

# American Farmer

"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT, RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

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### TERMS.

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### Poetical.

#### THE STAR AND THE CLOUD.

BY PROF. J. M. HEWITT.

"Stand out of my light," said a bright little star,  
To the cloud that loomed in his way;  
"I cannot be seen by the planet far,  
If thus you obscure my pure ray."

"Fool, fool!" said the cloud, there are thousands  
Who imagine they stand all alone;  
Like myself one field and the flowers rejoice,  
And are not confined to a zone.

"You are not a shadow," half vexed the star said,  
And darken the beautiful earth;  
"I shall be seen by the planet far,  
And the sparkling waves dance in their mirth."

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#### THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

BY WILLIAM NOTHERWELL.

Mourfully I, mournfully  
This midnight wind doth sigh,  
Like some sweet, plaintive melody  
Of ages long gone by.  
It speaks a tale of olden years,  
Of hopes that bloomed to die,  
Of loves that faded in the dawn,  
And leaves that mouldering lie.

Mourfully I, mournfully  
This midnight wind doth moan!  
It speaks a tale of olden years,  
Of hopes that bloomed to die,  
Of loves that faded in the dawn,  
And leaves that mouldering lie.

#### Miscellaneous.

##### OLD HOUSE IN JUDEN STRASSE.

The Reward of Integrity.

In one of the most distinguished quarters of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine was the street called Juden Strasse, or Jew's street. Although in the very heart of the city, it was quiet and retired, and represented but a small number of the busy residents of Frankfurt.

In one of the houses dwelt a Jew, whose love of gain—indeed, such a passion had entered into his soul—was under the full domination of his honesty and integrity. These were his jewels which he prized far above the gold and precious stones with which his brethren sought to solace themselves for their outward poverty of appearance.

It will not say that he was not earnestly seeking for means to provide against the future contingencies of fortune, and to lay up something for the little ones who sat around his board; but high above all these was an honest pride in the possession of honor and justice, and a conscientious regard to the law of which wealth and honors could not bribe, nor poverty compel him.

The wife of Ben Heber Rothschild was a fit companion for her man. Stately as a queen, and beautiful as a queen, she was an earnest seeker for means to provide against the future contingencies of fortune, and to lay up something for the little ones who sat around his board; but high above all these was an honest pride in the possession of honor and justice, and a conscientious regard to the law of which wealth and honors could not bribe, nor poverty compel him.

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front of the famous closet, which stood with its wide glass doors quite open. At first the stranger seemed half disposed to object to the presence of the lovely Jewess; but when she turned her superb head and acknowledged his presence by a bow, while her grave and serene countenance relaxed into a smile, he was content that she should stay and witness his business with her husband. This was soon unfolded. This visitor was a German prince, who for some political or personal reason, was forced to flee from Frankfurt. He had heard of the purity and uprightness of the man with whom he had come to deal, and he wished to place all he had in the world under his charge, if he would accept the trust.

"I wish only," said the prince, "to retain enough for my expenses to a foreign land. Once there, it will be hard if a prince cannot find something on which to exercise his wits sufficiently to obtain a living. If nothing offers nearer, I shall shape my course to that land toward the setting sun, where, I am told, the distinctions are of value, and where every man is as good as his neighbor."

The Jew promised, and asked when he would bring his treasure, so that he might be able to appoint a private meeting to arrange the business.

"I have them here," said the prince, drawing from beneath his vest a wide girdle. On examination, it was found to press apart with a secret spring, and its recesses, which were deeply lined with soft wool, was found a collection of the most precious and dazzling stones that ever gazed the eyes of the Jew. Diamonds, whose lustre was like a star, rubies and sapphires, each of which were worth a princely sum, were in turn admitted and commented on, and taken account of. It was not until midnight when the examination ended and the accounts finished.

"Now," said the prince, "I would fain see where my treasure lies to lie, that in case any thing should happen to you and your wife, I might know where to seek it."

"That is a precaution of only common prudence," answered the Jew. "You shall yourself behold it put in a place of safety, from which it will not be removed until your return, save by circumstances in which even the secret of my life may be demanded."

The shutters were closed to prevent all prying eyes. The Jew and his wife removed the china from one side of the closet, and then carefully slipping aside the panel, which had been so beautifully fitted that no one ignorant of the secret could have detected its removal, was lowered into a receptacle beneath the shelf. In a moment all was replaced. The prince bowed his thanks, shook hands with his new friend, and was soon on the road, flying from parental grief.

