear to the eyes.

Would their boast of love and esteem,
Bear a keen and critical test?
Or would there be few whose hearts could redeem
Their promise of friendship till death?

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES ON THE "OLD SOUTH."

READ AT THE BOSTON ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE "OLD SOUTH FUND."

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall."

Full seven score years our city's pride—
The comely Southern spirit—
Has cast its shadow, and abided
The storm, the foe, the fire.
Sad is the sight our eyes beholds,
Woe to the three-hilled town,
When through the land the tale is told—
"The brave 'Old South' is down!"

Let shadows blot the starless dawn
That hears our children tell,
"Here rose the walls, now wrecked and gone,
Our fathers loved so well;
Here, while his brethern stood aloof,
The hearald's blast was blown
That shook St. Stephen's pillared roof
And wrecked King George's throne!

"The home-bound wanderer of the main
Looked from his deck afar,
To where the glittering gilded vane
Shone like the evening star,
And pilgrim feet from every clime,
The floor with reverence trod,
Where holy memories made sublime
The shrine of Freedom's God!"

The darkened skies, alas! have seen
The monarch tree laid low,
And spread in ruins o'er the green,
But Nature struck the blow;
No scheming thrift its downfall planned,
It felt no edge of steel,
No soulless hireling raised his hand
The deadly stroke to deal.

In bridal garlands, pale and mute,
Still pleads the storied tower;
These are the blossoms, but the fruit
Awaits the golden shower;
The spire still greets the morning sun—
Say, shall it stand or fall?
Help, ere the spoiler has begun!
Help, each, and God help all!

THE OLD MAN AND HIS PET.

BY KNURLEY.

Some years ago it came in my way to take charge of a large quarry situated in the town of P——. It was some way from the village, and close beside a small river forming a communication with the sea, which was distant but a few miles. The channel of this river was barely deep enough, when the tide was full, to float the barges which were towed in by a small tug and left for us to load, and then towed out again to a small harbor at its mouth, their load transferred to a larger vessel, and then returned for us to fill again.

The quarry, which employed about fifty men, was seldom visited by any one except the owners and an occasional visitor from the village, whom curiosity prompted to traverse the seven miles of rough, hilly, forest-bordered road which separated us from it; and so we lived a very isolated life. There was not much to be seen about the spot except some cavernous openings in the side of a hill, great piles of yellow earth and broken stone, and several tall derricks with a network of supporting guys and ropes.

The men lived a good deal like cattle, in two or three low, brown, unpainted houses, that stood close by the river bank, and alternated between working, eating, and sleeping; in fact, very much like human machines. They were a coarse, lawless set of fellows, often making predatory excursions under cover of night to some farmhouse, and returning with sundry stolen delicacies in the way of poultry, eggs and fruit, and spending their Sundays in gambling, hunting and fishing.

Fighting was a frequent pastime with them, and to excel in the manly art of knock-down seemed to be their highest ambition. The spot, by reason of its wild, rocky surroundings, and the uncivilized horde of men dwelling in it, came to be known as "The Devil's Roost." The men were not, as a majority, really vicious, though many of them had known life within prison walls; but removed, as they were, from the restraints of society and softening influences of women, they were simply animal. I had no trouble in controlling or directing them with the use of a few reasoning words, and found the one thing they resented most was the assumption of any special superiority over them.

One day there came to the quarry, by way of our tug-boat communication with the outer world, an old man whom the owners had found somewhere and sent up as an addition to our force. He was a morose and silent-appearing chap, with a kind of downcast look and way with him, as if he carried some burden of guilt; and his hair and beard were as white as the driven snow. He called himself "Doric," and when asked the place of his nativity replied "nowhere." He evidently was not inclined to tell much of his history, and beyond a few attempts by some of the men to draw him out—which efforts, by the way, were fruitless—they let him entirely alone. He was assigned a place to sleep, a seat at the rough board table, directed where to work, and soon fell into the regular routine with the rest. Though he said nothing to the other men, and went about his work in a silent, uncomplaining way, still he soon became an object of great curiosity, for wherever he went, to work, to eat, to sleep, or away to sit by himself in some shady nook on a hot summer Sunday, he always carried a small wire cage that contained a toad! It was a curious freak, and among a set of men naturally ignorant and bigoted, it soon created quite a buzz of superstition. As Dennis O'Reilly, a genuine son of Erin, remarked:

"Troth, an' it's an uncanny sort ov a man that, that 'ud be makin' a pet of a dirty toad!"

