L. P. Fisher

Oregon City Enterprise.

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A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

I love to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And like a dream of beauty glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning,
Beneath soft clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes raining,
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

SADDEST OF ALL.

I have gazed on death and have wept with woe,
I have known all sorrow that life must know,
I have seen hearts stricken and dead hopes fall,—
They were not the saddest sight of all!

I have watch'd young lives that were bright with love,
Fading from earth but to blossom above;
I have seen despair which on death could call—
It was not the saddest sight of all!

I have watched as the miser's clinging clasp
Held the hoard that at last escapes his grasp;
I have seen the poor, the maim'd, the blind,
It was not the saddest sight I find.

O'er all sad scenes I have watched and wept,
But one in my aching heart is kept,
And its pathos holds my tears in thrall,
For it seems the saddest of them all!

The gas glare glittered on street and lane,
On giddy youth and en bartered shame,
On a hurrying throng as it flitted by
With none to notice a young child's sigh.

He sat with a face so young for pain,
Yet it stamped his brow like a living name,
And he held in his arms a tiny elf,
Oh God! and he but a baby himself!

His eyes were fixed with their mournful gaze
On the heedless throng and the bright'ning blaze,
While the doors went swinging by which he sat
And sin and vice passed in thereat.

Yet he must stay—ay, and watch and wait
For the staggering step that may stop so late,
While the baby eyes that should close in sleep,
Are wide and wakeful—and dare not weep!

Oh cruel city! and cursed haunts,
Whose poisoned tempting no warning daunts,
Methinks when you answer for sins accurst
That *children* shall judge and condemn you first!

RED GLASS.

AN EPISODE FROM RAILROAD LIFE.*

[Translated for the Portland *Transcript* from the German by M. M. Von Weber.]

"Janos, you are a perfect fool," said the way-engineer on the road that passes south-easterly from Temesvar through the measureless grain and cornfields of the Bonat, to the man standing hat in hand before him, who was road warder No. 128, and at the same time depot-master at the little station of Jam Saag; "a perfect fool, I tell you. You, yourself, would have nothing to eat if here the bread did not grow in one's mouth. Four children, and you take that little bantling in addition. To be sure, the child is pretty enough. How came you to be so foolish?"

"Well, sir, this is the way it came to pass. Yonder on the branch road are laborers—Welsh—cannot talk with us—but good people—anxious to make money. Last year there was a gang of them fourteen feet deep, in the corn near Cloister Zekas. Didn't dare to make any fire for fear of firing the woods it was so dry. Every day women came from those villages with their porridge—miles—miserable. A child ran alongside one of these women—came very, very far. Pretty child—just as old as my youngest. Always sat down in the door of the depot and rested—tired to death. The child cried often, because of the pain in her feet, and heat and fatigue. My wife, who to-day is yonder with the grandmother in Lagos, where, in the royal school—very good school—my children all are, my wife—'Janos,' cried she, 'I pity that child. She looks like Juscha, who is in the school with the others the whole week. We are lonely. Wouldn't you like to let the child play and eat here during the week with us, and Sundays with the children. The little one is pretty and good.' See, Mr. Inspector, how she laughs with her eyes—black! Says I, 'let the child stay when it comes again with its mother.' The poor woman kissed our hands. She was happy—could see her child every day, and not have to feed it. You know, Mr. Inspector, that fever broke out among the Welsh laborers last year. The tents must all be moved. However, before that could happen, the father of the child died, and the mother never came again. Perhaps she died, too—probably. Child remained with us—winter—summer."

"You should have reported the case at some institution, Janos. You should have sent it to the home of the laborers, to Wales."

"Oh, no, Mr. Inspector, no—so far—poor little worm—dear child. My children love it, and we, too."

"Now, very fine, Janos. It's nothing to me, it will be a burden to you all your life long. Suppose we wish to adopt all the children of the laborers who die of marsh-fever! You are a fool. Good-night. Do not forget to send the chest to Tenesvar, to-morrow. You won't have much in it. However, it is Saturday. Paragraph seventeen of the rules! Remember especially that we are on the road on which O—— and K—— drive to the devil. You had them with you here, formerly, at this station, and they know the order, and that it is time for the delivery of the chest. The rascals steal in a shameless manner, as it is permitted in Hungary. Take care, that they do not pay you a visit. Good-night, Janos."

