Young Folks.

A Story About Butterflies.

Last summer all the boys and girls around Glenwood were wild after bugs and butterflies. At the County Fair, that was to come in the fall, there was to be a premium for the finest collection made by any one under fourteen. The school children all had their butterfly nets and their boxes of strange bugs. Every day almost they compared their treasures, and Ally Alcot, the mayor's daughter, was envied of all for the half dozen rare ones an uncle had brought her from Mexico.

Of all the workers Jane Thorn was most earnest. Her mother was poor, and little Janie could not go to school with the others. She was a nurse-maid for a rich lady in the town, and her only chance to get butterflies was when she took little Fred and Ervin in to the large wood near Mrs. Day's house. They, while the children were out there, she could sometimes, with her net, secure a prize. Very proud and careful was she of those in a box in her little room. Saturday nights she could go home, and then she and her brother Ted compared their collections. When the summer was over the two were to be put together, and Janie was already planning to save from her small wages enough for a frame as handsome as Ally Alcot would have on hers. As for a premium they hoped to gain, it had been spent twenty times over, and Janie was not yet quite sure whether a shawl or a dress for her mother would be the best use for her share.

Janie's mistress had a fine house, a number of servants, and many friends. At the end of the long, bright summer, a little party of friends and relations came to visit her. The house was filled with gayly dressed people. Evenings, sitting drowsily in the nursery, Janie heard much laughter. Through the long summer days there were picnics and croquet parties in the woods, and sometimes, as she went on errands through the house, she met beautiful ladies. Of them all she liked Miss Maud the best, partly because she was prettiest of all, and partly because she always smiled and spoke to her. Little Janie, afar off, worshiped the proud beauty, and was only too happy when some one, of an evening, she was called to help Miss Maud dress.

One bright day in September Janie was alone in the woods. The children were riding with their mama, and she had slipped out to count over her treasures again. They lay on her white apron, a mass of gold and brown, black and crimson, two great cecropias, that Ted had, with great care, raised from cocoons, crowning the whole. Miss Maud, walking through the park alone, saw her, and, thinking how pretty she looked, came up to her.

"What have you there, little Janie?" she said. "O, what beauties!"

"They are mine," Janie answered, and was too shy at first to tell what they were for. Miss Maud looked and admired, and won by her interest, the little girl explained. But the lady hardly heard. She had so many other things on her mind; she was going away soon, and so much was to be done. So, after a little, she walked away, a picture to Janie in her fluttering muslin, the sunlight filtering down through the trees on the bent proud head.

A week later, as Janie was leaving the nursery for a breath of air—the children being asleep—Miss Maud called her to her room. "If you're not busy, please help me," she said, as Janie paused shyly in the doorway. "I am late, and in a hurry," and as she spoke she laid out the dress she was to wear, a soft cloud of black lace, over which Janie drew a long breath of delight.

"You like it," Maud said, smiling. "If I only had some ornaments suitable. Nothing but flowers, and I'm worn thin till I'm tired. And I wanted to put on my crescent aids to-night. Open that drawer—there—fasten this. Aren't they lovely?" She blushed so as she opened the jewel-case that Janie guessed her secret at once.

"Haven't you any thing else?" she asked with sudden shy sympathy as she helped Miss Maud into her dress.

"Nothing, but it's no matter. Go and get me some flowers please—scarlet, if course." She shut the jewel-case slowly and turned to her dressing.

But on the threshold Janie paused. She remembered that, as Miss Maud had admired her hoarded butterflies, she had put them in her hair and on her breast, and in her loving heart sprang the thought of helping them.

"Could you wear my butterflies? You said the other day that they would be pretty to wear."

Not till the words had passed her lips did she think what it meant if they were taken. They would be ruined, and the fair was the next week. But she did not hesitate.

"Your butterflies! Why, yes, I suppose so. But you want them yourself."

"You may have them if you like," and Janie ran for her box and emptied its treasures before the beauty.

"These will be perfect," she cried, deftly picking out the largest and brightest of them and putting them in her dark hair, on her breast, her shoulders, her belt. "Put some down on the skirt to loop it," she went on. "If I make a sensation to-night, Janie it will be your fault. Now this great beauty for my fan. I wonder if they could be put on my sash—or my slippers, There, thank you ever so much."

As Janie retreated, with long admiring glances at the beautiful girl, Mrs. Day entered. "Ready, Maud? Where did you get these?"

"From Janie. She has a box of them. Are they not lovely? Fortunately I've not to dance to-night, or my glory would soon be gone."

"It will be how, I'm afraid. Roses would have been better."

"Only I'm tired of them, and there were none. This is something odd."

"Yes. No one has ever had such glory on them."

And with that the two ladies went down stairs together, leaving Janie to repent. "But I shouldn't have had the premium, it's probable, any way," she thought. "And perhaps I can save enough for mother's shawl some other way."

She stole into Miss Maud's room that next morning, while the beauty was sleeping away the fatigue of the party, only to find on the dressing-table a heap of broken butterflies—not one perfect one left of these she had given. And down below in the box were only the common ones. The golden-brown king, the royal cecropias was gone.

"O, Janie," Miss Maud said, half waking and seeing here there, "your butterflies were so much admired. Mr. Cook, who knows all about such things, and has been in South America, said two of them were very rare. And I begged some from his collection he has a large one, he says—for you, to make up for those spoiled ones. He is coming to call to-day, perhaps.

