Farm, Garden and Household.

Farm Notes.

Trees that do not shed their leaves in autumn should not be moved on the approach of cold weather. Better transplant them in April or May.

Joseph Harris strongly recommends the practice of mixing say, half a pint of corn meal in a pail of water for each horse when he is brought in from the field.

As one of the effects of the cheese and butter factory system, *The Binghamton Democrat* notes that the barley crop of Jefferson County, N. Y., has fallen off from 600,000 bushels to 100,000, and all in five years, the farmers finding more profit in keeping cows.

A "Society for the Protection of Useful Birds" has recently been organized in Massachusetts. Its members think that the present laws on the subject are beneficial, and that by active, persistent, and sustained effort, they can in a good measure procure their observance.

The Department of Agriculture has ordered 400 bushels of wheat from France, and an equal quantity from Chili, embracing all the varieties of winter wheat. The cargoes are expected to arrive about the 1st of September, and will be distributed in season for fall sowing.

The New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, recommends the following preparation for horses suffering from being overheated: To one pint of water put one ounce of chloride of ammonia, one ounce sweet spirits of niter, one dram tincture of aconite; give a tablespoonful every hour or two.

Tub washed wool is wool washed in a tub instead of on the sheep's back. It bears a higher price than any other washed wool, because it is freed from oil or natural grease. The water in which wool is washed contains a large quantity of potash, and should not be thrown away but scattered on grass lands or around fruit trees.

At a banquet of the Macon, Ga., bar, the following toast was offered: "The Agriculture of the State—Based upon liens; buried in mortgages; controled in its councils by lawyers; perfumed with the aromatic ordors of distant isles of sea; with its corn cribs and meat-houses in foreign States; its offense is rank; it smells to heaven!"

The cry of a short crop of hay was premature. In some parts of Massachusetts the crop is a little less than last year, but in Main, New Hampshire, and Vermont, and in Western Massachusetts, the crop will probably exceed that of last year. There is also a large crop in Canada. Last summer gave the roots a firm stand, and a wet May this year gave the grass a good start.

Where drain tile and plank are scarce drains have been made by means of poles two to four inches thick, placed in the bottoms of the ditches and covered closely with brush laid in evenly and then covered with earth. Such drains have been serviceable for many years, especially where there is a constant flow of water. But where the drains are dry the greater part of the time, the poles soon decay and the drains becomes closed and useless.

How to Make a Clod-Crusher.

Benj. F. Faber writes: "Will you please inform a constant reader of your valuable paper, through its columns, how to construct a clod-crusher for two horses in a cheap but durable manner? My summer fallow is a heavy clay and a harrow will not pulverize it."

Reply.—A very effective clod-crusher may be constructed as follows: Procure six round logs, 8 inches in diameter and 6 feet long, of oak or maple, choosing those with rough bark, which should remain on the logs. Procure twelve stout eye-bolts of three-quarter inch round iron, 8 inches long from end to shoulder, with two inches of the end cut with a screw-thread, and with the end slightly pointed so as to be driven into the wood. The eye is not to be closed, but allowed to remain open sufficient to allow it to receive the link of a log-chain. Bore holes into the ends of the logs 6 inches deep and 1-16th of an inch less in size than the bolts. Drive the bolts into these holes and hook each eye on to the link of the log-chain, so that there is at least one foot in the clear between the logs. The bolts must be driven so that the eye is close to the wood, that the chain may not become disengaged. There will be two chains needed, one for each side, and each should have a ring at one end. The ring ends should be left several feet longer at the front than the range of logs; for instance, if each chain is twelve feet long, there will be nine feet of it occupied by the logs and the spaces between them, leaving three feet of loose chain; these loose ends are brought together and affixed to the clevis of the double tree, when it is in condition for use. It will be found as effective as any.

Dropsy—Water Farcy.