It was a little singular; and I grew a trifle curious myself to see the white-haired old man lavish so much attention on a reptile usually considered so repulsive. When at work he would place its cage in some secure spot where he could watch it, and often he would stop to catch some bug or beetle to give to his strange pet. When not at work, he would let the toad out of its cage, and watch it hop around in the grass with as much apparent pleasure as a little child would watch the gambols of a pet kitten. He would stroke it, and talk to it, as if it were a human being, and—perhaps feeling that it was regarded with suspicion by those he was with—never allowed it out his sight a moment. He had taught it to follow him when called with a peculiar chirp, and often he would walk to and from his work with the toad perched upon his shoulder.

The men indulged in all sorts of speculations about the old man and his pet; some of them, like Dennis, who could not get over their characteristic horror of frogs and toads, boldly assertsd that the old chap was a sorcerer, and this reptile was the form under which some evil spirit was hidden; and others said he was partially demented. But none of this talk reached the old man, and he went about his work as usual, saying nothing to anyone except his toad. Sometimes in the summer evenings, after the day's work was done, and the men were gathered together smoking and telling stories or playing cards, he would steal away by himself and talk to his poor little dumb companion in a way that, although it seemed childish, yet, nevertheless, was a little pathetic.

I questioned him several times about it, but he was very reticent, and the only answer I got was:

"Don't mind my fancy, sir; that toad is the only living friend I have."

But this reply only excited my curiosity still more; and at last, by a series of friendly overtures toward the strange, silent old man, I succeeded in getting his history.

"I do not wish the others to know," he said, "for they would not understand it, but that toad once saved my life. Thirty years ago I was a young man just entering upon life with all its anticipations ahead of me. Although I was poor, I had a good trade, and was shortly to be married to a girl who seemed to me to be all that heart could wish. I lived with a widowed mother in a pleasant country town many miles from here, and, being an only son, was her sole support. I had quite a number of companions who were rather reckless and dissipated, and given to drinking, and one night while we were all the worse for liquor, we got into a row, and one of them was so injured that he died. I was no worse than the rest, but they all threw the burden of it upon me, and I was sentenced to prison for life. It was hard, sir, at my time of life to be shut up and feel that prison walls were to hold me while life lasted, and for something for which I was not to blame. But there was no help for it; I was poor and friendless, and so they locked me up. The girl who had promised to share my life, offered to go to prison with me, but they would not allow it; then she bade me have hope, for I might escape, and she swore to wait for me while she lived.

"At first I tried by good behavior to gain a pardon, and failing in that I grew desperate and tried to escape. But it was no use; the prison was strong and closely guarded, and every attempt was a failure. I only received whippings and weeks of solitary confinement for my efforts.

"So year after year dragged past, and I grew morose and sullen. I was taken every day to work in a stone-yard within the prison walls, and then locked up again in my cell at dark. The prisoners were not allowed to speak to each other; no books or papers were ever given us to read; and it was nothing but work, look at the gray stone walls, and think, think, think.

"Oh, how I longed to look at some green growing thing! A tree, a bit of green grass! Anything that would relieve the gray, gloomy stone walls and iron grates of the prison. There was a little cluster of poor stunted weeds growing in one corner of the stone-yard; a kind I used to know as rag-weed; they grew yellow and sickly in the shadow of the prison wall, and choked with the dust of the stone cutting, but for all that I used to watch them with a hungry longing, and think of the green woods and fields they spoke to me of. I grew to love these poor sickly weeds, even as a woman will love the flowers that grow in her garden; and when autumn came and they withered and died, I grew hopeless. I watched for them again in the spring, and they came back—but not for long; for a lot of stone was piled in that corner, and my poor weeds were crushed out of sight. Then I grew more hopeless than ever. If this was to continue to the end, I thought, nothing but a weary, changeless round, why not hasten the end?

