### Deserted Fifth Avenue.

By early candle light I wander forth Upon Fifth avenue and the adjoining streets. How silent, how deserted are these marble halls,

The homes of wealth and luxury. Scarce the glimmer of a chamber light is se The parlors all funerally closed, The tolks are out of town, The basements only show some signs of life,

As Ann and Bridget, left to keep the house, There loiter at hour of early eye. To breathe fresh air and gossip

With Roundsman No. 7,682.

A cat with stealthy tread Intent on thest or commune with some other

Ha! Who are these? So stealthily peeping torth
As though in tear of foe outside in ambush, Or sitting well ensconced within the hall, In dresses dark and somber.

These ? This is the family, Who for strong reason Have stayed in town this season Who timidly at night unbar the door Closed in the day, and in deserted outward

look Contemporaneous with the rest I turn away my head. I know their pain. They wish not to be seen of men. They're theoretically out of town. I will not e'en spy out their number. This is true charity.

-New York Graphic.

### The Little Old Woman and Her Cows.

### A STORY FROM OVER THE SEAS.

Oudenarde is a town in the Netherands; perhaps the guide books spell it Audenarde, lut longago, when she lived there, the country was known as Flanders, and the name of the town began with O. They were times of trouble then on account of the wars. The men were nearly all off for soldiers whether they wanted to goor not; and the towns, which all had high walls round them for defence, fell first into the hands of one army and then of the other, and fighting was the chief business.

This woman, whose name was Petronilla, lived just off the road between Oudenarde and Ghent, which were twelve miles apart; but she belonged to the logmer place, though she lived a good way outside, and never went there now; for not only did she feel too old for the walk, but the town had a garrison of soldiers in it, and was in danger of being attacked any day, and she had seen trouble enough without going to seek it.

She was more than seventy years old. Oudenarde is a town in the Nether-

seek it.

She was more than seventy years old, and lived alone except for her eat. And she was so poor that she had almost nothing but two cows, and those she would not have had long if the soldiers had thought them worth driving off; but as they were not much more than skin and bone, she was left in peaceful processes; or of them.

but as they were not much more than skin and bone, she was left in peaceful possession of them.

Being a pious woman, when she said her prayers at night she never forgot to say that the cows were a great deal to be thankful for. On the lew pints of milk they gave, and a little barley bread, she managed to live, and also to keep her cat in good condition.

The cat—his name was Solomon—had belonged to her son Peter. So had the cows, which he had raised from calves when they had a nice farmstead of their own, and all was prosperous with them. Now the farm was gone, the horses and the cattle, all but the cows. She had only them and the cat.

Her husband was dead; and Peter was lost. He had been forced into the wars, and now for eleven years no tidings of him had ever reached her.

But she always prayed for him as if he was alive, and never gave over the hope that he might come back—a mother never does.

That was why she still lived near

he was alive, and never gave over the hope that he might come back—a mother never does.

That was why she still lived near Oudenarde; because if she went away, and he should come back, how could he ever find her? Could he anyway, for her old neigh ors were all gone, and the war had changed everything?

She had found shelter in a little, old hut with a thatched roof. The walls looked ready to fall down, and the thatch had rotted so that it let in the rain; but she kept it sweet and airy.

In fair weather the door always stood wide open, showing the clean, clay floor, a small fireplace with the dinner-pot, which had nothing in it, hanging on the erane, two wooden benches, a table and a bed, a brass lamp, some pewter and wooden dishes, and a crucifix and picture of the Virgin. There was a square window with latticed bars across it in checkers, and on the ledge was always a mug of flowers, and beside it in sunny days usually sat the cat, which was salmon-colored and immensely sunny days usually sat the cat, which was salmon-colored and immensely

This was how the house looked one This was how the house looked one September afternoon at sunset. Petronilla had just milked the cows, and both of them were safe for the night in a little yard at the end of the house. She stood in the door looking first at the smell quantity of milk in the wooden dipper she held in her hand, and then at the cows, and saw that they were leaner than ever. There she gazed off upon the dusty, dried-up fleids, on whose outskirts they had picked up their scanty living, while she sat by watching them with knitting-work in her hands; there was almost nothing left for them; what should she do?