It is often the case that horses, either young or old constitutionally or otherwise deficient in stamina and healthful vigor show it by swellings of the legs or belly, or various other parts of the body, caused by accumulations of serum or watery fluid either in the cellular tissue of the muscles or in the cavities of the body. This condition is known as dropsy or water farcy. The treatment needed in such cases is to restore the condition of the animal by improving the digestion, by nutricious food, and by tonics. In this case we would suggest that the best and the soundest hay, with bran, oats, and linseed meal be given, the hay to be cut, moistened, and mixed with the other feed. With the feed should be given three times a day the following in powder: Copperas, one dram; gentian root, two drams; Spanish fly, two grains. The swollen part should be vigorously rubbed with a coarse woolen cloth occasionally to induce absorption. A horse subject to this condition needs care, the best of feed, and, regular exercise.

Butter Under Water.

About water as a preserver of butter, the Utica *Herald* says: "After being duly packed water-tight, the packages may be placed in good, cold water, such as is found in good wells and springs anywhere. Any such good well of water may be used for this purpose, only be sure the package is completely under water always; and if under water several feet deep it is no detriment, but probably an advantage. It is not necessary, but probably best, that the packages should not rest on the clear ground at the bottom of the well—not that any harm would happen to the butter, but the outside of the packages might get soiled and muddy. A deep tank, kept full of water from a flowing spring and continually flowing, may be the most desirable reservoir for keeping the butter in, if the tank is well covered and kept from freezing. No one need be surprised if butter stored in this way may be kept for years as good as when packed. Possibly lard and some other articles of food may be stored in this way."

Garget in Cows.

When cases of garget occur, the first thing to be done is to give the cow a pound and a half of salts, and if this does not physic her in four hours, repeat the dose. The next thing is to change her food from milk producing to some kind which will not produce much milk, as straw or over-ripe hay. I have never known a severe case of garget cured. We sometimes get the better of it for a short time, but a cow once having it bad will be almost sure to have it every time she catches cold, and it never grows less. Feed the cow for beef. So says Harris Lewis, the Herkimer county dairyman.

A young man who was lately married in Cumberland, Md., first aggravated the officiating minister by presenting him with a marriage fee of 85 cents, and then capped the climax by returning after he had walked away a few steps and borrowed 75 cents of that, on the ground that he was "a little short just then"—leaving the clergyman 10 cents for his fee.

The Indian Fight.

The Bloody Conflict Between the Sioux and Pawnees.

A letter from Grand Island, Nebraska, says: Some two or three weeks ago the Pawnees, numbering some two or three hundred strong, with squaws and papooses and six hundred ponies, started from their reservation for their annual hunt in the great Republican Valley. After reaching the hunting grounds, and while pursuing their wild yet peaceful avocation, they were suddenly surprised and attacked by some fifteen hundred Sioux's under the command of Young Spotted Tail. The fight occurred between the Republican River and Black Wood Creek. It was a long and stubborn fight, but the Pawnees were forced to retreat before superior numbers.

When the Pawnees were informed that there was a strong force of the Sioux in their front, they immediately buried their squaws and papooses to a deep canyon, or ravine, for safety, and then struck out on the prairie in the presence of their deadliest foe, to oppose their advance and protect their sheltered ones by taking their chances of a battle.

The Sioux were splendidly armed and equipped. The Pawnees were not, having but few rifles with them, as it is their custom to use the bow and arrow with their revolvers, because easier handled on the hunt, when in close contact with the buffalo. The Pawnee warriors soon learned that they were not equal in the fight. The odds being desperate, and being no match for the Sioux with their fine Henry rifles and superior carbines, they were forced back, and that so rapidly that they could not save their squaws and papooses, for the foe had succeeded in getting between them and the Pawnees, who, with desperate valor, disputed inch by inch the ground on which they fought. The Sioux, like bloody tiger thirsty and ferocious, sprang upon the defenceless ones in the canyon and butchered them without mercy, for the stern resistance of the brave Pawnees had aroused their revengeful ire and called into action all the bloody instincts and barbarity of their natures, braining and scalping the squaws, and plunging their long knives into the bodies of the papooses, and hurling them into the flames of the burning camp fires.