"The idea of suicide once in my head, I could not get rid of it. It haunted me day and night. My life was nothing but one unending round of silent labor, as bare and cheerless as the granite I worked upon. I went for days without speaking; only brooding upon my unjust sentence and hopeless situation, until even the sunshine that glowed down into the prison yard seemed to mock my misery with the visions of green fields and sparkling brooks it brought to my mind. Visions, alas! that even hope refused to tell me I was ever again to behold. I grew desperate with a wild longing to end my hopeless existence at once, and kept revolving in my mind which one of the few ways of death that lay in my power was the quickest and surest. In my sleep I dreamed of once more meeting the woman I loved, and telling her, in ghostly glee, how I had escaped by leaving my body buried in my desolate prison yard. But the waking mockery of bare walls and my silent labor only drove me into a more hepeless, insane state of mind. I had even gone so far ar to secrete a small chisel which I had sharpened for the purpose of cutting an artery in my arm, and only waited for a certain evening whose pleasant memories I thought would nerve me for the act. I had hidden the chisel under the block of stone I was at work upon, and when the night came I watched a chance, while no one was looking, and reached under the stone for it. But even as I drew forth the bit of cold iron that was to set me free, out from under that stone there hopped a toad. It leaped upon a bit of stone and stood looking at me and blinking its great brown eyes in silent surprise. I stopped to look at the creature a moment, for it had been years since I had seen one, and somehow it carried me back to my boyhood; and then there came to me a thought that if that poor, despised thing could find comfort in hopping about, dumb, senseless, and alone, in a dusty prison yard, why not I?

"That bit of reflection turned my thoughts aside from the half insane and cowardly purpose that had come to me, and I left the chisel where it was and took the toad instead. I carried him to my cell that night, and the next day I contrived to find some bits of wood and string and made him a sort of cage. I caught beetles and bugs to feed him on, and—you may think it strange, sir—but the first bit of happiness I had known for seven long years, came to me while I watched that poor little toad eat the food I had brought to it You may think it was a hideous thing to make a pet of, but it was something that had life, and the care of it kept me from that terrible, hopeless, desolation of feeling that was driving me crazy. I began to love the creature as one loves a dog or a horse. I received no return for the little care I gave it, except a mere brightening of its brown eyes as it swallowed the food I gave it; but I have since learned that the creatures we love best in this world are not those that make us the most return.

"I kept that toad for months before the jailor discovered it; but he did, finally, and was going to take it away from me, but I begged so hard—yes, even on my knees I begged for the privilege of keeping it—that he consented. I have kept it ever since.

"Twelve years after that I was pardoned out of prison, but the woman who had promised to wait for me was married and had a family grown up around her; my mother was dead; all my friends had forgotten me, and I, at fifty years of age, was an old, gray-haired man. People who once knew me treated me with the cold disdain that—whether he be innocent or guilty—always follows a condemned felon, and so I have come to shun all human kind. I am a long ways from the scenes of my youth; no one knows even my real name, or ever shall, and all I have to anticipate is the few remaining years in which I may sustain a friendless existence. My life has been a wreck, and I am now but a mere worthless chip, floating, unknown and unnoticed, down toward the final harbor.

"This is the story of my life, sir; and all I ask is that you will not tell it to these men with whom I work. They may think me crazy, or demented, as they choose. It matters not. Sometimes I think I am; and—sometimes, when I realize how little there is for me to anticipate, I wish that amid the barren desolation of that prison life I had not found the toad."

