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Memory.

A POEM WRITTEN BY JAMES A. GARFIELD.
(The little poem given below was written, it is stated, by James A. Garfield before his first term in Congress—hence some twenty years ago.)
This beautiful night; the stars look brightly down
Upon the earth, decked in her robe of snow.
No light gleams at the window, save my own,
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to morn,
And now, with noiseless step, sweet memory comes
And leads me gently through her twilight realms.
What poet's fanciful lyre has ever sung,
Or delicate pen e'er portrayed,
The enchanted, shadowy land where memory dwells?
It has its valleys, cheerless, lone and drear,
Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree;
And yet its sunlit mountain tops are bathed
In heaven's own blue; by its craggy cliffs,
Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,
Are clustered joys serene of other days.
Upon its gentle, sloping hillsides bend
The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust
Of dear departed ones; and yet in that land,
Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
They that were sleeping rise from out the dust
Of death's long silent years, and round us stand,
As erst they did before the prison tomb
Received their clay within its voiceless halls.
The heavens that bend above that land are hung
With clouds of various hues. Some dark and chill
Surcharged with sorrow, cast with somber shade
Upon the sunny, joyous land below.
Others are floating through the dreamy air,
White as the falling snow, their margins tinged
With gold and crimsoned hues; their shadows fall
Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
Such as the shadow of an angel's wing.
When the rough tangle of the day is done,
And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,
I bound away, across the memory years,
Into the utmost verge of memory's land,
Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,
And memory dim with dark oblivion joins,
"There woke the first remembered sounds that fell"
Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;
And, wandering thence along the rolling years
I see the shadow of my former self
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate.
The path of youth winds down through many a vale
An on the brink of many a dread abyss,
From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf
And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
Leads o'er the summit where the sunbeams fall;
And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
Sorrow and joy, the life-path leads along.

KEEPING COMPANY.

"Ned! Ned!" The call rang out from the house door, floating over the garden, till it came faint and weary to the barn door, utterly unable to penetrate the barred portal.
"Ned! Ned!" Nearer and nearer came the cheery voice, and a pair of light feet carried it down the path, to ring out again clear and strong, as a little dimpled fist pounded an accompaniment on the wooden barrier.
A frank face, and head covered with crisp curls, now decorated by long straws stuck in with a promiscuous carelessness suggestive of Lear's crown, was popped out of the window of the hay-loft.
"What is it, Katie? I'm giving the beasts their breakfast."
"Come down! You must come down! I've got the best of news for you."
"What is it? Wait! I'll be down! Why, Katie, what are you all dressed up for?"
"You'll never guess. Susy Willis has come home. She sent me over church early, so we could have a long walk before we went into meeting. She's coming over for me."
"Susy home!" That was all Ned said, but there was no doubting the accent of content in his voice.
"Her father has written that he is coming back to Allentown next month, and Susy's mother sent for her to leave school, and be here to meet him. Oh, Ned, ain't you glad? She's been away more'n two years."
Glad! If there was any faith to be placed in beaming eyes, smiling lips and trembling fingers, Ned was to say the least, not sorry; but he said nothing, only hurried the preparations for leaving the barn, his face the while as bright as the sun, and his feet as quick as a deer's.
"I wonder if she's altered, prettier or smarter. I wonder if she'll let you bear her now, Ned. Perhaps she'll want to keep company with some schooler fellow, now she's had so much schooling. Hurry, Ned, so you can go with us!"
And flying up the path again, Katie entered the neat farmhouse and went to her room to add some trifle to her dress. Looking wistfully up the path for her expected companion she tried to be patient, but the fingers would flidget, the feet beat tattoo, the eyes flash with eagerness, while her father's comments, as he leaned over the gate, smoking his Sunday pipe, did not diminish the fever.
"Ay, Katie, don't drum a hole in the window! Are you dancing a jig, Katie? Come down here and talk to Jack!" and the magpie's hoarse voice, calling "Katie," echoed the invitation. Suddenly both comment and restlessness ceased, while the two faces, beaming with loving mischief, watched the path. Coming from the barn, round to the front of the house, yet in his blouse and round hat, was Ned, the idol of both the warm hearts watching him. His pretty bunch of flowers told one cause of his delay, and his lingering step was

explained by the second figure now advancing from the path Katie had watched so eagerly.
