THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1879. NUMBER 15.

Mortality.

How do the roses die?
Do their leaves fall together,
Thrown down and scattered by the sky
Of angry weather?
No, the sad thunder-stroke
O'ersweeps their lowly bower;
The storm that tramples on the oak
Relents above the flower.

No violence makes them grieve,
No wrath hath done them wrong,
When with sad secrecy they leave
The branch to which they clung,
They yield them, one by one,
To the light breeze and shower,
To the soft dew, cool shade, bright sun,
Time and the hour.

From My Arm-Chair.

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE,

Who presented to me, on my seventy-second birthday, February 27, 1879, this chair, made from the wood of the village blacksmith's chestnut tree.

Am I a king, that I should call my own
This splendid ebon throne?
Or by what reason, or what right divine,
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong;
Only because the spreading chestnut tree
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,
When in the summer time,
The affluent foliage of its branches made
A cavern of cool shade.

There by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,
Its blossoms white and sweet
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout,
Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,
Shaped as a stately chair,
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,
And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not, in all his pride,
Repel the ocean tide,
But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme
Roll back the tide of time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,
The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices shout and call,
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,
I hear the bellows blow;
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat
The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me
This day a jubilee,
And to my more than threescore years and ten
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into which are wrought
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood,
And make these branches, leafless now so long,
Blossom again in song.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

UNDER A CLOUD.

"Did you ever see a sadder face?"

It was the remark of a lady to her friend, as Mrs. Loring passed her window. Mrs. Loring had ridden out for the first time for months; not now of her own choice, but in obedience to the solicitation of a friend, and the positive command of her physician. She was in deep sorrow, refusing all comfort. Heavy clouds were in her sky—black clouds, through which not a ray of sunshine penetrated.

"Fever," answered the friend, while a shade caught from Mrs. Loring's countenance flitted across her own face. "Who can she be?"

"Didn't you recognize her?"

"No. The countenance was, to me, that of a stranger."

"I can hardly wonder that it should be so," said the friend, "for she is sadly changed. That was poor Mrs. Loring, who lost her two children last winter from scarlet fever."

"Mrs. Loring!" The lady might well look surprised. "Sorrow has indeed done a fearful work there. But is it right thus to sit under a cloud? right thus to oppose no strong barrier to the waters of affliction that go sweeping over the soul, marring all its beauty?"

"It is not right," was the answer. "The heart that sits in darkness, brooding over its loss, sorrows with a selfish sorrow. The clouds that shut out the sun are exhalations from its own stagnant surface. It makes the all-pervading gloom by which it is surrounded. I pity Mrs. Loring, unhappy sufferer that she is; but my pity for her is always mingled with a desire to speak sharp rebuking words, in the hope to agitate the slumberous atmosphere in which she is enveloped like a shroud."

"I wonder," remarked the other, "that her husband permits her to brood so long in idle grief over the inevitable."

"Husbands," was replied, "have often the least salutary influence over their wives when bowed with affliction. Some men have no patience with displays of excessive grief in women, and are, therefore, more ignorant than children in regard to its treatment. Such a man is Mr. Loring. All that he does or says, therefore, only deepens the encompassing shadow. A wise, unselfish man, with a mind to realize something of his wife's true state, and a heart to sympathize her, will always lead her from beneath the clouds of sorrow upward to the cheerful heights upon which the sunshine rests. If she shows unwillingness to be led; if she courts the shadows and hide in the gloom of her own dark repinings, he does not become impatient. He loves her with too unselfish a love for this. And so he brings light to her on his own countenance, the sunshine of even affected cheerfulness that penetrates the murky atmosphere in which she sits, and warms her heart with its genial radiance. Thus he woos her with sunny gleams from the clear sky that yet bends over her, and that will make all again bright and beautiful on the earth of her spirit, if she will but lift herself above the clouds. It is the misfortune of Mrs. Loring that she is not blessed with such a husband."

The subject of this conversation had on that morning yielded to the solicitations of one of her nearest friends, and with great reluctance consented to go out with her in her carriage.

"I shall be much better at home," she objected to the urgent appeal of her friend. "This quiet suits me. The stillness of my own chamber accords best with my feelings. The glare and bustle of the busy streets will only disturb me deeper. I know it is kindness in you; but it is a mistaken kindness."

To reason with her would have been useless, and so reason was not attempted.

"I have come prepared to hear no objections," was the firm answer. "The doctor says that you are injuring your health, and must go out. So get yourself ready."

"Health—life even! What are they to me? I have nothing to live for!" was the gloomy responses. "Come quickly the time when I shall lay me down and sleep in peace."

"A woman, and nothing to live for? One of God's intelligent creatures, and nothing to live for!"

There was so much rebuke in the tone with which this was offered that Mrs. Loring was partly aroused thereby.

"Come! Let us see whether there be not something to live for. Come! you must go with me this morning."

