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As Thou Wilt.

It is so sweet to live
My little life to-day
That I would never leave it, if
I might forever stay!
I sometimes say.

I am so weary, Lord,
I would lie down for aye,
Could I but hear Thee speak the word:
"Thy sins are washed away!"
I sometimes say.

The better mood that lies
These moods between midway
Comes softly, and I lift my eyes,
"Lord, as Thou wilt!" I pray.
And would alway.

Estranged.

Some day she will come back, my poor lost dove—
My dove with the warm breast and eager eyes!
How did it fail toward her, my passionate love?
Where was the flaw? since flawed it must have been,
Or surely she had staid with me, my queen.
Her heart was full of inarticulate cries
Which my heart failed to catch; and yet she strove
To cleave to me. Ah, how she must have striven,
Praying, perchance, of times for strength from heaven!
But no strength came; and so, one fatal day,
Despairing of all help, she went away.

And there her half completed portrait stands—
The fresh, young face, and gray eyes brimmed with light.
I painted her with flowers in her hands,
Because she always seemed so bright and good,
I never thought the studio's solitude
Would hurt her anyway. I thought the sigh
Of painted forms and unfamiliar lands
Would be enough for her. She was too mild,
Too patient with my painter's life. Poor child!
Had she complained at all, by look or tone,
Had she but said: "I seem too much alone;

"I grow half fearful of these painted eyes
That never change, but, full of sad reproof,
Haunt me and watch me; and these southern skies
Reflected in deep streams; and that dark boat
From which a girl with bare sweet breast and throat
Droops willow like, and dreams of life and love;
And that youth's dying face, which never dies;
And then, again, that pale one of Christ there,
Christ fallen in an agony of prayer,
And his disciples near him, stern and dumb,
Like men who know the fated hour is come."

Had she said thus, and added: "Take me, dear,
Outside of these sad faces; let me stand
Once more within life's shadows, and there hear
Light laugh or of the surf upon the beach,
For here the very sea is without speech,
So still it is, and far away from land;
I want life's little joys; this atmosphere
Oppresses me; I cannot breathe in it;
The light that lights your life leaves mine unlit"—
I should have answered tenderly, and sought
To carry out in all her slightest thought,
She knew I loved her, through those winter days;
Did it no. comfort her at all, my love?
It was such joy to look upon her face,
I sat for hours, content to be quite still,
Feeling her warm bright beauty fill
My soul and brain; fearful lest she should move,
And speak, or go; but when she met my gaze
I turned away, as if I had done wrong
In looking on her loveliness so long.
I rarely kissed her, rarely took her hand;
And now, I think, she did not understand.

Perchance she thought my love was passionless,
Wanted what I withheld yet longed to give;
She did not know my silence a caress—
All passion was by reverence controlled—
And so she deemed my ways of love were cold.
Ah, me! the lonely life she had to live!
And I knew nothing of its loneliness.
Hers was a nature quick to give and take.
A nature to be broken and to break;
She loved confiding valleys, sun kissed rills,
But saddened at the solemn peace of hills.

All things had been so different had I known
Her nature then as now; and yet, and yet,
If she came in, as I sit here alone,
The April twilight falling through the room,
And all the pictures lapsing into gloom—
Came in, knelt down, and prayed me to forget,
Forgive her, and reclaim her for my own,
I should be glad, and draw her to my heart,
And kiss the rising tears away, and part
The sweet black hair, and fold her to my side,
Yet leave, perchance, the want unsatisfied.

But here she comes not. I must wait and bear,
Live on, and serve my art as best I may.
If I can catch the color of her hair
And the neck's poise, and set beneath her name,
Shall not her loveliness have deathless fame?
Now lights shine out along the London square.
Oh, dreary place! where no joy comes at all,
There! I must turn the easel to the wall!
I cannot bear her face as yet—Oh love!
Oh, wounded of my hands! my wounded dove!

Harper's Magazine.

THE MAN WHOSE YOKE WAS NOT EASY.

BY BRET HARTE.

He was a spare man, and, physically, an ill-conditioned man, but at first glance scarcely a seedy man. The indications of reduced circumstances in the male of the better class are, I fancy, first visible in the boots and shirt, the boots offensively exhibiting a degree of polish inconsistent with their dilapidated condition, and the shirt showing an extent of ostentatious surface that is invariably fatal to the threadbare waistcoat that it partially covers. He was a pale man, and I fancied still paler from his black clothes.

He handed me a note.

It was from a certain physician; a man of broad culture and broader experience; a man who had devoted the greater part of his active life to the alleviation of sorrow and suffering; a man who had lived up to the noble vows of a noble profession; a man who locked in his honorable breast the secrets of a hundred families, whose face was as kindly, whose touch was as gentle in the wards of the great public hospitals as it was beside the laced curtains of the dying Narcissa; a man who, through long contact with suffering, had acquired a universal tenderness and breadth of kindly philosophy; a man who, day and night, was the beck and call of anguish; a man who never asked the creed, belief, moral or worldly standing of the sufferer, or even his ability to pay the few coins that enabled him (the physician) to exist and practice his calling; in brief, a man who so nearly lived up to the example of the Great Master that it seems strange I am writing of him as a doctor of medicine and not of divinity.