The hand-car of the way-engineer, driven by six powerful arms, disappears in the evening dusk, and the light mist, that from the corn-fields near the road, rises over it. Janos is all in all at the little station, which is really nothing more than a halt-lost halting place, on a desolate stretch of road over which two trains a day pass. These transport the grain merchant, the Jew, who has cheated the cavalier possessor of the ground, up to his ears in debt, out of the grain on the stalk as a penance money; or the swine dealer, who inspects the corn-meat of his merchandise; or the lumberman, who has just changed a bit of health, climate and fearful weather, in the form of a magnificent primeval forest, a mile square, into railroad sleepers and cask staves; or the son of the Punta, who goes to the next place to drink at the election of a judge—however, few of these stop at this out-of-the way station on the road. The chest is therefore small, and, for assistance, Janos requires only the help of an old man who was once converted by a collision from a "fine conductor" into a poor cripple, and that of his thrifty wife, a Saxon from Siebenburgen, who can read, write, and has head and heart in the right place. To-day she has driven to the city for the supply of provisions for the little station, lying like an island in the corn sea; the old man has had a holiday, and Janos is alone with the child.

In a corn-sea, indeed, the station lies. As far as the eye can reach to the north, south, east and west, nothing but the brake of the noble plants, higher than a man's head. From the red light of the low, not yet full harvest moon, blows down a gentle night wind over the measureless level of the fruitful reed, in which the buffaloes, who come from the marshy shore of the Berzaba, tread small paths, as in the tree-grass of the prairies of America. The corn here conceals the buffalo, as well as there the bison and the scalp-hungry red-skin. The wind does not cause soft, weak, fragrant waves to break on the edge of the woods, as in blonde floods of grain, but here the high, flower panicles, sharp and arrow-like, only glitter and bow by millions, like so many halberd points of a wandering army. Below in the dim confusion of the long, sharp leaves, there is a gleaming as of bright blades, and light clashing as of these blades when they cross each other. Yonder, here and there, some things tower, gloomy and black, like masts of ships, sunken in this sea, on which the moon streams with a blue light. They are the sweeps of the draw wells, the marks of the Hungarian plain. And the air is filled, far and wide, with the weak, easy croak of countless frogs, ("Hungarian nightingales," the sneering tongues of the Germans call them) who live in the water trenches of the road, and the ditches of the marshy land. Only when the tone, which on account of its continuance, the ear no longer hears, is silent, as if at a command everywhere heard, then one is aware that it filled the air, and hears the light rustling and clashing in the corn, and the distant bellowing of the buffalo.

The railroad has drawn a furrow in the vastness of the corn-sea. The telegraph wires stretch over it, like sparkling threads in the moonlight, and distant points of light tells that here man waits for man.

This is the picture of the Hungarian plain, grand in its homely vastness, as prairies, pampas, llanos, and savannas, and yet so much more friendly and near to mankind than they; as a wide-spread field of nourishment must be more pleasant than an unbounded hunting-ground.

The time for the last of the few trains that pass the station is come. Janos takes the child, the little companion of his loneliness, whom he, until now, rejoicing in the coolness of the night air, has held, laughing and playing, on his knees, and carries it to its little bed, that stands in the airy watch-room, whose two windows look, right and left, on the road, when the good man lights the lamp on the table, to illuminate his solitary night meal, and prepares the signal lantern for the sign he has to give the approaching train.

There is no need for it to stop. No passenger wishes to leave, and in Janos' little province all is in order, so that he has only to show to the train the white, unchanged light of the signal lantern, which says to it, "Go on, all is safe." Therefore Janos carefully removes the bright panes from his lantern, for light shining through green would, without cause, warn the train, "Have care; go slowly," through red, however, it would command "Halt."