Months passed into years, and the Jew worked early and late. The beautiful Sarah watched the cradle of her children with a mother's tender affection. Her ambition for her children was not for a princely income, but for good men; but she hoped they would become a little more successful in life than their plodding, laborious father.

Then came the terrible invasion, and those revolutions which convulsed all Germany. Frankfurt, Hamburg, and Bremen fell the shock; and the poor Jews, hunted and persecuted, were unable to escape with life; while the horrid gas of the Jewry and the Jewry prevailed over all other sounds, and deafened the ears of the poor Hebrews themselves.

In this time of alarm and confusion Sarah Rebeckah kept her children within her bosom. She did not blush from sorrow, but grew more gloriously beautiful and stately than ever. A mother and a wife, she lost all sight of herself in heroic love for the dear objects of her affection. The house was ransacked, and the plundered goods were taken by the lawless French soldiery, who scornfully reviled her husband for keeping such a magnificent woman in so poor a cage. The persecution did not cease here. Every Jew who put his head out of doors was required to take his hat to the Christians, and if he omitted this act of humiliation, he was stoned and abused. And the proud spirit of Sarah chafed to see her husband and the brave, beautiful boys, who dared to rebel against the humiliating and insulting assaults and threatenings from even the children of the Christians.

Years went by. The Prince returned. He had seen both troubles and joyous times in the far country which he had fled to as a refuge; and now with renewed vigor and strength, and a brave, strong spirit that was determined to take life as it came, and bear on without murmuring, he settled quietly down near Frankfurt. All around him were traces of the struggle with a foreign power; but he was glad to find a peaceful and happy life as he gazed down, so does a city or a nation recover itself after the oppressor has been trampled within its borders.

The German Prince sometimes thought of the time when he had been in the Jewry; but he knew what his class were reported to have suffered, and felt that in those times of extremity human integrity must fall before the absolute necessity that surrounded the unhappy Jew. He comforted himself that, at least, the murdered and stately Jewess and her husband might have been most essentially benefitted by the deposit he had left with them, and thus the matter rested in his mind.

One morning, while the Prince was at breakfast, he was told that a person wished to see him on business. He desired his presence in the breakfast room; and, on his entrance, was surprised and gratified by the sight of his old friend, the Jew.

sounded abroad by the Prince, who deemed that his thanks and presents alone were not sufficient. This world heard the tale, and the humble Jew received not only the trust but the companionship of princes and nobles. In all parts of the commercial world men heard the name with veneration, and at this day his family are scattered about in the grandest cities in Europe, the monarchs of finance, the arbiters of the money market, the successful, because honorable, controllers of the wealth of nations.

But though frequently urged to make her home in one of the princely palaces in which they dwelt, Sarah Rothschild passed her peaceful old days in the old house in Juden Strasse. When her sons, who were princes in their own right, and nobles by their country's gift of nobility given, too, to merit alone—when they visited her, she received them in the same room in which they had received their lessons of truth, and the stately woman rose up with a grace and dignity that would seem to belong only to a queen, and laying her hand upon their heads, would bless them in the name of Israel's God.

"May thy tribe increase!" is the heartfelt thought of all who know their worth and integrity. Such is a true sketch of the great house of Rothschild.

WOLF'S OWN UP.—Joe Stetson was a wild, frolicking fellow, who spent most of his time in drinking and spreeing, while his wife, Polly, was left at home to do the chores. Upon a certain occasion, Joe left home, to be back, as he said, in the next morning. Polly did not. The next day passed, but no sunset. Joe came up in the worst condition imaginable—his clothes dirty and torn, one eye in deep mourning, and his face presenting the appearance of a piece of raw meat, than anything else. Polly, who was in the door, and noticing his appearance, exclaimed:

"Why, Joe, what in the world is the matter?"

"Polly," said Joe, "do you know long Jim Andrews? Well, him and me had a fight."

"Who whipped you?" asked Polly.

"Polly, we had the hardest fight you ever did see. I hit him and he hit me, and then we clinched. Polly, ain't supper most ready? I ain't had nothing to eat since yesterday morning."

"But tell me who whipped you," continued Polly.

"Polly," replied Joe, "I tell you, you never did see such a sight as me and him had. When we clinched, I jerked loose from him, and then Jim hit me three or four times the most sufficient lick you ever heard of. Polly, ain't supper most ready? I'm nearly starved."

"Joe, do tell me who whipped?" continued Polly.

