The Family Circle.

COME HOME, FATHER.

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right home from the shop,
As soon as your day's work was done.
Our fire has gone out, our house is all dark,
And mother's been watching since tea,
With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.
Come home! come home! come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home!

CHORUS.

Hear the sweet voice of the child,
Which the night-winds repeat, as they roam;
Oh! who could resist this most plaintive of prayers;
Please, father, dear father, come home!

Father, dear father, come hone with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two;
The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse!
But he has heen calling for you;
Indeed he is worse, ma says he will die—
Perhaps before morning shall dawn,
And this is the message she sent me to bring:
Come quickly, or he will be gone!
Hear the sweet voice, &c.

Father, dear father, come home with me now
The clock in the steeple strikes three;
The house is so lonely, the hours are so long
For poor weeping mother and me!
Yes, we are alone, poor Benny is dead,
And gone with the Angels of light,
And these were the very last words that he said;
I want to kiss papa good-night.
Hear the sweet voice, &c.

SAILOR SAM.

"JESUS FOUND OF ONE WHO SOUGHT HIM NOT."

It pleased God, by whom my steps were led to Langport, in the service of the Gospel, some years since, to bring there at the same time, a sailor who had run away from his father's home at ten years old and gone to sea. His parents knew not what had become of him, and mourned his loss more sadly than if he had died beneath their roof. After an absence of twenty years, spent in the East India and China trade, he returned a fine, stalwart man, what his companions would call "a jolly sailor."

He had gone to his native place to seek his early home, and the parents from whom he had recklessly run away; but they had removed to the larger village of Langport. Thither he went; and having inquired for his father by name, he was told that the man he sought for worked for a Mr. S., and, seeing there an elderly man, he inquired:—

"Does Mr. Stucky live here?"

The old man answered, "Yes; do you want to see him?"

"No; but I suppose that I want to have a word with a man that works for him," said the sailor.

Twenty years had so changed both, that there was no recognition on either side. The old man then asked the younger:—

"What's the man's name whom you want?"

"Joseph Petheric," said the sailor.

"That's my own name," replied the other.

"Well, if you are the man I'm looking for, *I'm your Sam*," said the heavy, broad-sailor.

"No! you're not my son," said the father.

"But I *am* your son," persisted the sailor.

"Well, if you are, your mother will know you,—come along with me."

They went together to the old man's home, and the father said to his wife,—"Mother, here is a strange man, who says he is our son Samuel."

"If he is," said the astonished mother, "he has a mark made by a piece of wood on the elbow of the left arm, and by that I shall know at once."

The sailor had off his jacket in a moment and bearing his arm, he said:—

"There will that do for a mark!"

"Yes! oh, yes! it *is* our Samuel,—the lost one is found!" the mother exclaimed; and they "fell on his neck and kissed him," rejoicing like the father of the prodigal son.

The parents, however, soon discovered that their long-lost son had returned to them, not only lost to all sense of his soul's eternal interests, but even to any care for the morality common among men. Deeply grieved, and yearning over him with a parent's love, they sought by words of tender remonstance and entreaty to win him to some consideration of these things; but all in vain; and his parent's society soon became uncongenial and irksome to the sailor. Two of his brothers had heard of his return, and came from a short distance to spend the day with him, and—as they said—"to have a jolly spree."

The father, who had heard of the proposed preaching by a stranger, entreated Samuel to go with him in the evening to hear the Gospel. But Satan was at work there, as if anticipating that this thoughtless sinner was about to be plucked as a brand from the burning. He refused to go, preferring the company of his brothers, who were, like himself, without God and without hope in the world. So the three brothers started for the village tavern to seek congenial company. Finding him immovable, the father said to his son, "Well, Samuel, if you will not go with me, I will go with you;"—and there in that evil place, sat the swearing, drinking sons, and the praying Christian father.

After a little while, one of the brothers said, "Come, Sam, let us go to another place." They went a little way, the father following with a yearning heart. Presently, Samuel said to his brothers, "Let's go back; there's no fun in having father about after our heels,"—and back they went to the father's house. When there, in reply to further entreaty, Sam said, "Well, I suppose there will be nothing but sulks in the house, now I'm come home, if I don't go to hear the preaching to-night, so I'll go."

