

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

There's music in the autumn wind,
Around the dripping eaves,
And where its plumes stop to play
Among the fallen leaves.
There's music in the river's flow
Along the pebbly shore,
When all the winds have gone to sleep,
And loughs have swayed no more.

There's music in the cricket's song
I hear through evening shade,
And in the low distant herds
Returning from the glade,
There's music in the household tones
That greet the ear and eye,
And in the laugh of innocence
Rejoicing in its play.

But there's music sweeter far
In memory than this—
The music of my mother's voice,
Now in the land of bliss,
A music that may never still;
I hear it in my dreams,
When all the fondness of her face
Once more upon me beams.

I know not what the angels hear
In mansions in the skies,
But there is not a sound on earth
Like mother's gentle voice.
The tears are in my clouded eye,
And sadness in my brain,
As Nature whispers in my heart,
She will not come again.

A mother's love, when she departs
Her love is never known;
The records of affection speak
Of only one who's gone.
And brighter will that record grow
Through all the changing years,
The oftener to the lip is pressed
The cup of sorrow's tears.

AGRICULTURAL.

Potatoes.

POTATOES may be planted as late as July. To insure quick growth open a good furrow, and plant while the ground is yet fresh, covering lightly with soil, and then filling the furrow with a mulch of any kind of straw manure, or even straw itself, or leaves. This will protect the crop from the severe heat of the sun, prevent rapid evaporation, and thus secure, what the potato especially needs, a cool and moist soil. Before putting in the litter a dressing of superphosphate, or other good fertilizer, should be thrown in the drill. A mixture of four bushels of leached ashes, one of plaster, and one gallon of salt makes a good dressing in the absence of other fertilizers; put in the drill at the rate of about ten bushels to the acre.

Buckwheat.

This is a crop not grown largely anywhere, but deserving, perhaps, more attention than it usually gets in the Middle and Southern States. No family should be without a supply of buckwheat flour among their Winter stores, for no bread compares with good buckwheat cakes for a Winter's breakfast. It is equal, if not superior, to oats in feeding qualities for stock; it is grown easily, and at little cost for manure, on ordinary land; and has the advantage that a crop may be made very late in the season, interfering very little with the busier times of the farm. It should not be sown earlier than the middle of this month, and a half-bushel of seed to the acre is enough. It is said to be good for selling milk cows in the month of August, when in bloom.

Squashes.

How useful the vines get so large as to interfere, then do not disturb them, but allow them to take root. Look under the leaves early in the morning for the black bug, and destroy it, and crush any eggs that may be found. The spotted *Galeuca*, an insect shaped like a lady-bug, but yellow, with black spots, is very destructive to the leaves. They must be caught very early in the morning, as they fly when it is warm. The borer is a great pest in many localities; usually its presence is not known until the whole vine withers. The grub enters near the root, and if a hole is found, carefully split the vine with a knife, and take him out. Cover the wound with earth, if practicable, otherwise bind it up.

Hard Crops.

If we were directing the preparation of the soil for corn, potatoes, and other root crops we might say that a lack of manure could not be made good by subsequent treatment; but nevertheless we will say now that it is also true that frequent and thorough tillage will do as much for these crops as manure, though in a different way. It will defend against droughts; it will let the air into the earth, with moisture; and it will promote the disintegration and decomposition, thus affording the plants a fuller benefit of the manure and fertility of the soil.

Rata Raga.

THOROUGH preparation should be made as early as possible now for this valuable root crop. If soil ground has already been turned, it should have soon another plowing, which, with the necessary hoe-work in preparing drills, will give it a very sufficient working. It must be well manured with some good super-phosphate, unless it has been otherwise fertilized, and the seed sown at any time, after the middle of the month, that the ground may be moist.

Millet.

If there be occasion to add to the Winter store of good hay, it may be done by sowing the common millet, or that variety of it known as Hungarian grass. If there be moisture enough to make it germinate quickly it makes a rapid growth, and will come off the ground by the first of October. It must be well manured, and on thoroughly prepared ground, to make a good crop. A light, rich loam suits it best.

Asparagus.

Now that cutting has ceased, encourage as much growth as possible to repair the loss. A dressing of manure will not come amiss, and weeds should be kept from the bed until the tops shade it. If the larvae of the beetle appear—small, black, leech-like bodies—cut all infested branches and burn them.

Beans.

LIMAS are usually allowed to run too high. Most vines will go to the end of their support before they begin to bear, and the Lima bean may be made to fruit earlier by only allowing it to run as

high as one can reach. Salted string beans are very good in Winter, and a planting made now will give a supply.