Slowly the two came toward the house—Ned trying to summon up courage to address the pretty, neat-dressed maiden, who had grown from a little girl to a young lady in her two years absence; while she, her eyes afluttering at the sight of her old sweetheart, tried to look unconscious of his presence.
Nearer and nearer to the farm door, the distance between them narrowing every moment, they sauntered on, till at last they stood opposite the old farmer, neither daring to speak the first word. The pretty flowers were in danger of being eaten up, as Ned bit nervously at the stems of the pinks and roses, while Susy's pocket he merrily was rapidly becoming transcribed into a rabbit in her gloved fingers.
How long they would have remained thus can only be guessed; but at a clear, ringing laugh from Ned, accompanied by her father's hearty bass, broke the spell, and Ned said:
"I'm glad you're home again, Susy!" and married to present his flowers and hold open the gate before her blushes faded away.
It did not need much arguing to turn the long walk into a talk in Katie's room, while the farmer and Ned assumed their "go-to-m-eating" garb, and by some slight of hand Ned found himself transferred to her father, while Master Ned escorted the fair Susy to church, and not a week passed before all Allentown knew that Ned Clarke and Susy Willis were still "keeping company."
Ned and Katie Clarke were the only children of old Farmer John Clarke, whose wife had long before died, and left him to be both father and mother to her handsome boy and girl. They were still little ones when they became motherless, but Aunt Kate, Katie's godmother, had filled her sister's place at the farmhouse until Katie was sixteen, when, thinking her niece trained for a perfect housekeeper, dear Aunt Kate consented to go to another home, whose master had just died, and left her to the care of her father, who in the old homestead were left to think their love still closer in the absence of the wanted housekeeper, and Katie's pride was to let no comfort be missed, no deficiency tell of their loss.
In easy circumstances, devotedly fond of his children, finding love all around him, Farmer Clarke was the most cheery, bright old farmer in Allentown. Universally respected and beloved, his old age brightened by his children's happiness, he was ready to enter heartily into any youthful scheme, to give his full sympathy to all the young boys and girls who came to him for advice, and above all to watch, with almost boyish glee, all the "rills" of courtship. Katie, being a universal belle, had as yet selected no special favorite to torment, so the old man had full leisure to watch Ned, visiting his room for sly remarks, dropping words that brought up the frank blushing, so becoming to a manly fit, or even, at times, letting his sympathy bring the roses to Susy's cheeks.
Never did the course of true love promise to run smoother. Susy's father was a traveling peddler, whose journeys often led him hundreds of miles from Allentown, now east, now west, north, or south, as his fancy or pack suggested. His earnings were good, and Mrs. Willis rented a pretty cottage and lived in comfortable style, while Susy, at the academy of B—, miles away from her native village. It is true that Jim Willis, the peddler, was counted a hard man, one keen at a bargain, and close-fisted in business; but no one doubted his love for his wife and Susy, their only child. There had been a few kindly feelings between the family during the life of Ned Clarke's mother, who promised to be. So the long summer walks, the confidential talks, the thousand devices to win favor that the youthful swain proffered his love, were all smiled upon by the inhabitants of farm and cottage, while Susy's gentle, loyal heart never dreamed of coquetry, but let Master Ned read in every look and blush the tale of his success in wooing.
The summer months sped merrily, and it was well understood in Allentown that when Jim Willis returned there would be a wedding, while not a "boy" in the village would have dreamed of daring to court a smile or word from Susy.
The long evening shadows of August were falling from the houses and trees, and Ned was dreaming in her little room. Tea was over. Her father had gone to town the day before with provisions, and would not return until far into the night. Ned had gone to see Susy, so there was no one to interrupt the musing. She was thinking whether, when Susy came to the farmhouse, she might not think of quitting it, and the various pros and cons of Bob, Harry and Fred were passing through her little heart as she deliberated on their several cases, her heart free to choose from all of them.
