

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"RESARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, September 24, 1857.

Original Poetry.

For the Bradford Reporter.
TO J. . . . P. . . .

BY CHLIE.

I think of thee! those curls that roll
In soft sky so blue and bright,
Bring nightly to my pensive soul
One heavenly dream of lost delight.
At eve the stars come back to Heaven,
And sparkle happier than before;
To me, alas! no joy is given,
I weep to think thou'lt come no more.

Roll on, resistless Time! thy wing
Shall never change the spirit's bliss;
And if I could, I would not fling
Away a dream of joy like this.
Yet when my shattered bark hath passed
The waves of life's dark ocean o'er,
If thou, loved one! art found at last,
In Heaven I'll rest, and weep no more.

Miscellaneous.

HUGGED BY A SERPENT.

I was brought up near the Canadian line in Vermont. My father owned a large farm, though he was an iron worker by trade. I think he made some of the best rifles ever used. Not far from his farm was quite a lake. We used to enjoy ourselves at fishing and shooting, for we had one of the best sailboats ever put into fresh water. We knew there were plenty of snakes about this lake, especially on one part of it—a wide piece of flats, where the water lay most of the year, and where the tall grass and reeds grew thickly. It was a sort of bay, making up into a cove on the opposite side from the farm. We had seen some large snakes in the water there, and had tried to shoot them as they swam with their heads up, though I never happened to get one of them in that way. I am sure I hit some of them, but they managed to get away into the grass; and I had no desire to follow them, especially into such a place. Most of those that I saw were the common black water snake, but they were not all alike. Some of the largest ones had a light colored ring round the neck; and I was told, by those who knew, that these latter were by far the strongest and most dangerous.

However, I was destined soon to have my eyes opened. One afternoon I saw a flock of black ducks fly over the house, and I was sure they lighted on the lake, so I seized my double barreled gun and ammunition, and started off. When I reached the landing I saw the ducks away off by the opposite shore. I at once cut some green boughs with my knife; and having rigged up the bows of a small flat bottomed scull we kept on purpose for such work, I jumped in and started off. There was a hole in the stern through which we could pull the oar, and thus scull the boat without sitting up in sight, so from where the ducks were my contrivance had the appearance only of a simple mass of boughs floating along upon the water.

I had got near enough for a shot, and had drawn in the scull, and was in the act of taking up my gun, when the ducks started up. As quick as possible I drew one hammer and let drive. I hit two of them but they didn't fall into the water. They flattered along until they fell among the tall grass up in the cove. The water was low, and the place was dry where they were. I pulled up as far as I could, and got out and waded up. I knew very near where one of the ducks had fallen, and very soon had my eye on it. As I ran up to take it I saw the head of a black snake pop out and catch it by the wing. I saw only the head and neck of the reptile, and had no idea how large a one it was; or, if I had, probably I should have done just as I did, for I had no idea of fearing such a thing. I had left my gun in the boat, and had nothing to kill the chap with, but as I took the duck, I just put my foot upon the thief's neck.

The ground was moist and slimy, and the snake had his body braced among the roots of the stout reeds; he took his head out from under my foot about as quick as a man could comfortably think. I thought I'd run back to my boat and get my gun, and try to kill this fellow; and I had just turned for that purpose, when I felt something strike my legs as though somebody had thrown a rope around it. I looked down and found that the snake had taken a turn around my leg with his tail, and was in the act of clearing his body from the grass. I dropped the duck and gave a smart kick, but that didn't loosen him, so I tried to put my right foot upon him, and thus draw my leg away; I might as well have put my foot upon a streak of lightning.

And hadn't I been deceived? I had forgotten the proportionate size of the head of species of the black snake. I had expected to see a snake four or five feet long, but instead of that he was nearly eight feet and a half. Still, I hadn't yet any fear, for I supposed that when I put my hands on him I could easily take him off, for I was pretty strong in the arms. In a few seconds he had his body all clear, and it was then that the first real thrill shot through me. There he held himself by the simple turn around my leg, and with his back arched in and out he brought his head just on a level with mine. I made a grab for him, but missed him; and then as quick as you can snap your finger, he swept his head under my arm, clear around my body, and straightened up and looked me in the face again. I gave another grab at him, and another, as quick as I could, but he dodged me in spite of all I could do.

