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Love's Sovereignty.

Though love loves well all things of outward grace
That poets praise and gentle ladies prize,
Yet lives he not by favor of blue eyes,
Or black or brown, or aught that he may trace
In features faultless as the perfect face
Of art's ideal. No! his essence lies
Deep in the heart, not in its changing dyes
On lip and cheek. He has his dwelling place
In the life's life. As violets deck the May—
Which yet survives when these have passed away—
All lovely things are love's; but ne'ertheless,
Health, youth and beauty, though they serve him well,
Are but love's ministers; his sovereign spell
Lives in his own immortal loveliness!

—*John G. Saxe*

The Dreamland Sea.

What matter, though my pilgrim feet
May never press the stranger's land,
Or wander lone where wild waves beat
With ceaseless moan on ocean's strand?
For me expands a lovelier deep,
Whose isles in visioned beauty sleep,
And never ocean waves could be
So bright as thine, fair dreamland sea.

My castle crowns the boldest steep,
By warring winds and waters scarred,
That seaward leans, and o'er the deep
Keeps evermore unceasing ward.
Full freighted, with their wings of snow,
The white ships come, the white ships go,
While in the shade of cliff and towers
I dream away the gliding hours.

With manes, foam flecked and tossing free,
The waves, wild coursers of the sea,
Race swiftly to the level strand,
And struggling die upon the sand.
The shells that sparkle at my feet,
Strange tales of wind and wave repeat,
The weird romance, the mystery
Of the dark caverns of the sea.

My fairy fleet that long has lain
Close moored in some enchanted bay,
Borne by fair gales across the main,
Sails swiftly on its homeward way.
My ships, my stately ships I see!
Full many a royal argosy,
Like white winged birds they speedily come,
And bring their gathered treasures home.

Pearls from the mermaid's watery cell,
Pure gold from sunny orient lands,
With many a rosy chambered shell
And jewel-wrought by elfin hands.
Crosses and amulets of price,
Of sandal wood and sacred palm,
Embossed with many a fair device,
And odorous with tropic balm.

The Old Organist's Story.

"I wonder if he ever cared for anything in the world besides music? He is decidedly the ugliest man I ever saw; no more expression to his cat-green eye than my pet parrot's. I declare it provokes me to think nature would put up such a job;" and pretty Bell Seymour poutingly tore the white roses clinging to the veranda post, and spitefully tossed them on the gravel walk beneath her.

"Why Bell!" and dark eyed Fluvia glanced up in surprise. "One would think you were disappointed because the 'green eyed monster,' as you term him, had not yielded to your charms. I do not think him ugly. He plays divinely, and as for expression, he has to my my eye a pitifully sad one. I shall ever believe he loved in his youthful days and has been disappointed in some way."

"Well, if he ever loved, it was some one as hideous as himself, you may depend on it. But come, let's go in; the night air is chilling."

Laughingly the two pretty, thoughtless creatures waltzed into the handsome parlor of the seaside hotel. Bell Seymour little imagined I had been a listener to her very uncomplimentary remarks in regard to myself; but, leaning from my upper window to catch a breath of fresh sea air, I could not help their conversation being borne to my ear, as the night was calm and still. And her thoughtless words sent me turning back, year after year as some wanton breeze flutters amid the leaves of some sacred volume and opens its saddest tale.

Little Fluvia was right. In the golden days of manhood, far down the misty, moldering past, I had loved one of God's purest, sweetest flowers; a dainty blossom formed from the very beginning to expand only in heaven. And to-night, with the dear old memories stirred, I must give to the world my love dream, for it cannot be long now before the gray headed old organist of St. Paul's will do away forever with earth life and eagerly follow the beckonings of white hands that call from the further shore of the river.

May Auderly was our pastor's only child, a radiantly beautiful girl of sixteen. And how well I remember even now every incident that occurred that first Sunday morning in June I ever saw her.

Daintily robed, from the tiny boots modestly peeping from beneath the soft folds of her silken dress, to the plump gloved hand resting lightly on the arm of the old, cushioned family pew, she seemed only made for my love, my worship. And looking on her fresh, pure face, I knew the sunshine of my life had come to me, making me hereafter in heart as other men, with something to love and cherish.

The services on this especial morning grew intensely interesting to me, and even the waxen petals of the calla lily sent forth a perfume purer and more refined, as her soul mingled with mine in the morning anthem. Once only she raised her eyes to my face, when with delight I sent the music swelling and swaying through the grand old arches of the church, and then sunk it to a fluttering sob that died away on the morning winds. But for this, I might have sunk out of existence for any attention she bestowed on me. I was the organist, nothing more, to her or any one else in this wide, wide world.

As the services closed I leaned forward to catch one more glance of the sweet bright eyes so blue and pure, but she had already passed out, and I came down from the organ loft with a joy in my heart with which the bright spring morning fitly harmonized.

How fresh the flowers looked in their rainbow beauty—the violets were so much like the shy eyes of my darling that I kneeled down and kissed one.