Suddenly looking up she saw Ned coming slowly down the path from the cottage. He reeled from side to side, as if intoxicated, while his faltering step, his bowed head and drooping figure terrified his sister greatly. He must be ill! Very ill indeed he looked as he passed the gate she had hastened to open for him. He made no answer to her piteous inquiries as he passed her to enter the kitchen, where he sank down upon the floor, resting his head on his clasped hands, and sobbed the hard dry gasps of a strong man in agony.
"Oh, Ned! dear Ned! what is it? You frightened me so! Ned, Ned, dear! Is Susy sick?"
He looked up at the name, his face ashy pale, his eyes burning and dry.

"Don't speak of Susy, Katie! Don't! It kills me!"
"But, Ned—"
"I'll try to tell you, Katie. We never have had any secrets."
She had seated herself on a low stool, and drawn his head to rest upon her breast, and her gentle touch, her face of tender love seemed to soothe him, for his harsh, choked voice softened as he spoke to her.
"Jim Willis has come home, Katie. He made a heap of money speculating, and bought a house in Cincinnati, and is going to take Susy and her mother there to live; and he says I can't have Susy—she's going to be rich, and a city girl—and I'm only a poor country clod-hopper."
"Ned!"
"He said so. She's to go to Cincinnati and make a great match, and I can never see her again."
"But Susy—what does Susy herself say?"
"He wouldn't let me see her, except when he lifted her into the coach to go away all white and dead like—where she faints."
"Go away?"
"They're gone. He came home this morning, in a coach he hired in town, and he made them pack up and get ready to go right off—wouldn't let either of them come here—tried to get away before I came, and drove me away as if I had been a loafer. Oh, Katie, how can I live?"
The loyal heart was nearly breaking. Every word came in a gasp, and the pallid face and quivering lips were faithful witnesses of the terrible agony which it was suffering.
Katie was powerless to console him. The shock was to her only second to his own, for Susy had been to her in the place of a sister from their childhood, and she loved her brother with a passionate devotion that made every tone of his voice, every quiver of his pale lips a blow on her tender heart.
Far as Cincinnati really was from the quiet New England village, its actual distance was nothing compared to the vast space their simple imaginations threw between. Susy was to be carried away, far from her home, far from them, and if the destination had been Egypt or Constantinople the shock would have been gained no force. Ned's heart dwelt on the pale, senseless face, as he had seen it carried by him, till his poor brain fairly numbed under the burden of his grief, and he lay silent, only sometimes moaning as the sorrow became more poignant in a new light. Night fell, the long hours drew out their slow length, and still the two remained mute and motionless, trying to realize and bear this strange misfortune. Daybreak stealing in, and the sound of the farmer's heavy wagon in the yard, roused them at last, and poor Ned, unable to meet the cheery voice and face of his father, stole away to his room, leaving Katie to tell the news.
It is impossible to describe the farmer's wretched, hot words of burning indignation poured from his lips, and, for the first time, Katie heard an oath from her father's lips, as he cursed Jim Willis for his miserly, cruel heart. Then came gentler thoughts. Susy, his little pet, seemed only to Ned and Katie in his heart, led carried away from them torn from her home and lover—and here the thought of Ned's grief conquered every other, and the old man strode up the narrow staircase to his son's door. It needed just such fatherly tenderness as he brought to win Ned from his careless agony to the relief of tears and speech, and far into the morning the two sat talking of this hard turn in fortune.
The morning duties called them down, and if Katie's heart ached over her brother's untouched breakfast, it was comforted by seeing how deep was his father's sympathy.
Days passed and weeks and Ned tried to bear his sorrow like a man. There was no want of sympathy at home, where the loving eyes watched his pale cheeks with a tender interest that was almost painful, and the brave heart that would have given Susy its full wealth of love was generous to the home circle, and for its sake tried to live down the pain of disappointment. I know that to be a proper hero Ned should have mopped and drooped, snubbed Katie, been savage to all human nature, and finally have left home to work out his spleen in some new life. But Ned, a Christian in his faith, which taught him to do as he would be done by, to honor his father, to bear his cross patiently; and so, if his merry whistle had ceased, his voice gradually resumed its clear cheerfulness, and his manner grew doubly tender toward Katie, and she marked her sympathizing love. Not a word dropped from any of them that could give one shadow of reproach to Susy, and some vague ideas of a rescue occasionally suggested themselves to Ned, where his love might win her from her father's tyranny or melt his obstinate resolve. The idea that Susy could ever be his wife without that consent never occurred to him.