The note was in pencil, characteristically brief and ran thus:

"Here is the man I spoke of. He ought to be good material for you."

For a moment I sat, looking from the note to the man, and sounding the "dim perilous depths" of my memory for the meaning of this mysterious communication. The "good material," however, soon relieved my embarrassment, by putting his hand on his waistcoat, coming toward me, and saying: "It's just here; you can feel it."

It was not necessary for me to do so. In a flash I remembered that my medical friend had told me of a certain poor patient, once a soldier who, among his other trials and uncertainties, was afflicted with an aneurism caused by the buckle of his knapsack pressing upon the arch of the aorta. It was liable to burst at any shock or any moment. The poor fellow's yoke had indeed been too heavy.

In the presence of such a tremendous possibility I think for an instant I felt anxious only about myself. What I should do; how dispose of the body; how explain the circumstance of his taking off; how evade the ubiquitous reporter and the coroner's inquest; how a suspicion might arise that I had in some way, through negligence, or for some dark purpose, unknown to the jury, precipitated the catastrophe, all flashed before me. Even the note—with its darkly suggestive offer of "good material" for me—looked diabolically significant. What might not an intelligent lawyer make of it?

I tore it up instantly, and with feverish courtesy begged him to be seated.

"You don't care to feel it?" he asked, a little anxiously.

"No."

"Nor see it?"

"No."

He sighed, a trifle sadly, as if I had rejected the only favor he could bestow. I saw at once that he had been under frequent exhibition to the doctors, and that he was, perhaps, a trifle vain of this attention. This perception was corroborated a moment later by his producing a copy of a medical magazine, with the remark that on the sixth page I would find a full statement of his case.

Could I serve him in any way, I asked.

It appeared that I could. If I could help him to any light employment, something that did not require any great physical exertion or mental excitement, he would be thankful. But he wanted me to understand that he was not, strictly speaking, a poor man; that some years before the discovery of his fatal complaint he had taken out a life insurance policy for $5,000, and that he had raked and scraped enough together to pay it up, and that he would not leave his wife and four children destitute. "You see," he added, "if I could find some sort of light work to do, and kinder sled along you know—until"—

He stopped, awkwardly.

I have heard several noted actors thrill their audiences with a single phrase. I think I never was as honestly moved by any spoken word as that "until" or the pause that followed it. He was evidently quite unconscious of its effect, for as I took a seat beside him on the sofa, and looked more closely in his waxen face, I could see that he was evidently embarrassed, and would have explained himself further, if I had not stopped him.

Possibly it was the dramatic idea, or possibly chance, but a few days afterward, meeting a certain kind hearted theatrical manager, I asked him if he had any light employment for a man who was an invalid. "Can he walk?" "Yes." "Stand up for fifteen minutes?" "Yes." "Then I'll take him. He'll do for the last scene in the 'Destruction of Sennacherib'—it's a tremendous thing, you know, we'll have 2,000 people on the stage." I was a trifle alarmed at the title and ventured to suggest (without betraying my poor friend's secret), that he could not actively engage in the "Destruction of Sennacherib," and that even the spectacle of it might be too much for him. "We needn't see it at all," said my managerial friend, "put him in front, nothing to do but march in and march out, and dodge curtain."

He was engaged. I admit I was at times haunted by grave doubts as to whether I should not have informed the manager of his physical condition, and the possibility that he might some evening perpetrate a real tragedy on the mimic stage, but on the first performance of "The Destruction of Sennacherib," which I conscientiously attended, was somewhat relieved. I had often been amused with the placid way in which the chorus in the opera invariably received the most astounding information, and witnessed the most appalling tragedies by poison or the block without anything more than a vocal protest or command always delivered to the audience, and never to the actors, but I think my poor friend's utter impassiveness to the wild carnage and the terrible exhibitions of incendiarism that were going on around him transcended even that. Dressed in a costume that seemed to be the very soul of anachronism, he stood a little outside the proscenium, holding a spear, the other hand pressed apparently upon the secret within his breast, calmly surveying, with his waxen face, the gay auditorium. I could not help thinking that there was a certain pride visible even in his placid features, as of one who was conscious that at any moment he might change this simulated catastrophe into real terror. I could not help saying this to the doctor, who was with me. "Yes," he said, with professional exactitude, "when it happens he'll throw his arms up above his head, utter an ejaculation, and fall forward on his face—it's a singular thing, they always fall forward on their face—and they'll pick up the man as dead as Julius Cæsar."

After that, I used to go night after night, with a certain hideous fascination; but, while it will be remembered the "Destruction of Sennacherib" had a tremendous run, it will also be remembered that not a single life was really lost during its representation.