I never dreamed, as other men are wont to do, of wife and home and this little fairy as my fireside queen. Oh, no! she was too pure for me, and I was fully content to set her up in my heart of hearts as an idol, and secretly worship her there. I well knew the poor organist and the beautiful daughter of the wealthy pastor of St. Paul's were no fit match in the world's eye; but that knowledge did not weaken my love. She was my idol; my queen; and Sunday after Sunday, as I saw her enter the square old family pew and join with my music in devotion, I felt God was good in granting me this master passion. For through it her soul and mine could mingle in one beautiful, beautiful strain. And I think she must have guessed, sometimes, my idolatry, for, when I would pour forth my soul in some grandly thrilling measure, a startled look would creep into her sweet young eyes, and the little hand would tremble as she turned the leaves of her song book.

This was as far as our acquaintance went. We talked only in music; and how eagerly I watched for Sunday's dawn, that I might, as a bird to its mate, tell of my love in song.

One Sunday, after a year of exquisite enjoyment of my untold love, when the bright May poured its yellow streaks of gold into the whispering baby leaves of the oaks, drinking softly, as fairies might, the glittering dew drops nestling in the flower cups, I missed the fresh young voice in our church music, and the little daintily dressed figure in the large old family pew. Glancing at the pulpit, I found a stranger filling Dr. Auderly's place. A wild fear of something in the future seized my heart, and that day I'm sure the music must have been poor.

As I was hurrying out of the organ loft, wild with fear and uneasy thoughts, some one of the choir remarked behind me in a tone of deep sympathy:

"Poor little May Auderly! Is it not sad that one so young and beautiful should lie dying this sunlit spring morning?"

I stopped to hear no more, but, stunned and bewildered, sought my shabby room and locking out the cold, unfeeling world, fainted upon the floor. When consciousness returned, I thought how drear my future life must henceforth be, I believed then (in the first great shock) that death had thus afflicted me, because I, the plebeian musician, had no right to look upon the purple and golden hangings of "young love's dream." That was only for the rich and high.

Since then, years with their better, cooler judgment have taught me where to look for the silver lining to the thunder cloud; and to-night I smile upon even this shadow, knowing that in the bright "to come" all will be clear as the sun in mid heaven.

Stealing softly out and down the tree darkened streets to Dr. Auderly's mansion, I entered the iron gate bordered with tall, dark evergreens, and sat upon the marble base of the pretty fountain sending up sprays of crystal water in the silver moonlight as if there were no such thing in all the world as sorrow or death. By the sound of passionate weeping coming through the half closed parlor blinds, I knew all was over, and my darling would sleep till Christ should come to gather up his jewels; and, kneeling there amid the flowers, I watched with the dead inside until the first faint blush of morning painted the eastern sky.

Being neither friend nor associate of the Auderlys, I knew not how to gain one more look at my frozen darling; and sitting down upon the little hard bed, the chief attraction of my attic room, I wept as only a young, lonely man can weep when he gives up, in the full tide of life, his last hold of love on earth. A knock at my door aroused me, and a servant handed in a card with the written request that I should play the funeral dirge of Miss Auderly, at her late residence. Thankful for even this chance, I bowed assent, determining music should tell the hovering angel spirit, my deep, wild love—love that in life I dared not breathe, but which in death became glorified.

Softly entering the dark room, fast filling with weeping friends, I stood for a moment, before taking my seat at the organ, by the side of the handsome rosewood casket and gazed for the last time upon all that was mortal of my idol. The little figure lay stiff and cold in its billowy robe of white. The waxen fingers held to the silent breast pure white flowers, and a lily slept in the dark brown curls. Bending over her, I caught sight of a mislaid ringlet and gently replaced it, allowing my hand to rest for an instant on the pale, cold brow. That was my farewell for earth.

I feel to-night the separation cannot be long, now, for I have grown old in years "and the grasshopper is become a burthen;" and often in the quiet of twilight I think I hear the dip of the boatman's oars as he crosses the "river of death," and the cool, damp mist from its banks arises and wets the old man's brow.

Ah, Bell Seymour! the hideous old musician so worthless in your merry sight has a turned down leaf in his folded life all your beauty and wealth could never buy. A white finger has pointed to me a country where no fading or parting comes; a country whose maker and builder is God; and I know some day, perchance in the gathering twilight, I shall pass quietly away and take my "chamber in the silent halls of death." Till then I feel—

"There's a beautiful face in the upper air,
That follows me ever and near;
With soft, sweet eyes and with raven hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer
I feel but cannot hear!"

A Self-Excused Murderer.