The old man told me his story in an earnest sort of way that evinced its truth, and as he sat, bowed, wrinkled and gray, on a bit of stone close beside the dark opening of the quarry out of which came the dull sound of picks, and in which, among a lot of coarse, unfeeling men he was fated to delve, with no kith or kin, no joys or hopes, no home or friends, nothing to cling to except the delusion of freedom, and the love of life, I was forced to think that then, if not before, death would be a blessing to him. But he went patiently about his work, still determined, like all the rest of us, who—whether good or ill conditioned—still cling to existence with a desperate clutch and pursue the will-o'-wisp of hope even to the last.

But the old man's hard fate and strange whim won a little pity from me, and I resolved, if it lay in my power, to throw a trifle of sunshine in his pathway. I had noticed that many of the men had taken a dislike to him, and some of the most ignorant had said that he was a sort of sorcerer, and that his fondness for a toad was proof conclusive that he was in league with the devil. So, without telling much of his history, I took occasion to explain to some of them that his peculiar reticence was the result of some great grief, and that the toad he made such a pet of had once been the means of saving his life. This new version of his mysterious conduct was accepted by the men quite readily, and I soon began to notice a change in their treatment of him. They ceased avoiding him, and tried to converse with him more than before; they offered to help him about his work, and invited him to join them in some of their sports. When any one of them attempted to ridicule him to the others, they would turn the flow of blackguard and badinage upon the indiscreet joker, and completely shut him up. They even began to pay some attention to his strange pet; I often noticed one or more of them catching bugs or flies to feed the ever hungry creature.

Many of them who had never known what it was to make a pet of anything in their lives, began to look around for some living thing to take care of, and it was only a few weeks before nearly every one of those rough, coarse men, had some sort of an animal for a pet. One man caught and caged a woodchuck, another a crow, another a black snake, and quite a number obtained mice and squirrels. One odd genius in the gang fixed up a rude aquarium and filled it with various kinds of fish, and another took no rest until he had captured an owl. There was a trifle of absurdity in the sudden mania for pets which had been started by the old man and his toad, but it was not without its good effect, for in its pursuit the men forgot their gambling and fighting pastimes. Instead of the disputes and carousals for which "The Roost" had been famous, it became quite an orderly and well behaved little community.

Evenings and Sundays, which constituted about all the spare time the men had, were devoted to obtaining food and caring for their pets. It was really amusing to see how much like children they acted in the pursuit of their new whim; but for all that it was a purifying influence, and appealed to their better natures.

The old man was too misanthropic and gloomy to take any interest in what the rest were interested in. He looked on in quiet surprise, as if wondering what need they had of pets, but was as silent as ever. He thanked them for the few kind deeds they did for him, and looked pleased at any little attention, but for all that he shunned them, and acted as if his toad was the only friend he had.

One day I asked him how many years he had kept his pet. He thought for a moment, and then answered,

"Twenty-three."

"It is a long time to keep such a pet," I said.

"Yes," replied the old man, sadly, "but it's all I have to keep."

It seemed a strange delusion, yet to that old man, withered and gray, and with the sands of life almost run out, it was terribly real.

One day the creature, whose advent among us had created such a mania for pets, was found in his cage dead. Some of the men offered their condolence to the old man, and others volunteered to find him another just like it; while one, more facetious than the rest, suggested giving the reptile a first-class funeral, and offered to preach the funeral sermon. But amid all the well meant, but unthinking sympathy, the old man was silent. The creature that had stayed his insane impulse of self-murder, and had relieved the desolate monotony of twelve years of prison life, was more to him than they could realize. They all thought him a little childish, when, at the close of the next day, he was seen putting his dead pet away in a little hole beneath a hemlock that shadowed a bend in the river just above the quarry, but no one ventured a reference to it in his hearing. After that he was more silent than ever, and often went whole days without speaking. When any one offered him sympathy it was met with a wondering look of surprise, as if he felt that their pity was a jest. His silent, expressionless grief at the loss of such a strange pet was as odd as the man himself, and yet there seemed something in it that was just a bit pathetic.