It was only a few weeks after this modest first appearance on the boards of "The Man with an Aneurism" that, happening to be at a dinner party of practical business men, I sought to interest them with the details of the above story, delivered with such skill and pathos as I could command. I regret to say that, as a pathetic story, it for a moment seemed to be a dead failure. At last a prominent banker sitting next to me turned to me with the awful question: "Why don't your friend try to realize on his life insurance?" I begged his pardon; I didn't quite understand. "Oh, discount, sell out. Look here—(after a pause). Let him assign his policy to me—it's not much of a risk, on your statement. Well—I'll give him his five thousand clear."

And he did. Under the advice of this cool headed—I think I may add warm hearted—banker, "The Man with an Aneurism" invested his money in the name of and for the benefit of his wife in certain securities that paid him a small but regular stipend. But he still continued upon the boards of the theater.

By reason of some business engagements that called me away from the city I did not see my friend the physician for three months afterward. When I did I asked tidings of The Man with the Aneurism. The doctor's kind face grew sad. "I'm afraid—that is, I don't exactly know whether I've good news or bad. Did you ever see his wife?"

I never had.

"Well, she was younger than he, and rather attractive. One of those doll faced women. You remember, he settled that life insurance policy on her and the children; she might have waited. She didn't. The other day she eloped with some fellow, I don't remember his name, with the children and the five thousand dollars."

"And the shock killed him," I said, with poetic promptitude.

"No—that is—not yet; I saw him yesterday," said the doctor, with conscientious professional precision, looking over his list of calls.

"Well, where is the poor fellow now?"

"He's still at the theater. James, if these powders are called for, you'll find them here in this envelope. Tell Mrs. Blank I'll be there at seven—and she can give the baby this until I come. Say there's no danger. These women are an awful bother! Yes, he's at the theater yet. Which way are you going? Down town? Why can't you step into my carriage, and I'll give you a lift, and we'll talk on the way down? Well—he's at the theater yet. And—and—do you remember the 'Destruction of Sennacherib'? No? Yes you do. You remember that woman in pink, who pirouetted in the famous ballet scene! You don't? Why yes, you do! Well, I imagine, of course I don't know—it's only a summary diagnosis, but I imagine that our friend with the aneurism has attached himself to her."

"Doctor, you horrify me."

"There are more things, Mr. Poet, in heaven and earth than are yet dreamt of in your philosophy. Listen. My diagnosis may be wrong, but that woman called the other day at my office to ask about him, his health and general condition. I told her the truth—and she fainted. It was about as dead a faint as I ever saw; I was nearly an hour in bringing her out of it. Of course it was the heat of the room, her exertions the preceding week, and I prescribed for her. Queer, wasn't it? Now, if I were a writer, and had your faculty, I'd make something out of that."

"But how is his general health?"

"Oh, about the same. He can't evade what will come, you know, at any moment. He was up here the other day. Why the pulsation was as plain—why the entire arch of the aorta—What, you get out here? Good-bye."

Of course no moralist, no man writing for a sensitive and strictly virtuous public could further interest himself in this man. So I dismissed him at once from my mind, and returned to the literary contemplation of virtue that was clearly and positively defined, and of sin that invariably commenced with a capital letter. That this man, in his awful condition, hovering on the verge of eternity, should allow himself to be attracted by—but it was horrible to contemplate.

Nevertheless, a month afterward I was returning from a festivity with my intimate friend Smith, my distinguished friend Jobling, my most respectable friend Robinson, and my wittiest friend Jones. It was a clear, starlit morning, and we seemed to hold the broad, beautiful avenue to ourselves, and I fear we acted as if it were so. As we hilariously passed the corner of Eighteenth street, a coupe rolled by, and I suddenly heard my name called from its gloomy depths.

"I beg your pardon," said the doctor, as the driver drew up on the sidewalk, "but I've some news for you. I've just been to see our poor friend ——. Of course I was too late. He was gone in a flash."

"What, dead?"

"As Pharaoh! In an instant, just as I said. You see the rupture took place in the descending arch of"—

"But, doctor!"

"It's a queer story. Am I keeping you from your friends? No? Well, you see she—that woman I spoke of—had written a note to him based on what I had told her. He got it, and dropped in his dressing-room, dead as a herring."

"How could she have been so cruel, knowing his condition; she might with woman's tact have rejected him less abruptly."

"Yes, but you're all wrong. By Jove she accepted him!—was willing to marry him!"

"What?"

"Yes—don't you see? It was joy that killed him. Gad, we never thought of that! Queer, ain't it. See here, don't you think you might make a story out of it?"

"But, doctor, it hasn't got any moral."