He came; but I had not heard a word about him, and did not even know that he was in the place. I preached the Gospel from the fifteenth chapter of Luke,—the Father's love to the prodigal son. After the meeting, on my way to my lodgings, I was asked to stop and see a sailor who had lately returned home. I found a fine looking man seated, and evidently under much emotion, his chest moving heavily. He may have often heard himself called a sinner by fellow-men; but now God said to him in the secret thought of his heart—"*Sinner!*" and his guilty soul trembled at the thought of God's judgments for sin.

"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

"I dare say it's all true enough what you say," he replied, "but Christ will have nothing to do with me. I'm too bad a fellow for him."

I added, "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came to seek and to save *the lost*—the chief of sinners."

"Yes, but you don't know," said he, "how bad a fellow I am. In twenty years I have not entered a church, or read a word of the Bible, or of any good book; and in the worst crew of wicked sailors that I ever shipped with I was so much worse than the rest that they named me, 'The Ship's Devil.' Why, sir, in the midst of a storm, when every plank seemed to tremble as the thunder broke and the lightning played around us, I have stood on the deck and madly cursed him who sent the storm,—No, no!, he'll not save me!"

I only added, "JESUS came to save real sinners, even the chief;" and then said, "Good night."

I did not call on him to pray for mercy, but rather to believe in a mercy already provided. The fountain was there, and he was to be shown its waters rather than be told to ask for it.

The next evening he was again present and heard the same Gospel as the night before, of present, perfect, and eternal salvation, through faith *only* in the person and precious blood of Christ. The following morning, while I was at breakfast with my host, just previous to leaving the village, the door-bell was rung, and the servant came in saying:—

"Samuel Petheric is at the door, sir; and he told me to say that he loves the preacher better than the preacher loves him."

We all thought at once what it meant, and said, "Oh, do tell him to come in!"—and we ran to meet him as he came. He was no sooner in the parlor than he said to me:

"Oh, my dear sir! I'm not the sailor you saw on Tuesday night,—I'm another man,—a *new man*. I heard the good news again last night, and my heart was opened to receive it,—but the peace and joy did'nt come just then. But after we went home, *Brother* Pomeroy"—he knew that now every child of God was to him a *brother*—"said, 'Let us pray together;' and so he prayed, and then I prayed; and, as we rose from our knees, I found myself filled with peace and joy. And when I went to bed—No! bed indeed!—I did'nt go to bed—who'd think of going to bed on such a night as that? But I went up to my room, and there I rejoiced and gave thanks to the Lord for my salvation. But all at once I thought,—'Ah! but is it possible,—*all* those dreadful sins of so many years gone,—and in a moment?' And I turned round, and said, 'Ah, Mr. Satan, that's you, is it? Come, come, you've had your way long enough,—yes! they *are* all forgiven; for the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin.' So the old enemy had heard enough, and he fled."

That night the profligate sailor, "The Ship's Devil," was enabled to believe in Jesus Christ the Son of God; and *in believing*, he received the knowledge of salvation, full, free, and complete. He was translated out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son. Oh! glorious translation—wondrous change!

"My dear sir," he continued, "I feel as light as a cork. why, I could clear that table at a spring with one hand upon it." He spoke like a sailor as he had been used to speak, and I give his own expressions. One look at Christ by faith, and his soul was saved; he knew it too, and, like the Philippian-jailor, he rejoiced the same night, believing.

He then went on to say:

"Why, there are *two of us here now!*"—striking himself on the breast,—"yes, *two of us*,—one holding with the Lord, and the other still holding with the devil. Even this morning, that one that holds with the devil said, 'Come, Sam, let's put on our hat, and take a stroll.' But the other said directly, 'No, no, Samuel; we'll go and see the servant of Christ, and tell him what the Lord has done for us.' So here I came. Oh! how I should like to be able to go and tell my old shipmates that Christ has sought me and found me; and tell them about *him*. But there!—I suppose I must stay, and have my own faith and hope strengthened, and know more about the Lord before I try my hand at that; but I can pray for them."

I then said to him, "Samuel, you are indeed saved by grace; and now the grace of God, that brings salvation, teaches us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and—" "Oh, yes!" interrupted he, "Why, the grace of God has been talking to me all the morning about that, just like a father would talk to his child. It said to me, 'Samuel, my boy, we have no more now to do with the old ways. It is our business now to please Christ and to follow him.'"