Then she thought of the great meadows

Then she thought of the great meadows Then she thought of the great meadows along the river toward Oudenarde; broad and green she could see them far away this side the town. There the grasses grew rank and high; and in this time of fear no man cared for them, or would dare to cut them. A force of soldiers had just gone into garrison there, the gates were kept shut and guarded the inhabitants dared not stir cutside; and at any moment the men of Ghent might march down and attack them.

It was no trespass to gather grass from

the river valley.

The longer she looked, the more she felt that she could get some, and that she

felt that she could get some, and that she cought to do it.

When she had made up her mind she felt easier, and her face showed it. It was a good face; brown, because she had been out of doors so much, wrinkled in a row of furrows clear across her forchead, and wrinkled about her eyes and chin, but it was kind and patient.

She tied a dark handkerchief over her clean white cap, and tucked her small checked shawl closer about her neck and crossed it on her bosom outside of her trown woolen gown, then she put a came to pass. The guard, careless at

strong cord into her pocket which she wore hanging from her belt, and took her staff from behind the door, and set out; but just before she crossed the threshold she looked down at Solomon, who sat there, and said, "Solomon, you keep house till I get back. It won't be before midnight." Women who live alone with cats are apt to confide'things to them.

It was a lonesome walk, and a weary one for a woman of her years, but the thought of her poor cows kept her up. The night was beautiful, the air was mild, and the starlight so clear that she could easily find her way, and yet it was defined the starlight so clear that she could easily find her way, and yet it was defined the starlight so clear that she could easily find her way, and yet it was defined the starlight so clear that she could easily find her way, and yet it was defined the starlight so clear that she could easily find her way, and yet it was defined the starling from their post, who scorned her message, were surprised at their game. The four hundred had come over the walls by their scaling-laders and gained the market place, where they were heard shouting:

"Ghent! Ghent!"

The startled people sprung in horror from their beds, only to see that it was too late to save their town, even if their own lives were secure.

It was an awful night of fighting and pillaging; and the sight which the next morning's sun looked upon was of streets full of armed men, houses broken open, confusion and destruction and destruction and destruction and destruction and the startled people sprung in horror from their beds, only to see that it was too late to save their town, even if their own lives were secure.

The night was beautiful, the air was mild, and the starlight so clear that she could easily find her way, and yet it was not bright enough to betray her to any one who might be wandering about, which indeed was a very unlikely thing to happen, for everybody, except a few stray cottagers like herself, was safe within the walls of the town; and as for the enemy, they were twelve miles off in Ghent.

Besides its own strong defences Oudenarde was further protected by great ditches, deep and broad, along the meadows, so that it was considered safe from attack on that side. When Petronilla reached the outermost of these ditches she was much surprised to find that there was no water in it, but being anxious to gather her bundle of grass, she fell to work, pulling it up by long handfuls, until she had secured as much as she could carry, and had just tied it with the cord, when a strange thing happened, and she soon learned something very important about the ditch.

Though her hearing was not as good as it once had been, she was sure that two or three persons were talking not far away, and that they were coming nearer. She instantly pulled off her cap that its snowy whiteness might not attract attention, muffled herself to the eyes in her kerchief, and crouched low among the tufts of reeds.

And none too soon, for men began to

among the tufts of reeds.

And none too soon, for men began to

But he was humane, so he treated her kindly, and asked her to stop and rest herself, but she said:
"No; if I don't hurry away I shall be a dead woman."

No, it foot thurry away I shall be a dead woman."

When she had gone, the thought came to him how true and kind her voice was, and what an honest woman she seemed.

was, and what an honest woman she seemed.

"She made me think of my poor mother, who has been dead these many years, I fear."

Because of this, he said he would go and look off from the highest place and watch and listen, which he did; but not a sound broke the stillness except the cry of a night-bird on the meadow; nothing was stirring, even the old woman was nowhere to be seen.