I felt the snake's body working its way up. The turn of the tail was turned to my thigh, and the coil around my stomach commenced to tighten. About this time I began to think there might be some serious work, and the

quicker I took the snake off the better. So I just grasped him as near the head as possible, by taking hold where he was round me, and tried to run him off. But this only made it worse. The fellow had now drawn himself up so high, and stretched out so, that he whipped another turn about me. His tail was now around my left thigh, and the rest of him turned around my body; one of them being just at the pit of my stomach and the other one above it. All this had occupied just about a half a minute from the time he first got the turn round my leg.

The snake had now his head in front of my face, and he tried to make his way into my mouth. What his intention was, I cannot surely tell, though I always believed that he knew he could strangle me in that way. He struck me one blow in the mouth that hurt me considerably; and after I had got him by the neck, and there I meant to hold him—at least so that he could not strike again. But this time another difficulty arose. The moment I grasped the snake by the neck he commenced to tighten his fold about my body. It wasn't over a few seconds before I discovered that he'd soon squeeze the breath out of me in that way, and I determined to unwind him. He was in this way; the turn around the thigh was from left to right; then up between the legs to my right side, around the back to my left side, and so on with the second turn; bringing his head up under left arm. I had the snake now with the left hand, and my idea was to pass his head around my back until I could reach it with my right, and so unwind him. I could press the fellow's head down under my arm, but to get it around so as to reach it with my right hand, I could not. I tried; but all my power in that one arm, but I could not do it. I could get the head just under my armpit; but here my strength was applied to a disadvantage. Until this moment I had not been really frightened. I had believed that I could unwind the serpent when I tried. I never dreamed of what power they had. Why only think, as strong as I was then, and could not put that snake's head around my back. I tried it until I knew I could not do it, and then I gave it up. My next thought was of my jack-knife; but the lower coil of the snake was directly over my pocket, and I could not get it.

I now for the first time, I called out for help. I yelled with all my might, and yet I knew the trial was useless, for no one could easily gain the place where I was except with a boat. Yet I called out, hoping against hope. I grasped the snake by the body and pulled—I tried to break. This plan presented itself with a gleam of promise; but it amounted to nothing. I might as well have tried to break a rope by bending it backward and forward. A few minutes had now passed from the time when I first tried to pass the snake's head around my back. His body had become so elongated by his gradual pressure around my body, that he had room to carry his head around in a free and symmetrical curve. He had slipped from my grasp, and when I next caught him, I found that I was weaker than before! I could not hold him! The excitement had kept me from noticing this until now. For a few moments I was in a perfect frenzy. I had leaped up and down, cried out as loud as I could, and grasped the snake with all my might—but it availed me nothing. He slipped his head from my weakened hand, and made a blow at my face, striking me fairly upon the closed lips.

But the moment of need was at hand. I felt the coils growing tighter and tighter around my body, and my breath was getting weak. A severe pain was beginning to result from the pressure, and I saw that the snake would soon have length enough for another turn. He was drawn so tightly, that the centre of his body was no bigger than his head! The black skin was drawn to a tension that seemed its utmost; and yet I could tell by the working of the large hard scales upon the belly, that he was drawing himself tighter still.

"For God's sake!" I gasped stricken with absolute terror, "what shall I do?" What could I do? The enemy for whom I had at first held so little thought, was killing me; killing me slowly, openly, and I had no help! I, a stout strong man, was actually held at the deadly will of a black snake. My breath was now short, faint and quick, and I knew, that I was growing purple in the face. My hands and arms swollen and my fingers numbed—I had let go of the snake's neck, and he now carried the upper part of his body in a graceful curve, his head vibrating from side to side with an undulating motion of extreme gracefulness.

At length I staggered! I was losing my strength rapidly, and the pain of my body was excruciating. The snake's skin, where it was coiled about me, was so tight that it seemed almost transparent. He had found me, or I had found him, in a state of hunger, his stomach free from food, and his muscular force impaired. A second time I staggered, and objects began to swim before me.

A dizzy sensation was in my head, a faintness at my heart? The snake had now three feet of body free. He had drawn himself certain three feet longer than before. He darted his head under my right arm, and brought it up over my shoulder, and pressing his under jaw firmly down there, he made a sudden wind that made me groan with pain. Each moment was an agony! each second a step nearer to death.