The Hartford *Courant* contains the following: Twenty-two years ago a young man in New Haven was engaged to marry a young woman there. For some reason she transferred her promise to marry, if not her affections, to another person. The first suitor, who was a respectable mechanic, disapproved of the match and declared that his rival was a disreputable person who would lead his affianced a wretched life, and that while he could surrender her himself, he would rather she should die than marry that man. Accordingly, and as he said solely to save her from the awful fate of such a degrading marriage, he killed the girl. He did not attempt to conceal his deed; he justified it, and regarded himself as the savior of the girl's happiness. He was tried for murder, and acquitted on the the ground of insanity, although he stoutly denied that he was insane, and said that he had acted upon his cool conviction of what was best for the girl, and was ready to suffer the penalty of the law for the homicide. Acquitted, he was remanded to the county jail by the court; he remained there seven or eight years, all the time protesting that he was in his right mind, and that the State should either hang him for murder or release him. He was then transferred to the State prison at Wethersfield, by what authority it does not appear, under no sentence. There he has remained until this day, in the same state of mind, apparently rational on all subjects except that he insists that he had a right to kill the girl to save her from dishonor; and that if the State thought otherwise it should have punished him as a murderer. This is the story of Willard Clarke, who has now petitioned the Assembly to remove him from the State prison to the insane asylum at Middletown.

Bazar Fashion Notes.

The Plastron princesse dress is one of the most elegant importations of the season.

The new spring woolens are soft and yielding, and though of pure wool, have scarcely more weight than the sheerest cambric.

The plain princesse dress is of seal brown silk, trimmed with plaitings and facings of lighter brown or ashes-of-roses silk.

De beges are no longer plain or merely twilled, but are imported in the stylish small figures, armures, stripes, checks, and matelasse patterns in shaded gray or brown.

Checked woolens will be worn again, but the best qualities will be finer even than pin head checks, because these very fine checks cannot be copied by domestic manufacturers.

Conspicuous among the wash goods are the pretty lawns of a generation ago, with white grounds strewn with sprigged patterns in bright colors, and a colored border for trimming.

A Battle in the Clouds.

The Paris (Ky.) *Citizen* says: I suppose you have heard by this time of the battle in the heavens that occurred in this county recently. Those that heard it say it was much like the Morgan fight here when it commenced, and lasted about one minute and a half. It came from the northwest. I have just talked with a man who heard it coming whirling through the trees, looked up and saw the smoke flying from it, and a large rock fell within fifty yards of him, weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds. The rock was of a black mineral color. It fell about four miles below the town on Craigmyle's place. The noise was heard all over the county.

ANDREW JACKSON'S DUEL.

The Fight in which he Killed his Antagonist and was Himself Wounded.

The duel between Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson was deadly. Dickinson had alluded in public to the well known and recorded fact that one Richards had obtained a divorce from his wife on account of her "living in adultery with one Andrew Jackson." She had already been made Jackson's wife, but the offense was deadly. Jackson sent the challenge. Dickinson was the most expert marksman in Tennessee, and Jackson resolved to give him the first fire

The place appointed for the meeting was a long day's ride from Nashville. Thursday morning, before the dawn of day, Dickinson stole from the side of his young and beautiful wife and began speedily to prepare for the journey. She awoke and asked him why he was up so early. He replied that he had business in Kentucky, across the river, but it would not detain him long. On parting he kissed her with peculiar tenderness and said: "Good-bye, darling. I shall be sure to be at home to-morrow night."

He mounted his horse and repaired to the rendezvous where his second and half a dozen gay blades of Nashville were waiting to escort him on his journey. Away they rode in the highest spirits, as though it were a party of pleasure. Indeed, they made a party of pleasure of it. When they stopped for rest or refreshment, Dickinson is said to have amused the company by displaying his wonderful skill with the pistol. Once, at a distance of twenty-four feet, he fired four balls, each at the word of command, into a space that could be covered by a silver dollar. It is said that he had laid a wager of $500 that he could hit his antagonist within half an inch of a certain button on his coat.

Both parties, with their respective cavalcades, reached the vicinity of the ground appointed for the duel late in the afternoon. They secured accommodations at a couple of neighboring taverns. It is related that Jackson ate heartily at supper that night, conversing in a lively, pleasant manner, and smoked his evening pipe as usual. He retired early, and by daylight next morning the whole party was up and in the saddle. A gallop of a mile and the fording of a stream, which, owing to its swollen state, it was found necessary to swim, brought them to the ground. Dickinson and party had already arrived. The business at once proceeded. Dickinson's second won the choice of position and Jackson's the office of giving the word. "Both were perfectly collected," says Parton. "All the politeness of such occasions was very strictly and elegantly performed. Jackson was dressed in a loose frock coat, buttoned carelessly over his chest, and concealing in some degree the extreme slenderness of his figure. Dickinson was the younger and handsomer man of the two, but Jackson's tall, erect figure, and the still intensity of his demeanor, it is said, gave him a most superior and commanding air, as he stood under the tall poplars on this bright May morning, silently awaiting the moment of doom.

"Are you ready?" said Overton.

"I am ready," replied Dickinson.

"I am ready," said Jackson.

The word was given.