Sky Chief, one of the most brave and daring of the Pawnee tribe, with his squaw and papoose, fell a victim to the Sioux's onslaught and thirst for blood. By nature he was endowed with qualities that made him great among his people; a natural orator, whose voice was ever heard in the interest of his tribe at the council fire, as many a government official can attest, and he was a firm friend of the white man:

The Sioux followed the Pawnees on their retreat with a running fight for twenty-five miles, lasting some ten hours. All this occurred within 120 miles of the city of Grand Island.

The surviving Pawnees, with their wounded, passed East through this city on freight train No. 8, *en route* for their reservation, with grief, notwithstanding their stoical indifference, written on every lineament of their faces. A number of the Sioux were made to bite the dust, though even an approximation to the amount will probably never be known. The Pawnees had been very successful in their hunt, and were just contemplating turning their faces homeward, having already killed more than five hundred buffaloes. This is a terrible and crushing blow to the tribe, from which they can never recover, for their loss was over one hundred in killed and wounded, besides half of their ponies falling into the hands of the enemy. It was the most desperate and bloody fight that has occurred between the tribes on the frontier in years. This loss of warriors makes a large gap in the tribe. But let the Sioux beware of even the remnant left, for when they recover and are in heart again and properly armed one hundred Pawnee warriors would put a thousand Sioux to rout. It is a well known fact in this country that for the last three months the Pawnees have been seeking friendly negotiations with the Sioux's, but the latter, for reasons better known, perhaps, to their chiefs, kept out of their way or would not meet them. It is thought, and very justly, too, by many on the frontier that this surprise in the Republican Valley was all premeditated and prearranged by the crafty cunning of spotted tail, who was absent and not with his tribe on the big hunt, his son being in command; and then the new arms and ammunition, recently or at the last council, which was demanded of and complied with by the government, tended toward the fatal results which has proved so disastrous to the Pawnees.

Many of the old settlers in this country, who have lived here many years, feel that the officials under the government of these United States deserve censure in allowing these tribes to leave their reservations and hunt in such close proximity with each other without the presence of an armed force sufficient to keep them from collision, for the homes of the settlers on the border are imperiled when their wild passions are aroused.

These annual hunts are pursued by the different tribes for the purpose of obtaining skins and meat for apparel and subsistence, whereby they obtain the buffalo beef, which the squaws dry by the fires while the warriors hunt, and which forms a large share of their living during the winter months. The government officiary are not ignorant of the Sioux' deadly enmity and hate against the Pawnee tribe, and cherished with a ferocity and bitterness more intense from the relations they formerly sustained toward the government when employed to protect the frontier and the Plains from the encroachments of the Sioux tribe; for many of the Pawnees were United States soldiers. Although treaties have been effected with the Sioux nation, through her great chiefs, Red Cloud, Spotted Tail and others, yet they would not hesitate—as in the opinion of the settlers—if they dared, to spring upon the settlements with the same ferocity they attacked the Pawnees, with all their pretended friendship for the whites. An old frontiersman, dilating on the bloody massacre, gave expression to the following: "We of the frontier, somewhat different from those Eastern philanthropists, would not trust them any sooner than we would the poisonous rattlesnake we meet on our path, notwithstanding all their protestations of friendship to the government and the white man, but would kill rather than give them the chance to scalp." The early settlers of our border have but little love for the Sioux's, but regard them as treacherous and ferocious, for many of them have suffered in former times from their cruelty and barbarity.

BURNED TO DEATH.—A negro named Dan Calhoun, who had been digging a well near Brighton Station, on the Paducah Railroad, lay down to sleep near his work. While sleeping he was discovered by three men, who thinking to have some fun, as they afterwards stated, poured the contents of a bottle of turpentine on Calhoun's clothes and set them on fire. Calhoun awaking and finding himself in flames, ran shrieking for help, and before he could be caught by citizens was so badly burned that he died the next day. The negroes in the neighborhood of Covington heard of the horrible affair, and in vain attempted to have warrants issued for the arrest of the perpetrators of the crime, who becoming alarmed fled. The negroes in armed squads scoured the woods in search of them, but were quieted by the sheriff, who promised to make every effort for their capture.