FOR YOUTHFUL READERS.

Thanksgiving To-morrow.

A LITTLE match-girl stood at the corner of a public street. It was a wild night, and her fingers were stiff with cold. While, with her mute gaze fixed upon the passers-by, she kept her hand uncomplainingly, the blue lights from a druggist's window fell upon her meek face, making it deathly in its whiteness. "Any matches, sir?" she murmured again and again, in a weak, hopeless voice, for faith she had none; her experience was too beggarly for that; she had seen and known little of human benevolence in her short life. She had tasted food only once that day, but she was used to hunger; therefore she looked vaguely at the huge quarters of beef, and legs of bacon, and poultry of every description, and long rows of red and yellow apples in the butcher's shop, through the great glass window, and only murmured, "I wonder what God made Thanksgiving Day for? I shall have no Thanksgiving, but instead, hard blows and cruel words, because I haven't sold my matches." So she blew her red fingers, and lifting her basket, moved reluctantly toward home with her eyes full of tears that fell cold upon her cheek. And when she had entered that loathsome abode, the child heard drunken shouts, and wild laughter, and the hoarse tones of blasphemy. She grew frightened and shrunk away in a corner, to forget life in sleep—to awaken on a cheerless morning and face the driving snow-storm that she might sell her matches, or bear the blows and reproaches of a heartless mother. And such was that poor child's Thanksgiving Day!

"Will we have Thanksgiving to-morrow?" asked a sunny-haired boy, pressing close to his mother's side. The artless question had a strange effect, for it seemed as if the woman's heart would break, so violent was her emotion.

"My God! help me to drink this bitter cup," was her stifled exclamation, and then she turned to the boy and said—"no, my love, we cannot have a feast to-morrow, as we did last year."

"But won't father have Thanksgiving Day in Heaven?" queried the child; "won't he like it if we have Thanksgiving here?"

There is much depth in the seeming simplicity of the dear boy's remark," murmured an aged man, "if we could but bring it to bear upon our poor hearts in this season of affliction. If we could penetrate the unseen only for a moment, and behold that blessed spirit revelling in the brightness and splendor of Heaven, we should surely deem his death, or rather his new birth, fitting subject for Thanksgiving."

But the old man spoke from the calm experience of age, and a grounded religious faith. The widow only felt that her idol was gone; that the seat was vacant by her side; that the world was blank—blank without him. And morning found her bending yearningly above his marble bier, praying in agony that he would speak to her, once only once again, that he would murmur her name as the pious ones dead, once only once; and so by the side of her early love, now shrouded for the grave, passed she her Thanksgiving Day.

"Heap up the coals; heap them upon the glowing hearth, and let us enjoy this cheery blaze. You, my son, draw forward the centre-table and the sofa; you, daughter, unloose the curtains and light the lamps. How wildly the wind blows; God help the poor to-night!" And in the rugged red of the leaping flames, with splendor on every side, sat the rich man upon a couch of velvet.

Five or six beautiful children were clustered around him; a harp rested in one corner, its glided frame brilliant in the strong glare of the fire-light; a piano stood open with many a smooth sheet of music scattered upon its costly cover; everything spoke of elegance, of comfort.

Across the entry the wide kitchen, luxurious almost as a parlor, resounded with merriment. Happy children, with bird-cakes in their hands, were pulling the ligaments, and shouting heartily when the lank toes moved as if endowed with life. On the wide dresser lay the turkeys and other fowl all ready for the fire, and stout arms were busy here and there, with mixing and pounding, and shortening, and sweetening, and puddings and sauces and delicate condiments that were in preparation for the morrow's festival. Row after row of mince and apple, custard and pumpkin pies filled the great pantry, and numberless little piles of almost fairy proportions were ready for the merry-making of the children.

A black-eyed boy moved uneasily up and down before the files of sweetmeats. First he inspected one thing, then another, and finally pushing a plump little fowl aside, he bounded into the parlor and modestly asked his father if he might have one, only one little turkey.

"I have given several away already," said the benevolent man; "I hardly think I can spare another." But the boy pleaded so eloquently that finally his father consented, and with sparkling eyes he ran back to the kitchen. The little fellow had one confidant at school, and he had told him in secrecy that they were to have no Thanksgiving, for since his father died, many years ago, they had been poor, poorer than any one thought.

So as the child whispered his mission to his mother she smilingly assented, and delighted with the spirit of her boy, sent a basket full of luxuries in his name to the son of the widow who was too proud to crave assistance.