So decisive was the lady's manner—so impelling the action of the will—that Mrs. Loring found herself unable to resist; and so with reluctance that was not concealed, she made her preparations to go out. In due time she was ready, and, descending with her friend, took a seat in her carriage and was driven away. Houses, trees, public buildings, swept like a moving panorama before her eyes, and though familiar objects glassed themselves therein, they failed to awaken the slightest interest. The sky was clear, and the bright sunshine lay everywhere; but her heart still sat under a cloud, and folded around itself gloom for a mantle. Her friend talked to her, calling her attention every little while to some new palace home, or to some glimpse of rural beauty which the eye caught far in the distance. But all was vain; the mourner's slender form still shrunk back among the cushions, and her face wore its saddest aspect.

Suddenly the carriage drew up before a neat looking house of moderate size, with a plat of ground in front, wherein were a verdant square and borders of well-tended flowers. Ere Mrs. Loring had time to ask a question the coachman was at the door.

"Why do you stop here?" she inquired.

"I wish to make a brief call. Come! you must go in with me."

Mrs. Loring shook her head in a positive way, and said "no" still more positively.

"You will meet no light votary of fashion here, my friend," said the lady, "but one who has suffered like yourself. "Come!"

But Mrs. Loring shrunk farther back in the carriage.

"It is now only three months since she followed to their mortal resting place two precious little ones, the last of her flock, that, scarcely a year ago, numbered four. I want you to meet her. Sisters in sorrow, you cannot but feel drawn toward each other by cords of sympathy."

Mrs. Loring shook her head imperatively.

"No—no! I do not wish to see her. I have grief enough of my own without sharing in that of others. Why did you bring me here?" There was something like anger in the voice of Mrs. Loring.

"Six months, nearly, have passed since God took your children to Himself, and time, that softens grief, has brought to you at least some healing leaves. The friend I wish to visit—a friend in humble life—is sorrowing with as deep a sorrow, that is yet but three months old. Have you no word to speak to her? Can you not, at least, mingle a tear with her tears? It may do you both good. But I do not wish to urge a selfish reason. Bear up with womanly fortitude under your own sorrow, and seek to heal the sorrow of a sister, over whose heart are passing the waters of affliction. Come, my friend!"

Mrs. Loring, so strongly urged, stepped out upon the pavement. She did so with a reluctance that was almost unconquerable. Oh, how earnestly she wished herself back in the shadowy solitude of her own home.

"Is Mrs. Adrian at home?" was inquired of the tidy girl who came to the door. The answer being in the affirmative, the ladies entered and were shown into a small but neat sitting-room, on the walls of which were portraits, in crayon, of four as lovely children as ever the eyes looked upon. The sight of these sweet young faces stirred the waters of sorrow in the heart of Mrs. Loring, and she hardly restrained her tears. While yet her pulses throbbed with a quicker beat, the door opened and a woman entered, on whose rather pale face was a smile of pleasant welcome.

"My friend, Mrs. Loring," such was the introduction, "of whom I have spoken to you several times."

The smile did not fade from the countenance of Mrs. Adrian, but its expression changed as she took the hand of Mrs. Loring and said:

"I thank you for your kindness in calling."

Mrs. Loring scarcely returned the warm pressure with which her hand was taken. Her lips moved slightly, but no word found utterance. Not the feeblest effort at a responsive smile was visible.

"We have have both been called to pass through the fire," said Mrs. Adrian, in more subdued tones, though the smile still played around her lips. "Happily, One walked with us when the flames were fiercest, or we must have been consumed."

It was now that her voice reached the heart of Mrs. Loring. The eyes of the selfish woman dropped to the floor, and her thought was turning in upon itself. In the smile that hovered about the lips of Mrs. Adrian she had seen only indifference, not a sweet resignation. The words just spoken, but more particularly the voice that gave them utterance, unveiled to her the sorrow of a kindred sufferer, who would not let the voice of wailing disturb another's ear, nor the shadow of her grief fall upon a spirit already under a cloud. The drooping eyes of Mrs. Loring were raised, with a half wondering expression, to the face of Mrs. Adrian. Still hovered the smile about those pale lips; but its meaning was no longer a mystery; the smile was a loving effort to send light and warmth to the heart of a grieving sister. From the face of Mrs. Adrian the eye of Mrs. Loring wandered to the portraits of her children on the wall.

"All gone!" The words fell from Mrs. Loring's lips almost involuntarily. She spoke from a new impulse—pity for a sister in sorrow.

"All," was answered. "They were precious to me—very precious—but God took them."

A slight huskiness vailed her voice.

"Beautiful children!" Mrs. Loring still gazed on the portraits. "And all taken in a year. Oh how did you keep your heart from breaking?"

"He who laid upon me so heavy a burden gave me strength to bear it," was the low reply.