The firm of Call and Tuttle was a well-known clothing house on Washington street, Boston, some years ago. One day a quizzical looking stranger of rather a rural air stalked into the store, and, addressing one of the clerks, remarked, "I want to tuttle." "What, sir? ejaculated the startled clerk. "I want to tuttle," replied the stranger, in a somewhat raised tone and with increased emphasis. "I don't understand you, sir," said the mystified clerk. "Why, look here," said the stranger, "it says on your sign Call and Tuttle. Now I've called, and I want to tuttle."

In the Shadow of Death.

Two Little Children Forty-eight Hours alone with their Dying Mother.

Mr. John W. Van Brocklin of Twin Bridges, a short distance away from Virginia City, Nevada, says the *Times*, was helping to build a church at Sheridan, and away from home with his wagon and team from Monday morning till Saturday night. He had been several weeks so occupied. He was therefore absent from his wife and two little children, the eldest five years old, all week, except Saturday nights and Sundays. Mrs. Van Brocklin and the children enjoyed good health, and the husband and father had no fear for the safety of the birds in the home nest. There were near neighbors, too. So Saturday evening the two children used to toddle a good distance along the road by which their father came to meet him and get a ride home in the wagon.

On a late Saturday Mr. Van Brocklin was returning home as usual, and the two little fellows had gone quite a distance to meet him. He stopped to take them in the wagon, and as he lifted them up he asked, "How is mamma?" Two little voices replied, "Oh, papa, mamma's dead." He thought he did not hear correctly and asked again, "Your mamma?" The little voices again chimed together, "Yes, papa, mamma's dead in bed." Van Brocklin hurried his team home. He found his wife indeed in bed insensible, and fast sinking in death. She was there alone; no neighbors were near. He called loudly for help; the neighbors were alarmed; a doctor was summoned, but before he arrived the poor woman had passed away. The doctor said her attack was of a paralytic nature. This is the children's story, gathered from them by odds and ends.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Van Brocklin called her children to her and told them she was sick, and to run and call the nearest neighbor. Then she fell down on the bed. She never said anything more to them, and they at first supposed she was asleep. It was growing dark, and they were afraid to go for the neighbor. They slept in their clothes and tried to waken their mother in the morning, but she would not rouse. They ate what they could find cooked in the house, and drove up the cows morning and evening to be milked but there was nobody to milk them, and at the usual time they turned them out into the pasture again. The neighbors seeing the children at their usual tasks supposed, of course, that it was all right with them at home, and it so happened that none of them called. The oldest child began to be a little frightened, and suggested to the other: "What if mamma should be dead. She must be dead, or she'd waken up," and so the little boys came to the conclusion that their mother had gone away from them, and wondered what papa would say when he heard of it. Their curiosity on this point was excited, and, with their hearts full of news, they started out to meet their father coming home in his wagon. They had been forty-eight hours with the shadow of death in the house and were not old enough to realize what it meant.

Then and Now.

A correspondent of the Providence *Press* gives some interesting information about factory life in Rhode Island forty years ago. During summer the operatives were worked about fourteen hours a day, beginning at half-past four in the morning and working until half-past seven or a quarter to eight in the evening, with half an hour for breakfast and three-quarters of an hour for dinner. In the winter the hour for closing at night was half-past seven, except on Saturday, when they quit work at dark. This was continued for years, until a young girl, employed in one of the factories, died after a brief illness. Physicians decided that the cause of her death was overwork. The mill-owners then held a meeting, and resolved to shorten the hours of labor to twelve and three-quarter hours in summer. Overseers received about eight dollars per week. They were cruel taskmasters, and beat and abused the operatives most cruelly. One boy was lifted from the floor by the hair of his head by an overseer and held till the hair came out by the roots. In a manufacturing village, near Providence, a rope was tied around the waist of a young girl and she was hung from the window over a stream of water about thirty feet below. She died from fright. The situation of the factory operative has been much ameliorated within the past forty years, but there is room for improvement.

Another Railroad Disaster.

A Western railroad, the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis, has added another to the frightful railroad disasters this season. An incoming freight-train coming into collision twenty miles south of Chicago with the southward-bound express passenger-train, almost entirely wrecking the latter, killing six persons outright and fearfully injuring about forty others, many of whom have died from their injuries.