Indeed, she had made haste to get back to the place where she saw the men, who remained as she had left them, all but four, who were just being sent onward with orders from their leader not to speak, not to cough or sneeze, hardly even to breathe, but to go as near the walls as possible without startling the watchman, reconnoiter, and bring back word

This they did; and Petronilla waited to hear the report in dread and sorrow, for she was sure there was not a light burning in all the town and that the people were sound asleep in their beds, never dreaming of danger; and when the spics returned, their words only added to her misery.

They did not see so much as a lighted

added to her misery.

They did not see so much as a lighted candle, they said, and they believed that the sentinel had been his rounds and had

the sentinel had been his rounds and had gone to bed; and now it was proposed to prepare for a start, enter the ditch and move on to the walls.

Then poor tired old Petronilla started again, and appeared once more to the astonished watchman, who was still keeping a sharp lookout, and told him all she had just heard, and that it was the last he would see of her that night.

"But," she said, "if evil does come to the town and you escape, my hut can shelter you from harm. It is the first on the road to Ghent."

She told him this because he had a civil, pleasant way, which made her

she told him this because he had a civil, pleasant way, which made her think of her dear boy, Peter.

And now the man, fully alarmed, went round to the gate that was threatened, where he found the soldiers of the guard where he found the soldiers of the guard crowded about a dim light playing dice, with three or four flasks of wine beside them; they were his superiors in rank, so he addessed them as "Gentlemen!" and asked if their gates and barriers were all secure, because an old woman had been to him and told him that a band of men were on their way to take the town.

"Oh, ho!" they cried, "our gates are fast enough. A bad night to the old woman who has come at such an hour to alarm us! Probably she saw some cows and calves that had come untied, and she fancied they were men of Ghent coming here. They have no such intentions."

market place, where they were heard shouting:

"Ghent! Ghent!"

The startled people sprung in horror from their beds, only to see that it was too late to save their town, even if their own lives were secure.

It was an awful night of fighting and pillaging; and the sight which the next morning's sun looked upon was of streets full of armed men, houses broken open, confusion and destruction and death everywhere; and out through the now open gates a multitude of women and children, in the clothes they sitep in, barefoot and half-naked, fleeing for their lives before the men of Ghent, who were driving them as if they had been cattle; and the poor fugitives, glad to escape on any terms, went running off on every road except the one to the enemy's city; and in the end found refuge in other towns, where the husbands and fathers of some of them afterward joined them, but the most were the same as if they were widowed and orphaned.

There was only one person who dared take the road to Ghent, and he crossed out to it over the fatal meadow, but left it as soon as he saw at one side the leaning cottage, with the little cow-pen be-

out to it over the fatal meadow, but left it as soon as he saw at one side the leaning cottage, with the little cow-pen beside it, where Petronilla lived. The sentinel had escaped, with his outer garment torn away and a gash across his shoulder; but he had kept safe sewed within his leathern doublet a pouch of gold which he had laid by for his old mother's support, if ever he should come back to Oudenarde.

Since he came he had heard that she had been some years missing from the farmstead, which had been ruined by the wars, and that surely she must be dead.

tract attention, mufiled herself to the eyes in her kerchief, and crouched low among the tufts of reeds.

And none too soon, for men began to pass close by her, carrying long ladders, which nearly swayed against her, so near were they. She dared not stir, and could not raise her eyes to see higher than their knees; but as the feet went by her face, one pair after another, she counted; and there were four hundred men.

What was the meaning of it she gathered quickly enough, for the leaders taked over their plans almost over her head. They were foes, the men of Ghent, come at midnight after long marching to surprise Oudenarde.

They said that most of the garrison and the great officers were away, feeling that all was safe—they had sent spies who found this out—and that the town was carelessly guarded, and what was worse, that the inhabitants had drawn the water out of the ditches to get the fish, and along these channels the enemy could now approach even to the walfs, and by means of their scaling-ladders climb over.

As soon as the men had all gone by, Petronilla, though shaking with terror-hurried as fast as her feet could hobble by a short path she knew to the walls, just where the emptied ditch would give them a place of advantage.