"I have found no strength in a like affliction," said Mrs. Loring sadly.

"No strength! Have you sought sustaining power?" Mrs. Adrian spoke with a winning earnestness.

"I have prayed for comfort, but none came," said Mrs. Loring, sadly.

"Praying is well; but it avails not, unless there be also doing.

"Doing?"

"Yes, the faithful doing of our duty. Sorrow has no antidote like this."

Mrs. Loring gazed intently upon the face of her monitor.

"When the last heavy stroke fell upon my heart," continued Mrs. Adrian, shattering it, as it seemed, to pieces, I lay for a little while stunned, weak and almost helpless. But as soon as thought began to run clear, I said to myself: 'Is there nothing for my hands to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours the only suffering spirit in the world?' Then I thought of my husband's sorrow, which he bore so silently and manfully, striving to look away from his own grief that he might bring comfort to me. 'Is it not in my power to lessen for him the gloom of our desolate household?' I asked of myself. I felt that it was; and when next he returned home at the day's decline I met him, not with a face of gloom as before, but with as cheerful a countenance as it was in my power to assume. I had my reward; I saw that I had lightened his burden; and from that moment half the pressure of mine was removed. Since then I have never suffered my heart to brood idly over its grief; but in daily duties sought the strength that never is given to those who fold their hands in fruitless inactivity. The removal of my children lightened all home duties, and took away objects of love that I felt must be in a measure restored. I had the mother's heart still. And so I sought out a motherless little one, and gathered her into the fold of my love. Ah, madam! this is the best balsam for the bereaved and bleeding affections that I can tell of. To me it has brought comfort and reconciled me to losses, the bare anticipation of which once made me beside myself with fear. Sometimes, as I sit with the tender babe I now call my own resting on my bosom, a thought of heaven goes pleasantly through my mind, and I picture to myself the mother of this adopted child as the loving guardian of my own babes, now risen into the spiritual kingdom of our Father. I cannot tell you what a thrill of delight such thoughts at times awaken!"

Mrs. Loring bowed her head upon her bosom and sat in silence for some moments. Then she said:

"You have read me a lesson from which I hope to profit. No wonder my heart has ached on with undiminished pain. I have been selfish in my grief. 'There is nothing now to live for,' I have repeated to myself over and over again, until I believed the words."

"Nothing to live for!" Mrs. Adrian spoke in a surprised voice. "In the image and likeness of God we were all made; and if we would have the lost beauty restored, we must imitate God in our lives. He loves every one with a divine tenderness, and is ever seeking to bless us. If we would be like Him, we must love each other and seek each other's good. He has given us the ability to impart blessings, and made true happiness to depend on the exercise of this ability; and if we fold our hands and sit in idle repinings, happiness is not possible. How fully have I proved this!"

"And, God helping me, I will prove the opposite," said Mrs. Loring, speaking from the warmth of a new impulse. "Long enough have I been sitting under a cloud."

"While the bright sun shone far above in the clear heavens," added the friend, with a smile of encouragement.

"May we see this babe you have called your own?" said Mrs. Loring.

The little one was brought, and, as she lay tenderly clasped to the bosom of her new mother, giving even more of blessedness than she received, Mrs. Loring, after her lips had touched, with a lingering pressure, the pure forehead, said:

"Your action has been wiser and better than mine, and you have had your reward. While the waters of love have grown stagnant in my heart, sending up murky exhalations to darken my sky, yours have been kept sweet and pure to mirror the bending heavens. I thank you for the lesson."

She wore a different face on returning home than when she went forth so reluctantly. There was a rift in the overshadowing clouds, and a few rays of sunshine came warmly down. Even the inception of good purposes had moved the long-pulseless waters, and the small ripples on the surface were catching the light.

A few weeks of unselfish devotion to the life duties awaiting her hand on all sides wrought a wonderful change in Mrs. Loring. In seeking to be useful to others, her heart was comforted; and when into that heart, ever yearning with a mother's undying love, a babe left helpless and friendless in the world was taken, the work of consolation was completed. She sat under a cloud no longer. Above her arched the beautiful sky, bright through the cheerful day; and when the night of grief for the loss of her precious one returned, as it would return at intervals, a thousand stars made beautiful the azure firmament.

Scenes on the Levees at New Orleans.