I took leave of him; but four days afterwards, at another village, where I was preaching in a barn, I saw Samuel; and he did, indeed, look like another man—not at all like the rough sailor I had first seen him. Some Christians were gathered round him, hearing and asking questions. As I passed by, I overheard his reply to some question, which I did not catch. The reply was—"I don't know, I'm sure, for I'm *only four days old*."

Sailor Sam lived in the power of the new life begotten in him, following faithfully Him who had plucked him as a brand from the burning. I heard of him from time to time, as full of faith and good works, but saw him only once again, and then at an interval of some years. He was in port at the place of my residence, and came to see me. He told me he was mate of a schooner in the coasting trade, and added,—

"My dear sir, the captain is a son, and he *knows* it too; but he did'nt know it when we first met. When we were both below, and 'twas calm weather and all right on deck, I said to him, 'Captain, shall we read a chapter, and have a little a prayer? 'With all my heart, mate,' said he. So we read and prayed; and as we sat down, I looked across the table and said to him,—'Captain, are you a son?' 'Ah,' said he, 'as to that, I can't say that I am a son.' 'Then you are an enemy!' said I, 'No mate,' said he, 'I know that I am no longer an enemy.' 'Then,' said I, 'you're a son!' *He knows that now*; and we have happy seasons often together, telling of the grace and precious blood by which we are saved."

Reader! are you unsaved? Behold what God did for "The Ship's Devil!" Can he, *will he not do it for you?*—*The British Herald.*

THE NEIGHBOR'S CHILDREN.

"Lulu, come in now; it is time for mamma's baby to be undressed and go to bed," called Mrs. Lovett, from her sitting-room window.

"No, no, Lulu *wont*," answered "mamma's baby," with a stamp of her little foot and a shake of her little head.

"O! O!" in a chiding tone. "Lulu doesn't mean that!"

"Yes she do," answered baby, defiantly. And the black eyes flashed out the truth of the last assertion.

Mamma was mortified. Her visitor was an unwilling spectator of this small rebellion, and mamma apologized. She really never knew Lulu to speak so before; she was usually so docile, and so affectionate in her obedience; she must have learned these naughty words of little Minnie Gray, her four-year-old neighbor, who had been in to play with her an hour or two that afternoon. She never would have thought of such a thing if she had not heard it somewhere.

Perhaps kind little Mrs. Lovett would have felt her mortification increased had she heard Mrs. Gray's remark at tea-time to her husband:

"Our Minnie is getting an odius habit of making up faces, and I believe she has learned it from Mrs. Lovett's little girl. That child is always making up faces, and none of our children ever had that habit. How much mischief they do learn as soon as they get large enough to go out with other children!" Mr. Lovett has in his pocket just now the bill for damages for the breaking of a street-lamp by a stone thrown by one of his boys; but then he never did such things till he played with "those Smith boys." Mr. Smith, smarting under a sense of similar infliction, is glad, for his part, that his boys don't do anything worse than throwing stones; if they were out after dark, like those Browns and Joneses, he shouldn't know how much glass they did break. Mrs. Fairly goes to the school-house, and tells the teacher that she has noticed that her son's report is not as good as it should be; but if the teacher will move his seat away from the Drake boy, who always whispers to him and makes him laugh, she thinks he will have a better record. The teacher knows that this innocent mother's son is the very ringleader of all the michief of the school room. The quietest and most conscientious boys in the school have been seated next him, but none can be found who are proof against the contagion of his habits.

Are the parents all blind? and do they believe that nothing wrong originates with their children? Does it never occur to little Mrs. Lovett that her "blessed baby" has a spark of temper and self-will of her own, and that "I wont," and a stamp of her little foot, are the natural way of manifesting it? Does Mrs. Gray suppose no child of her's capable of "making up faces," till somebody else is seen to do it; and do the boys need to take lessons in throwing stones before they practice the art in the public streets?

Alas, poor weak human nature, which would blind the eyes of others if it cannot close its own to the faults of its children! Why attempt to lay the blame on the neighbors' children? Is it not full as wise and safe, while we teach the little ones to avoid copying the faults and mistakes of others, to teach them watchfulness of their own little hearts and their own budding desires and propensities, that they may early learn to grapple with temptation in its most insidious forms, and grow strong to resist the tide ere it sweep them away with its flood?