"Polly," said Joe, "you don't know nothing 'bout fighting." I tell you we fought like tigers: we rolled and tumbled—first him on top, then me on top—the boys would put the sheet on the bed, and hold it down for me. I got in with the first blow, and then I hit him three or four times the most sufficient lick you ever heard of. Polly, ain't supper most ready? I'm nearly starved."

"Joe Stetson!" exclaimed Polly, in a tone bristling with anger, "will you tell me who whipped?"

"Polly," said Joe, drawing a long sigh, "I hollered!"

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—Yes, if you would succeed in the world, mind your own business; let other people's business alone; attend to your own business strictly; be prompt in business, and do your business in a business-like manner. Many persons waste time enough in looking after the business of other persons to grow rich upon, if properly employed. Let other men do their own work and you do yours. If you are a farmer you must attend to your own farm, and you can only have them by rendering to every man his right—doing your own business and letting others do theirs. If a merchant, you must have patrons or customers, and you can only have them by attending strictly to your business, and allowing others to do the same.

If a lawyer, a physician or a preacher, you can only succeed by acquiring a character for honesty, promptness, and sincerity of purpose, and this you can do by minding your own business, and doing justly with all men with whom you have dealings. Yes, whatever your occupation may be, learn to keep your tongue in your mouth and your hands fast hold of your implements of labor—mind your own business and you will succeed.

A BAD CHARACTER.—We always were aware of the importance of possessing a good reputation for truth and honesty, but we have met with nothing lately, so well calculated to impress the disadvantages, of having a bad character upon the mind, as the following anecdote:

A mortal fever prevailed on board a ship at sea, and a negro man was appointed to throw the bodies of those who died from time to time, overboard. One day when the Captain was on deck, he saw the negro dragging out the body of a sick man, who was struggling gloriously, and himself from the negro's grasp, and remonstrating very bitterly against the cruelty of being buried alive.

"What are you going to do with that man, you black rascal?" said the captain.

"Going to throw him overboard, massa, cause he dead."

"Dead! you scoundrel!" said the captain, "don't you see he moves and speaks?"

"Yes, massa, I know he says he no dead, but he always lie so, nobody never know when to believe him."

IN A TIGHT PLACE.—A well-digger at Duquesne, named Norton, was about to fire a fuse, when his candle upset and set the train on fire. He rushed to the bucket and signalled to "haul up." The man at the windlass made superhuman efforts, and had hauled Mr. N. within some ten feet of the mouth when the windlass broke. Fortunately Mr. Norton caught a foothold on the projecting shaft, and thereby saved himself from being swung into the air. But his position was anything but desirable, as he was in no way protected from the explosion, while it was only by almost superhuman efforts that he kept himself from falling from the narrow staking platform. There was no way to get out, and he was sure to be riddled with a shower of rocks that would rise from below. Thus he stood, momentarily expecting that a terrible death would ensue; stood thus in an agony which cannot be imagined. How long the time was he did not know, but it seemed ages rather than seconds, until a sufficient time had elapsed to produce the hope that the blast would not explode. This proved eventually to be the case, although he suffered a dozen deaths before the fact became apparent.

"I Don't Care if I Do." In olden time, before the Maine laws were invented, Wing kept the hotel at Middle Granville, and from his well-stocked bar furnished accommodations to man and beast. He was a good landlord, but terribly devoted. Fish, the village painter, was also afflicted in the same way.

One day they were sitting by themselves in the bar room. Wing was behind the counter waiting for the next customer, while Fish was lounging before the fire with a thirty-foot casting sheep's eyes occasionally at Wing's delectations, and wishing most devoutly that some one would come in and treat.

A traveller from the South, on his way to Brandon, stopped in to inquire the distance. Going up to the counter, he said:

"Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to Brandon?"

"Brandy?" says the ready landlord, jumping up; "yes, sir, I have some;" at the same time handing down a decanter of the precious liquid.

"You misunderstood me," says the stranger; "I asked how far it is to Brandon?"

"They call it pretty good brandy," says Wing, "but you take sugar with it;" reaching to his spoke, for the bowl and the tooth-stick.

The despairing traveller turned to Fish. "The landlord," said Fish, "appears to be deaf; will you tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you," said Fish; "I don't care if I do take a drink with you!"