"Humph! That's so. Good morning. Drive on John.—*New York Sun.*

Fearful Adventure on the Rail.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* furnishes the particulars of an event which literally converted an eastward bound overland train into a perambulating bedlam on wheels. The story, in brief, is to the following effect: In the make-up of the train which left San Francisco were two Pullman sleeping cars. The larger proportion of passengers occupying the Pullmans were women and children, and all expected to enjoy a pleasant and comfortable jaunt across the continent. On the second day out the general serenity was disturbed by the development of a malignant malady on board. The victim was the representative of a San Francisco house, a large and powerful man, who had drank himself into a state of delirium tremens. The maniac startled the passengers by giving utterance to terrible shrieks and imprecations, at the same time rushing back and forth through the car. The greatest consternation prevailed, and two ladies, at least, were seriously affected by the violence of the madman. He was finally secured in one end of the car while the women and children were crowded in the other end. Not a soul slept through the night. His ravings were incessant, and it was feared that he might regain his liberty and commit murder. When the train reached Ogden the derangement of the unfortunate man had greatly increased. At this point the females and children were crowded into the rear sleeping car, while the other was converted into a lunatic asylum, and carefully guarded by male passengers. After leaving Ogden his sufferings were terrible. He frothed and bled at the mouth, while continuous spasms shook his powerful frame. The second day out from Ogden he became more quiet, and under the belief that he was getting better, his watchers, needing rest, left him in charge of a single person. Shortly after daylight he suddenly sprang up and dashed through a window. The engine was reversed and the train ran back, all expecting to find the lifeless body of the maniac. He had fallen, however, where the snow was deep and soft, and his escape from immediate death thereby prevented. He was able to raise himself and stagger toward the approaching train, his eyes glaring wildly and blood oozing from his nose and mouth. He was again taken on board by kind hands, but the belief prevailed that he could not survive to the journey's end.

Bottling Cider.

A writer in the New England *Farmer* gives this advice to bottle cider that will keep it sweet and fine for years, and its excellence is indorsed by the editor: Leach and filter the cider through pure sand, after it has worked and fermented, and before it has soured. Put no alcohol or other substance with it. Be sure that the vessels you put it in are perfectly clean and sweet. After it has leached or filtered, put it in barrels or casks filled, leaving no room for air; bung them tight and keep it where it won't freeze till February or March, then put it into champagne bottles filled, drive the corks and wire them. It should be done in a cellar or room that is comfortable for work. The best cider is late made, or made when it is cold as can be and not freeze.

How to Vote.

The venerable Jeremiah S. Black is famous for his little anecdotes. One day during the late debate on the Electoral bill he was strolling in his abstracted way about the floor of the House of Representatives, when a Pennsylvania member said to him: "Judge, how ought I to vote on this bill? I want to do right, but really there are so many things to be urged on both sides of this measure that I don't know what to do. What shall I do?" The judge, in his benign way, said: "I don't wish to counsel any violent change in your habits, my dear sir, but perhaps it would be worth while for you and a good many of your associates to try for a while—not rashly, but by degrees—the experiment of doing your duty."

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Housekeeping Hints.

YEAST CAKES.—Put a very large handful of hops into two quarts of boiling water and boil until the water is reduced one-half; boil three large potatoes until cooked; mash them and add them to two pounds of flour; pour the boiling hop water over the flour and potatoes and stir until it is quite smooth; while it is warm add two tablespoonfuls of salt and half a teacupful of sugar; before it is quite cold stir in a dissolved cake of compressed yeast or a gill of any other liquid yeast; let it get perfectly light, then knead in all the Indian meal it will take; roll out in a sheet about a half inch in thickness, cut in small cakes; lay them on a cloth on a board, putting them in a warm place; turn them every day; they will take ten or twelve days, in the winter, to dry; place in paper bags, a few in each, and tie tightly, hanging in a dry place. Will keep good for months.

CHOCOLATE CORNSTARCH.—One quart of milk, quarter pound of chocolate, one tablespoonful cornstarch, two eggs, one cupful white sugar; grate the chocolate; add to this the cornstarch and sugar; mix well; put enough milk on to dissolve; then add the yolks of the eggs well beaten; heat the rest of the milk; when near boiling stir in the mixture and let it boil for five minutes; when done pour into a dish and let it cool; beat the whites of the eggs to a froth and add a spoonful of sugar, and drop in spoonfuls over the pudding. You may omit the last if you wish, but it makes a pretty dish.

OLD-FASHIONED BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Put some lukewarm water in the batter pail, add salt, a handful of Indian meal, buckwheat flour enough to make a batter of the desired thickness, then add yeast to raise it. Be sure to get the batter thick enough, for it can easily be thinned, when wanted to bake, with a little milk, which will make the cakes more tender and of a beautiful brown. Stir up the batter at night; let rise until morning, and bake; the next night add more lukewarm water, salt, and sufficient flour to thicken, as before. If the cakes should be slightly sour, dissolve a little soda in warm water, just before baking, and add. It is well to use the batter all up once in two weeks or thereabouts, and start new again.