Do not apologize for your child's fault, in his presence, by saying that he learned it of somebody else; but rather teach him to avoid and despise all evil habits, while he must feel neither harsh nor vindictive toward the wrong-doer. And teach him also that any inner prompting to wrong, resisted and overcome, is the occasion of a greater victory than a temptation from without which is successfully withstood, and from such struggles and triumphs will be wrought out characters of dignity and strength, such as the Church and the nation need.

For the Little Folks.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN.

SECOND SERIES. IV.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

"I DO BELIEVE THE WAY TO BE HAPPY IS TO LOVE JESUS."

These are the words of a little girl who once thought religion a gloomy affair. She supposed it was only good for old people, and not for merry, skipping girls. But she is now glad that she has found her mistake.

Jesus wishes to have little children happy; but if they are in danger of losing their souls, He wishes to have them know it before it is too late. Have you, my dear little friend, found out that you have a soul to save? Have you learned that Jesus died to save you—that He bled on the cruel cross for your sins? Yes, "He was wounded for *your transgressions*." Have you ever thanked Him for suffering for you—for taking the punishment you deserved? If you have not, what a hard heart you must have! I should think you would want to get rid of it as quickly as possible.

Do you know how you can do this? I will tell you. In Ezekiel xxxvi. 26, the Lord says: "A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh." This is what God is willing, for Jesus' sake, to do. But *you* have something to do too. You must "ask" Him for this new heart, for in the thirty-seventh verse of this same chapter, the Lord saith: "I will for this be inquired of."

If you, my little reader, will go away and ask God, for Jesus' sake, to forgive you all your naughty sins, and give you a new heart, he will do it in a minute. And then, with the writer of this sweet letter, you can say, "*I love so much to read and hear about Jesus.*"

Do you know what is the greatest sin you ever committed? I fear you will not believe me, if I tell you; but it is quite true. I pray that God may show you that the very worst thing that you have ever done, has been to *neglect, and reject, and despise* Jesus.

When this child saw how she had been rejecting the dear Saviour, she cried out, "OH, WHAT A WICKED GIRL I HAVE BEEN TO REJECT JESUS!" And when you come to see how you have been treating Him who has been so long knocking at the door of your heart, you will feel so too. I hope you may before you lay down this paper.

Oh, how strange that you should reject One who loves you, and who has done more for you than any friend on earth! I hope you will not do so any more. Just fall into His loving arms, and he will forgive you all your sins, and make you a happy, obedient child.

But I think you had rather read the words of one nearer your own age than I am; so I shall not keep you longer from reading her note.

I think I have found the dear Saviour; I feel so very happy. When I first began to love Jesus I had a great many doubts, and often thought I did not love Jesus; I was almost in despair. When you came and spoke to me and prayed with me, I began to feel a little, a little better. The first time I went to your meetings, I would not stay to the inquiry meeting, but I went home quite serious, and I prayed that night as I never prayed before. After I thought I had found the Saviour, I would ask myself, if I should die would I go to heaven to be with Jesus?" Something would say no, and then yes. Oh! what a wicked girl I have been to reject Jesus, what a loving Saviour he is. I do not see how any one can reject Jesus. I am only sorry I have not loved him before. I used to say my prayers, but I did not pray with all my heart. I love so much to read and hear about Jesus; I know I love Jesus, and I do not believe any one could make me think "I did not." He is so full of love. He loves me now, and I hope I may never reject him, but always cling to him. Before I know it, I am singing "I love Jesus," "Happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away," and all about Jesus, I am so happy. I do believe the way to be happy is "to love Jesus." Pray that I may be kept in the narrow path which leads to everlasting life; that I may love Jesus more, and never go astray.

From your loving friend, **

* Copyright secured.

Away up in Farmington, in Maine, more than two years ago, quite a number of children were led by God's Spirit to think about Jesus. I think you will like to read a letter from a boy there, who says:

"I FELT I WAS A GREAT SINNER."

I am pretty sure I saw this same boy more than a thousand miles away from the place where he first learned to love Jesus, and heard him pray earnestly that God would help the little children in that Western city to come to Jesus and get new hearts, that they might be happy here, and go to heaven when they die.