Dickinson raised his pistol quickly and fired. Overton, who was looking with anxiety and dread at Jackson, saw a puff of dust fly from the breast of his coat, and saw him raise his left arm and place it tightly across his breast. He is surely hit, thought Overton, and in a bad place, too; but no; he does not fall. Erect and grim as fate he stood, his teeth clenched, raising his pistol. Overton glanced at Dickinson. Annoyed at the unwonted failure of his aim, and apparently appalled at the awful figure and face before him, Dickinson had recoiled a pace or two.

"Great God!" he faltered; "have I missed him?"

"Back to the mark, sir!" shrieked Overton, with his hand upon his pistol.

Dickinson recovered his composure, stepped forward to the peg and stood with eyes averted from his antagonist.

General Jackson took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. The pistol neither snapped nor went off. He looked at the trigger and discovered that it had stopped at half-cock. He drew it back to its place and took aim a second time. He fired. Dickinson's face blanched; he reeled; his friends pushed toward him, caught him in their arms, and silently seated him on the ground, leaning against a bush. His trousers reddened. They stripped off his clothes. The blood was gushing from his side in torrents. The ball had passed through the body below the ribs. Such a wound could not but be fatal.

Jackson and his friends immediately left the field. It was found upon examination, on reaching the tavern, that he was wounded. "Dickinson's aim," says Parton, "had been perfect. He had sent the ball precisely where he supposed Jackson's heart was beating, but the thinness of his body and the looseness of his coat combining to deceive him, the ball had only broken a rib or two and raked the breast bone. It was a somewhat painful, bad looking wound, but neither severe nor dangerous."

Dickinson died that night.

In this duel it is plain to be seen, from a careful consideration of the circumstances above narrated, though the truth does not appear to have reached the apprehension of Gen. Jackson's biographer, that Dickinson was outwitted by his older and more experienced antagonist. Advantage was taken of the very fact of his being a "dead shot," and of his perfect confidence in his skill with the pistol. His avowed purpose was to shoot Jackson through the heart, and he felt absolutely sure of doing this. In what manner his object was defeated Mr. Parton unconsciously discloses. He aimed "precisely where he supposed Jackson's heart was beating, but the thinness of his body and the looseness of his coat" combined "to deceive" him. Admitting the morality of private combat as of public war, such a strategy under the circumstances cannot be regarded as unjustifiable. The late General Sam. Dale, who was intimate with Jackson, has been frequently heard to say that Dickinson's fatal mistake was in not aiming at Jackson's head instead of his heart.

Parton is in error when he states that Jackson's wound was "neither severe nor dangerous." It confined him to his room for several weeks, and it healed falsely. Twenty years after it broke out afresh, and troubled him for the remainder of his life. The pulmonary affection which finally carried him to his grave is attributed to that wound.

Jackson never exhibited the slightest compunction for the part he took in this bloody affair. He very rarely alluded to it, but when he did it was always with perfect complacency. It is told of him that a gentleman was once examining his duelling pistols. Taking up one of them the general quietly remarked: "That is the pistol with which I killed Mr. Dickinson."

A tramp in the last stages of looped and windowed raggedness was heard to mutter to a companion in New York a few days since, as a poodle in a sealskin sack trotted proudly by them on Broadway: "Well, I'm blowed if they won't put a point lace collar on that pup next, and hang a stone cameo locket on his gold neck chain."

Pidget's Naughtiness.

After tea the minister called with his wife, a lively, pleasant lady, who insisted upon seeing the younger members of the family. Susie, who was rather diffident, sat very quietly in a corner, but Pidget appeared quite at her ease, and her "cute" replies to the lady's funny questions were regarded as evidence of surprising smartness by her admiring brothers and sisters. But how did the blood seem suddenly to freeze in Johnny's veins as Pidget, springing into the minister's lap, remarked with gravity:

"Your clothes are all tared up."

"Are they?" inquired that gentleman, smiling.

"You're a fool," replied Pidget, good naturedly.

"Pidget," said mamma, in a very severe tone.

But the spirit of mischief seemed to have taken possession of the little lady, and she refused to be controlled. "You're two fools!" she cried, merrily. "You're free, four, ten, six fools!"

"Pidget," said Horace, sternly, "if you can't behave yourself, you'd better go to bed."

Poor Pidget! In all her short life she had never before been spoken to in such a tone. She glanced pitifully at Horace. His face was forbidden, almost angry. Susie looked positively horror stricken, and Johnny, who recognized in himself the unwitting cause of the trouble, sat with downcast eyes and crimson cheeks. The child gazed for a moment into the silent, reproachful faces. The sight was too much for the tender little heart. "I—don't—love—none—of—you," she sobbed, throwing herself into her mother's arms. "I—don't—love—the—min'ster, nor—nobody. I want—to—go—to—bed."

Horace took her up, his anger melting away like morning mist, as he held his wee sister in his arms.

"Poor pussy cat," said he, tenderly; "brother was too bad to scold her. She didn't mean to, did she?"

"No. Didn't mean to what?" asked Pidget, innocently.