No locomotive driver, no brakeman, dares for a moment deny obedience to this command flashed out by a gleam of red light on the road. He knows that life may hang on this minute. A red light, a halt signal has, upon the whole *personnel* of a train, an effect electric, irresistible, as the sound of a hostile shot on a column marching in the night. The idea "halt" penetrates every sense, draws, even, every fist with a rough jerk, for perhaps there lies, directly before them, in the darkness, terror and death.

Then the whistle screams in quickly repeated, cutting tones. "All hands to the brakes," and the engine driver dashes the lever back, that causes the force of the locomotive to act backwards; and in quick haste the fireman draws the handle of his powerful hammer; and sparks issue from the burning blocks, and blue fire marks the gliding of the wheels over the rails, until the snorting, iron colossus stands still.

Janos then removes from the lantern the magic glass whose mighty command is not to be disobeyed, and lays it on the table beside its less commanding neighbor, the green, and lights the burner. Observant, the little child sits up in bed, watching his work, the while chatting and asking questions, unwearied in child fashion, in words half learned, broken, and with difficulty spoken, so that Janos finally is obliged to press the little head down on the pillow, with the express injunction to go right to sleep, before he, waiting for the train, steps to the front of the house.

The child, however, does not sleep. Slyly she raises her head again. Yes, there they lie on the table, those wonderful plates, through which mother had once allowed the dark eyes to look. It was winter then, and yet one glass brought it to pass that the whole, clear, green, sunny spring had come, and before the other she had started back—then the whole world burned! How much the child wished to see that wonder over again—but father had threatened her with severe punishment if she dared to take one of the plates in her hand. And there they lay now, just like a child's slate, harmless on the table, and father was out—ah, only one glance!

Meanwhhile, Janos sits before the house on the stump of wood on which his wife splits her kindlings, awaiting the signal. A light doze makes him almost forget employment, children, cares.

There is a sound of crackling and heavy stepping in the corn—it is a buffalo seeking its way to the water in the road trenches; it may trot over the track, and if the train comes be reached. Janos hastily stoops to find the goad-stick for the driving of bulls, which is kept for such cases among his tools—when—a thick coat is cast over his head, and strong arms, almost choking him, encircle his neck; before he can raise himself from his stooping position he is thrown to the ground and bound; but, although stifled, his cry for help comes through the coarse stuff about his head, loud enough to terrify the robbers.

"Make that fellow still," he hears a voice whisper.

"Strike him dead?" asks another voice.

"Yes, quick, quick!"

"Not that. Not strike him dead," whispers a third; "has he seen and recognized you? No? Then only stop up his mouth."

"What with?"

"Tear the signal flag from the hole—so—now hold his nose. As soon as he opens his mouth, in with the flag—under the cloak—well down with the stick—if he chokes to death, that is his affair—so. Now he's dumb enough."

Like a bundle of wood, Jonas is thrown behind a wood pile, where he strikes his head painfully against a log. Then penetrates to his ear, through all the stifling surroundings, the stroke of a bell—one—two—pause—one—two—the electric signal of the coming train.

"Holy Mother of God! if it stopped all would be saved," thinks the gagged man in his death-like anguish, "but why should it stop?"

"Thunder and lightning," he hears some one call, "there comes the train. I thought it passed long ago. If it stops, the devil take us. Quick, out with the lantern. White light, so that it goes on. Before the train is by, nothing can be done. The chest is tightly screwed. We need time."

Janos heard the door slam, and the steps of several men.

"Here is the lantern. You give the sign. You know how. You others step here in the shade."

Now it is still, all still. Then begins in the distance a rattling and roaring—the train! There is the train! The roaring comes nearer, the rails begin slightly to clatter.

"O merciful Mother of God, perform a miracle! *Stop it!*" sighs Janos. "I would hang a tin three-pound wagon wheel in thy church at Maros."

"It would be infamous if it stopped; then all would be lost. Quick, white light! High, high with the lantern! Right in sight—so!" cries a voice.

The long drawn whistle of the locomotive resounds through the night.

"Hurrah, it passes through!" exult three rough voices.

Then follows the long whistle, shrill as a cry for help, short, broken ones—one, two, three, four, five, six.