My knife? Oh, if I could but reach it! Why not? Why not tear it out? My arms were free! Mercy! Why had I not thought of this before, when my hands had some strength in them? Yet I would not try it—I collected all my remaining power for the effort, and made the attempt. My trowsers were of blue cotton stuff, and very strong; I could not tear it. I thought of the stitches. They might not be so tenacious. I grasped the cloth upon the inside of my thigh, and gave my last atom of strength to the effort. The stitches started; they gave way! This result gave me hope, and hope gave me power.

Another pull with both hands, and the pocket laid bare. With all the remaining force I could command with hope of life, of home, of everything I loved on earth in the effort, I caught the pocket upon the inside and bore down upon it. There was a cracking of the threads, a sound of tearing cloth, and my knife was in my hands.

I had yet sense enough to know that the smallest blade was the sharpest, and I opened it. With one quick, nervous movement I pressed the keen edge upon the tense skin, and drew it across. With a dull, tearing snap the body parted, and the snake fell to the ground in two pieces. I staggered to the boat—I reached it and there sank down. I knew nothing more until I heard a voice calling my name. I opened my eyes and looked up—father stood over me with terror depicted on his countenance. I told him my story as best I could. He went up and got the duck I had taken from the snake; the other one he could not find; and also brought along the two pieces I had made of my enemy. He told me he heard me cry out, and at once started off in the large boat after me, though it was a long while ere he saw my boat. I had lain there over half an hour when he found me.

When we reached home the snake was measured, and found to be eight feet and four inches in length. It was a month before I fully recovered from the effects of that hugging, and to this day there is something in the very name of snake that sends a chill of horror to my heart.—*National Magazine.*

Beware of Drifting.

Few people form habits of wrong doing deliberately and willfully. They glide into them by degrees and almost unconsciously, and before they are aware of danger, the habits are confirmed and require resolute and persistent effort to effect a change. "Resist beginnings" was a maxim of the ancients, and should be preserved as a landmark in our day. The Baltimore Sun has a good article on the slight beginnings of danger which end in fatal ruin:

"It was only the other day that a man fell asleep on the Niagara river. During his slumber the boat broke loose from her moorings, and he woke and was shooting down the rapids directly towards the cataract. In vain he shrieked for help, in vain he tried to row the boat against the current. He drifted on and on till his light craft upset, when he was borne rapidly to the brink of the abyss, and, leaping up with a wild cry, went over and disappeared forever.

"In the great battle of Gibraltar, when the united fleets of France and Spain attacked the impregnable fortress, one of the gigantic floating batteries broke from her anchorage and began to drift directly into the hottest of the British fire. The thousand men who formed the crew of the unwieldy mass vainly strove to arrest its progress or divert it from its path. Every minute it drifted nearer to the English guns, every minute some new part took fire from the red hot shot, every minute another score of its hapless defenders were swept like chaff from the decks. The most superhuman efforts failed to prevent its drifting with its human freight to inevitable death.

"A ship was wrecked at sea. The passengers and crew took refuge on a raft, the boats having been stove in the attempt to launch them. For days and weeks these unfortunate drifted without oar or sail on the hot broken tropical ocean. At last their provisions failed, and then their water. Still they drifted about, vainly looking for a sail or hoping for a sight of land. The time had now come when that fearful alternative became inevitable—death from starvation or feeding on human flesh—and they were just beginning to cast lots for a victim when a vessel was seen on a distant horizon. They abandoned their terrible design; the stranger would approach. The ship came towards them; she grew nearer and nearer. They strove to attract her attention by shouts and by raising their clothing; but the indolent look-out saw them not. They shouted louder and louder; still they were not seen. At last the vessel tacked. With frantic terror they rose in one body, shouting and waving their garments. It was in vain; the unconscious ship stood steadily away. Night drew on, as the darkness fell the raft drifted and drifted in the other direction till the last trace of the vessel was lost forever.

"So it is in life. The temperate man who thinks he at least will never die a drunkard, whatever his neighbor may do, only wakes to find himself drifting down the cataract, and all hope gone. The sensualist, who lives merely for his own gratification, drifts into an emaciated old age, to be tortured with passions he cannot gratify, and perish by merciless agonizing diseases. The undisciplined who never learned to control themselves, who are spendthrifts, or passionate, or indolent or visionary, soon make ship-wreck of themselves, and drift about the sea of life the prey of every wind and current, vainly shrieking for help, till at last they drift away into darkness and death.