"She doesn't even know what she has done," said Horace to himself, "she is such a little goose. 'Twon't do to say all sorts of things before her. We shall have to look out;" and he kissed the rosy, quivering lips.

Johnny, meanwhile was suffering small agonies below stairs. He could not bear to have Pidget blamed for what he knew was, in a great measure, his own fault. He would like to tell the minister so, but his bashful little tongue refused to perform the office. Once, twice, he essayed to speak, but in vain. The guests had risen to go, but lingered for the last few pleasant words. Johnny felt that his chance was slipping from him. It must be now or never.

"Twasn't her fault, 'twas mine."

"What do you mean, my son?" asked his mother, surprised at such an outburst.

"Why, Pidget; I called her an April fool this morning. You know she didn't know any better."

I am sure the minister understood just what he meant. As for his wife she looked with a new interest into the blushing, boyish face, and then, greatly to his surprise, and somewhat, I think, to her own, she stooped and kissed him.

A Hard Winter on the Plains.

The stock men on the Laramie plains, says the San Francisco *Bulletin*, are passing through the hardest winter known since the settlement of that country. The basin, which is bounded on the northeast by the Black Hills, on the southeast by the main range of the Rockies, and on the southwest by the Wasatch mountains, has long been regarded as one of the richest pasture regions of the continent. The grass of the numerous valleys is so nutritious and the range so wide that the stock ordinarily live the year round without hay or grain. The present winter, however, has been remarkably severe. The snow covers the whole valley to the depth of two feet, and in some places it is three feet deep. Cattle are dying by thousands from exposure and starvation, and the sheep are not much better off. The horses will likely get through the winter; they have sense enough to paw the snow away with their feet and get down to the bunch grass, and so manage to pick up a living. The horned cattle, standing in the snow belly deep, make no exertion to help themselves. Stock owners have prospected for hundreds of miles to the north and south for open pasture, but the snow holds the entire valley in its embrace. Hay shipped from the East or West would cost as much for transportation as the cattle are worth; so nothing can be done but wait until sunshine or showers dissolve the snow. It is estimated that there are two hundred thousand head of cattle, four hundred thousand sheep and about fifty thousand horses in the section of Wyoming Territory above described. About fifty thousand head of cattle were driven down from Montana to winter on the Laramie plains.

How Petroleum is Formed.

The formation of petroleum has been explained by Mr. H. Byasson upon experimental grounds, as follows: If a mixture of vapor of water, carbonic acid and sulphureted hydrogen be made to act upon iron heated to a white heat in an iron tube, a certain quantity of liquid carburets will be formed. This mixture of carburets is comparable to petroleum. The formation of petroleum can thus be naturally explained by the action of chemical forces. The water of the sea, penetrating into the cavities of the terrestial crust, carries with it numerous materials, and especially marine limestone. If the subterranean cavity permits these new products to penetrate to a depth where the temperature is sufficiently high, in contact with metallic substances, such as iron or its sulphurets, we have a formation of carburets. These bodies will form part of the gases whose expansive force causes earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, etc. Petroleum is always found in the neighborhood of volcanic regions or a long mountain chain. In general it will be modified in its properties by causes acting after its formation, such as partial distillation, etc. Petroleum deposits will always be accompanied by salt water or rock salt. Often, and especially where the deposit is among hard and compact rocks, it will be accompanied by gas, such as hydrogen, sulphureted hydrogen, carbonic acid, etc.

Life in a London Workhouse.

"I works in the laundry at the workhouse from nine o'clock until five every day, and sometimes I feels the want of something," was the defense of a poor old woman to the charge of having been found "drunk and incapable" in the public streets. She was an inmate of St. Giles' workhouse, and is over eighty-two years of age.

If in that workhouse, which is filled with plenty of younger and able bodied persons, this poor old creature, who has exceeded by thirteen long years the allotted span, is made to work in the laundry for eight hours a day, all we can say is that it is simply monstrous. Our workhouses were not intended to be slave-yards. The test of labor was never intended to be applied to octogenarians. We trust that the guardians of St. Giles will afford some explanation of this. It is due to the public.—*London Examiner.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Steaming Food For Stock.