CODFISH CAKES.—Soak three pounds salt codfish in cold water till it comes to a boil; pour off the water; if too salt for the taste, add fresh cold water; don't let it boil; when soaked sufficiently remove all bones and skin and chop fine in chopping bowl; boil eight white potatoes till soft; drain off water, mash very fine, add one-half cupful milk, less than one-half cupful butter, salt in proportion to the freshness of the fish; beat well with a spoon and add to the fish, mixing thoroughly, using more potatoes than fish; roll with the hands into small round cakes an inch thick, and fry a rich brown in very hot fat. These, with stewed dried peaches and rice pancakes, make a good breakfast.

STEAMED INDIAN MEAL BREAD.—One quart of Indian meal (yellow,) one pint of flour, two-thirds teacupful molasses, one tablespoonful soda, salt, and sour milk to make a thick batter not too stiff; put it in a pan as for bread and steam it three hours, then bake one-half hour.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Take two cupfuls of sour or buttermilk, and one of sweet milk; two cupfuls of Graham and one of white flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and one of soda; mix the soda and the salt with the flour, and then add the milk, making all into dough; bake from one to two hours.

POTATO SALAD.—Boil about a quart of small potatoes; peel them; cut up one-quarter pound of clear smoked pork into very small slices; fry them brown; then pour two tablespoonfuls sweet oil, half a goblet full right sour vinegar and a goblet full water into the pan, and heat this all together; put into a bowl, cut up a small onion and throw in a handful of salt; cut the potatoes in very thin slices; have the salad ready half an hour before you wish to use it.

SARATOGA POTATOES, MOON'S STYLE.—Raw Peachblows or Early Rose, slice them very thin; put the slices in ice water over night, drain off the water, and lay them evenly between linen cloths, press until they are dry; have the kettle of boiling, clarified lard ready for use; drop in the potatoes, a few at a time, and with a skimmer take them out before they are browned. They will be crisp, and are equally good whether cold or warm, and will keep for a long time.

APPLE PORK.—Have the bone taken from a leg of pork, and the skin scored in diamonds; fill up the place which the bone has left with juicy apples, pared, cored and cut small; a little brown sugar, and some grated rind of lemon; place in a large baking pan, and around it whole apples, pared and cored, with brown sugar sprinkled over them, and the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Bake three hours, or according to the size of the joint; put about half a teacupful of water in the pan.

Couch or Witchgrass.

As the subject of couch, or in some localities called witch or quack grass, has been of late considerably discussed, and various ways recommended for its eradication which seems unnecessarily expensive and in most cases ineffectual, I will describe my method, which requires little or no extra labor, no loss of cropping the land for a year, and will in one year completely kill every root of it.

I will assume that a piece of grass land is entirely filled with it, having crowded out all other grasses, and the surface of the land a mass of roots which will be found to grow not more than three or four inches deep, and which when dead will afford a great deal of plant nutriment for future crops.

The land should be plowed eight inches deep after haying, in the dryest part of July or August—furrows laid as flat as possible, which will bury the roots at least four inches deep—then harrow with Randall's harrow, which is the best; it being dry weather and the roots buried so deep it will be several weeks before any appearance of life will be seen, but when any does appear in September or October, harrow again. In the spring, manure on the surface and harrow it in or use a horse cultivator, but the land must not be plowed, as the object is to keep the roots buried as deep as possible; then at the proper time plant either squashes, cabbages, fodder corn sowed thick in rows near together, or any crop that will completely cover and shade the ground in a short time, with the ordinary cultivation will cure the evil in one year.

The potato crop will not do it; the roots will pierce the potatoes through and through, and the more the grass roots are cut up by hoeing, the more they increase, and so with any crop or cultivation that does not completely shade the ground; and to smother it in that way is sure success.

I do not consider it any serious objection to cultivation. — *Massachusetts Ploughman.*

The Fruit Garden.

Planting should be attended to at the earliest moment, as the shrubs, etc., will suffer in hot weather, unless they become well rooted.

CURRANTS.—Wherever the leaves are fairly expended the currant *Abraxis*, or most common "worm" is to be looked for. Careful examination of the under side of the lower leaves will discover the eggs, and by the picking of a single leaf, dozens of eggs may be destroyed. If the worms appear, apply powdered white hellebore at once, or it may be applied stirred in water, about two ounces to the pailful. Scald the hellebore with a little hot water first, and fill up with cold. The same directions apply to gooseberries.

STRAWBERRIES.—If not already done, remove the covering around the plants, to expose them to light and air. Set plants early, that they may get well started before hot weather. We set in rows three feet apart, with plants one foot distant, allowing the runners to fill the spaces between the plants, and form solid rows. Where land is scarce, the rows may be two feet apart, or the plants set as close as twelve by eighteen inches. Very rich soil and clean culture are needed.

We would remind growers of the importance of cooling off the berries before packing. The fruit must never be soft, but its ripeness governed by the time before it will reach the consumer. Pick into the baskets, and set these in a cool, shady place for some hours before packing. Use only baskets and crates that are well ventilated.