The winter had set in before one word of the fugitives reached Allentown, then Katie had a treasure to show, a letter from Susy.
"Dear, dear Katie" (so it read), "I may be doing very wrong to write to you, after all that father has said; but mother has given me permission to write once, so I am now trying to tell you that my love for you—Ned" (here a great bolt of a tear) "and your dear father, is just the same, though we shall never see each other again. I have been very sick; so sick on the road here that we had to stay nearly two weeks at a town where father had some business, and that is why I did not write before. Oh, Katie! I must mind father, who says I must never think of Ned again; but it is terrible hard not to. Nights I lay awake and think of all the nice days in Allentown where we were keeping company, and my heart seems breaking when I think we may never meet again on earth. Oh, Katie! comfort Ned. Tell him that I will never

never let any other boy court me—tell him I never can forget him, though I must try; tell him I did love him with all my heart; and I don't let him quite forget me, even if he marries some other girl. Don't write to me—mother says not; but think of me sometimes, and give my love to Ned and your father."
That was all; but Ned felt when Katie told him he might keep the letter, that mines of wealth could not purchase it from him.
Five years passed, and no word came from Cincinnati. Katie was a wife now, and mother to a bouncing boy crawling about the floor, but Ned was true as steel to his old love. No word of courtship had ever passed his lips since Susy left him, and if his tall figure had developed to manliness, his voice grown rougher, his frank face older, the boyish love still nestled down in the depths of his heart, and he resolved to live over a bachelor for Susy's sake.
Katie's new cares had somewhat clouded her mind at Susy's departure, and she had not thought of her old sweetheart a household word was now rarely heard in the farmhouse.
There was something very touching in the manly courage which Ned brought to bear upon the sorrow of his life. Never, save on the one night when the suddenness of the blow prostrated him, had he given way to the passion of grief in his heart, and his calm pursuit of the weary routine of life evinced more moral courage than is often given to great deeds that make the world ring.
It was Sunday morning, and everybody at the farmhouse had gone to church except Ned and the baby. The junior member of the household was fast asleep on a rug before the fireplace, and Ned was reading, when a shadow fell upon the floor, and a voice, low and sweet, spoke his name.
He scarcely dared breathe as he looked up. So pale and thin as to be almost spirit-like, dressed in the heaviest mourning, the large, earnest eyes hollow, the lips white and trembling, she came forward, and he had pictured her living in wealth—forgetting him, perhaps—but never, never this pale, grief-stricken woman.
"Ned, don't you know me?"
Still doubting, he rose and came to meet her, till, with a glad cry, he opened his arms and folded her closely, as if never again to let her go.
"Susy! my Susy! Oh, how can I ever be thankful enough? Oh, Susy! and the tears fell on the sweet face, and he marked its white, wasted lines.
"Father took to drink after he got rich, Ned, and it is three years since mother died. We were very wretched, Ned; for city folks did not care for us, and we were not used to their ways; after mother died, father was scarcely ever sober, and I had a hard time taking care of him, till about two months ago he was taken sick. We'd spent nearly all the money long before; but I did sewing, and sometimes father earned something, until he was sick. Then we were very poor; but just before he died somebody sent him some money they owed him, and he got up and asked me to come here with it, and ask you to forgive him for parting us; so after he died, I came to see if you still cared for me, Ned?"
"Care for you! Oh, Susy, I will care for you all my life if you will stay, Susy!"