"Hell and Satan! that whistles to brakes, and to stopping!" calls one of the hoarse voices. "Take to your heels, the devil comes. Quick, into the corn. Break the signal lantern in two."

Clashing it flies against the wall.

"Shouldn't we first undo Janos?"

"What for? Hallo, there they are already!"

The corn closes over the dark figures. The train comes on. Sparks issue from under the wheels, the earth trembles, a gasp, a cloud of smoke rising to the moon, and it is still. A number of powerful men in uniform spring from the car; at the head of them the conductor, who quick, and evidently angry, strides towards the depot.

"Why were we made to stop and no one here? In the devil's name, what does it mean? Why have they shown us a red light?"

"Here, Mr. Conductor, lies the signal lantern, broken, but there is no red light in it."

"There is something wrong. Search the house," commanded the chief officer. "Where are the people? Here is only a little child in the room—and here is something groaning behind the wood pile."

"There is—as true as God lives, a gagged man. It is Janos, warder No. 128, and the signal flag as gag in his mouth! It looks as much like an attempt of robbers as one egg like another. Away with the gag. Tell on, man."

And Janos, who is half stifled, after he has recovered his breath and collected his thoughts, relates what has happened to him, and expresses the opinion that it may have been the dismissed men, since the robbers evedently knew the duties of the road and the time for delivering the chest.

"But all that," the chief officer interrupts the long story, "does not explain why we had a red signal. The robbers certainly did not give it."

"It is all a mystery to me," says Janos, thoughtfully, with head cast down. "I, myself, had taken the red glass from the lantern." Suddenly he raises his head, radiant. "Ah, Mr. Conductor, it is a miracle—a miracle—the Mother of God—most gracious—hears my prayer in my deathly trouble, and herself gives the red signal, with a white lantern."

"Snick, snack, foolish," says the conductor. "Let's investigate the matter. Come, Janos, first of all to the watch room."

The men step in. The child sits, much frightened, on the table before the lamp. As Janos enters, terrified, she lets the red glass she holds in her hand fall on the table, and, weeping, stretches out her arms to him.

"Don't be cross, papa; don't whip me. Red light so beautiful here, and out doors, and everywhere—please, please, don't whip me."

"Here we have the little signalizer," cries the conductor, laughing. "The little lassie has peeped through the glass before the lamp, and, without, it gave the red signal. Janos, Janos, if the Mother of God has not done it, a miracle has been really wrought for you. But for this little girl they would have throttled you in the end; to say nothing of the chest. The matter is explained, and we'll go away. I will leave you a guard here. Good night."

The train rolls on. Janos, his hot eyes staring before him, holds the child in his arms.

Another day, the way engineer, as he goes home on his hand-car, passes station No 128.

"Ha, Janos, good morning. I congratulate you that you are to be congratulated. Over there, at the head station, the story has moved every one. They send you this little keg; but do not let the little lady drink too much from it. You were not such a fool, after all, that you kept the child. Good-by."

*Footnote: Founded on an actual occurrence. The names of places are altogether changed.

A Sparrow's Reprehensible Conduct.

A gentleman who resides in New York, had erected, last spring, in his back yard, a very large box for sparrow's nests. It was divided into three rows, each containing four compartments. These were all speedily taken possession of by a dozen pairs of sparrows, and the business of making nests proceeded, amid the customary chippering din of the fussy and pugnacious feathered colonists.

Sitting idly at the window, one Sunday, watching the birds, the gentleman saw one cock sparrow come flying to his place with a fine, soft, white feather in his bill. The box was so placed that he could see into the compartments, and he saw this bird fix the feather in an incomplete nest, and then fly away. No sooner is he out of sight than a female sparrow, from the adjoining compartment, who had evidently seen that proceeding, hopped into her neighbor's house and pulled out and carried off the coveted feather.

Becoming interested, the observer watched the performance, expecting to see the little thief carry her stolen prize to her own nest; but no; she knew a trick worth two of that, and here is where she displayed an undeniable reasoning process, and acted on a clear perception of cause and effect, making a prudent use of her knowledge of the character and disposition of her plundered neighbor.