"Take care that you are not drifting.—See that you have fast hold of the helm. The breakers of life forever roar under the lee, and adverse gales continually blow on the shore. Are you watching how she beads? Do you keep a firm grip of the wheel? If you give away but for one moment you may drift helplessly into the boiling vortex. Young men take care! It rests with yourself alone, under God, whether you reach port triumphantly or drift to ruin."

BATHING RECOMMENDED.—A western editor, on hearing observed that persons in a drowning condition suddenly recalled all the transgressions of their past lives, wished that a few of his delinquent subscribers would take to bathing in deep water.

To produce the "locked jaw" in a lady ask her age.

An Hour's Struggle with Poison.

I was spending some days, not many years ago, in a beautiful little country village, and in a family that had more than common attractions to one who loves domestic life as well as myself. The little circle had in it more of real interest than I have often seen developed in the same number of persons.

The father of the family—almost too young to feel yet that he was entitled to that honorable appellation—was a fine, frank-hearted young mechanic, with a wide world of bounding life in his veins, an energy that, when fully aroused, drove everything violently before him, and a warmth of disposition that won him more friendship than he had then given him of the goods of this world.

His wife to whom he had been married some four years, was singularly beautiful.—They had two children—the one a laughing brown-eyed and brown-haired little fairy of three years. Her name was Evelyn. The second was a cowering, laughing, blue-eyed, plump little beauty of less than a year, promising to have all the charms of the older at her age.

I was sitting one afternoon in a quiet little room with my feet upon two chairs, reading a pleasant little book, in a state between asleep and awake—my host away at his shop, a hundred yards off, and my pretty little hostess engaged in her household labors—when I was thrown out of my indolence by a scream that brought me to my feet like an electric shock. It was a woman's voice, and had in it an excess of agony that cannot be indicated in words, so loud, that it rang over that quiet little village, and brought every one forth to ascertain the cause.

I sprang to the door that separated the sitting room from the dining apartments, and saw the whole at a glance. The young mother stood at the door with her first-born—our darling Evelyn—in her arms dying. A brief and hurried word from the servant told me the sad story. The little girl had accompanied a child uncle up stairs, and while the attention of the older child was for a moment turned away, she seized a bottle of corrosive sublimate in alcohol, and had taken enough to take away twenty such lives. The little thing had tottered down stairs, and the mother had met her at the landing with the empty bottle in her hand, and the poison oozing from her mouth, and the child all unconscious of the fearful thing she had done. Was it any wonder that terrible shriek rang out over the quiet village, and that already the occupants of every house near were rushing toward the spot where the mother stood?

But a few moments could possibly have elapsed since the poison was taken, and yet the effect was already fearful. After the first shriek of terror, the mother had quieted to a calm despair for the moment, and stood with the child in her arms, making no effort for its relief, and indeed it seemed hopeless, for already the subtle poison seemed diffused through the frame: the brown eyes had lost their lustre, the face was blackened as in after death, and the teeth were tight set in a convulsive spasm that evidently would not pass away. I examined the little lost darling for a moment, saw that it was hopeless, and then turned away, unable to bear that mother's agony.

The little door was already half-filled with villagers, and sobs and moans and lamentations over the fate of the dying child, were heard in every direction, mingled with quick and hurried questions as to the manner of its occurrence, and vain attempts at answering, which added an oppressive confusion to the sadness of the scene.

The little play fellow uncle, who had been up stairs with the child, had run instantly to call the father and but a few moments elapsed before he sprang into the middle of the group. He had been told all and asked no questions. I had time to remark that his eye was very stern and that his lip was very firmly compressed. Others, too, marked it, and I knew afterwards that a murmur ran round the circle of how strange it was that he betrayed no feeling.

He reached out his hands and took the child from its mother. Its eyes were closed now, and a white ooze coming from between the blackened lips. Was ever death more assured? I saw him open the eyelids, and heard him give a sigh of relief. He told me afterwards that the eye was not shrunken, and so death had not begun. He then attempted to open the mouth, but the teeth were tight set, and they resisted his efforts. But with a force that seemed almost brutal he wrenched the teeth apart, and opened the mouth.

"Shame," cried one of the bystanders. The father did not heed them, but motioned to a neighbor to take the child in his arms.—He did so.

"Bring me the egg basket," he spoke very sternly, almost without opening his teeth, to the servant.