But the white lips gave no answer, the head fell back nerveless, and as he had seen her on that heavy day of parting, he held her now. The weary, overtasked hand had given way under its load of sorrow and trouble, and it needed all Katie's tender nursing, all Ned's loving care, to win the invalid back to them from her long, long illness. For days her life hung on a thread, but at last the color came flitting back to the pale lips, and checks, and when the year of mourning had passed, there was in Allentown a prettier or more winsome wife than Susy Clarke.

An Arctic Summer.

The fourth of June was the most beautiful of the days we spent in the Arctic ocean. The water was smooth, reflecting a tranquil, pearl-gray sky with spots of pure azure near the zenith, and a belt of white around the horizon that shone with a bright, satiny luster, trying to the eyes like clear sunshine. Some seven white ships were in sight, becalmed with their sails spread. Tehonui hunters in pursuit of seals were gliding about in light skin-covered caoes, and gulls, auks, eider ducks, and other birds in countless numbers, attitudes skimmed the glassy level, while in the background of this Arctic picture the Siberian coast, white as snow could make it, was seen sweeping back in fine, fluent, undulating lines to a chain of mountains, the tops of which were veiled in the shining sky. A few snow crystals were shaken down from a black cloud toward midnight, but most of the day was one of deep peace, in which God's love was manifest as in a contentment. The average temperature for most of the month, commencing May 20, has been but little above the freezing point, the maximum about forty-five degrees. To-day the temperature in the shade at noon is sixty-five degrees, the highest since leaving San Francisco. The temperature of the water in Behring sea and strait, and as far as we have gone in the Arctic, has been about twenty-nine degrees to thirty-five degrees. As soon as we approached within fifty miles of the mouth of the Yukon the temperature changed suddenly to forty-two degrees. The mirage effects we have witnessed on the cruise thus far are as striking as any I ever saw on the hot American desert. Islands and headlands seem to float in the air, distorted into the most unreal, fantastic forms imaginable, while the individual mountains of a chain along the coast appear to dance at times up and down with a rhythmic motion in the tremulous refracting atmosphere. On the northeast side of Norton sound I saw two peaks, each with a flat, black table top, looming suddenly up and sinking again alternately, like boys playing see-saw on a plank.—John Muir.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

For Cabbage Worms.
A farmer writes: I would like to say from experience that salt will not injure cabbage nor the worms either. But ten cents worth of ground black pepper will keep one hundred heads free from the cabbage worm. Take a common pepper box and dust the worms every morning before seven o'clock, and it will kill every one it touches, large or small.
How to Clean the Poultry House.
A poultry house may be very quickly and effectively cleaned out by first using an old broom and removing cobwebs, dust, etc., and cleaning the floor with a shovel. Then take half a bushel of lime and slake it in a barrel. If one of the syringe or fountain pumps used for washing windows can be procured the lime wash may be sprayed all over the inside, forcing the lime into every crevice and cranny, and thoroughly cleansing them. The lime that falls on the floor will sweeten that. When the work is done turn out the refuse lime for the fowls to pick at.
A Simple Remedy for Insects.
A simple remedy for all insects that annoy farmers is given by a Venona, Ill., agriculturist. He says: "Gather all the old straw and hay into long rows around orchards, potato and cabbage patches, and set fire to one end to burn against the wind all night, and they will burn up millions and millions every night of the male insects that fly in long columns of all kinds and descriptions, such as destroy the trees and potatoes, and all the cabbage, and the canker worms on the apple trees. They will fly right into the blaze and burn their wings off and drop into the fire. I told a man to do that who said the ground in his potato patch was crawling alive with potato bugs. He plowed a ditch around and filled it with straw, and burned them all up in one night, and he raised a big crop of potatoes. The prairie fires in former years used to burn them all up. Do this and you will soon be rid of the whole miller tribe of insects."
Farm Notes.
Watch your colts' hoofs, and see they are pared as often as necessary. The hoof is not only thus benefited, but the action of the animal frequently improved.
Pennsylvania yields one-fifth of the rye produced in the country. The annual produce in that State ranges between 6,000,000 and 1,000,000 bushels.
Bone dust is a good dressing for lawns. Put on plenty of it. Stable manure is often an eye-sore unless very fine.