Did you know that Satan was a great liar? He is, for the Bible says he is the "father of lies," and I know he has told me a great many lies. He no doubt told this boy, whose letter you will read below, a great many lies, such as: "You will not enjoy religion, if you do become a Christian. You will not love that musty old book, the Bible. You will never love to pray; you will find it slow enough work." But this boy must have found him out to be a "liar," for he says, "*I love to pray, and I love to read my Bible.*"

I am going to write and tell you how I found Jesus. I went to the meeting the first night you was here, not to be converted, but only to hear you speak. Some of the boys staid to the inquiry-meeting, and I thought I would. You came and talked to me, and I felt I was a great sinner, and Jesus my best friend. That night I went home and prayed to God to help me. The next morning I argued the question, whether it was better to be on the side of Jesus or not. But before I got up I decided to cling to Jesus, and I think I have found him. I think that I have found him, for several reasons. I love to pray, and I love the Bible. I am not ashamed to be seen praying. One night, as I was praying, I heard some one coming up the stairs, and afraid of being seen *upon my knees*, I jumped into bed, when only half through, and said the rest of them in bed. Oh! I pray that God will forgive me. We have such little prayer-meetings among ourselves. Please to pray for us all, all those that have found Jesus, and those that have not found him. One of the persons who was converted, said that his little daughter said to her mother "that it seemed as if father had just got home from a long journey," when he commenced to have family prayer. Oh! Mr. Hammond, I wish that you would pray for my dear sister, because I think that she is not a Christian.

The dear Jesus is very kind, and says: "Ask, and ye shall receive." Will you not, then, offer this prayer, and He will hear and answer you.

Dear Jesus, I am very sorry that I have been so wicked as not to love Thee. Oh! how kind Thou hast been, to die on the cross for a sinful child like me. Help me by thy Spirit to trust Thee with all my heart, and love Thee, and work for Thee. Oh! I cannot help loving Thee when I think of Thy great love for me. Take me, "just as I am," and make me thine forever. This I ask, Oh God, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

"See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

"Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

"He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.

"The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms
We're safe from every snare."

Rural Economy.

A SUCCESSFUL FARMER'S MAXIMS.

Mr. Jacob Strawn, late of Jacksonville, Ill., recently deceased, was known in the West as "The Great American Farmer." He was accustomed to attribute his thrift largely to his observance of a code of maxims which he had early adopted. Among them were the following:—

"When you wake up, do not roll over, but *roll out*. It will give you time to ditch all your sloughs, break them up, harrow them, and sow them with timothy and red clover. One bushel of clover to two bushels of timothy is enough.

"Make your fence high, tight, and strong, so that it will keep cattle and pigs out. If you have brush, make your lots secure, and keep your hogs from the cattle, for if the corn is clean they will eat it better than if it is not.

"Be sure to get your hands to bed by seven o'clock; they will rise early by the force of circumstances.

"Pay a hand, if he is a poor hand, all you promise him: if he is a good hand, pay him a little more; it will encourage him to do still better.

"Always feed your hands as well as you do yourself, for the *laboring men* are the bone and sinew of the world, and *ought to be well treated.*

"I am satisfied that getting up early, industry, and regular habits, are the best medicines ever prescribed for health.

"When it comes rainy, bad weather, so that you cannot work out of doors, cut and split your wood.

"Make your tracks when it rains hard, cleaning your stables, or fixing something which you would have to stop the plough for and fix in good weather.

"Make your tracks, fixing your fence or a gate that is off the hinges, or weather-boarding your barn where the wind has blown off the siding, or patching the roof of your house or barn.

"Study your interests closely, and don't spend any time in electing *Presidents, Senators*, and other *small* officers, or talk of hard times when spending your time in town, whittling on store-boxes, &c.

"Take your time and make your calculations; don't do things in a hurry, but do them at *the right time, and keep your mind as well as your body employed.*"

PUMPS.

An inquiry has reached us in reference to a pump which may be available on farms, and can be worked by a windmill and made to force water from the spring to the house. Our inquirer also wants a cistern pump which will not freeze in the winter and get out of order in summer.

Six years ago we placed one of West's iron pumps, all iron, with iron pipe down to the water, in a well in Westchester County, where it has been in use every day since, without one cent of expense for repairs, and without ever having been stopped in its operations by frost; and it has never had any protection, except to pull out a little pine plug in autumn, under the platform, which lets the water run out of the stock that leads the water to the spout.