The French Emperor. A Parisian letter-writer thus describes Louis Napoleon on one of the spurious avenues that impinge on the city of Paris. "Driving a pair of splendid bays, attached to a box wagon, with the reins in his own hands, and handling them as though he were accustomed to it, without any outriders, equires, or guards, the Emperor Napoleon came with his power two or three times in the week of his own. The points of his moustache looked particularly sharp, and his imperial air, though it had just come from the barber's, it required a steady hand and a quick eye to guide the machine. He was dressed in the dress of a business man, and he wore a pair of boots which filled the avenue, particularly as the driver, while keeping one eye upon the steeds, was obliged with the other to acknowledge the salutations which he received on every side from the crowd of admirers. I consider myself a tolerable good democrat, but I took my hat entirely from my head as he passed. A great man is he; he has been successful, and can't say pseudo-philosophers may not be profane in his praise, or that he is not a man after all. The Emperor is now in the city, and he will be 52 on the 20th of April next, but looks as fresh and young, I can assure you. I saw him five years ago, before he had the hair on his head, and he had his shoulders, and the Pope's words by him."

The Strasburg Clock. The clock in the tower of the Cathedral of Strasburg is not only a monster in size, but is one of the most curious and interesting in the world. It is 100 feet high, 30 feet wide, and 15 deep. It is 20 feet from the bottom is the dial, on each side of which is a cherub, holding a small mallet in his hand, while the other hand is raised to his forehead. The cherub on the left strikes a nail into the wall, and the cherub on the right the second quarter. Fifty feet above the dial is a colossal figure of Time, with a bell in his left hand and a scythe in his right. A figure of a young man in front strikes the clock with a mallet, and another figure behind him turns a key. The old man behind him strikes the clock with a mallet, and another figure behind him turns a key. The old man behind him strikes the clock with a mallet, and another figure behind him turns a key.

A SPANISH HORSE.—A Spaniard having stolen a horse from an Indian, and being afterwards seized by a force by a very ingenious plan. He complained to a judge, who had the Spaniard with the horse, brought before him. The prisoner swore that the animal belonged to him, and that he had stolen it from the Indian. The judge did not find him guilty, and the Spaniard was even about to return the horse to him, when the Indian said: "If you will allow me, I will prove the animal belongs to me." Immediately he pulled off his cloak, and covered his horse's head, asked the Spaniard which eye it was blind? The robber was much embarrassed at the question, but, nevertheless, not to delay the court, he replied at hazard, that it was the right eye. The Indian, uncovering his head, exclaimed: "The horse is not blind of either of the right eye or the left." The judge immediately decided that the animal was the Indian's.

As we were walking along the street the other day, we noticed a crowd of urchins standing around a boy who was sucking a piece of candy.

"I say, Bill," said one of them, "give me that candy, and I'll make it come out of my ears like Blizz did last night at the theatre."

First youth shells over the candy.

Second youth very deliberately says to the candy, (second youth watches the little fellow's ears), and after drawing himself into every conceivable shape, he said:

"If I hint for the rest, you may have my shirt for a dish rag!"

CHARITY.—Charity embraces the wide circle of all possible kindness. Every good act is charity; your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation to your fellow-man to virtuous deeds is equal to alms-giving; your putting a wand in the right road is charity; your assisting the blind is charity; your moving thorns and stones from the road is charity; your giving water to the thirsty is charity. A man's good words are charity to his fellow-man. When he dies, people will say, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels will ask, "What good deeds has he sent before him?"

THE BALM FOR BROKEN HEARTS.—A correspondent of a Boston paper, writing from Natick, Mass., mentions two suits for breach of promise which are pending in the court there. One of the plaintiffs is the eldest daughter of the Methodist clergyman, and she was a wealthy grain and flour dealer, of Boston, for \$10,000 damages. The prosecutor in the other case is a citizen of the Granite State, and brings his action against a lady, now the wife of a prominent citizen of New York, who professes of Christianity. After that, I don't know if he will longer follow the vagaries of public political life.

At a trial before a Squire, the following queer colloquy occurred:

Counsel—"Didn't you tell P.—to go to the devil?"

Witness—"I rather think I did."

C.—"Well, did he go?"

W.—"I guess not; but if he did, he made a quick trip of it, for I met him the next day."

C.—"The reflection of the sun's rays in a mirror has been distinguished at a distance of twelve miles."