The cars caught fire, and numbers of the injured are burned badly, while others were scalded by hot water from the locomotive boiler.

The passenger-train was running at the rate of probably thirty miles an hour, and neither engineers saw the other's engine until it was too late to reverse, a fact accounted for by the curve in the road, and partly by the dense fog. The two trains came together with a fearful force. Being on the curve, however, both engines left the track and passed each other, that attached to the coal-train striking the baggage-car a few feet from the end, breaking the coupling between it and the smoking-car, which the engine struck square in the end, and with such force as to throw it forward end in the air, so that the engine ran under it, tearing the floor completely out and hurling the fifty or sixty unfortunates who were in the car in a struggling mass to the lower end, where there was no chance for escape, and then ensued a scene of horrors which cannot be adequately described.

A Somnambulist's Fall.

The Troy *Press* says that James Stearns, a young son of the proprietor of the Mansion House in that city, arose in his sleep early on Sunday morning, and walked out of the window, it being in the third story of the hotel. The *Press* says: "It appears that the young man has been a somnambulist for some time. He often arose in his sleep from his bed and wandered about the hall, where he has been seen and sent safely back to his room by persons in the hotel. The window in his room was open, and when he got out of bed he must have walked directly out. He struck on a sign over Hidley's music store, and the fall was somewhat broken, but whether it was an advantage to strike on the edge of the sign in his fall is a question. When he was found the watchman of the house was called and medical aid sent for. The scalp was badly cut, probably having struck on the sign in the fall, and his skull is thought to be fractured. The lower portion of his body appears to have been paralyzed by the fall. The distance from the window to the walk is about thirty-five feet. He is seventeen years of age. Yesterday at noon he appeared to be resting quietly, but his recovery was yet considered very uncertain."

A Careless Remark.

A planter, who shall be nameless, was in the city on Saturday, and purchased several barrels of Paris green for the purpose of killing worms. While seeing his wagon loaded, a friend remarked that he had bought enough of poison to kill all the negroes in Montgomery County. One of the planter's hands was standing by and heard the remark. He went home and told what he had heard to the rest of the workmen. That planter's crop is now being destroyed by the worms, and not a negro boy can be got to touch the Paris green. The thoughtless maker of the remark may have to stand a law suit, and probably pay consequential damages.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Journal.*

A Valuable Invention.

A New Press which Prints 22,000 Papers an Hour—Improvements Made.

For fifteen years, says an English correspondent, Mr. Hoe, and Mr. Conquest, the London manager of Mr. Hoe's works, have been endeavoring to perfect a "Perfecting Printing Machine," and they have at last succeeded. The last difficulty which stood in their way—the perfect delivery of the printed sheets from the press—was only recently surmounted. Now, their machine, in their belief, is perfect; and that it is perfect also in the opinion of others may be judged by the fact that the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* decided to have ten of these new machines immediately constructed for them, and to have them placed in the new offices which they are about to erect in the rear of the present premises. The ten machines can be constructed in about ten months; and in a year from this time the *Daily Telegraph*, with its "largest circulation in the world," will be printed upon presses, each one of which will be capable of delivering 22,000 complete sheets per hour! Does not that take your breath away?

This new press seems to be an improvement upon the Walter, the Bullock, the Marronetti, and all the other perfecting machines in existence. One of its peculiarities is the width of its cylinders—for they are so wide that each cylinder will print two copies at once—the roll of paper being made double width, and the paper being cut in two by a very ingenious device, immediately before it is delivered. Another peculiarity is the perfect manner in which the perfected sheets are delivered—they are laid down in piles so accurately that one would think the sheets had been put into a press and trimmed. The Walter press—on which the *Times* and *Scotsman* are printed—compels the pressmen to change the blankets once in each two hours—this one needs no such change. The whole force necessary to each of these presses is two men and a boy—with them 22,000 perfect copies are printed in one hour; and the saving of wages as between this and the ordinary ten-cylinder Hoe, is as 15 is to 84. The only one of these presses now complete has been built for Lloyd's weekly newspaper; and to-day at Lloyd's paper mills at Bow its performances were witnessed by a number of experienced newspaper people, among them the proprietor and engineer of the *Daily Telegraph* establishment. The press did the work it was engaged to do; it printed 22,000 copies of Lloyd's paper in sixty minutes, and never was there better printing. The cost of the press in £3,500; the ten ordered by the *Daily Telegraph* will cost £35,000; and the engines and other machinery for them will bring the sum up to $200,000 in gold. The present establishment of the *Daily Telegraph* is about as perfect as need be, but it is all to be thrown aside for these new presses, which, although costing so much, will, in the opinion of the owners of the paper, save them $75,000 a year, besides the advantage of enabling them to go to press at three o'clock in the morning instead of at 12 M. In a word, if this new machine really proves to be what it seems, it will become a necessity to every great newspaper establishment. PICCADILLY.