Edward King writes as follows in the Boston *Journal*: If one were to judge simply by the appearance of the levees along the Mississippi river, as he enters New Orleans from Mobile, he would think the town enjoyed a full tide of prosperity. Dozens of long, dark-bodied steamers from England, from Norway, from Russia, and scores of ships from each of those countries are loading with cotton. The tall white steamers from the upper waters of the Mississippi and from the dozen great streams tributary to it stand ranged in rows like impatient steeds, foaming at their fiery nostrils with anxiety to depart. An army of whites and blacks scurries from steamboat to cotton-press or broker's office, from ship to shore, from dancing boat to crowded wharf. The "roustabouts" sing and shout in their peculiar and almost incomprehensible dialect, as they dexterously handle the "cotton hooks." The lines of mules pass soberly, with the hot sun glistening on their backs, which have long since become impervious to any sensations except those produced by severest beatings. Draymen urge their mules to gallop through sloughs of mud, and the wanderer on the levees is quite sure to come away well spattered and covered with little tufts of cotton. John Bull's rosy face and shapely form is seen here, in sharp contrast with the saturnine features of the planter from up river. Everybody is talking cotton, shouting cotton, breathing cotton, for the dainty white fibers float in the air. Morgan's Louisiana and Texas railroad, a line as yet incomplete, but running to boats which ply on the gulf, has hundreds of cars scattered on the levees. Here are types which you never see save on the Mississippi river, the active, devil-may-care, laborious boatmen, who have rough struggles all their lives, and some of whom die violent deaths, but who are thoroughly in love with their amphibious existence, and could not be persuaded to change it for anything else. Men from far Arkansas' head waters, from the muddy bluffs of Missouri, from the fat lands of "Egypt," from the water-invaded plantations of Mississippi and Tennessee, are huddled together, discussing the latest political excitement, or the price of the staple in which they all trade. They are all of one mind as to general politics, but local matters allow of hundreds of points of difference, none of which do they fail to improve. Sometimes discussions become violent, but this is rarely the case in New Orleans, between gentlemen. I doubt if there is another point on the globe which can furnish so interesting, animated and peculiar a spectacle as may be seen here on a Saturday afternoon, when packet after packet moves away majestically and ascends the enormous stream, leaving behind her a vast trail of smoke, and when the wharves are thronged with agents, passengers and laborers.

Curious Russian Customs.

It is a curious thing that among the Russians the father and mother of an infant not only cannot stand as sponsors to it, but they are not allowed to be present at its baptism. The godfather and godmother, by answering for the child, become related to it and to each other, and a lady and gentleman who have stood as sponsors to the same child are not allowed to marry each other. In christening, the priest takes the child, which is quite naked, and, holding it by the head, so that his thumb and finger stop the orifices of the ears, he dips it thrice into the water; he cuts off a small portion of the hair, which he twists up with a little wax from the tapers, and throws it into the font; then, anointing the baby's breast, hands and feet with the holy oil, and making the sign of the cross with the same on the forehead, he concludes by a prayer and benediction.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A curious display of folly and stubbornness on the part of a Russian nobleman is reported. This man owns 40,500 acres of arable land, which he will not cultivate nor lease to anybody else; and he will not permit the extirpation from his acres of the Siberian marmots or of the beetles, which spread over the country, destroying a large portion of the crops every year, and for whose extirpation many thousands of people are elsewhere employed by the authorities.

Blondeau, the French aeronaut, sent his pupil, Coutier, up in a balloon near Naples, and on its descent in the suburbs the population immediately cut it in pieces and ran away with them. Blondeau wrote to *L'Italia*, a Naples paper, that the balloon comprised 6,500 feet of silk and thread, and had cost twenty-eight workmen thirty-four days of labor. He had traveled with a balloon for thirty-five years, and often among Arabs and other barbarians, but had never experienced a similar act of barbarism. The men most noticeable in the outrage were subsequently arrested.

Wurtemberg, in Germany, is often visited by terrible hailstorms. In some parts of the country whole districts are exempted from the land tax on account of the damage caused by the hail. And these hailstorms are apparently becoming more destructive. As regards liability to being visited, it appears that pine woods enjoy comparative immunity, while beach woods and bare hillsides are particularly unfortunate. The parishes most frequently devastated lie on the outskirts of wooded hills, but it does not appear that clearance of a wood has any deleterious influence. The valleys of the Neckar and some other rivers are the least troubled by this annoyance.

"Serkys Tea," as it is called, is now turning the heads of Philadelphia ladies. Olive Harper describes it in a late letter. It is a decoction of various Oriental herbs, has a slightly resinous and aromatic taste, and is said to confer on the ones who drink it faithfully almost the bloom and beauty of eternal youth. Miss Harper saw it often and drank it in Turkey, and really believes it will prolong the freshness of a woman's complexion to an advantage. It seems to act on the skin, and to promote a general health and vigor. Only one firm sells it in Philadelphia, and their rooms are thronged from morning till night, by ladies seeking to renew their youth. The story sounds fishy.

Botel Tobago is an island in the South seas which has been visited by a party of United States naval officers. They were surveying a rock east of the South cape of Formosa, and called at this island. They found a curious race of Malay stock. These aborigines did not know what money was good for. Nor had they ever used tobacco or rum. They gave the officers goats and pigs for tin pots and brass buttons, and hung round the vessel all day in their canoes waiting for a chance to dive for something which might be thrown overboard. They wore cloats only, ate taro and yams, and had axes, spears and knives made of common iron. Their canoes were made without nails, and were ornamented with geometrical lines. They wore the beards of goats and small shells as ornaments. Such is the account of these strange people given by Dr. Seigfried in a letter read at the last meeting of the Philadelphia academy of natural sciences.