She flew off with the feather to a neighboring tree, where she securely fastened it in an inconspicuous place upon and between two twigs, and there left it.

Pretty soon the bird she had defrauded came back with a straw to add to his nest. Discovering his loss he came out with an angry chirrup that boded no good to the despoiler of his hearth and home, if he could only find the rogue. His first demonstration was to visit his next door neighbor, without any search warrant. In that abode of peace and innocence he found no trace of the stolen feather; and as for the actually guilty party, she was hopping innocently about, and loudly demanding—as far as bird tones could be understood by the man at the window—what was meant by this ungentlemanly intrusion.

The cock sparrow was evidently puzzled. Unable, after a minute search, to find the lost feather, he apparently gave it up, and flew away in search of another. The thief demurely waited until he had got well off, and then flew to the tree, secured the stolen feather and took it in triumpt to her own nest.—*Hartford Times.*

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.—The greatest altitude which has been reached by mountain climbers was that attained in Cashmere by Mr. Johnson, who, some years age mounted to a spot 22,300 feet above the sea. Aeronauts have ascended 30,900 and returned with safety. It is supposed by mountaineers that 25,000 or 26,000 feet is the utmost height that will ever be trod by human steps. That life can be supported at this altitude has been proved by the adventurers who have dared the dangers of the upper air in a balloon. During the last summer Mons. Weiner ascended Mt. Immami, one of the loftiest peaks of the Bolivian Andes. The height of this mountain has been variously estimated. Mr. Pentland giving it an altitude of 24,200 feet. Mr. Minchin setting it at 21,224 feet, and Mr. Weiner himself making it to be only 20,112 feet. Few ascents to the height of 21,000 feet have been recorded. Hunters on the Himalayas often chase their game to the height of 20,000 feet, and natives living near Mt. Demarend, near Teheran, frequently climb to the summit, about 20,000 feet, to gather sulphur from the crater.

A CONGRESSMAN'S LOVE STORY.—Mr. Conger, of Michigan, has a love history, which is very remarkable. He has a smiling, fair wife, fat and forty, who leans upon him in the abandon of the honeymoon. She has dark hair, patted smoothly on her cheeks, and she wears gold-rimmed spectacles. Each married. Twenty years after he, a widower, was in Congress, she, a widow, sat in the gallery and listened to his speech. It was the first time they had seen each other since their early days. She sent her card to him; he came at once to the gallery. After a little talk she asked him to call upon her at her friend's, Mrs. Dahlgren. He said he would call if he could come as he used to in those long past days of youth. In a few weeks they were married at Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren's residence, and are completely infatuated with each other.—*Washington Letter to Chicago Times.*

SOME women love to praise their husbands. Said a Louisville wife, the other day, in her earnest, honest way: "My husband is a smart man, yes he is. I never saw a smarter. Why, he has got it fixed so that I can go to any store in town, and run in debt as much as I please, and they can't touch a thing. But of course I wouldn't."

Homes and Museums.

Lovers of bric-a-brac—and the phrase designates a large number of interesting people—are apt to make an important mistake. They transform their homes into museums. They bring together and pile up a collection. Now the interest with which a visitor regards a home is a very different one from that with which he regards a collection. To find scattered about a home, just in the right nooks and places, objects of art and beauty, is an exceedingly delightful thing. To examine a collection for the collection's sake—leaving its relation to the home entirely out of consideration—may be interesting to some people who are "up"—as we say—in those things, but it is not at all interesting to those who do not see the use of it. That is—anybody can see that a beautiful object in a barren place serves a purpose, while a great many beautiful things, shut up in a cabinet, serve no purpose except by their numbers to cheapen one another.

An object of art in a home is entirely and always out of place whenever it shows that the interest of its owner is in the object rather than the home. A collection usually betrays a passion or a taste which subordinates the love of home. A person possessing this passion, and enthusiastic in his pursuit of its object, spoils his home by transforming it into a show-place for curiosities. The true policy is, never to buy an object of art, of any sort, without knowing just where it will fit into the home—just what uninteresting spot it will illuminate—just what vacant shelf or barren surface it will adorn. Cabinets may be very interesting pieces of furniture, but they are often used in such a way as to degrade or destroy the home idea.—*J. G. Holland; Scribner for December.*

Nervousness.