The sentry was going his rounds, and finding all was well, would soon have passed out of hearing, but she began to more approached to many and cry as if in distress, and hearing her, he came back and asked her what was the matter.

Then in a quavering voice she told her story, which he knew not what to think of; being only a poor sentinel obeying orders, which he knew not what to think of; being only a poor sentinel obeying orders, which he knew not what to think of; being only a poor sentinel obeying orders, which he knew not what to think of; being only a poor sentinel obeying orders, what should he think when an old woman started up before him at midnight begging him to alarm the garrison, when the commander had felt secure enough to leave everything justs as it was?

But he wa

Fruits for Food.

Henry Ward Beecher says there is no sense in the old familiar motto, "Fruit is gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night." His reasons for this opinion he thus states:

Because, with a limited experience, people perceive that some folks can eat fruit at one time and not at nother, they lay down this rule for all. The cases where fruit is unhealthy at night are the exception the exception
It is true that in tropical climates

It is true that in tropical climates, heavy ruits, difficult to digest, ought not to be taken at night.

But the fruits that are on our Northern farms are all healthy, as a rule. Among the excellent small fruit are currants, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, grapes, mulberries—these last are a very much neglected fruit; there is no better fruit tree for children than the Downing's ever-bearing mulberry.

One of them will bear fruit for eight or ten weeks steadily, constantly ripening, and pleusing all the fowls and turkeys, children and old folks. I would rather have this mulberry to-day than a strawberry.

The common mulberry is flat and

a strawberry.

The common mulberry is flat and sweet; but this has a fine sprightly acid taste, as finely combined as lemonade.

As you go up, you have the apple, which is the patriarch, or the Abraham, of all fruits. If I had to choose but one fruit out of all in the world, I should decide for the apple.

For uses of every kind, early and late, winter or summer, cooked or raw, apple is king. Then comes the cherry, then the pear, then the pium and the peach.

peachI have not mentioned oranges, because
they are not raisable in the North; but
they ought to be eaten at the right time,
which is all the time from getting up in
the morning till you go to bed at night.
The man with whom they disagree is the exception.

# A Tame Humming Bird.

Some time ago a lady living at Cincinnati heard a bird called as if in pain, in the yard outside the door, and upon investigation found a young humming bird in the talons of the family cat. She promptly rescued the tiny fellow and bird in the talons of the family cat. She promptly rescued the tiny fellow and found it to be a little hurt, though enough to warrant her taking an interest its convalescence. She took it into the house and kept it till the next day, when on taking it to the door to let it go, the bird flew up into a tree and refused to go farther away, finally returning to her hand. Charmed with the confidence displayed by the pretty creature, the lady took it fully in charge, and since then has fed and cared for it as for any other feathered pet. The bird is of a beautiful russet gold in color, scems to know its benefactress, and has charmingly coquettish ways. It permits its mistress to handle it without exhibiting fear, and seems to enjoy being stroked mistress to handle it without exhibiting fear, and seems to enjoy being stroked and petted. When it gets hungry it makes a plaintive call, and is then fed from a fresh petunia, into whose depths have been sprinkled sugar, moistened with water in imitation of the honey that is the natural food of the bird of freedom. The bird enjoys its meals with gusto, and calls for about twenty of them daily. It is very seldom that one of these dainty birds is caught, and still more rarely is one kept alive, to say nothing of becoming a pet, as is the case with the one spoken of.

### The Needs of the World.

The Needs of the World.