Upon this spout we fasten a gutta-percha hose and pipe, and throw the water wherever we choose to lead it, and the pump might be driven by a windmill and carry water all over the farm. Indeed, one of our acquaintances, Mr. J. L. Adams, butter merchant, New York, has just such a pump operated by a windmill at Bloomfield, N. J., which rises the water ninety feet, working to his entire satisfaction nearly four years, after having failed with several others. He thinks it the best, most perfect pump in the world.

W. H. Lyon, near Bedford, Westchester County, raises water with one of West's pumps nearly two hundred feet elevation. It is driven by a water-wheel which he built himself out of an old cart-wheel. It is worth to him every year probably ten times its cost.

We have no doubt that one of these pumps, with its "lower air-chamber," would lift the water from a well thirty feet deep, and draw it three or four hundred feet horizontally.

So much for well pumps, and pumps to bring up water from lower elevations by wind or water power.

Now about the cistern. Ours is fifteen feet from the kitchen. The pump stands close to the door, in a cold place, but it has not ceased to operate a single day in six years. The only trouble has been the want of one new valve, and the repair of an air-hole in the gutta-percha pipe leading from the pump to the cistern.

We do not know but there may be pumps of forty other patterns and patents which will do as well. We do know, and speak whereof we know only, that the West pump is all that any man ever requires—being economical, durable, and efficient.—*N. Y. Tribune*

SOAP-SUDS AND LEACHED ASHES.

A writer in the *Germantown* (Pa.) *Telegraph* says:—"The value of soap-suds as a stimulant of vegetable life cannot be too highly appreciated. It contains the aliment of plants in a state of ready solution, and, when applied, acts not only with immediate and obvious effect, but with a sustained energy which pertains to few even of the most concentrated manures. When it is not convenient to apply it in irrigation—the most economical method, perhaps, of using it—it should be absorbed by some material which may be used as an ingredient in the compost heap. Soda muck, and other similar articles, should be deposited where the suds from the sink and laundry may find its way to them, and be absorbed for the benefit of crops. In this way several loads of manure, suitable for the support and sustenance of any crop, may be made at comparatively small expense. The highly putrescent character of this fermentable liquid qualify it admirably for the irrigation of compost heaps of whatever material composed. Being a potent fertilizer, it must, of necessity, impart additional richness to almost any material to which it may be added. Try it, and mark the results."

Willard Griffin, West Granby, Ct., gives the following information to the New York Farmers' Club, on leached ashes for manure:

"Some one of our correspondents several months since inquired if there was saltpetre in leached ashes. There is not. Saltpetre is nitrate of potash. Nitric acid is obtained from a substance that wood does not furnish. If leached ashes are deposited near the house, where soapsuds, urine, and other slops containing animal matter are thrown upon them, they will contain saltpetre, and from such it may have been extracted. Wood ashes contains potash, soda, magnesia and lime, besides sulphur, phosphorus, carbon and common salt; about one-half of ashes is lime. Leaching extracts the potash and soda mostly, and but little of other matters; but as potash and soda are only a small proportion of ashes, they are nearly as good for manure after leaching as before. I have seen plum trees growing near a house, where leached ashes were thrown around them every year, that retained a vigorous condition and were loaded with fruit for several years, while other trees in the neighborhood were subject to the ravages of the curculio and black knot."

DOES YOUR COW KICK?

Do not fly in a passion and vent your spite in kicking her in return, or by tanning her with a hickory gad. You will only run the risk of hurting your toes, spraining your ancle, or spoiling your otherwise tolerably good temper, and perhaps give yourself cause to feel very foolish when you get over it. You will not have remedied the habit, if habit it has become in the cow; and if it is the first time, very likely such a course will cause her to continue kicking until it has become a habit. Keep cool, pay no attention to the kick; do not let the cow notice that you know she kicked; go to milking as if nothing had happened; and in nine cases out of ten such a course will cause even old practical kickers to abandon the habit.—*Ohio Farmer.*

In addition to these excellent suggestions the milker should keep his finger nails cut short, as they sometimes are the cause of a cow's kicking If the teats are tender, in cold weather, the dry wind will chap them. Apply a little lard every day, after milking. If the hair on a cow's udder is long, clip it off with shears, as the long hairs are sometimes pulled so hard when milking, that the cow will kick.