There was but a dim light on the hearth of the scantily-furnished room, and the widow sat hending and sewing, while her son plied his books by a faint candle-light. A knock at the door, and

then it was hastily opened, and a great covered basket thrust in. The boy sprang toward it. "For me!" he exclaimed, as he opened a little note and read:

MY DEAR AUGUSTUS—I send you this as a little present; do accept it.
HENRY.

And as the turkey, and the pies, and the nice cake were pulled forth by the eager hands of the child, the poor widow was almost overcome with gratitude; for a faint voice exclaimed with every accession, "Oh! how beautiful! oh! how good! mother, we will have Thanksgiving to-morrow;" and a pale, sick gleam in the subdued light of the little room, the face of a poor, frail, consumptive child, to whom these delicacies seemed above all price.

And so to many came great sorrow; with many more, chilling poverty was the only guest; and some were right merry, thankful, and happy on that Thanksgiving Day.

WIT AND HUMOR.

WASTE PAPER—Diplomatic notes. The right man in the right place is a husband at home in the evening.

AN old farmer in Pennsylvania, when told that he possessed old lands, made light of it.

PUNCH'S caution to ladies: A silk dress should never be sat-in. A *standing* joke, not original with *Punch*.

QUIDDE says, what the Southern States now want is representation in Congress—not misrepresentation. "THERE is a divinity that shapes our ends," as a pig remarked when contemplating the kink in his tail.

WHY should there be no free seats in a church? Because you ought not to be made good for nothing.

"How does that look?" said Mr. Cramp, holding out his brawny hand. "That," interposed Amos, "looks as if you were out of soap."

WHAT is the difference between a mischievous mouse and a beautiful young lady? One harms the cheese and the other charms the he's.

"I STAND upon the soil of freedom," cried a stump orator. "No," cried his shoemaker, "you stand in a pair of shoes that have never been paid for."

A LAWYER engaged in a case, tormented a witness so much with questions that the poor fellow at last cried for water. "There," said the judge, "I thought you'd pump him dry."

"DILL," said Bob, "why is that tree called a weeping willow?" "Cause one of the sneaking, plaguey things grew near our school-house, and supplied the master with switches."

AFTER rolling all night in your berth at sea till you are miserably sick, to have a steward open your door in the morning and ask you if you'll have a fresh roll for breakfast, is certainly very irritating.

STROVE and sharp as our wit may be it is not so strong as the memory of fools, nor so keen as their resentment; he that has not the strength of mind to forgive is by no means weak enough to forget; and it is much easier to do a cruel thing than to say a severe one.

A NEGRO woman was relating her experience to a gaudy congregation of color, and among other things she said she had been in Heaven. One of the ladies of color asked her: "Sister, did you see any black folks in Heaven?" "Oh! get out! you s'pose I go in de kitchen when I was dar?"

ONE of the most truly contented expressions I ever heard was that which fell from the lips of a dying minister. He was asked whether he wished to recover or not. He replied: "Really, my friend, I do not care here. If I die, I shall be with God; if I live, God will be with me."

"MASTER," said the clown of a circus, "what is the difference between occupation and business?" "Difference? there is none." "O, yes, there is. I'll give you an instance: Maximilian's taken possession of Mexico is an occupation, isn't it?" "Yes." "Well, he hasn't any business there, has he?"

A fancy dress ball in Paris recently, a lady was seen with a very low-bodied dress while floating and waving an abundance of green gauze. She was politely asked by a gentleman what she personated. "The sea, monsieur." "At low tide, then, madam?" The lady blushed and the gentleman smiled.

A MAN painting the cornice of a house in Hartford a few days since fell from the ladder, and it was supposed that he was badly hurt. Immediately after the fall a young man ran to the store to inform the painter of the misfortune that had overtaken his workman. The "boss" listened to the telling description of the fall, and with the ruling passion still strong in him asked, anxiously, "Did he spill the paint?"

IN the height of mosquito time the little muscals practise their songs nightly to the annoyance of every one. When a little girl, Ettie, about five years old, was being put to bed, her mother said to her: "Ettie, you must always be a good girl, and then at night, when you are asleep, the angels will come and sing, and watch around your bed." "Oh, yes, ma," said Ettie, "I know that I heard them singing all around my head last night, and some of them bit me, too."

HAPPY DREAM.—A bashful youth was paying his addresses to a gay lass in the country, who had long displayed of bringing things to a crisis. He called one day when she was at home alone.

After settling the merits of the weather, the girl said, looking slyly into his face: "I dreamed of you last night." "Did you? why—now?" "Yes, I dreamed that you kissed me." "Why, now?" "Oh, I dreamed you wasn't at home."

A light dawned on the youth's intellect, a singular sound broke the stillness, and in less than four months they were married.

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