A Sore Head.

It is well understood, we believe, says the Danbury *News* that when a man has a sore head some one will hit him there, and if he has a sore foot some one will step on it. We don't know why this is, but it is. We remember that when we were a boy, and had a boil, some facetious wretched would be sure to come around with a long lath, and slap it across that boil. We are reminded of this singular fatality by an incident that happened to a Pine-street man, last Thursday. He has got a "run around" on one finger, and a partly healed wound from a cut on another, both members belonging to the right hand. On Thursday an uncle from Sherman came to see him, and the uncle being one of your whole-souled and hearty men, the Pine-street man was glad to see him, and unconsciously extended his hand. The uncle from Sherman grasped it in his own brawny fist, and gave it a squeeze that split the "run around" in two, smashed in the wound, and made every joint in the hand say something. It was the business of the Pine-street man to tell his uncle to walk in and have a chair. But he didn't. As soon as he got loose, he ran out in the yard for the axe, and if the uncle from Sherman had not gathered from the utterances of his nephew an impression that the census of Sherman was in danger, and had the sagacity to have been influenced by it, there might have been a sickening tragedy to record.

Indian Shrewdness.

Old Locha of Chowichan hearing that a party of Stekins were on their way to attack his village, took a strong party of his men and posted them in the woods about a mile from it, leaving his little son wrapped up in a blanket in a canoe drawn up on the beach, in convenient proximity to the ambush. Suspecting nothing, the Stekins sailed up Cowichan Bay, until they spied what they took for an Indian girl left in the canoe while her mother was gathering roots and berries in the wood. They immediately paddled to shore, anxious to secure this easily-acquired slave. The little boy, however, had received his directions. Waiting until they were close at hand, in apparent fright he ran into the woods. Every one of the Stekins was anxious to catch him, and accordingly, hastily leaving their canoes on the beach, they hastily pursued him into the woods; but the boy was too swift-footed for them.

Returning to the beach, they were horrified to find themselves, maimed and defenseless, surrounded by Locha and his warriors; and it is said that all of them were either killed or taken prisoners

The Fall Skirt.

The puffed skirt is a Parisian suggestion for fall dresses, says a fashion journal. This is merely an amply long basque and a single skirt; but the skirt is so elaborate that an over-skirt would be superfluous. A long walking skirt of cambric is made, and plainly covered with silk from the knee down. On this is sewed the silk skirt, held in lengthwise puffs from the waist down, gradually widening toward the bottom, and forming below a hollow box-pleating that gives the effect of a flounce around the skirt. The puffs are separated by ruches, and a bow conceals the end of each ruche. The basque is deeply pointed in front and behind, and is quite short on the hips. It is trimmed by a ruffle of hollow pleats, graduated narrower on the sides, and quite deep in back and front. This skirt is new, but it is the outgrowth of the fashion now prevalent of long puffs in the three front breadths. Over-skirts on many imported dresses are open in front and lapped from side to side just below the belt. There is a deep point on each side, and the back is caught up by a sash almost to the belt.

Civilized Indians.