The harvest of the small grains of the country is completed and safely in stack. Better weather as a whole could not be desired. It has been dry and cool. Our prediction of last spring that, with seasonable weather the wheat crop of the country would be umprecedented, has been more than verified. Our best wheat yield in the past years has been about 360,000,000 bushels. This season it will undoubtedly reach 400,000,000 bushels, and may go to 425,000,000. Two-fifths of this product we can send out of the country and still have an ample reserve for our home uses. Let us now see what the requirements abroad will probably be. We have heretofore stated that England will probably require 120,000,000 bushels and France 100,000,000 bushels. It is now estimated that the Mediterranean countries other than France will need 25,000,000 and Denmark. Norway and Sweden 10,000,000, a total of 280,000,000 bushels. Late French statements estimate European requirements at 98,000,000 hectoliters, or 378,000,000 bushels. Russia produces 200,000,000 bushels, and consumes at home 150,000,000 of this amount, leaving a surplus for export of 50,000,000 bushels; India 12,000,000, Austria 20,000,000, and Hungary 8,000,000. Thus we have 110,000,000 bushels to 50,000,000 bushels; India 12,000,000, Austria 20,000,000, and Hungary 8,000,000. Thus we have 110,000,000 bushels to supply the deficiency of 280,000,000 bushels, leaving for the United States 170,000,000. It is therefore pretty certain that our surplus of 160,000,000 bushels will find a ready market and at fair prices. Alexander Delmar, a very conservative authority, estimates the world's crop as follows, the figures representing millions:

| COUNTRY,              | ears. | top, 1879 | imated<br>uports | imated<br>xports |
|-----------------------|-------|-----------|------------------|------------------|
| United States         | 160   | 360       |                  | 150              |
| France                | 280   | 250       | 30               |                  |
| Russia                | 220   | 200       |                  | 50               |
| Germany               | 120   | 115       | 15               |                  |
| Spain                 | 116   | 100       |                  |                  |
| Italy                 | 107   | 100       | 30               |                  |
| Austro-Hungary        | 102   | 110       | 20               |                  |
| United Kingdom        | 94    | 99        | 110              |                  |
| Turkey                | 41,   | 30        |                  |                  |
| Roumenia              | 85    | 4.1       |                  | 20               |
| Algeria               | 25    | 20        |                  |                  |
| Belgum                | 24    | 25        |                  |                  |
| Holland               |       | - 5       | 5                |                  |
| Bavaria               | 20    | 23        |                  |                  |
| Cauada                | 20    | 20        |                  | 3 5              |
| Australia             | 20    | 20        |                  | 1 "              |
| Egypt                 | 8     | - à       |                  |                  |
| Portu <sub>k</sub> ai | 8     | . 5       | 5                |                  |
| Greece,               | 5     |           |                  |                  |
| Servia                | 4     | - 4       |                  | ******           |
| Denmark               | 3     | 2         |                  |                  |
| Sweden and Norway     | 3     | - 8       |                  |                  |
| Switzerland           | 2     | 2         | - 8              |                  |
| Ali others            | 9     | - 8       | 2                |                  |

Total, ...... 1.6.0 1,540 \$ 225 225

"While I have every reason to regard this as a correct exposition of the world's crop and future wheat movement at the present moment, it is to be remembered that the harvest is not over yet, that from some countries the telegraphic advices have been rather meager, and that both the requirements and surplus or deficit of a country depend much upon the rye and other grain crops, which, though they are herein considered, are not shown in the table. For these reasons the details may have to be somewhat modified. But the general result can, I think, be depended upon for substantial correctness. That is, the wheat deficit will, during the harvest year 1879-80, amount to over 200,000,000 bushels—sand that the United States will be called upon to supply two-tairds of it, or say 125,000,000 to 150,000,000 bushels; Russia, 50,000,000 bushels; Russia, 50,000,000 bushels; Russia, 50,000,000 bushels; and Canada. Austria and India, 5,000,000."