Green corn, as soon as the grain begins to harden, is the very best fattening food available to the general farmer for feeding swine. The pigs eat it with a peculiar relish, and will grow and fatten upon it with surprising rapidity. No food is equal to this for putting pigs in good "show condition" for the fairs.
To give hogs plenty of muscle, let them have all the exercise they will take in a ten-acre lot. Fat, which does not go far as food, comes from abundant food and little or no exercise. Lardly hogs are not generally as popular as the once were, but an abundance of corn is not desirable to make lean and well-grown hogs for food.
Fodder.
Much has been said during the last few years about corn-fodder, especially in the form of "ensilage." Whatever may be the future of ensilage, it can only be used by those who can afford to build silos and buy machinery; but corn-fodder is useful in this section to every one who owns a cow or horse, and I propose to give my limited experience. I drilled in 1,200 square yards of land in fodder-corn, rows three feet apart, on the 21st May, 1880; worked it once with single small mold-board plow. Commenced feeding on it 8th July following; it had reached the height of seven feet, but had no shoots or tassels. Fed one horse, four cows and three shoats to July 29th—a period of twenty-one days. Plowed up same lot on August 3d, following, and drilled in the same quantity of ordinary white corn. The second crop was fully equal in bulk to the first. This gives forty-two days' feed for five head of stock (leaving out the pigs), or seven months' feed to one cow from about one fourth of an acre of good land. The cows declined somewhat in milk, after about two weeks' feeding. As the first crop of fodder-corn was not planted until May 21st, I should have had time to cut a crop of rye from the same land if it had been sown in the previous fall. Corn-fodder is hard to cure, but it can be readily done in good seasons, if suffered to reach a certain stage of maturity before it is cut. This is not only necessary to enable the plant to eliminate the crude juices which prevent its cure, but also to form sugar, which gives a good part of its value as food. The stalk is mature enough to harvest when shoots and tassels appear. As much of the nutritive value of the article is in the stalk, the crop should be drilled in thick enough to make stalks small, so that they may be all eaten. This is all important. Some I am now feeding, which is very nice, will measure from five to eight feet in height, and from one-eighth to three-quarters of an inch in diameter. It was put away last fall quite dry, but is now soft, damp and succulent, much relished by the cows, and producing a good flow of milk. Corn-fodder, in a green state, contains only about seven per cent. of carbohydrates (gum-starch, sugar, etc.) and should be supplemented with clover or mill-feed when we wish milk, or meal when fat is desired. When dry it contains from twenty-four to thirty-eight per cent. of carbohydrates, depending upon its hygrometric state. Its dampness is generally greater after being stored. I do not think it is yet settled which is the better way of using corn-fodder—in silos, or cured.
My fodder-corn was cut with an old-fashioned reap-hook, tied up in bundles not very large, with two bands on each bundle, as the stalks are long and angular, and put up in shocks of moderate size on the same day out. After

drying some the shocks were double, and remained in shock until hauled to shelter—15th or 16th of October. The shocks need sometimes to have the inside bundles put on the outside, but no extra care beyond what common sense and circumstances suggest. I prefer drilling to sowing, because the crop is larger on account of the working, and the stalks grower and less "burt" then sown.—Southern Planter.
What Does the Soil Need?