"You seem to miss your pet," I said to him one evening as he sat with bowed head watching the fading sunlight.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "a little. Although it was a strange thing to love, it was all I had."

Though I felt his whim was the result of his dreary prison life, and a sort of monomania, yet for all that I pitied him. It seemed hard that a strong life should be so utterly wrecked, even if partially guilty of crime, though that I did not believe. His looks and story were good evidence to the contrary. But he was only one among the swarming millions of human beings, and but for the oddity of his history and whim, would never had provoked a second thought. One morning he was missing, and half suspecting what his delusion would lead him to, I caused a search to be made in the adjoining woods. We had no need to look far, for close beside the trunk of a hemlock, where he had laid his little dumb friend away to rest, we found the old man lying cold and still. His joyless, prison-shadowed life was ended.—*Waverly Magazine.*

THE ROMANTIC MARRIAGE OF THE GREAT LORD ELDON.—At Newcastle there lived a charming brown-eyed beauty, one Bessie Surtees, the daughter of a well-to-do banker in that town. Young Scott was deeply smitten; the object of his attentions was not unkind; but Surtees *pere*, though in trade himself, felt that he must draw the line somewhere, and accordingly drew it at coal. No alliance could be permitted between the son of the man who drew his wealth from the deposits of the earth and the daughter of the man who drew his wealth from the deposits of his clients! Such a union was not to be heard of. Oblivious of these delicate social considerations, John Scott took the matter in hand himself, and one romantic dark night fled with his lady-love across the border, and was married by a Scotch clergyman, to the intense ire of the blacksmith of Gretna Green. Unlike the generality of such unions, the marriage was a very happy one. Mrs. Scott proved a most devoted wife, affectionate, frugal, and bound up in the interests of her husband and her children. "Poor Bessie," mused the old chancellor to a fellow townsman when his helpmate had been taken away from him, "if ever there was an angel on earth, she was one. The only reparation which one man can make to another for running away with his daughter, is to be exemplary in his conduct toward her." The power of love certainly impels its victims to commit strange acts. No one who knew the intensely cautious, cunctative, deliberate Lord Eldon would have imagined that he had been guilty of so volatile a proceeding as an elopement.—*Temple Bar.*

"Pull out, Bill!" shrieked an engineer's son to his playmate, a brakeman's boy, who was in eminent danger of getting smashed by his mother, who was coming after him. "Git on the main line and give her steam! Here comes the switch engine!" But before the juvenile could get in motion she had him by the ear, and he was laid up with a hot box.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

MUSIC has a wonderful power over the passions. The man who couldn't set a tub out under the eaves to catch rain-water for his wife without grumbling in a most profane way, stood for half an hour in the rain without an umbrella and listened to the minstrel band on the hotel piazza with a face in docile repose.—*Danbury News.*

Fashion Notes.

Many of the new polonaises and saques close diagonally in front.

Embroidered waistcoats are worn with ladies' new Breton costumes.

Smoked pearl buttons are still used on both woolen and cotton dresses.

Unglazed white cards of medium size are the favorites for ladies' visiting cards.

Low shoes and fancy socks will be fashionable for summer wear for gentlemen.

Hemstitched handkerchiefs, with deep colored borders, are used for mourning wear.

Mantles and dolmans are much worn. Brown, drab and fawn are the prevailing colors.

A pretty fancy in dress trimmings is to put a chenille cable cord on the edges of collars and cuffs.

Parasols trimmed with coverings of netted floss, and edged with netted fringes, are to be among the new fashions.

Wax-flower makers are arranging funeral tokens, such as crosses, harps and anchors which look as natural as exotics, cost little more, and are not perishable.

The topic most discussed by the ladies at the present time is the latest French revolution in dress, calling for the use of the new light and elegant pannier skeleton or wire skirt.

As many basques as polonaises are seen among the importations from Worth and Pingat this spring. Still, the fashion reporters from the old world speak of little beside polonaises, princess dresses, and empire robes.