Thus it will be seen even from the most conservative view, and taken at a time when the wheat crop of the United States had not yet developed itself, that an extraordinary deficit must ensue. Since that time the United States has, with favoring weather, very much increased her supposed yield, while England and France and some other European countries under a stress of weather very severely reduced the contemplated yield. England must also buy more largely this season than heretofore of Indian corn to eke out her bad hay and root crop. The carrying out of this vast quantity of grain must bring back gold or its equivalent. It will have the effect to cause business of every kind to spring up, and thus again, a is always the case, we have the fact verified that upon agriculture as the foundation rests the prosperity of a nation.—Prairie Farmer. "While I have every reason to regard

Every middle-aged person knows what a great change has taken place in the carriages in ordinary use in the last thirty or forty years. When I was a boy, family carriages, and, indeed, vehicles of every kind, except onnibuses and carts—I believe there has not been much change in them—were very heavy and unwieldy affairs, when compared with those now in use. Not long ago I saw, at the permanent, exhibition, is with those now in use. Not long ago I saw at the permanent exhibition, in Philadelphia, the carriage in which General Washington used to ride. You could not get a President of the United States to ride in such, a funty old coach nowadays, and I doubt very much if any one would take it as a gift if they were obliged to use it. Yet it is far better looking than some of the carriages that were thought good enough for kings and queens a hundred years ago. But and queens a hundred years ago. But we cannot go very far back in making comparisons of carriages. Previous to the sixteenth century there were many hundreds of years when carriages were scarcely known at all in Europe.

hundreds of years when carriages were scarcely known at all in Europe.

In the old Roman days, there had been handsome chariots and wheeled vehicles of various kinds, but when Rome declined, chariots and carriages disappeared, and people either walked, or rode on horseback, or were carried by men in sedan-chairs and similar contrivances. There was a good reason for this change. The old Romans made splendid roads, but the nations that afterward ruled Europe did not know how to make good highways, or did not care about such things, and were content to ride their horses over such roads as they found. Even in England, where we might suppose the people might have known better, this was the case. The principal highways were so bad and the mud was sometimes so deep, that even horsemen found great difficulty in getting along. So they never thought of using wheeled vehicles on these wretched thoroughfares. But when they began to make good roads, carriages followed, as a matter of course.—St. Nicholas.

A young man went into a restaurant the other day, and, remarking that "Time is money," added that as he had half an hour to spare, if the proprietor was willing he'd take it out in pie.

### TIMELY TOPICS.

Tables prepared at Washington give the aggregate production of the three great agricultural staples of the Southern States for 1878 as follows: Cotton, 5,200,000 bales; sugar, 217,000 hogheads; tobacco, 572,000,009 pounds. In 1877 this production was: Cotton, 4,811,423 bales; sugar, 127,753 hogheads; tobacco, 560,000,000 pounds.

Charles Reade is outdone in the story which Nathan G. Sayles, of Golden, Col., tells of his own experience as a crazy man. His persecutors were his wife and daughter, who would be benefited by his dying intestate. He says on oath that they induced a jury of six of his enemies to pronounce him insane, hired a brute to keep him on his farm, reviled him when, in an effort to escape, he was lassoed and had a leg and a hip broken by his jailer, and finally stole his froperty. The man is vouched for as entirely sane.

The French originator of the gigantic enterprise of bridging the English chan nel says that he means business and proposes to commence operations at once. He has been laying his plans before the Chambers of Commerce in France and Belgium for the purpose of securing funds, and will soon make an appeal to the British government. He has already secured the indorsement of eighty-four commercial organizations in France and Belgium, and he estimates that seven months time and \$200,000 will suffice for the experimental stage and demonstrate the feasibility of his enterprise.

Imitation meerschaum pipes are now manufactured from potatoes in France. A peeled potato is placed in sulphuric acid and water, in the proportion of eight parts of the former to 100 of the latter. It remains in this liquid thirty-six hours to blacken, is dried with blotting paper, and submitted to a certain pressure, when it becomes a material that can be readily carved. The counterfeit is said to be excellent. An imitation ivory sufficiently hard for billiard balls can be made by still greater pressure. A resemblance of coral is obtained by treating carrots in the same manner.

ing carrots in the same manner.

The race of white people which Major Pinto, the Portuguese explorer, has discovered in South Africa is named Cassequer, and is whiter than the Caucasians. Small tufts of very short black wool take the place of hair on the head, while smallness of eyes and prominence of check bones constitute a resemblance to the Chinese. The men are extremely robust, and both men and women are entirely nomadic, wandering in groups of from four to six families, each, and living on roots and on the results of the chase. Unless these fail them they have no intercourse with their black eighbors. They are the only people in Africa that do not cook their food in pots.