A correspondent writing to the Winona (Minn.) *Republican*, from the White Earth Indian reservation gives a glimpse of the progress made by the Indians in the arts of civilization. There are two schools, a day school and a boarding school, in the reservation. The latter contains forty scholars, girls and boys, and their studies are similar to those ordinarily followed by white children of the same age. The correspondent attended the closing exercises of the school, which consisted of recitations, dialogues, and tableaus. Among other features of the occasion was the singing, in chorus, of the song, "John Brown had a Little Injun," which was accompanied by acting a sort of opera. A tableau, "Home, Sweet Home," in two scenes, very effectively represented the change which has come over the Indians—one scene presenting the wild life of the wigwam, and the other the family circle of civilization. Many Indians, friends and relatives of the scholars, were present in the audience, and all seemed impressed with what they saw and heard.

The Old Canoe.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm has lopped;
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-too,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily out and in again
It floats the length of the rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turning anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbled side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things.
But I love to think of the hours that sped
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed,
Ere the blossom waved, or the green grass grew,
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

Our Subject Being Flies.

Flies—considered individually, the subject is small, but it is very numerous. In fact, of all small creatures not absolutely vicious, the common fly is the most vexatious. Mosquitoes bite—they must, to get their living; bees sting—to defend themselves; cockroaches run away when you attack them—they are afraid; but flies nibble upon you in an aggravating manner, never getting enough, and nothing will drive them away: they return with fierce persistency after cruel and constant rebuffs. You commence to read your newspaper in a comfortable arm-chair, or to write, for the sake of friendship, fame, or daily bread, at your desk. In the middle of the first sentence soft footsteps begin to tickle the top of your left ear. You shake your head emphatically, without lifting your pen. The intruder flies off a few inches, and re-alights on the back of your neck. Another shake, and again he settles on the top of your head, and begins to promenade up and down the parting of your hair. You give your head a vigorous slap, never by any chance hitting the fly. He is equally content to crawl over your forehead, and you meekly brush him away, hoping that gentle measures may prove effectual. He tries your right ear, and with calm resolution you wave him away. The creature sees his advantage, and audaciously alights on your nose. Resolved to keep your temper, you think you will let him take his own time to leave, hoping it will be soon, and forever. He pecks with gentle but restless persistence, and you write vigorously, resolute not to be disturbed by trifles. Suddenly down goes your pen, making an ugly blot on the fair sheet, and you employ both hands in giving your nasal organ a good rubbing. Patience, as in a moment, is exhausted. You meditate murder; you plan it deliberately—murder in the first degree. You lean back in your chair, and set yourself as a trap. The bait is good; the expected victim approaches; you wait breathlessly; your hand falls with a blow that makes your cheek tingle—but you look up to see him securely fluttering above your head, ready to try again. You will be more cautious and give your mind to the business. You take your handkerchief, double it judiciously, and hold it ready to descend with swift vengeance. The fellow is on your left hand—such a little creature to disturb your equanimity! Slowly, slowly, and you will get him! With sudden and tremendous force you pounce upon him—and he sails away unharmed! You feel most uncomfortably irritated—conquered by an insignificant fly! And you reflect (while brushing away the swarm which by this time, have come to see what is the matter) upon poisons, medicated flypapers, and all the cunning devices advertised for enticing flies into the house with malicious intent. Shall you provide the neighborhood (of flies) with deadly food or submit to be nibbled alive? That is the question. And you fall into a mental discussion concerning the comparative annoyence of dead and of living flies, in the midst of which you drop into what would be a comfortable doze except for the audacious return of the identical fly you have been fighting, which lights on the tip of your nose, and you awake feeling absolutely cross.

Fighting Lions.

Mr. Huron Beckwith, formerly a resident of East Brighton, N. Y., now a resident of Santa Barbara County, California, having given his time and attention to the care of sheep and wool growing, has necessarily selected an isolated mountain range and valley ranch, that, as a matter of course, could not be sufficiently settled with inhabitants to drive still further away the wild animals. One of his encounters with some of these is thus described by the Rochester *Express*:

"Mr. Beckwith arose very early one morning in May last, to water his sheep from wells, when he heard his dog barking furiously; and knowing he must have some wild animal at bay, went to a camp near by, took a loaded rifle and went in pursuit, and found the dog had treed a California lion. The dog left as soon as he saw help, and went up the hillside as though he had found more game. Mr. Beckwith fired, shooting the lion through the head. He then followed the dog, and found him in fierce battle, on the ground, with another lion, still larger than the first. They fought desperately, at one time rolling down the hill together, a distance of over twenty feet. Mr. B., having no more ammunition, expected his favorite dog would be killed, while he made all possible haste to another camp, a mile away, which was the lodging of his youngest son, immediately took his rifle, mounted a horse, and made haste to the scene of action. He found that the dog had treed the lion about forty rods from where his father left them, and followed the lion into the tree as far as it was possible for him to go, with the blood and froth running from his mouth. Mr. C. Beckwith then took aim and brought the lion to the ground, with a ball through his shoulder. The dog sprang upon the dying beast, and they were obliged to call him away, as he was badly torn about the breast, as also was the lion. Mr. B. and son then took their trophies to the house, and, while relating the adventure, the dog told his story plainly by looks and actions, After being patted, praised and fed, he went to his kennel and scarcely came out through the day, and did not recover from the encounter for three or four days."

Lava and mosaic have gone completely out of fashion for jewelry.

The Conductor Ahead.

A Cincinnati car conductor tells the following story:

"One day last week," said he, "there came on board of the cars from one of the up-country stations, a very pretty, genteel young lady, on her way to this city. She was alone; so I waited upon her to a good seat, and made her as comfortable as possible. It was a few minutes before the starting hour, and she was so agreeable and so talkative, that I lingered, and we had a pleasant chat.

Afterwards, when collecting the tickets, she detained me again an instant and gave me some fine peaches, which she said came from her friend's orchard in the country; and, really, I began to think that I had not had so charming a passenger for many a day.

"Well; we arrived at the depot; and then I attended her to the carriage, handed her up her carpet-bag; and after all, what do you think she said?"

All thought, of course, that the young lady would say very politely, "Thank you, sir"—smile like a gleam of sunshine—the carriage roll off—and John Van Dusen, the gentlemanly conductor, would bow an adieu, and with a sigh turn away and forget the matter.

"No," said the conducter, "she did no such thing; but, just as her foot was on the step, she turned, and with a sort of look I can't describe, observed:

"You must consider this, sir, merely a car acquaintance. You must not expect to be recognized if we meet anywhere else!"

John drew a long breath.

"What did you say?"

"Why, I thought this rather uncivil, to say the least; so I replied very quickly:

"Certainly not, madame. I was just going to remark that you must not feel slighted if unnoticed by me anywhere, except on the cars; for really, we conductors have to be careful about our acquaintance!"

"And the lady?"

"She looked quite silly, and she drove off," replied John.

Stammering.

One who was a stammerer for years, writes: "No stammering person ever found any difficulty in singing. The reason of this is that by observing the measure of the music, by keeping time, the organs of speech are kept in such position that enunciation is easy. Apply the same rule to reading or speech, and the same result will follow. Let the stammerer take a sentence—say this one, Leander swam the Hellespont. Pronounce it by syllables. Sean it, keeping time with the finger, if necessary, letting each syllable occupy the same time, thus: Le-an-der swam the Hel-les-pont, and he will not stammer. Let him pronounce slowly at first, then faster, but still keeping time, keeping time with words instead of syllables, and he will be surprised to find that, by a very little practice, that he will read without stammering, and nearly as rapidly as persons ordinarily talk or read. Then practice this reading and conversation until the habit is broken up. Perseverance is all that is necessary to perform a perfect cure."

COAL OIL.—From figures compiled from the Pittsburgh *Commercial*, we have the quotations of crude and refined oil for the years 1869 to 1873, inclusive, for Aug. 11. In 1869 crude oil sold at 14¼ cents; refined, 31¼ cents. In 1870, crude, 9¼ cents; refined, 23½ cents. In 1871, crude, 12 cents; refined, 24 cents. In 1872, crude, 9¼ cents; refined, 19 cents. In 1873, crude, 4 cents, and refined 13 cents. Now that the producers have got so much oil it is like a white elephant on their shoulders, as they have nowhere to put it. In the oil country money is much more easy to get than tankage, and many owners of wells will be compelled to let the oil into Oil Creek, for want of a place to put it in.

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