So virtue had its reward, after all. But Miss Maud would have forgotten her picnic but for the broken one on her fan. It lay on the parlor table when Mr. Cook called, and, reminded by it, Miss Maud claimed her promised gift. Next day she gave Janie a dozen rare butterflies—magnificent things that made the rest of the collection seem faded and mean, Janie and Ted mounted them, and then Miss Maud insisted on buying a handsome frame for them, and on going herself to the fair and pointing them out to the committee of premiums.

There was no need of it was that Janie won the blue ribbon, and felt herself almost as happy when she carried home to her mother the nice winter shawl she had bought. But best of all had been her fame, purchased in giving. Nevertheless, I don't advise my little friends to make butterfly collections.

Agricultural.

Profit in Pickles.

Many farmers in this state do not know that they can realize more money from raising cucumbers than from any other crop. There is always a good demand for them if they are picked small and well cured. They should be salted by making strong pickle, not dry salted, as that will shrink them up and cause a loss to the grower as well as to the parties who put them up for market. We are now compelled to go to Chicago for pickles, on account of the scarcity of them here. Even in Boston and New York the supply does not meet the demand, and millions of dollars go out of this state for the very article that we should ship to other large cities. This state is well adapted to the growing of cucumbers.—*Maine Farmer.*

The above fits our case in every respect, as well as it does that of Maine.—We could "beat all creation" raising cucumbers, and every thing is decidedly favorable with us for the manufacture of pickles, yet we must send away to Chicago or St. Louis or Baltimore for every pickle used in our towns and cities! And we are decidedly a pickle-eating people. What a strange world we do live in!

Raising Grain and Making Beef and Pork.

If a farmer is a judicious manager and has a correct understanding of all the details incident to raising coarse grain, minimize the fertility of his land and making beef, mutton and pork, he can make more money by having his grain consumed at home and changed into meat than can be made by selling it. In a practical point of view this is nothing more than what farmers on the Western prairies are in the habit of doing every year. When their corn is abundant and cheap, instead of paying the railroad companies two bushels to convey one to market, they turn it into pork, and it is condensed from ship it all over the Union, at a profit. Farmers in Europe can buy wheat cheaper and better than they can grow it, whilst they can raise the best beef and mutton in the world, and enough of it by simply putting their wheat fields into grass. We can furnish England with all the wheat she wants with less trouble and risk than we can ship fresh meat, though we have an abundant supply of beef, pork and good manure.

By the introduction of steam power to such a vast extent as it is now employed, in propelling ocean steamers and railroad cars, space has been almost annihilated. The high price of farming land in England, added to the uncertainties of her climate makes wheat the more precarious and unprofitable of all her agricultural crops.

The average annual wheat deficiency of England is estimated at 96,000,000 bushels and Mr. Scott thinks that this deficiency or the greater portion of it may be obtained from the United States, Russia, however, would supply a large quantity. It is quite probable that England would largely profit by this change as she would thus be able to raise her own meat, and obviate the necessity of importing cattle and preserved meats from abroad.

In order to derive the greatest possible advantage from the practice of making beef or mutton to sell in lieu of coarse grain, the manure made by live stock must be husbanded and applied judiciously to the soil. If meat cattle are fattened on the coarse grain produced on a farm, and their manure is wasted, the practice of making beef will end in a grievous failure.—*Practical Farmer.*

Black Teeth in Pigs.

A correspondent wishes to be informed why so many hogs die with what is called black teeth. Their small side teeth turn black; they appear stupid and weak, lose appetite and soon die. He would like to know a preventive and cure.

Reply.—The black teeth in pigs are not of themselves any injury. They are, however, a symptom of an unthrifty and un-healthful condition. The remedy would be, not to knock out the teeth as some persons recommend, but give some alterative and tonic medicine. Charcoal, saltpetre, and sulphur combined and very useful. One ounce of each may be pounded up together and divided into four doses, one to be given daily in molasses placed on the tongue, or in some corn mash. As these ingredients are nearly those of gunpowder, one ounce of this may be pounded fine and given daily in the food as a substitute. It is an excellent thing to give hogs a dose when in health as a preventive of trouble.

Fattening Poultry.

The *London Field*, states that poultry properly fed will acquire all the fatness needed for the marketing purpose in a fortnight or three weeks at once. Their diet should be Indian, oat or barley meal, scalded in milk or water; the former is the best, as it will expedite the fattening process. They should be fed early in the morning, at noon, and also in the evening just before going to roost. A plentiful supply of pure fresh water, plenty of gravel, sliced cabbage or turnip tops. If the fowls are required to be very fat, some trimmings of fresh mutton suet may be chopped up and scalded with their other feed, or they may be boiled in milk alone and poured over the mash. This renders the flesh firmer than it otherwise would be. When fit to kill, feeding should be stopped for twelve hours or more, that the intestines may become comparatively empty.

MANURE AND FRUIT TREES.—The *Gardener's monthly* (by all odds the best authority on the question in Pennsylvania) says: "A fruit tree never suffers from too much manure, if the roots are healthy. If a tree seems to suffer after a heavy manuring, it was only that it was in a bad way pickle. Of course, if one were to empty a cesspool, a cartload of fresh lime, or some other in-ordinate mass of food under a tree it would suffer; but your manure is to found of benefit to any regular garden will be otherwise than beneficial to a fruit tree, if the roots be healthy."