The latest "fastest" ocean steamer is the Arizona, which is the largest steamer now in service and which reached Queenstown in seven days, eight hours and eight minutes from New York, beating her previous trip, which was also her first one, by one hour and a quarter. The speed of ocean voyages does not necessarily increase the danger of them, for it is the perfection and excellence of the machinery used which enable the newest steamers to outsail the old ones. For people who spend ocean voyages in the agonies of sea-sickness the quicker the agonies of sea-sickness the quic the trip is made the better they like and provided safety be not sacrificed speed, the saving of a day in crossing Atlantic is an object for travelers of

In relation to cotton production and consumption the United States Economist gives tables showing that for eleven years, ending with the crop of 1860, the total production of the country was 37,-410,697 bales. The annual average yield 3,400,972 bales. For the fourteen years, ending with the crop of 1878, the yield, was 50,759,168 bales, the yearly average being 3,615,319 bales. The coming crop is put at 5,200,000 bales. The percentage increase is, for the three years ending 1856, 9\frac{3}{2} per cent.; for the three years ending 1856, 9\frac{3}{2} per cent.; for the three years ending 1851, 20; for the two years ending 1871, 46; for the three years ending 1876, 11\frac{1}{2}; for the three years ending 1877, 17: for the two \frac{1}{2} ears ending 1877, 17: for the two \frac{1}{2} ears ending 1877, 17: for the two \frac{1}{2} ears ending 1877, 17: for eleven years ending 1861, an average annual production of 3,400,972. The average crop for the last fourteen years exceeds the average production for the eleven years ending 1861 by 215,000 bales. The erop now coming to market, if current estimates of it be correct, exceeds the crop now coming to market, if current estimates of it be correct, exceeds the largest crop prior to the war by 377,000

# Too Many Snake Bites.

During the haying season an honest old farmer out on the Gratiot road em-ployed three young men from the city to help cut and store his timothy. None ne'p cut and store his timothy. None of them liked work half as well as whisky, and a conspiracy was the result. About noon one day one of the trio feil down in the field, shouting and kicking, and the other two ran to the farmer with wild eyes and called out that their companion had been bitten by a rattlesnake and must have whisky. The farmer rushed to the house and brought out a quart, and the three harvesters got a big drink all around on the siy, while the "bitten" one had a lay-off of half a day. The next forenoon a second one was bitten, and again the farmer rushed for his bottle. It was a nice little job for the boys, and on the third day the third one put in his claim for a bite, and yelled for the whisky bottle. The farmer took the matter very coolly this time. them liked work half as bottle. It was boys, and on the third day the boys, and on the third day the boys, and on the third day the bottle in the whisky bottle. The farmer took the matter very coolly this time, and after making particular inquiries as to the size of the snake, location of the bite, the sensation and so forth, he slowly continued:

"Day before yesterday James was bitten and drank a quart of good whisky. Yesterday John was bitten the bite of the slowly continued."

"Day before yesterday James was bitten and drank a quart for good whisky. Yesterday John was bitten the slowly continued to the slowly continued

bitten and drank a quart of good whisky. Yesterday John was bitten and drank a quart more. To-day you've got a bite and the best thing you can do is to smell their breaths and lay in the shade while the rest of us eat dinner!"

The man got well in ten minutes, and not another rattlesnake was seen during the season.—Detroit Free Press.

A British army captain and two licutenants have been fined \$60 each for breaking into the bedreoms of two other officers and sprinkling pepper on the carpets in order to make them sneeze furnily when they returned. The complainary was the landlady, whose furniture had been damaged.