The "directoire," or "incroyable," a garment forming a part of a suit, is made with long cuirass front; the back, with four long, narrow pieces, is made to reach the trimming of the underskirt. These long coat-tails are joined together down the back with ribbon bows, beginning below the waist; the side seams below the waist have rows of buttons set on; it is finished with double cordings.

Crepe lisse ties, embroidered and scalloped on the edges, have peacocks' eyes, pheasants' feathers and the plumage of tropical birds closely imitated in colored floss. Half-squares of crepe de chine, embroidered in the corners with contrasting colors, are worn over the shoulders. Summer dresses will have foulard or grenadine fichus added for street wear.

In jewelry we find a novelty in lace scarf or vail pin of rolled gold. The background is plain "dead" gold, upon which is the first bar of the popular ballad, "Ever of The," set to music. The bars and notes are in polished gold, and the effect is very pretty and expressive. Necklaces and pendants in "Leusaic" shell are very popular. They are a perfect imitation, showing all the clear, beautiful colors of the tortoise shell, with the advantage of being much stronger, and are made in real shell designs.

CHANGE OF WORK.—That was a wise father who, on hearing his little daughter request her brother to drive a few nails in the woodhouse for her, said he would teach her how to do it herself. She was apt, and drove in all the nails successfully; so pleased was she with her success, that she would have set a double row around the shed if her father had not concluded that these would answer for the present. "There, that little lesson helps to make you independent, my girl," he said. "Now I will teach you some day to catch and harness up a horse. You have already learned to drive a gentle one. Learn to sharpen a knife, and whittle, too, without cutting your fingers. Don't let the doors creak for want of an oiled feather, or the little children's boots get hard in the winter for the want of a little grease." Take a lesson from this, girls. You don't know where you will be cast away some time during your life. The most helpless people I ever met are those who can only do one kind of work. Learn to help yourselves, even if, sometimes, you trench upon "boy's work."

THE REAL COMFORTS OF LIFE.—There are numerous conceptions of pleasure and comfort. Most people find, with or without experience, that the real comforts of life are found at home. For there the devoted wife is the presiding deity; there the children praise and play; there the young girl approximates and reaches womanhood; within its sacred precincts youth puts on the responsibilities of manhood, there are the reunions of hearts and hopes and prayers; there can be found real rest; there are the place and affection typical of the better life; there the germination and binding together of hearts and minds and souls in a bond as strong as a chain, and as lovely as a wreath of beauteous flowers; there the memories that glow and exist with life itself; there the influences that strengthen and bless and guide in after years, whatever we do and wherever our footsteps roam.

"MY COOK."—This is a lively little game, and creates great fun until the secret is found out. Some one who knows the game takes the post of leader. He cries, "I have a cook who doesn't like peas," and going over to one of the party, he inquires, "What would you give her?" "Pork," suggests the person asked. "That won't do, so pay a forfeit." Then going to another, he makes the same inquiry. "Potatoes," is the reply. "This will not suit, either," and another forfeit is demanded. The next person asked, replies, "mutton," and he escapes a forfeit; the next, "soup," and he pays a forfeit; the next, "steak," and he escapes; the next, "beer," and he escapes; the next, "pickles," and he is in for a forfeit, and so on. The secret is, that no article with the letter "p" is suitable, and till this is found out the game may continue.

The Use of Saleratus in Milk.

A correspondent inquires whether soda or saleratus may be used in milk and, if so, how it is to be applied in milk designed for cheese making.

When milk becomes changed an alkali is sometimes used for neutralizng acidity. There is no harm in using a small quantity of saleratus or soda for the purpose named, and it should be added before the rennet is applied. It should be applied in solution, being dissolved in water. Care must be taken not to use alkalies in too large quantity, as they have a tendency to combine with the fats of the milk, making soap. We have often employed a solution of saleratus for sweetening sour milk, in the way named, and then worked it into a fair quality of cheese.