The reader is ready to ask, How am I and other planters to know what our soils need to make them produce good crops, you say the analysis of the soil will not tell us? We reply, resort to the plant analysis. Ask your soil a series of questions such as the following: Do you need potash? Do you need ammonia? Do you need phosphoric acid, or do you need any two or all of these? How shall I ask these questions, and how will I interpret the reply? Select a piece of land which will represent fairly your soil, or several such plots, if you have soils differing materially in character and supposed composition. Next get a few pounds of muriate of potash, a few pounds of sulphate of ammonia, and some high grade superphosphate or acid phosphate. If you have a State Department having supervision of fertilizers, you can get those already inspected and analyzed. Ask the chemist of your State College, or your Commissioner of Agriculture, to suggest the quantities of each of these elements to apply per acre, and then apply to one plot, say three rows sixty feet long, only potash; to three others, only phosphoric acid; to three others, only ammonia; to three others, potash, phosphoric acid; to three others, phosphoric acid and ammonia; and to still another three, all three of these elements, leaving three rows in the center of the plot without the application of any manure whatever. If your soil needs nothing but phosphoric acid, it will say so by giving the largest yield where phosphoric acid is used, whether alone or in combination. If it needs two of the elements, that combination will give the best results. If it needs all three, or the so-called complete manure, the plot on which all were used, will show best results. If individuals cannot afford to undertake these inquiries, let clubs combine to bear the expense, and impose the investigation on their most careful and accurate observer. If this cannot be done, insist upon your Commissioner of Agriculture selecting careful men in different parts of your State to conduct the inquiry under his direction, he to supply the material, etc., and publish results. If you have a General Assembly with intelligence and statesmanship enough, get them to establish one or more experimental stations in your State with your money which you pay for the support of your government, to be administered by your servants. If you farmers who read and think and know the needs of the productive industries of your States, will wield the influence you should and can, if you will, you can instruct your brethren of the plow first, and send your servants who make the laws.—Southern Planter and Farmer.
Recipes.
MEAT PIE.—Take mashed potatoes, seasoned with salt, butter and milk, and line a baking dish. Lay upon it slices of cold meat of any kind, and salt, pepper, catsup and butter, and cold potato; put in a layer of potatoes and another layer of meat in the same way till the dish is full; have a layer of potatoes on the top. Bake it until it is thoroughly heated through.
RICE PUDDING.—Rice pudding is beyond comparison the best ever made, in spite of the fact that it is the cheapest. The secret of its perfection is in the long cooking it gets. For a six o'clock dinner, the rice and milk should be put on the stove early in the forenoon. The best thing to cook it in is a double kettle. Add to a quart of milk two heaping tablespoons of rice. Let it simmer on the back of the stove—it must never boil—until a couple of hours before dinner. It will then be a thick, creamy substance. Then salt and sweeten to taste, put it into a pudding dish and bake it in a moderate oven until it is of a jelly-like thickness and the top is slightly browned. It can be eaten either hot or cold. If the latter is preferred, the pudding may be made the day before, if that is most convenient. If desired, a flavor may be added. This is emphatically the perfect pudding of its kind.
Topnoody.
Mr. Topnoody went to the minstrels last night, and the funny comments and jokes he heard set him to thinking. So at breakfast he began on Mrs. Topnoody. She was warm and not very much in the humor for pleasant, but Topnoody slashed away.
"I say, Mrs. Topnoody, can you spell hard water with three letters?"
"No, I can't; I might, though, if you had taken me to the minstrels last night." This staggered him a little, but not seriously.
"And you can't spell it? Well, i-e-e, ain't that hard water?"
Mrs. Topnoody never smiled, and i-e-e, T. went on:
"Now spell 'money' with four letters."
"I don't know how," she said.
"Ha, ha, that's too good. A woman never can get at this sort of thing in the same clear-headed way a man can. Well, the way to spell it is, c-a-s-h, ain't that money?"
Again did Mrs. T. fail to smile, and Topnoody started out with another.
"Looking on a minute," she interrupted, "holding ugly; 'I've got one; let's see if you can get it. Spell 'Topnoody' with four letters." Topnoody scratched his head and gave it up.
"Ha, ha," laughed Mrs. T., "that's too good. A man never can get at this sort of thing in the same clear-headed way a woman can. Well, the way to spell it is, f-o-o-l, ain't that Topnoody?"
But Topnoody never smiled, and the breakfast was finished in silence except an occasional chuckle from Mrs. Topnoody's end of the table.—Steubenville Herald.

Troubled.
My mind was ruffled with small cares to-day, And I sat pensive, and did not keep Long suffering; 'patience' well; and now I've deep
My trouble for this sin! In vain I weep For foolish words I never can unsay.
Yet not in vain, Oh, surely not in vain! This sorrow must compel me to take heed; And surely I shall learn how much I need Thy constant strength my own to supersede, And all my thoughts to patience to constraine.