### A Terrible Lightning Bolt.

The Canby (Miss.) News contains the following particulars of the death by lightning of Mrs. Le Suer, her two-year old child and a little girl named Dricken: At the time of the casualty Mr. Le Suer was on the right side of the front seat, driving, and Will Date was sitting at his left, with the three little boys that escaped uninjured sitting in front of them. under the buffalo robe. Mrs. Le Suer was on the right side of the front seat, holding her infant child on her lap, and carrying over her left shoulder a metallic-pointed sunshade. Immediately at her left sat her two-year old girl, Mabel; at the end of the seast Rosa Dricken was sitting. It is evident from the appearance of the corpse that Mrs. Le Suer received the greatest part of the shock. The sunshade she used that day had steel ribs covered with silk, and it is thought by many that the electric fluid passed down these ribs, striking Mr. Date first on his right shoulder, and Mr. Lu Suer on his left shoulder, and so no to the seat, partly melting the iron boit, and then down to the ground across the axle of the wagon.

We called to see Will Date, who had been brought in from Nubson's, to whose house he had succeeded in crawling after receiving the shock. We found Mr. Date getting on finely, except the bruises on different parts of his body. From him we received the following statement: "We were about two and a half miles from town; we were driving along: it was about half-past five o'clock; it was raining some: I was singing, or rather humming, to myself; Mrs. Le Suer was joking and making fun of my singing, when all at once I heard a sudden crash, and then I seemed to go off into a trance or slumber: I then saw the nicest kind of colored stars and heard the sweetest strains of vocal and instrumental music, and then I seemed to float off again. I floudd not; had no use of my legs and only the partial use of my right arm; could not raise my body from the ground; laid on my back and turned over on my face; could go no further, and then I could only whisper

shoulder and ran down my breast, making a perfect circle across the pit of my
stomach, and darted down my left leg
and my left knee; from there to my left
foot, hurting that some."

# The Fast Horse "Rarus."

R. B. Conklin, of New York, owner of "Rarus," says that he has owned "Rarus," from his birth, and as soon as he discovered that the colt was possessed of so many qualities indicating endurance and speed he determined not to allow his enthusiasm to get the better of his judgment, and instead of urging the coming horse to the limit of his possibilities in his earlier years, he carefully and gradually trained him up to his present excellence. The horse is now twelve years of age, and during his whole life he has never had a single day of natural sickness. The only time he was not in condition was about three years ago when the groom, forgetting his manhood and duty to his employer, allowed himself to be bribed by jeaious and unscrupulous jockeys, and administered a narcotic drug to the noble brute, but the owner, who constantly and untiringly keeps a close supervision over his valuable pet, soon after discovered the trouble and by prompt measures defeated the base designs of the perpent R. B. Conklin, of New York, owner over his valuable pet, soon after discovered the trouble and by prompt measures defeated the base designs of the perpetrators. "Why," said Mr. Conkin, "I know that horse as well as I know myself, and the minute I step into his stall or gaze into his eye I can tell his condition. So long have I been accustomed to so examine him that I can without fail determine whether he will trot fast or otherwise. We can't control the elements, but if 'Rarus' lives and I live, I shall yet see 2.10 hung on the outer walls of the judges stand." In answer to the value of this king of the turf, his owner said: "I have several times been offered \$40,000 for him, but that offer did not tempt me, and I don't think it ever will. I can afford to keep him and, Providence permitting, I propose to do so."

# On Driving Out Mosquitoes.

Mosquitoes can be driven away from rooms by the smoke of incense powder burned on a hot shovel. When it is not easy to get fire, put a bit of gum cam-pner in a shovel, light, and the gum will easy to get lire, put a bit of gum campnor in a shovel, light, and the gum will catch as quickly as alcohol; then sprinkle a tablespoonful of insect powder (pyrethrum) on the flame, let it take fire and blow out the blaze, close the windows and let the smoke rise for five minutes. It will not injure walls or furniture, and does not harm human beings, though obnoxious to insects. Hanging a cloth on which a teaspoonful of carbolic acid is poured at the head of the bed, will keep mosquitoes away, and the writer has repeatedly gained a good night's sleep by this means when others failed. Take care to place the cloth or sponge so that there is no danger of touching it with the face or hands in the night, as the acid burns like caustical it is not generally known, as it ought to be, that the remedy for burns by carbolic acid is Canada für balsam, spread on the part attacked.