Popular Science.

Soaking timber in lime-water has been recommended for preserving it from dry rot and the effects of the weather.

Amber is found in the mines, rivers and sea-coasts of Prussia. It is used in varnish and for mouthpieces of pipes.

A machine for cutting stone of all kinds rapidly, and capable of striking six thousand blows per minute, has been patented.

A series of experiments has established the fact that chloroform neutralizes the action of strychnine upon the human system.

A German chemist says frozen cabbages or plants lose none of their nutritive qualities, because the frost transforms the starch in the vegetable into sugar.

To tell a diamond from an artificial gem look through the stone at the point of a needle or a small hole in a card, and if there are two points or two holes the stone is not a diamond.

The black sulphate of silver which forms on plated and silver wares, may be removed at once by wiping the surface with a rag wet with aqua ammonia, and without the trouble of rubbing.

In Breslau a successful attempt has been made to erect a paper chimney about fifty feet high. By a chemical preparation the paper was rendered impervious to the action of fire or water.

Prof. Nichols, of Boston, found eight grains of arsenic to each square foot of a green dress submitted to his examination. Here is the fact of poisons freely used. Is there no remedy?

A French engineer has contrived an apparatus in which, by a system of mirrors, the rays of the sun are so utilized as to generate steam for motive power, thus doing away with the necessity of fuel.

The estimated cost of the proposed inter-oceanic canal across the American isthmus, Nicaragua route, is $63,000,000; but it is considered wise to regard the actual cost, including the interest on dormant capital, at double that sum.

A Big Pig Story.

After the following testimony, supplied by a Western paper, as to the fasting capacity of a hog, there is no excuse for that animal ever making a hog of itself. Some forty years ago Henry and Bradbury Cilley fed a large lot of hogs at Colerain, on the Great Miami. About New Year's they removed their hogs from the field next the river in which they had been fattened, and drove them to market. On counting them out one was missing, which, after diligent but fruitless search, was given up as lost or dead. About the middle of April afterward they sent a hired man to chop a large sycamore tree, hollow some twenty feet or more in the butt end, and which had been lying down all winter, to enable them to get it off the ground preparatory to plowing in the spring. On chopping into the tree near the extremity of the hollow the axe struck what appeared to be hog hair and flesh. A large chip was then chopped and split out on each side and a live hog was taken out, which proved to be the one missed two and a half months before. When taken out the hog was so emaciated he could not stand, but after being carefully cared for a few days, was got to the barnyard, and afterward resuscitated, fattened again the following winter, and driven to market and sold. The Messrs. Cilley's theory of the case was that during the sudden change in the weather, a few days before removing their hogs from the field, several of them had crowded into the hollow tree for shelter, and the first one to enter had been so closely crowded in that he was unable to get back.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

What the New Agriculture Teaches.

The following hints are taken from an essay on "The New Agriculture" by Dr. J. F. Nicholas, a distinguished agricultural writer: "Apples carelessly grown will bring poor prices; but those well grown and well cared for and properly packed will bring best prices even in these times. The best corn will make the best meal. Some farmers make their cider from rotten or otherwise worthless apples and put the cider into musty casks. Such cider, however, is of little value compared to that made from good apples and put in clean, sweet casks. Pork fed from slops and kept in dirt and filth is not near as valuable as that fed on good meal and always well littered. Good food is always worth paying for. A pan of butter has been spoiled by the farmer going into the milk room with his boots covered with manure; butter and milk absorb odors rapidly. It is always best to aim at excellence in everything. Fodder-corn is good feed if properly grown, but it is not good when sown broadcast and thick. It is as foolish to say that either milk or beer can be produced from food which chemistry says lacks the elements of which they are composed, as to say that dung will produce plants if the minerals are lacking. Fifteen cows, allowed to stand out one hour on a cold day, shrunk in milk nine quarts; ice-cold water given to a cow will shrink the milk; cows allowed to stand in water on a hot day will also shrink their milk. Cows never should be allowed to stand in a draft. A good, careful man, placed in charge of a badly-managed herd of cattle, has increased the flow of milk to an extent sufficient to pay his wages. Putting salt on the hay mow is a useless practice; in this case it has no curative properties. In the old agriculture the idea was prevalent that dung was dung from whatever source produced; that from meadow hay being supposed equal to that from the best hay or the best of meal or grain. The new agriculture forbids farmers letting their wet lands lie waste, but tells them if they have finished their haying by the middle of July to go to work next day to reclaim other lands. The new agriculture teaches us the different amount of nutrition in the different kinds of corn. Under the old system twenty to forty bushels were considered a good yield, but the new one teaches us that seventy or eighty will only be considered a fair yield; it also teaches us that the nutritive value of the cob is superior to that of wheat or rye straw, and equal to that of oat straw, besides containing a much larger amount of potash than any of the straws. Eastern corn ground with the cob is equal in feeding value to the Southern corn without the cob; but to obtain the best results from any grain it should be ground very fine. The amount of potash taken from the soil by the corn cobs is enormous. Sweet corn makes the best fodder to feed green to cows."