A. C. Wales, a farmer of Stark county, Ohio, who has experimented extensively in feeding sheep, wrote the American Farmer's club, that he selected three hundred ewes and divided them into two lots of equal numbers, and as nearly equal in size, weight, age and condition as he could get them. One lot of one hundred and fifty was placed in one shed and received liberal rations of clover, hay and sheaf oats. The other lot of one hundred and fifty was placed in a neighboring shed, and fed twice a day with steamed corn fodder, cut to three-quarters of an inch in length, mixed with two bushels of bran, and wet down with boiler water—at the rate of one bushel of the mixed feed to ten sheep. Before beginning each lot was weighed on a set of stock scales conveniently near, and thereafter were weighed twice a week. Each lot received the same care in watering, bedding, exercise, protection against storms, etc. The experiments were continued over a period of eight weeks. The records of the details were so satisfactory as to seem to warrant the purchase of an engine and boiler, and the putting up of tanks and conveniences on a scale adequate to the wants of the flock. Since then Mr. Wales has fed this feed almost exclusively. Last winter, owing to the failure of the hay crop, he kept over his entire stock, consisting of twenty horses, about twenty head of cattle, and between 1,600 and 1,700 sheep, without a pound of hay, and they came into spring in better condition than they have ever done on dry feed. The sheet anchor of steam feeding, he believes, is the fodder of sowed corn, of which he cut and cured five hundred tons last summer, from eighty acres of upland clay soil. At the present time he is feeding 2,250 sheep and lambs on steamed food; their daily ration is 3,400 pounds of fodder corn, 500 pounds of bran and twelve bushels of corn. One flock of one hundred and fifty ewes weighed, gained three pounds per head in eight days. In regard to the cost of steaming, he says: The stock now being fed requires about three tons of dry feed per day. The cutting is done by a No. 6 Cummins cutter, and it is so arranged that the cut feed as it falls from the cutting machine is carried to and placed in the tanks, wet up with the necessary quantity of water, and mixed with bran or meal by machinery—so that when the cutting is done the feed is ready for the steam. Three men in an hour and a half can cut the three tons. With the present boiler capacity it takes one man four hours more to steam it. The cost of fuel for cutting, mixing, pumping water, etc., is about five cents per ton of dry feed. The cut food is much more easily and rapidly distributed to the animals than long feed. It is shoveled from the tanks down into wagons with side boards that stand below the bottoms of the tanks, and carried to the sheep folds. The racks are made to accommodate twenty sheep, and this number is found to need about two bushels of cut feed. The feeder has two two-bushel baskets. While he is carrying out to the racks the boy fills the other. In this way a man and a boy can feed and care for 1,500 sheep. The fodder is eaten up clean, a few joints and soiled pieces only being left, but not one per cent. is wasted. All the advantages claimed for feeding steamed food to cattle and horses—the economy of feed, the increased health, thrift and comfort of the animals—are found in an equal degree in the feeding of sheep. The effect is shown in the wool, which is of a length, clearness, style, and particularly strength of staple rarely found on sheep wintered on dry feed. There is no jar or tender place in the wool, indicating the point in the growth of the fiber where the sheep changed from green to dry feed. All the wool buyers observed this; and the wool, it is believed, commanded a higher price that any other clip bought from first hands in this or any of the adjoining counties. It is not claimed that the steaming of feed adds to its nutritive elements. But as the pulverization and stirring of the soil promote the growth of plants by making the plant food more accessible to the plants, so the steaming of feed makes it at once more palatable and more readily digested and assimilated by the animals, and performs the same office for their food that cooking does for the human family.

Medical Notes.

BURNS AND SCALDS.—Soak a piece of linen rag in linseed oil, suspend it from the tongs over a saucer, and ignite the lower end; the oil which drops from it, while consuming, should be applied, when cold, with a feather, to the burn or scald. If kept in a bottle well corked, it loses none of its efficacy.

MARSH-MALLOWS (SYRUP OF).—1. Fresh roots, one pound; water, one gallon; boil to one-half; press out the liquor; let it settle; add white sugar, four pounds; and boil down to six pounds altogether. 2. Fresh roots, one pound; water, five quarts; boil to one-half; add four pounds of sugar, boil again to the consistence of a syrup. Used for tickling coughs.

LOOSE TEETH.—When the front teeth become loose without any apparent cause, a diseased state of the gums may be apprehended. Sometimes the teeth may be set firm again by washing out the mouth, three or four mornings running, with a tincture of myrrh, about a teaspoonful in a third of a tumbler of water. But if this will not succeed, use the following for a mouth wash: Infusion of roses, six ounces; borax, one ounce; honey of roses, one ounce.

BAD COLD.—A correspondent writes: "I append two remedies for a cold, leaving the reader to take his choice. 1. As soon as you find that you have an attack of cold, abstain from swallowing anything that is liquid. You may eat ordinary food, but you must not drink anything. Keep this up for sixteen hours and your cold will be very slight; for twenty hours and you will be comparatively well. The first drink of water you take, will teach you how good water is. 2. The first night after you take cold, take a dose of aperient medicine and rub well, night and morning, with a damp towel.

The Canada Thistle.

The Canada thistle should be allowed, a member of the American Farmers' club thought, to attain nearly their full growth, so that they would have drawn largely upon the vitality of their roots before the attempt is made to effect their destruction. At this stage it should have the tops cut off and burned to prevent the seeds from ripening, and the remainder either plowed or spaded under the surface. As soon as the plant shows itself above the ground again repeat the plowing or spading, and continue this treatment throughout the season until the plant fails at last to appear. On ground newly cleared these thistles are very liable to come up thickly. In this case it was advised to sow grass seed thickly and mow the crop when both grass and thistles are in bloom, and the latter will rapidly decrease with each successive mowing.