Grapes may still be set in many localities, and there can hardly be a yard of any kind but will allow of one or more vines. The vine is so manageable that its fruiting part may be a long distance from the root.—*Agriculturist.*

Disbudding Fruit Trees.

The season for disbudding fruit trees is at hand. The importance of the operation is generally acknowledged, and upon its proper performance depends the production of clean, healthy wood and the best of fruit. Take, for instance, a single branch of the peach tree when it first starts in the spring; if in a healthy, fruit bearing condition it will throw out many shoots and a great number of blossoms, and if the whole of these were left it is probable two or three of the leading shoots would draw all the nourishment to themselves and become rank and overluxuriant, whilst the remainder would be weak and worthless. In like manner the fruit would be small, ill-favored and a great portion abortive. Hence, the pruning called disbudding, by which we mean the removal of every shoot that is not required, and the stopping of new shoots that apparently are not wanted to give form and health to the tree, by rubbing out buds which, if left, would grow. The same should be done with the fruit blossoms; so many of them should be rubbed away as to leave the remaining ones to gather full food and form good fruit. All varieties of fruit trees require annually this system of pruning, and the time to do it is when they are in full bloom.

Prevention of Gapes in Chickens.

Gapes is caused by the presence of a parasitic worm in the breathing tubes of the chickens. When they have gained a lodgment it is difficult or impossible to displace them. The only cure is prevention. This may be effected through cleanliness in the roosting places, changing the feeding ground frequently, preventing the mixture of any of the droppings of the older fowls with the food of the chicks, and by general attention to perfect sanitary precautions. Young animals of nearly all kinds are infested with similar parasites, lambs and calves especially, and their presence may be looked for in every poultry yard unless the precautions mentioned are observed.

Antidote for Oidium on Grape-Vines.

M. Chatot, a Frenchman, recommends common table salt as an antidote for odium, or grape-vine disease. He says that his vines and grapes were covered for some years with a fungus-like substance, and that last spring he sprinkled a handful of salt about the roots of each vine. The effect was marvelous, the vines grew luxuriantly, and bore an abundance of grapes entirely free from the fungus of oidium.

Use for Coal Ashes.

E. E. S., West Meriden, Conn., asks what is the best use to which sifted coal ashes that have been saturated with slops from the house, can be put.

Reply.—They are of little value for any purpose. They may be spread upon a meadow, where they will do more good than anywhere else. If the soil is heavy clay, they may be scattered on any plowed ground and harrowed in.

Fashion Notes.

Parasols trimmed with coverings of netted floss and edged with deep netted fringes are to be among the new fashions.

Young girls will wear turban shaped hats, or the English shapes with brims rolled at the side. Wings, pompons of feathers and ribbon will be used as trimmings.

Pockets, which have so long formed a part of every dress, are going out of fashion; large bows are set on in the place they occupied; even small pockets are dispensed with.

Satin boots for full dress are trimmed with yellow satin bows and yellow buttons. Dull gold buckles mixed with fine cut steel are put in the bows of slippers, which are cut low on the instep to show the stocking.

Huguenot cuffs of torchon lace and insertion come to wear over tight sleeves; large square collars to fasten in the back are worn with them over high-neck dresses. Delicate necklaces made of point and duchesse laces are also worn with high dresses.

Fine Balbriggan stockings in all shades are embroidered by hand with floss on the instep; one shade is used in the embroidering; tan on brown, blue on white, cardinal on black, and *vice versa*; while fine lisle thread and spun silk stockings in delicate tints have embroideries in high mixed colors.

Tunic overdresses are said to be going out altogether, the long princesse taking the place of dresses cut in several pieces. The princesse is sometimes trimmed simply around the bottom and arranged to drape a little in the back under bows of ribbon; passementerie trimmings or scarfs are draped over it.

Impure Liquors.

A reform liquor dealer in New York in telling his story said: "I'll give $100 in gold for a gallon of pure brandy," he shouted, "or of port wine. I tried to buy a bottle of the latter pure for a sick woman, and I paid $13.50 for it, and got shaved at that. It was made of logwood and elderberry juice, because there are not grapes enough grown in the world to make the port wine that is drank in the city of London alone."

The following story, illustrative of the effects of these poisons on the human system, closed the speaker's address: "I knew a man who kept a saloon, and drank beer. He thought it was doing him good. He was getting fat. And I remember how he would hold up the glass and look at it and say: 'That's fine beer.' Well, that fine beer killed him one fine day, and they had a *post-mortem* examination made to ascertain the exact cause of his death, and the doctors said he died of a kidney disease caused by drinking beer. But that wasn't all; they found about a pound of fatty substance about his heart, and they tried it out to see what it was composed of, and found that it was beer juice."

Murdered by Savages.