Starving Orchards.

A ton of dry, unleached ashes per acre will furnish nearly the same ingredients advised by the *Scientific Farmer* for the fertilization of orchards, which is two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds of bone dust and three hundred to four hundred pounds of sulphate of potash per acre. This gives some seventy or eighty pounds of potash, fifty to sixty pounds of lime (from the bones) and ten to twenty pounds of nitrogen, and some magnesia in the potash and fertilizer, all of which are called for to nourish orchards on insufficient soil, as the flesh of most fruits contains much potash as well as lime, in combination with the fruity acids, and the seeds phosphoric acid. Whether the ingredients required are applied in the formula given or in the unleached ashes suggested, it is recommended to sow broadcast and lightly harrow in, leaving it to the rain to more thoroughly incorporate with the earth. Such treatment has proved successful in orchards showing signs of decay both in this country and in Europe.

Coal ashes and salt are employed with great benefit on some soils, especially in orchards bearing sour fruits. Orchards, the soil of which, from close pasturing or other causes, is nearly destitute of *humus*, will gradually deteriorate and finally die unless restored to that state of fertility which is necessary for the thrifty growth of the tree and its existence in a healthy and vigorous state. Such orchards are greatly benefited with a top dressing of leafmold, rotten chip manure, muck from a creek, broken bones, animal hair of all kinds, and similar material generally at hand on farms, which can be applied without other expense than the time and labor expended. When manures are used they should be well decomposed; fresh warm manures excite young trees into a very rapid growth, but the wood is watery and feeble.

A dry soil, of but moderate richness, is the one that produces and sustains hardy trees; their wood is firm, the buds plump and close together and the parts well proportioned.—*Home and Farm.*

Success with Strawberries.

It is becoming more and more a necessity in the successful culture of the strawberry to raise only the best varieties and put them in market in the best possible condition. We often hear the cry that strawberries do not pay, and I fully believe it; for under the common mismanagement—letting the plants run at will—weeds are allowed to occupy space in the bed, and little or no care is exercised in regard to manure. I prefer, rather than the matted-row or the hill system, to cultivate in the single row, making the rows two and one-half feet apart and the plants about eight or ten inches in the row. This will give plenty of room for the hoe and cultivator, which I use freely through the summer, keeping the soil well stirred and allowing no weeds to grow about the plants. In manuring, care should be taken or you may seed your bed with weeds. I prefer to use bonedust, or some reliable commercial fertilizer of which I know the ingredients and the manufacturer. Clean rye or wheat straw, well rotted, is good to put under the row before planting, and a free application of liquid manure from the barnyard gives good results; I have a barrel fixed upon wheels for distributing it. When the plants are sending out runners, I wait until a few young plants have begun to take root; then with a pair of sheep-shears I stand astride the row and with one hand gather up the runners and clip them with the shears in the other. This I repeat two or three times during the season. When marketing I use the slat crate made for sixty boxes, but I take out fifteen, thus leaving forty-five; removing one partition and putting a couple of strips at each end, dividing the crate into three tiers instead of four. The upper strip at one end should be so placed as to allow the easy removal of the lower partition. By this plan the fruit gets plenty of air, and I can round up my boxes well with berries and there is no danger of their getting mashed, if carefully handled; and when exposed for sale they present a much finer appearance and command a much better price than is received for hundreds of quarts marketed in trays or closely packed in large crates.—*James Hunter, Jr., Fairfax county, Va., in New York Tribune.*

Signs of a Prosperous Farmer.

When you see a barn larger than his houses, it shows that he will have large profits and small affections. When you see him driving his work instead of his work driving him, it shows that he will never be driven from resolutions, and that he will certainly work his way to prosperity. When you always see in his woodhouse a sufficiency for three months or more, it shows that he will be more than a ninety days' wonder in farming operations, and that he is not sleeping in his house after a drunken frolic. When his sled is housed in summer and his farming implements covered both winter and summer, it plainly shows that he will have a good house over his head in the summer of his early life and the winter of old age. When his cattle are shielded and fed in winter, it evinces that he is acting according to scripture, which says that "a merciful man is merciful to his beast." When he is seen subscribing for a paper and paying in advance, it shows that he will never get his walking papers to the land of poverty.—*Minnesota Farmer.*

Rooting of Cuttings.