A few years ago, Mr. Jocelyn (then of the Little Valley Factory), claimed he could procure a superior skimmed cheese by the use of alkalies; and his process, as described by him, is as follows: The milk is set long enough for the cream to sour before skimming—then churn and mix this sour buttermilk with the sour skimmilk and "the acid will destroy the fiber in the milk so that it will be a tender cheese." Then the mass is heated up rapidly, and when at the proper temperature alkalies are added sufficient to neutralize the acid and saponify the remaining grease in the milk, so that a smooth curd and a clear grease whey are obtained, and the curd goes into the hoops no sourer than when cheese is made from sweet milk.

At a meeting of the American Dairymen's Association, Mr. Jocelyn exhibited cheese which he claimed was made under this process, and old cheesemakers, as well as experts, were astonished at the fine flavor and rich quality of the product shown. Since that time we have heard but little of this process and we conclude it has not been practiced to any extent, or that it did not meet all the conditions claimed when in the hands of other makers—*Rural New Yorker.*

RINDERPEST IN EUROPE.—In view of the renewed and alarming appearance of this fearful malady in Europe, the Treasury Department has lately issued the following instructions to collectors and other officers of the customs:

The prevalence of rinderpest in Germany, and of that malady and the foot and mouth disease in England, has led this Department to prohibit the importation of neat cattle and the hides of such from those countries into the United States. By reason of the proximity of Holland and Belgium to Germany, and of Ireland to England, the prohibition is hereby extended to embrace such importations from those countries.

The Department is informed that the rinderpest is infectious as well as contagious, and that sheep, horses and swine may be media for its communication. It is also understood that the litter upon which these animals sleep spreads the disease. While the Department has no authority under the law to prohibit the importation of horses, sheep and swine, it desires that all measures practicable be taken on the arrival of such animals from the countries named to prevent the possibility of contagious diseases being communicatad thereby to stock in the United States.

It is suggested that horses, sheep and swine, coming from any of the countries named, be examined by experts, and, if necessary, quarantined for a reasonable time; to which it is apprehended that importers, as a rule, will offer no special objections, as it is to the interest of all concerned to prevent the spread of this disease in the United States. Blooded stock coming from the countries named may be admitted when accompanied by a consular certificate of non-infection, as authorized by Department's letter of the 16th of March last, it being presumed that such stock is selected with care, and that it would not be taken from herds which are infected with the disease mentioned.

REMEDY FOR KICKING COWS.—A great many remedies have been suggested, from time to time, for breaking heifers from kicking while being milked. And now the statement comes that the best plan is to tie the animal's head up high. A writer in the *New England Farmer* says he has tried all kinds of plans to cure his heifer of this bad habit but finds none so effectual as tying the head up high, as the animal must lower her head in order to kick. This is a very simple remedy and as it is less barbarious than many plans that have been suggested and are practiced, we hope it may prove all that is claimed for it. We cannot help renewing our advice, in this connection, in regard to a uniform practice of kind treatment to milch stock, and especially toward heifers when breaking them to the pail. In nine cases out of ten cows get the habit of kicking from harsh and injurious management and as it is always better to avoid an evil habit than to contract it, and then run the risk of curing it, so we say care should be taken that cows do not learn this habit of kicking from those who have them in charge.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—There is in the Hebrew burial service one prayer which is not read by the officiating minister, but by the son of the deceased, or, in case there be no son, by some orphan in whom the deceased was interested. At the services for the late Baroness Mayer de Rothchild, in London, this part of the service was taken by a deaf orphan boy, a pupil in an institution for teaching the deaf to speak. The baroness was largely instrumental in founding two such schools. He recited the prayer, which proclaims the "exaltation of God in that world in which He is to restore the dead to everlasting life," with a very distinct utterance. As he repeated the prayer with the mournful cadence, into which it is said the deaf who are taught to speak naturally fall, this part of the service, always impressive, was most deeply felt in its fervent solemnity.

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