Relative to the recent search for the murderers of the passengers and crew of the steamer Geo. S. Wright by the British gunboat Rocket, the following press dispatch is received from Victoria:

The most sorrowful page in the story of the wreck of the Geo. S. Wright, in 1874, remains to be written. The *Colonist* has a few additional particulars of the massacre of a portion of her passengers and crew by Indians and the destruction of the Indian village. The officers learned enough to convince them that several of the shipwrecked persons got ashore and were murdered by the Indians. The story is that a number of white men came ashore in a boat; that they had with them many papers and a large sum of money in gold and silver. They bargained with a party of Kimgut Indians, who were bound to Victoria, to take them to Fort Rupert for $7 each. The white men were without arms, and when night came on and all were asleep the Indians murdered them, and threw the bodies into the sea after stripping them of everything of value. The money, which was in a box, was divided by the savages, who then came on to Victoria and spent the coin. An Indian woman says she picked up the head of a white man on the beach at Cape Caulion a few months after the wreck, and was told to put it down again and say nothing about it. The officers found no property belonging to the steamer except portions of wreck, which probably drifted ashore.

With respect to the destruction of the Indian village, Sergeant Bloomfield landed with three others from the Rocket, and demanded four men, who were suspected of complicity in the murders. The Indians came out armed, and refused to give up the men. The party then secured two of the suspected savages, and made for the boat. They were fired on, but got back to the ship safely. Captain Harris then gave the tribe six hours in which to surrender the other two men. After the lapse of six hours he extended the time three hours longer. He then fired blank cartridges, and the Indians ran away. The village was then shelled and afterward burned. The two men were secured. No one was killed.

Farm Notes.

The last recipe for making hens lay is to bake their corn.

When you hear a country praised because roses bloom in winter, you may be sure that mosquitoes and snakes come out thick in spring.

There have been great improvements in poultry, but one point is lacking, that is, a breed that can get over the idea that an egg a day is enough.

The scientific truth about potatoes is that they will not grow well unless in mellow soil. There are other needs, but, like charity, this is the first of all.

The apples of Michigan are worth more than her wheat and corn; more than her salt and lumber; more than her fish and onions; more than her politics.

It is said that choice apples, such as the Rhode Island Greening, are worth three dollars a barrel to make into vinegar, but, remember, a good many lies are told.

What is badly needed is a method for saving corn fodder. One who can devise it will do more good than if he could make a political speech two hours long.

They say that by a free use of potash in the soil pear trees will never blight, and will bear heavily. If this is true, a pear orchard is worth more money than a big office.

What is the matter with beans? We are told they contain ninety per cent. of nutrition, and yet hired men turn up their noses, and want potatoes, which contain only twenty per cent. We need a greater diffusion of knowledge.

A boy should be the first up in the morning; he should build the fires, put on the tea kettle, set the table, and then go out and fodder, and he should have a chance to warm himself a little before breakfast; so that when he becomes of age, he will not fly from the farm as if it were Sodom or the other place.

Phair, the Murderer.

The New York *Herald*, in commenting on the case of Phair, the condemned murderer, says: Vermont furnishes an event that is mildly sensational in its way. In that State in the year 1874 the crime of murder was brought home to a young man by evidence satisfactory to a jury, and this culprit is now under sentence of death. But a person has "turned up" who promises to prove that at the time the crime was committed in Rutland, Vt., the alleged murderer was not in the place but somewhere else, on his way to Providence. That the executive should stay the arm of the law out of regard to a mere expression of opinion of this nature must be attributed to the readiness of the authorities to exhaust the smallest chance that may present itself in the culprit's favor—to a disposition not to hang anybody in favor of whose innocence a word can possible be said. It is nearly three years since the occurrence of the crime. On the trial the whereabouts of the murderer on the day of the murder was made out by a consistent train of circumstances, and did not at all agree with his own account of his whereabouts. No evidence was produced on the trial to sustain his own account, and the jury decided against him. Now a man comes forward whose statement amounts to an expression of opinion that the prisoner's story was true. It seems not according to ordinary methods to stay an execution on such ground. Doubtless the governor attaches weight to the story, and that of course is sufficient; but it is evident that a man who knew so little of the prisoner that he did not appear on the trial, and who yet knows so much that he can swear to the culprit's whereabouts on a particular day in June, 1874, is a person who knows at once too little and too much.

The High-Toned Tramp.

Yesterday a gentleman, residing in a neat, modest cottage in the suburbs, caught a tramp prowling about his back yard, evidently trying to steal something.

"Why don't you come to the front door if you want anything?" indignantly roared the proprietor.

"That's what I was looking for," was the impudent reply.

"Didn't you see it on the other side of the house?" retorted the gentleman.

"How was I to know that was the front door? No silver door plate, no bell, no telephone, no statuary, no servant to take your hat and cane. Tell your boss there is a gentleman out here who is waiting for his breakfast."

When the gentleman got back with his shot gun, the tramp was not there any more.—*San Antonio Herald.*

How a Lawyer Lost a Client.