A writer in *Vick's Monthly* says: "The rooting of slips I have found a very easy matter in a double pot. I take an eight-inch pot, cork up the bottom hole, and put it into enough clean sand to raise the top of a four-inch pot to the height of the eight-inch pot when placed thereon. I then place the four-inch pot in the center without corking, fill around it with sand, place in a warm, sunny position, and fill with water by pouring into the small pot. Slips placed in the sand near the outer pot will root rapidly if kept warm and plenty of water is kept in the pot. In summer I place the pots on a fence in the hottest place I can find, and in winter in a south window of a warm room. As soon as rooted, the slips must be transferred to good soil. I have never found any trouble in rooting anything in this way."

War Anecdotes.

A few volunteer officers, Confederate and Federal, now retired to private life, were lately giving personal recollections of the war. It is a pity, by the way, that so few of these details are preserved for our children. They would give flesh and blood to the bare skeleton of history.

"The terrible struggle had its humorous side," said Captain A——. "There were the mistakes of the newly-fledged officers, the majors, captains and lieutenants, who but a few weeks before were grocers or lawyers. The story of the brigadier-general who, when appealed to for orders in the the thickest of the battle of Bull Run, pulled out his little book with, 'Let's see what Hardee says about it,' may not have been true, but I know a colonel who, when called upon to drill his regiment, wrote the words of command on his shirt-cuff."

"The men themselves made jokes in battle or in prison," said an ex-Confederate. "The American love of fun is indomitable. I remember a Kentuckian, Hume, who was a prisoner with me in '61, whose pranks kept the whole of us from despair.

"We were in a village in Ohio waiting transportation to Fort Delaware. They put us in the pens of the county fair-ground, and a company from Michigan, principally made up of farm boys, guarded us. Some of them used to stare in at 'the Rebs,' evidently uncertain whether we were quite human. One day our Kentuckian beckoned to the most anxious of his guards, a green country lad.

"'Couldn't you get me a nice fat baby?' he whispered, confidentially. 'I haven't had a broil since I left home.'

"'To eat? A baby!'

"'Come, don't scare us; be neighborly. Get me a good fat one.'

"'Are you—are the Rebs cannibals?'

"'Oh, perhaps the majority of the men prefer baby, but I shouldn't object to a plump young man myself,' with a ferocious stare at him.

"The lad looked at him with staring eyes, and soon after left guard. The next day Hume, who had forgotten his stupid joke, called to a little girl of five going by, and was talking to her through the bars, when a bullet whizzed past his head.

"'Don't with the man-eaters!' shouted the Michigander, who had fired the shot. His officers, astonished at his conduct, could scarcely drag him off."

Among other reminiscences was that of a Confederate who had seen Theodore Winthrop—the young American author and an officer in the Seventh regiment, of New York city—fall at Great Bethel. "He leaped upon an unprotected height," said the officer, "and so daring was the act, and so gallant the figure, that when he reeled and fell a cry burst from our ranks."—*Youths' Companion.*

A New Order.

The other day, after a strapping young man had sold a load of corn and potatoes on the market, and had taken his team to a hotel barn to "feed," it became known to the men around the barn that he was very desirous of joining some secret society in town. When questioned he admitted that such was the case, and the boys at once offered to initiate him into a new order, called "The Cavaliers of Coveo." He was told that it was twice as secret as Free Masonry, much nicer than Odd Fellowship, and the cost was only two dollars. In case he had the toothache he could draw five dollars per week from the relief fund, and he was entitled to receive ten dollars for every headache, and twenty-five dollars for a sore throat.

The young man thought he had struck a big thing, and, after eating a hearty dinner, he was taken into a storeroom above the barn to be initiated. The boys pured cold water down his back, put flour on his hair, swore him to kill his mother, if commanded, and rushed him around for an hour without a single complaint from his lips. When they had finished he inquired:

"Now I'm one of the Cavaliers of Coveo, am I?"

"You are," they answered.

"Nothing more to learn, is there?"

"Nothing."

"Well, then, I'm going to lick the whole crowd!" continued the candidate, and he went at it, and before he got through he had his two dollars initiation fee back, and three more to boot, and had knocked everybody down two or three times apiece. He didn't seem greatly disturbed in mind as he drove out of the barn. On the contrary, his hat was slanted over, he had a fresh five-cent cigar in his teeth, and he mildly said to one of the barn boys:

"Say, boy, if you hear of any Cavaliers asking for a Coveo about my size, tell 'em I'll be in on the full of the moon to take the royal skyfugle degrees."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Advertising.

While the advertiser eats and sleeps, printers, steam engines and printing presses are at work for him, trains and steamers are bearing his words all over the land, and thousands of men are reading with more or less interest the messages he sends them through the columns of his local paper. No preacher ever spoke to so large an audience, or so eloquently as you may do with the newspaper-man's assistance.—*Friars Point Gazette.*

A German theorist thinks cooking destroys the nutritive properties of food.