Rolling the Lands.

By the use of rollers land can be made compact cheaper than in any other manner, and if our farmers would use this implement more on their wheat fields, the result would scarcely fail to be satisfactory. The land may be rolled at the time of sowing the seed, then again in the spring, the latter pressing the roots into the earth and making the soil firm about them, thereby preventing exposure to light and air, followed by injury from drying. But the most singular effect of this spring rolling of wheat has been observed where it had made a very rank growth, giving promise of over luxuriance, which is quite certain to be followed by lodging or falling down before the grain is ripe. In such instances it has been observed that solidifying the surface checks the growth of the straw, and at the same time greatly increases the yield of the grain. It costs but a trifle to test this theory of solidification, or "root-resistant" theory, by applying the roller to wheat in the fall and spring. In all the prairie regions, and where wheat is liable to "heave out" and winter kill, we are certain that the farm roller can be used with great benefit.

Let the Moles Live.

The chairman of the American Farmer's club read the following paragraph in defense of moles, which are so often denounced for the damage they are said to do to growing crops: In some parts of Belgium an attempt has been made to extirpate moles. These little animals, though they have faults, possess at the same time many recommendations. At one of the elegant chateaus in the country, surrounded by a park, adorned by magnificent lawns, men were employed to catch and kill the moles. After a time they all disappeared and died. The grass of the lawns soon withered. The cause of the mischief was a small white worm, which had previously been kept down by the moles. The proprietor was obliged to stock his place with a fresh supply of moles, after which the lawns flourished as formerly.

Good Yeast.

Take twelve large potatoes, wash them well, and put them on in a gallon of water, with a handful of hops when the potatoes are nearly done. Let all boil together until the potatoes are cooked. Take them up, peel, and mash them well; then strain the water upon them, and add one teacupful of sugar (white preferred) and one of salt. Two cupfuls of sweet yeast to start fermentation. Set it near the fire until it begins to work, and then put it into bottles. Cork, and set them in a cool place. You should put water enough when done boiling to make a gallon of yeast. Do not use a particle of flour in making this yeast. It will not bubble and ferment as much as common yeast, but is lively nevertheless. You must remember to use less salt than usual in making up the bread.

A Rich Shoemaker.

In the taxables of Brooklyn, says a local paper, appears the name of a German whose annual payments for taxes exceed those of many of the so-called princely merchants who live on the Heights. He pays taxes yearly upon real and personal property assessed at $250,000, but worth probably double that amount. Yet this man works hard at the bench every day, and if he spends a dollar in recreation for his wife and children on Sunday he thinks it is a big thing. He has no help, but works for a few customers, doing all their work and caring nothing about any of them. If they are displeased with his way of doing things he simply says they can take their work elsewhere, and he sorely tries their patience by his habit of disappointing his customers as to time. This man collects his own rents, builds two or three new houses every year, and from his frugal habits promises, if his life is long spared, to be one of the wealthiest of all the Brooklynites. His yearly income from real estate is not less than $15,000 per annum, but he regards idleness as a sin, and works away every day upon boots and shoes as regularly as if his bread and butter were in jeopardy.

Fashions in Spring Silks.

Importations of spring silks will be smaller than they have been for years.

Very small checks and very fine hair stripes will be chosen for summer silks.

The new self-colored gros grains have the soft cashmere finish, with demi-lustre, and medium reps, neither very heavy, like poplin, nor too small, as in taffeta.

The colors of silks that predominate are blue, brown, dark steel, and smoke shades. Of brown shades, seal brown will remain in favor.

The same soft cashmere finish seen on colored silks is liked for black gros grains, and the medium grain is also chosen.

The smallest armure figures will be probably the first choice for the silks that are used as parts of costumes in combination with gros grain.

The soft yielding silks in brocaded or damask designs are largely imported in very light qualities, scarcely heavier than the plaid Louisines so long in vogue.

Evening silks are brocaded in all the designs just noted, and are accompanied by gros grains of similar shades.—*Bazar.*

Two Odd Dreams.

An exchange tells a story of a gentleman who, on going to bed, lost a collar button, which on coming detached rolled to a distant corner of the room. He searched for it about ten minutes, and then gave it up for lost. In the night he dreamed that he found it under the washstand, and on waking up found it in that spot. This isn't half so odd as the case of a man who lost a valuable horse, and before going to bed ate a Welsh rarebit. He dreamed his horse was in a village church fifteen miles away, and was quietly consuming the hair in the pew cushions, having left the buggy on the pulpit steps. When he awoke next morning he found that in reality a neighbor's boy had found the horse and vehicle and had put it up in a livery stable until he could claim a reward.

Poultry Keeping for Boys.

The true citizen is he who realizes and assumes the duties and responsibilities of life. The more such citizens we have, the better for the State and the nation. Hence, the early training of our boys to habits of industry and frugality is a matter worthy of our constant attention. For we should bear in mind not only that "the boy is father to the man," but also that "an idle mind is the devil's workshop." Anything that induces carefulness, regularity and thoughtfulness is a valuable educator of youth.