A gentleman was sued, and very much excited he went into a law office and told his case to a lawyer. The lawyer hinted at a settlement, at which the client became exceedingly wrathy, and shouted: "Never! never!" and striking his fist on the table until it bounced, "not one cent to stop the fight!" "And millions for defense, I suppose," quietly remarked the lawyer. The man stopped as though he had been struck with a club, sat down a short time, and then taking up his hat went out and employed another lawyer. The word "millions" frightened him almost out of his coat.

Farmers' Facts about Grasshoppers.

The Chicago *Tribune* has gathered from Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota and Nebraska a great deal of curious information about the grasshoppers of the West. A few suggestive facts reported by the farmers are worth repeating even on the Atlantic seaboard, as they give a vivid idea of the beginnings of the locust plague such as the labored description of scientific men fails to produce. A correspondent in Neosho county, Kansas, says that the ground is full of eggs, there being as many as a hundred to the square inch in some places, which will, in his opinion, stand any amount of bad weather and hatch when the proper time comes. But he naively remarks that all the young grasshoppers that have been found are "our native animal," and with an agricultural disregard of grammar he adds: "The Colorado 'hopper is a different institution entirely, as any one acquainted with their make-up can see at a glance." A man in Franklin county is amazed to think that the eggs which have been deposited in that neighborhood can stand the frosty weather that has prevailed of late, but he confesses with many misgivings that such of them as have been put under the microscope look sound. The farmers of that region take the whole matter coolly, and are determined to meet the 'hoppers firmly and "drive them into the ditches and destroy them;" which is a new version of the heroic determination to welcome the invaders with bloody hands to hospitable graves. From Labette county a correspondent cheerfully announces that the people there expect to be alive with locusts in the summer, but that they are not nervous, as they have kept a lot of old grass to burn and have planted "barley, castor beans and pampas, which are 'hopper proof."

A farmer in Nemaha county writes that some of the grasshoppers' eggs were hatched out during the warm weather in February, and that even the sceptical county editor was forced to acknowledge the fact. He adds: "Some of the eggs are spoiled, but a large part are yet good." Another farmer writes from the same county, classifying the locusts as natives and foreigners. Of the former he says: "There are some of the natives hatching in sheltered localities; some of them are half-grown." Of the latter he says: "None of the foreigners are hatching yet that I can find." A correspondent from Washington county says that the grasshoppers' eggs are generally laid in sandy places along the creeks; they that are proof against cold, but that the March and April rains kill them; that many have been hatched out already along southern slopes. He adds: "We are cheerful but organized." A farmer in another part of the same county gives this description of the favorite places of the insect: "Roadsides and prairies where the grass is troddden out, stubble fields, orchards, corn fields and every other place where the ground is bare and a little hard is literally full of locust eggs." A farmer in Price county, who is probably accustomed to making political speeches, gives the law and the state of public opinion on the subject of locusts in some very large words. He says: "Our Legislature has passed an act authorizing the road overseers to call on all male persons to assist in destroying them should they visit us this season. Burning prairie grass simultaneously in our county has been agitated some, with a view to destroy them after hatched out."

From Sac City, Ia., a correspondent reports that some of the grasshopper eggs have been hatched out by artificial means, and that the young locusts have been exposed to great degrees of cold without effect. In Page county some of them were put between two pieces of ice, which were frozen solid and then thawed, the imprisoned grasshoppers coming to life and moving off. In other places the eggs were hatched out by the family stove and the young locusts were set in the open air at night and frozen stiff, but when put beside the stove again in the morning they became as lively as ever. Throughout the whole Northwest the prairie grass has been spared, and is left to use against the grasshoppers if they should come in swarms. Correspondence from Minnesota indicates that the people in some parts of the State will have to fight for their harvests. It is said that some of the experimentalists in that State have frozen and thawed out the young locusts as often as three times, and found them able to hop about after the third thawing. From Nebraska comes the same story; but one of the farmers of Franklin county in that State declares that the idea of fighting the locusts through organizations under the command of the roadmasters, as provided by Nebraska statutes, is as absurd as would be the attempt to turn the wind with fanning mills.—*New York World.*

The Indians.

The United States Indian bureau have issued proposals for the following supplies required for the Indian service for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1878:

	Pounds.
Beef on the hoof	34,838,000
Flour	5,764,500
Bacon	879,400
Corn	2,464,500
Beans	184,500
Rice	83,000
Tobacco	59,350
Soap	118,420
Mess pork	790 bbs.
Hominy	153,000
Hard bread	96,000
Sugar	896,600
Coffee	453,900
Baking powder	28,340
Tea	6,580
Soda	16,750
Lard	14,000
ALSO,	
Blankets, pairs	26,479
Overcoats	3,571
Sack coats	7,969
Yests	6,483
Pants, pairs	8,859
Blouses	6,125
Boys' suits	2,213
Hats and caps	15,398
Shoes, pairs