## An Extraordinary Life.

Mrs. McCabe, the mother of Mr. Alexander McCabe, a well-known leather dealer of Cincinnati, died in that city on Saturday last, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and six years. She was the Cincinnati Enquirer, in noticing her death, says:

Mrs. McCabe was born in 1754, which was one year before Braddock's celebrated defeat at Fort Duquesne. She was fifteen years old when Napoleon I. was born. She had attained the age of twenty-two years when the Declaration of American Independence was made. If President James Monroe or the Marquis Lafayette were living, they would be several years her juniors. She was older than Alexander Hamilton, who was born in 1757, and nearly as old as Thomas Jefferson, who was born in 1743. Mrs. McCabe was old enough to remember the taking of Quebec by General Wolfe in 1759. She was verging on middle age when the American Revolutionary war closed. The memorable exploits of Frederick the Great of Prussia had not been performed when Mrs. McCabe was born. When the first white man came to Kentucky she was fifteen years old. She was born a subject of King George III. Since that time there have been three Kings and one Queen on the English throne, one of whom reigned sixty years.

The population of the United States when she was born did not amount to more than a million and half. She has seen it increase to over thirty millions. We are soon to elect the sixteenth President of the United States. Mrs. McCabe was thirty-five years old before such an office existed. She was born before the late President Lincoln was born. She was born before the late President Lincoln was born. She was born before the late President Lincoln was born.

Having "laid down the shovel" or spade rather, with which I have been digging up a plot of ground for autumn planting of strawberries, I take up the pen to offer you some suggestions on the subject.

Spading was probably the original method of preparing the ground for the seed—though the implement, no doubt, stood far back of it. It is now, however, a more perfect process, properly performed, now called that work most thoroughly and perfectly. The best way to do it, is a question of some interest to all gardeners.

To commence, take a first spade full from the corner of the plot to be dug up, and place it in any depression of the surface; next invert two spadefuls in the room occupied by the first, and proceed diagonally across the plot. Push the spade in nearly perpendicularly, and in parallel rows, from side to side, inches apart, according to the nature of the soil. Lift out the earth, move carefully, and turn it completely upside down, so that the earth from below may lay on the surface; break all large clods, and remove stones, if any are returned to light in the operation. Repeat the process on one side of the piece of dig, and throw the first row taken out to the opposite side of the piece; this requires more labor without any special advantages.

Large gardeners push in the spade at a large angle, and make wide rows, getting over more surface by doing the work less thoroughly—only half as deep, and leaving a greater portion of the upper surface, exhausted by the previous operation, to be done over again. They merely push, in the spade and get it inverted, without lifting and inverting the soil. It is rather an injury than a benefit to break every old fine, unless the crop is to be sown as possible, that the soil may be better aerated to the depths of the spaded earth.

Spading, properly performed, turns the soil upside down more completely than any other process, burying the weeds to decay instead of again sprouting to plague the gardener. In light lands, the earth is the richest at the bottom of the cultured soil; the juices of the manure having leached down the previous season, are brought by the spade again to the surface. The soil is more completely pulverized, and the manure is more thoroughly mixed, than by any other implement, and hence better prepared for garden crops.

GRAFTING WAX. This being the season for grafting, we publish for the benefit of fruit-growers, the old receipt for making grafting wax, at the same time, and for the benefit of the fruit-grower, a prominent agricultural journal. The old standard grafting wax is made as follows:—Three parts resin, three parts beeswax, and two parts beef tallow. These are all melted together, and the mixture is usually applied with a painter's small brush or a wooden blade. It is frequently worked up like shoe-maker's wax by being softened with a little warm water, and applied with the hand. Some also dip strips of cotton cloth, an inch or so long and a half wide, into the hot wax, and then press it into the crevices of the grafting. The new grafting wax referred to, is made and applied as follows:—Melt two ounces of resin slowly so as not to make any throw of its spirits of turpentine. When it becomes perfectly clear, add a little less than an ounce of alcohol, mix well, and at once cork tight in a bottle. Add alcohol afterwards to make it a medium liquid, and apply with a small brush or wooden blade. Like the foregoing, it is said to form an air-tight covering, which is the object aimed at by all applications in grafting. The perfect covering for grafts is that which will always adhere to the stock, and will not crack in the cold, high winds of spring, or run in the hot suns of summer.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier, in a recent letter, says:—A runaway horse was recently here, that I saw. Daniel E. Sickles has experienced a change of heart, and that he undoubtedly contemplates connecting himself with some church. The Methodist clergyman, and she was a wealthy grain and flour dealer, of Boston, for \$10,000 damages. The prosecutor in the other case is a citizen of the Granite State, and brings his action against a lady, now the wife of a prominent citizen of New York, who professes of Christianity. After that, I don't know if he will longer follow the vagaries of public political life.

At a trial before a Squire, the following queer colloquy occurred:

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Counsel—"Didn't you tell P.—to go to the devil?"