Yes, I shall learn at last, though I neglect Day after day, to seek my help from thee; Oh, aid me, that I always recollect This gentle heartiness; and Oh, correct Whatever else of sin thou seest in me!
—Henry Sutton.
HUMOR OF THE DAY.
A gold meddle—A burglar in a miser's coffers.—*Marathon Independent.*
Missouri train robbers are men of iron nerve and steel disposition.
"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," unless the fellow is feeling in our pocket for our watch.—*Saltem Sunbeam.*
There was a large attendance at the schools to-day. Every boy who hadn't lost an eye brought two pupils.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*
Brown lolly boasts that his heart is always in his hand. Fogg says that Brown is so close-fisted that he is in no danger of ever losing it.—*Boston Transcript.*
When you are telling a friend a joke poke him in the ribs. He'll be more interested in the yarn, and can put a mustard plaster on the sore spot when he goes home.—*Kookuk Gate City.*
A housepainter recently wanted to join the fire department, but as it took him over fifteen minutes to climb a ladder, and then he had to go down again for something he had forgotten, they didn't employ him.—*Boston Post.*
Jumping over a fence in the middle of the night and meeting a bulldog that is a total stranger to you, is one of those exciting little incidents of life which go far to break the monotony and rob existence of a firesome sameness.
A man called out to his creditor, "Get out, you Ornithorhynchus!" The man departed meekly. "Who's that?" inquired a friend of the speaker. "An Ornithorhynchus." "How's that?" "Well, Webster defines him as 'a beast with a bill.'"
This is alleged to be the way a Vassar girl tells a joke: "Oh, girls! I heard just the best thing to-day. It was too funny. I can't remember how it came about, but one of the girls said to Professor Mitchell—oh, dear, I can't remember just what she said; but Professor Mitchell's answer was just too funny for anything!"—*Syracuse Herald.*
SCIENTIFIC NOTES.
The Greeks called scissors a "double razor."
The pea is supposed to be a native of France.
Candle is from a Greek word meaning to shine.
There is red and green as well as black ebony.
Charcoal deepens the tint of dahlias, hyacinths and petunias.
The owl, which easily digests meat, cannot digest bread or grain.
Lime is a preserver of wood. It has been noticed that vessels carrying it last longer than any others.
Cocoa beans possess twice as much nitrogen as grain, and therefore cloacate furnishes much nutriment.
Dr. Cornelius Herz, in France, transmitted audible speech 800 miles with the aid of his telephonic system.
In some water plants the flowers expand at the surface of the water, and after fading retreat again to the bottom.
A mixture of one part of alcohol and nine parts of crystallized carbolic acid is stated to afford great relief in cases of bites from insects.
A row of granitic mountains reaching from Edinburgh to London, it is said, could be fired in two minutes, so rapid is the transmission of detonation from one part to another.
The Time Consuming Match.
Mr. Edward Prince, splint manufacturer of Horseshoe Bay, Buckingham township, is a minority for the state, and that there are about twenty-two match factories in the United States and Canada and that the daily production—and consequent daily consumption—is about 25,000 gross. It may seem a queer statement to make that 100,000 hours of each successive day are spent by the people of the two countries in striking a light, but such is undoubtedly the case. In each gross of matches manufactured in America there are 144 boxes, so that the 25,000 gross produces 3,600,000 boxes. Each box—at least those made in the States where a duty of one cent upon every box of matches is levied—contains 100 matches, so that the number of matches produced and used daily amounts to 360,000,000. Counting that it takes a second to light each match—and it is questionable whether it can be done in less time than that, while some men occupy several minutes sometimes in trying to strike a light, particularly when boozed—to light the 360,000,000 would take just that number of seconds. This gives 6,000,000 minutes, or 100,000 hours. In days of twenty-four hours each it figures up to 4,166 2/3, and gives eleven years and five months, with a couple of days extra, as the time occupied during every twenty-four hours by the use of North America—not figuring on the Mexicans—in striking matches. Figuring a little further it gives 4,159 years time in each year. The fact may seem amazing, but it is undoubtedly correct.—*Ohio Press.*
True greatness is not measured by the number of our enemies.