Now, from whatever cause or combination of causes nervousness has been produced, if happiness and health are to be restored, the causes must be removed, and the injury they have caused repaired. For, in proportion to the weakness of a man's system and the enfeeblement of his nerves, will be the liability of his falling a victim to other and more fatal maladies; and thus it is that every day we find such diseases as bronchitis, consumption, Bright's disease, brain disease, and insanity follow on the heels of nervousness. First we must remove the cause, restore the tone of the heart and improve the blood. All injurious habits must be given up; late hours and intemperance in eating abandoned; smoking, if practiced, stopped. The food is most important. It must be abundant and wholesome—neither too much nor too little. It should not be sloppy, and soups had better be avoided so long as solid food can be taken. Rise from the table feeling that you have had enough, but not oppressed with what you have eaten. The bread should be stale, and no very heating food taken. Eight hours' sleep should be taken every night, if possible. This alone will nearly cure. Take no narcotics to make you sleep. A few raw oysters before bed time are worth all the narcotics in the world, are easily digested, and furnish material for restoring the nervous tissues and blood. If you wake up in the middle of the night, sometimes a stale biscuit will set you off to sleep again. A change of scene; air and cheerful society, with sea-bathing, are excellent agents for curing nervousness. Avoid physic—it exhausts the tone of the system, the very thing you would restore. Above all, keep up a good heart.

Family Hints.

To Preserve Apples.—Pack in boxes or barrels elevated from the cellar floor, with a layer of dry sawdust at the bottom of each box or barrel; then a layer of apples, placed out of contact with each other, then a layer of sawdust, and so on, till all are full. Sound apples packed in this manner will keep fresh a long time.—*Carlos.*

To Prevent Potatoes from Rot.—Dust over the floor of the bin with lime, and put in about six or seven inches of potatoes, then dust with lime as before, then more potatoes, using about one bushel of lime to 40 bushels of potatoes. The lime improves the flavor of the potatoes, and effectually kills the fungi which causes the rot.—*Carlos.*

Relief for Asthma.—One to two tablespoonfuls of syrup of rhubarb.

WORK AND PLAY.—Dr. John Strachan, of Edinburgh, has recently published a valuable little treatise, physiologically inquiring into the bearing of play upon education and training; and after some preliminary remarks he proceeds to state that the law of spontaneous development through play does not end with physical improvement, but that, after a time, the higher and more differentiated faculties come to be required for the perfection of the animal, and that the same law presides over their evolution. Play, he explains, that is apparently aimless, or, at least, not consciously directed exercise, is the means of securing the equable development of the brain and its faculties—memory, imagination, hope wonder, and even special kinds of intellectual and moral activity, according to the endowments, and perhaps also the accidents of social position in the individual. "Exercise is accompanied by pleasure up to the limit of fatigue; beyond this limit, by pain or uneasiness. Special endowments or faculties brought into prominence by accident and after exercised are more, others are less, developed. But in every case there is a limit, and the only sure way of ascertaining the limit is by giving scope to the instinct; in other words, by allowing 'play' or apparently unregulated spontaneous impulse its due place in the work of education."

"Can any mortal man tell why a woman will cross one sloppy crossing on her toes and the next one on her heels?" asks an exchange.

Grade Cattle and Thoroughbreds.

Thinking over the difference of keeping common grade cattle and possessing a herd of pure-breeds, suggested a little calculation; thus, say a man has fifty beeves, including heifer calves. Suppose there are ten heifer calves raised every year, there would be also ten yearlings, ten two years old, and ten three years old, which would leave ten cows four years old, making 50 altogether. Now, according to the best English system of dairy husbandry, these oldest cows, which are just in their prime, would be kept barren this year and, when dry from milk, be fattened and sold for beef. Well, if these were good Orange County grade cows and managed on this English system, they would probably make very fine beef, and now, as the best meat has a ready sale for exportation, these ten cows would make $80 each, thus bringing in $800 per year, over and above what would arise from the milk or the butter.