Witness—"I rather think I did."

C.—"Well, did he go?"

W.—"I guess not; but if he did, he made a quick trip of it, for I met him the next day."

C.—"The reflection of the sun's rays in a mirror has been distinguished at a distance of twelve miles."

## Useful Recipes.

DELICIOUS CORN BREAD.—Boil a tea-cup of lard. While scalding hot mix it with a little less than a quart of corn meal, four eggs well beaten, a tablespoonful of lard, a teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, and enough sour milk to make a thin batter. Bake quick.

DOMESTIC CAKE.—Mix together 8 ounces of sugar and 6 ounces of butter, add 2 eggs; mix, and flavor with extract of cinnamon; add  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a gill of water, in which is dissolved half of a teaspoonful of saleratus, then sufficient flour to have it rolled out and cut in cakes. Bake close, and bake in hot oven or stove. Too much flour will spoil either of these recipes.

SPICE NUTS.—Mix together 1 quart of the best molasses and  $\frac{1}{2}$  a pound of butter or lard; add 1 pound of sugar, and 1 pound of ginger will improve it; then add  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a pint of water in which is dissolved 12 ounces of saleratus; then add about 32 pounds of flour. Make the dough up in small round balls; put on pans, flat them slightly, and bake them in a moderate heat.

JACKSON STAPES.—Mix together 1 pound of butter or lard, and 1 pound of brown sugar; then add gradually one pint best molasses; flavor with extract of Pimento; a little extract of ginger will improve it; add  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a pint of water in which is dissolved 12 ounces of saleratus; then add about 32 pounds of flour. Make the dough up in small lumps, put them on greased pans, and press them very flat, and bake in a moderately hot oven or stove.

SPRINGING GARDEN BEDS. Having "laid down the shovel" or spade rather, with which I have been digging up a plot of ground for autumn planting of strawberries, I take up the pen to offer you some suggestions on the subject.

Spading was probably the original method of preparing the ground for the seed—though the implement, no doubt, stood far back of it. It is now, however, a more perfect process, properly performed, now called that work most thoroughly and perfectly. The best way to do it, is a question of some interest to all gardeners.

To commence, take a first spade full from the corner of the plot to be dug up, and place it in any depression of the surface; next invert two spadefuls in the room occupied by the first, and proceed diagonally across the plot. Push the spade in nearly perpendicularly, and in parallel rows, from side to side, inches apart, according to the nature of the soil. Lift out the earth, move carefully, and turn it completely upside down, so that the earth from below may lay on the surface; break all large clods, and remove stones, if any are returned to light in the operation. Repeat the process on one side of the piece of dig, and throw the first row taken out to the opposite side of the piece; this requires more labor without any special advantages.

Large gardeners push in the spade at a large angle, and make wide rows, getting over more surface by doing the work less thoroughly—only half as deep, and leaving a greater portion of the upper surface, exhausted by the previous operation, to be done over again. They merely push, in the spade and get it inverted, without lifting and inverting the soil. It is rather an injury than a benefit to break every old fine, unless the crop is to be sown as possible, that the soil may be better aerated to the depths of the spaded earth.

Spading, properly performed, turns the soil upside down more completely than any other process, burying the weeds to decay instead of again sprouting to plague the gardener. In light lands, the earth is the richest at the bottom of the cultured soil; the juices of the manure having leached down the previous season, are brought by the spade again to the surface. The soil is more completely pulverized, and the manure is more thoroughly mixed, than by any other implement, and hence better prepared for garden crops.

GRAFTING WAX. This being the season for grafting, we publish for the benefit of fruit-growers, the old receipt for making grafting wax, at the same time, and for the benefit of the fruit-grower, a prominent agricultural journal. The old standard grafting wax is made as follows:—Three parts resin, three parts beeswax, and two parts beef tallow. These are all melted together, and the mixture is usually applied with a painter's small brush or a wooden blade. It is frequently worked up like shoe-maker's wax by being softened with a little warm water, and applied with the hand. Some also dip strips of cotton cloth, an inch or so long and a half wide, into the hot wax, and then press it into the crevices of the grafting. The new grafting wax referred to, is made and applied as follows:—Melt two ounces of resin slowly so as not to make any throw of its spirits of turpentine. When it becomes perfectly clear, add a little less than an ounce of alcohol, mix well, and at once cork tight in a bottle. Add alcohol afterwards to make it a medium liquid, and apply with a small brush or wooden blade. Like the foregoing, it is said to form an air-tight