"What do you want of it?" "What can you do with it?" "He is crazy!" and many such remarks followed, but the basket was there in a moment.

He seized one of the eggs, broke it, inserted his fingers again between the teeth, and wrenched them open by force, though they shut with so convulsive a motion as to tear the flesh from his fingers, and poured the albumen into the throat. There was a slight strangle, nothing more, and the spectators were horrified at the action.

"Don't, the child is dying!" said one. "Please don't hurt the little thing—it can't live!" the mother found voice to say, laying her hand upon his arm.

"Marry, be still!" he answered sternly, while his teeth were relaxing from their clenching, and his face was as hard as if he was entering a battle; "and don't any of you meddle with me, keep off!"

The bystanders involuntarily obeyed, with many harsh remarks upon his cruelty—but he did not heed them, and went on. Another and another egg was broken, and still there was no sign of life. Then the whole body of bystanders broke out into a loud murmur, and cries of "brute!" "Let the child die in peace!" "He is crazy—take the child away from him!" "We're heard around him."

peace!" "He is crazy—take the child away from him!" "We're heard around him."

He desisted for a moment from his efforts, and turned with a fierceness which had before been altogether foreign to his nature—but no one who saw him afterwards forgot it.—"Fools!" he hissed, "mind your own business and leave me to mine! Take her away will you! Try it!" and he went on, emptying egg after egg down the apparently lifeless throat.

The mother could bear this no longer. Her first born was being tortured to death before her eyes in its death, and she imploringly flung herself on her knees before her husband's father, who had that moment arrived.

"O, father, do stop him!" she gasped; "he will obey you; do stop him. He is torturing that poor dying child!"

The grandfather started forward a step to interfere, for he, too, thought the proceeding an outrageous one; but he stopped and said, "Marry, let him alone. The child will die if he does not go on. It cannot do more than die if he does. I would not say a word to him for the world. The child is his; let him use his pleasure."

There was a silence then. In a moment more there was a quiver of the eye-lids, convulsive movement of the chest, and the teeth loosed their tension. The father seized his child, turned her face downward, and the poison began to flow from her mouth. Again and again, as the retching ceased, he repeated the experiment—the life returning still more, and the face losing its blank color every instant.—More than twenty times albumen had been administered, and more than half those times followed by the expulsion of the poison when the eyes opened, the father desisted, the little sufferer lay just alive in his arms; exhausted, little life terribly shattered, but saved!

Then—when the necessity for exertion and determination was over—when the physician had been summoned, and they knew that darling little Evelyn might live, after many weeks of struggle between life and death; when the relieved friends had acknowledged that they had wronged him first; when the beautiful and sorrowful wife had blessed him through her kisses and tears; and all knew that under God only such almost fierce determination could have saved the child—then the father sat down, unnerved, and wept like a child.

Not as in "Little Sister Evelyn" did the poison do its fearful office. Evelyn is alive to-day, and her brown eyes are opened upon a womanhood. But there is no hour in my life that brings so thrilling a recollection as that of the young father's struggle for the life of his child.

SPEAK KINDLY TO YOUR MOTHER.—Young man, speak kindly to your mother, and courteously, tenderly of her. But a little time and you shall see her no more forever. Her eye is dim, her form is bent, her shadow falls toward the grave. Others may love you fondly; but never again while time is yours, shall one's love be to you as that of your old, trembling, weakened mother has been.

Through helpless infancy her throbbing breast was your safe protection and support; in wayward, testy boyhood, she bore patiently your thoughtless rudeness; she pursued you safely through a legion of ills and maladies.

Her hand bathed your burning brow, or moistened your parched lips; her eyes lit up the darkness of nightly vigils, watching sleepless by your side as none but her could watch.

O, speak not her name lightly, for you cannot live so many years as would suffice to thank her fully. Through reckless and impatient youth, she is your counsellor and solace, to a bright manhood she guides your step to improvement; nor ever forsakes nor forgets.

Speak gently, then, and reverently of your kind mother; and when you, too, shall be old, it shall, in some degree lighten the remorse which shall be yours for other sins, to know that never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to your aged mother.

POST OFFICE ANECDOTE.—The Newburyport Herald tells the following Post Office anecdote:

A lad at the delivery. Postmaster "Well my lad, what will you have?"