Time's Changes.

"Three hundred years ago," says the Burlington *Hawkeye*, "forks were unknown in England, and a man could scoop up all the green peas he could carry on the flat of his knife and shovel them into his mouth without having his wife stamp on his corns or nudge his elbow and spill the peas all over where his napkin ought to be and never is, and say, in a hoarse, reproachful whisper: 'Why, Bartholomew!'"

The effect of a border drama on the boys in the gallery of a theater is described in the Philadelphia *Times*: When at last the curtain drops on a scene brilliant with red fire and stifling with saltpeter, the hero standing amid the ruins of the Sioux nation with his "gurrul" on his breast and the American flag waving over their heads, they don't care if the whole world were to black their cowhide shoes and stop buying the daily papers.

A Murderer's Wife.

A short dispatch stating that John V. Kiere, indicted at Hudson, along with his wife Eleanor, for the killing of Charles H. Hermance, had been found guilty of murder in the second degree, while the woman charged with complicity in the crime was acquitted, deserves a few words of explanation. The history of the murder and the prosecution reveals an instance of the devotion of a degraded woman for a degraded man such as has seldom been paralleled in fact or fiction. To get at the heart of the story it is necessary to relate the unsavory episode that led to the commission of the crime. Kiere and his wife kept a house of ill-repute in Hudson, and at the time of the murder they had in their place the runaway wife of a young fellow named Giles Spaulding. She was a mere girl of fifteen who, after a few months of unhappy married life with a mere boy of twenty-one, had left him and taken refuge in this den of infamy. Spaulding, who seems to be a pretty poor specimen of manhood, yearned for her companionship, and determined to make an effort to recover the fugitive. He communicated his design to a female friend, who consented to go with him to Kiere's house, and on their way they met Charles H. Hermance, whom they pressed to accompany them. They paid two visits to the place, failing to get admittance on the first occasion. At the second call, which took place about midnight, Hermance went to the door and knocked, while his companions remained in the background. They saw the door opened and heard a few words exchanged; a shot was then fired and Hermance reeled down the steps and fell back on the pavement stone dead. The bullet had gone through his heart.

Mr and Mrs. Kiere, with Annie Spaulding, the cause of the quarrel, and two girls of bad character who belonged to the house, were arrested. It was at once discovered that Kiere and his wife had gone to the door to answer the knock, and the woman seeing that either one of them would be made responsible for the murder resolved to answer for the terrible deed herself. She made a confession next morning, stating that she had shot Hermance, and she afterward swore to the statement in giving testimony before the coroner's jury, evidently considering the old doctrine that the husband is answerable for the acts of his wife done in his presence a nullity, and hoping to save him by sacrificing herself. It was proved, however, by the girls who were in the house, that Kiere went to the door with a revolver in his hand, and returned still holding it, while his wife only carried that truly feminine weapon, a stove lifter. It was shown also that Kiere was a bloodthirsty scoundrel, who had already killed two men, wounded three others, and served a term in State prison. Man and wife were indicted and tried together for the murder of Hermance, he stoutly maintaining his innocence and she stoutly asserting her guilt. One would think that a jury could not hesitate long in deciding the question, but it took twelve good and true citizens of Hudson seventeen hours to determine whether the man who kept a house of prostitution, harbored a runaway wife, went to the door with a revolver in his hand to answer the knock of the fugitive's friend seeking to bring about her reconciliation with her husband, and shot down that mediator in cold blood, was guilty of murder in the first or second degree.

We shall only say by way of criticism that it is a mercy that a jury which, after such deliberation, brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree, had common sense enough to acquit the murderer's innocent wife. They did so, however; and for the first time during the trial she broke down when listening as a free woman to the judge condemning her husband to imprisonment for life. The curious spectacle of such devotion so moved the judge that he said in sentencing Kiere: "Your wife, who was indicted with you, has, by her conduct and her evidence, exhibited an amount of affection for you which has been the wonder, as it has excited the admiration of this whole community. That she should be willing to sacrifice herself either from her own volition or at your suggestion and entreaty, to spare your life, to save you from incarceration in a felon's cell, by taking upon herself the whole responsibility of the crime and exonerating you from all participation therein, furnishes an evidence of womanly heorism and devotion seldom if ever witnessed before. As we contemplate it we can almost forgive her for deliberately swearing to an untruth in order to carry out this object and purpose. But truth is mighty and will prevail. The story was too unreasonable and improbable to be credited by honest and intelligent men." Such comment from such a source render it unnecessary for us to add any interpretation to the story which we have told, and we can only conclude with the platitude borrowed from Mr. Squeers, that human nature is a rum thing.—*New York World.*

Scarlet Fever.

Scarlet fever being very prevalent this season, the Boston board of health has issued a special circular in regard to the disease, from which we abridge