Now, we will suppose that instead of grade cattle, another man with a similar farm, has pure-breds of a moderate fancy breed, or, in other words, has a thorough-bred herd, but not any of the extravagant Short-Horns. Say they are all fine and useful, with a fair pedigree of whatever breed they may be, and that they are worth about $200 each on an average. As they thus cost a great deal more than the grades, there would be a much heavier capital on which to pay interest, and as round numbers will be near enough for our purpose, we may put extra interest at $500 per year. Our calculation would then be: 10 cows sold in calf instead of for beef, and the price $200 each, which would be $2,000 per year instead of $800; but the $500 interest must be deducted from the larger sum, then leaving $1,500 instead of $800.

This argument could be carried farther, by reckoning the keeping of these animals worth several hundred dollars more each, but when these very costly cattle are bred, there is a deal of extra expenses incurred in pampering them, and moreover the high feeding, and close breeding of relation causes many barren cows and many other kinds of disappointments, which, when everything had been accounted for, would not improve the returns from the more moderate stain of pure-breds.

There should be well regulated system in breeding, but with those who will sell animals of any age, from a calf to a cow, there appears to be no method at all; whereas, on the other hand, if there were only the annual draft there would be a positively decided system.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

MONEY IN BEEF.—Under the heading, a writer in the *Farmer's Friend* has these sensible and seasonable remarks: "It is a poor policy for farmers to sell cows that fail in their milk at this season of the year, to others who fatten them, and make money by the business. No one can fatten stock cheaper than farmers can. They need a good pasture exclusively for fattening cattle; that is enough such pasture should be fenced off to feed one, two, or as many animals as one desires to fatten. I see no good reason why such stock should not, in the absence of other good pastures, be turned upon mowing land in the fall when the grass is well grown; so as to afford a pasture adapted to fattening cattle. I do not think that any injury would be sustained by thus pasturing mowing lands, unless the grass should be fed off quite short, or the sward be cut in wet weather by the hoofs of the cattle; and it is easy to avoid both of these possible injuries. As cold weather approaches, fattening animals should be fed on meal and root crops, and by January they may be put in a good condition to slaughter. No cows should be kept on a farm that give but little milk naturally, as it is better to fatten them and buy good ones. A cow worth $100 is more profitable than one worth only $50."

CARE OF APPLE ORCHARDS.—An orchard can be manured successfully with fertilizers, but an apple orchard should receive less manure, and of less stimulating, nitrogenous kind than will suit pears. Wood ashes, mixed with ground bones, applied at the rate of 200 to 300 pounds of the latter, with ten to twenty bushels of ashes per acre, would make a good application. Orchards should not be seeded to grass. Apple orchards will endure such treatment better than pears; but either will do better in fallow, or by having hoed crops grown under them, when the shade is not to dense for this to be practicable. Potatoes, roots, and squashes will do pretty well in a half shady place. But perhaps the best way to handle an apple orchard is to fence it and pasture it with hogs; they will root up the ground and pick up the wormy apples as they fall, preventing the coddling moth from multiplying and weeds from growing. If the hogs are kept in such numbers as to subdue vegetation and require hand feeding, it will be all the better for the trees.

A VAST number of oranges are eaten by the Spaniards, it being no uncommon thing for the children of a family to consume ten or a dozen oranges each before breakfast, gathering them from the orange groves, where they hang like the veritable golden fruit, which they are metaphorically supposed to be. Such wholesale consumption of what we look upon as a luxury appears to have no ill effect. The testimony of a late eminent physician authorizes the use of fruit as most wholesome immediately upon waking in the morning; he, in fact, prescribed such a regimen to a friend as the only invigorating permanent cure for indigestion, facetiously remarking that he gave her a piece of advice which, if it were known to his dyspeptic patients, would cost him his practice, as they might prefer so simple a remedy to his professional visits.—*London Gardeners' Chronicle.*

WE see the Star shirt laundry advertised in a Vermont paper. But who would be so reckless asterisk his linen in a concern with such a name?

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