An International Exposition at New York in 1883.

We publish an interesting and important communication in advocacy of holding the next American international exposition in this city in 1883. That there will be such a festival held in America within ten years admits of no doubt; for, in spite of much mismanagement, of inevitable dissatisfaction on the part of many exhibitors, and positive losses incurred by some, it is certain the Centennial exposition of 1876 has resulted in great benefit to American industry and commerce. That the next occasion of the kind should be carefully and scientifically prearranged in such manner as to secure the greatest possible advantages, both material and moral, is a self-evident proposition. The two important decisions which require to be made without loss of time are place and the date.

In respect to the former subject a final decision is easy. While Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and other ambitious cities would offer a hearty welcome to the next international festival, there is no city that can dispute either the pre-eminent claims or the exceptional facilities of the metropolis of America. That question may be regarded as settled. In respect to the date, it must be remembered that this is a matter upon which the wishes, the convenience and the interests of other nations must be consulted. The number of such nations, however, is small, and the probabilities of their action can be estimated without much difficulty. Germany and England have not held expositions for several years, and, as our correspondent points out, both are discussing the advisability of such an exposition for 1885. There should never be an interval of less than two years between such festivals, so that it will be safe to concede to London and Berlin a pre-emption to the years 1885 and 1887. Although little has yet been said on the subject, it may be set down as an absolute certainty that France will in 1889 celebrate the centenary of her great revolution with an exposition surpassing in magnificence every previous festival of the kind. It is equally certain that America as a whole will celebrate in a similar manner in 1892 the fourth centenary of the discovery of America.

We must, therefore, appoint our next exposition in view of the above facts. The date should, if possible, commemorate an important national anniversary; it should be as nearly as possible intermediate between 1876 and 1892; it should not conflict with dates to which other nations have a superior claim; it should be neither so far off as to paralyze present interest, nor so near as to afford insufficient time for due preparation. All of these conditions are fulfilled by the year 1883, the centenary of our acknowledged independence and of the evacuation of the city of New York by the British troops.—*New York Herald.*

How Russia Treats Strikers.

A Paris correspondent of the New York *Star* says: As the Russian journals are forbidden to publish intelligence of the cruel repression of a recent strike in St. Petersburg, the news has been communicated to us by travelers who have just arrived from the Russian capital, and who speak of what had occurred under their own observation. A strike took place at the new Russian cotton mill, in the principal manufacturing district of the capital. A large number of strikes have occurred there of late years, and the police have sometimes sided with the weavers. On this occasion the work-people struck for shorter hours of labor, thirteen and a half hours a day being not unnaturally regarded as excessive. In the morning the weavers and spinners assembled in a crowd outside the mill, and the district police master hearing of the disturbance, sent some mounted police to reason with them. The gendarmes, however, produced no effect, and the strikers set off in a body from the new canal to lay their case before the czarewitch. Intelligence of this was at once sent to the nearest barracks, and as the crowd passed the place they were surrounded by a number of Cossacks, who drove them into a square in front of the barracks, using their sabers and whips freely among them. Many of the strikers were cut about dreadfully. After the crowd was locked up in the barracks a police commission was instituted to try them, the verdict being as follows: All the men above the age of nineteen (seventy in number) are to be exiled to the province of Archangel, after receiving sixty lashes apiece; all under that age are to be sent back to the village whence they came, and are to be kept there the remainder of their lives. All the women employed in the mill, and men who did not actively join in the demonstration, are to be discharged and fined three roubles a head all round. In a word, the entire working staff of the new cotton mill, about eight hundred hands, is cleared away at the stroke of a pen and a fresh set of people, to work from five in the morning till eight at night, is to be engaged to take their places.

Fish as Brain Food.

Since during the acts of sensation and intellection phosphorus is consumed in the brain and nervous system, there arises a necessity to restore the portions so consumed, or as the popular expression is, to use brain food. Now, as every one knows, it is the property of phosphorus to shine in the dark; and as fish in a certain stage of putrefactive decay often emit light, or become phosphorescent, it has been thought that this is due to the abundance of phosphorus their flesh contains, and hence they are eminently suitable for the nourishment of the nervous system, and are an invaluable brain food. Under that idea many persons resort to a diet of fish, and persuade themselves that they derive advantage from it in an increased vividness of thought, a signal improvement in the reasoning powers. But the flesh of fish contains no excess of phosphorus, nor does its shining depend on that element. Decaying willow wood shines even more brilliantly than decaying fish; it may sometimes be discerned afar off at night. That shining in the two cases is due to the same cause—the oxidation of carbon, not of phosphorus, in organic substances containing, perhaps, not a perceptible trace of the latter element. Yet surely no one found himself rising to a poetical fervor by tasting decaying willow wood, though it ought, on these principles, to be a