Boy—"Here's a letter, she wants it to go along as fast as it can, cause there's a feller wants to have her here and she's courted by another feller what aint here: and she wants to know whether he is a going to have her or not."

Having delivered his message with great emphasis the boy departed, leaving the Postmaster so convulsed with laughter that he could make no reply.

STRAYED, AN ELEPHANT.—Last week an elephant strayed from the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. The wanderer was last seen near the precincts of a lady's crinoline. If the gentleman could put her hand on the animal, so that it may be restored to the owner, she will be thankfully rewarded.—*Punch.*

"Or all styles of literature," says Swellam, "Commend me to that of the New York Ledger, as most affecting to sensitive minds. On Sunday last I noticed our chambermaid on a back porch reading one of its inimitable romances, so deeply affected that tears as big as walnuts chased each other down her cheeks. I really felt for her."

McCARTY of the Bradstown (Kentucky) Gazette, says that any good looking young lady can get him by applying soon, provided she can support him in the style to which he has been accustomed—three meals a day, a plug of tobacco per week, and a clean shirt for Sunday. We hope they won't all speak at once, it might embarrass the young man.

Which are the two smallest insects mentioned in the Scriptures? The widow's mite and the wicked flea.

Chinese Sugar Cane.

SUGAR OR SYRUP MAKING.—A variety of methods may be adopted for trying a few hills of the cane. The simplest we have heard of, is to crush the canes by beating and rolling on a table or board with a common rolling pin, catching the juice in pan, and boiling it down in a kettle.

Another: Cut up the canes very short in a straw cutter, and put them into a kettle of water and boil out the sweetness. After boiling for a time, the pieces are put into a strong bag, the juice pressed out, and the whole liquid boiled down. Both the above were tried last year.

Others will, this year, use the common sugar-crushing mill, one of which may be found in most stores where sugar is sold. Where these are used, it will be necessary to crush the joints first by heavy blows with a hammer and then run them through two or three times, moving the rollers nearer together each time.

A wooden crusher may be made by turning out two wooden rollers, say 8 by 10 inches in diameter. These may be placed together in two pieces of plank, and a heavy long crank be fitted upon the end of one of them. To keep them close together, a hole may be made edge-wise through the planks, and a tapering wedge driven in over the two ends of the upper roller. Driving this in will bring the roller down. It will be necessary to have a long crank, made strong, in order to get power enough to press out any considerable portion of the juice. It will be also necessary to break the joints first with a hammer. As a matter of course, none of these simple contrivances will extract all the juice, but they may be adopted where but a small trial is contemplated. Iron rollers and considerable power is requisite for economical extraction of the juice in any but limited experiments.

BOILING THE SYRUP.

For the smaller experiments alluded to, the juice may be boiled down in a common brass, or even an iron kettle. It is important to put the juice to boiling as soon as extracted as it soon commences souring on exposure to the air. In all cases, a little milk of lime, or lime water, should be added to the juice, using about a spoonful of slacked lime mixed with half a pint of water, to four or five gallons of the juice.

The first heating should be slow until most of the scum is removed, when it may be somewhat rapid, but as the juice thickens, the fire must be lessened, to avoid burning. When a new portion of the liquid is to be added to that already boiling, its should first be boiled, and skimmed in a separate kettle, and be added hot. The liquid should be skimmed as long as any scum rises. It will perhaps be advisable to add half of the lime after the main scum is removed, and the remainder when the liquid has become entirely clear.

The degree of concentration requisite can be judged by trial. A little of the syrup can from time to time be taken out and cooled. The boiling should be continued until the syrup becomes quite thick and rosy. It is yet a mooted point whether the syrup will crystallize by simply boiling down. And any one can readily try the effect of condensing a little of the syrup over a slow fire until it becomes a thick mass, and then set it aside to crystallize, if it will do so. A specimen of thick syrup, made at Hempstead, L. I., and sent to us last Fall, was left in a tin box with cover fitting loosely, and after drying several months, distinct crystals of sugar collected upon the bottom and sides of the box.

TIME OF CUTTING THE PLANTS.

The point of maturity at which the cane will yield the greatest amount of saccharine (sweet) material has yet to be ascertained.

The experiments thus far made, indicate that this period is just when the seeds are ripening, which is indicated by their assuming a black glassy color, but before they become hard and fall ripe. If cut at this stage, the seed can be saved without injuring the yield of juice. The heads or seed panicles may be taken off with a foot or more of the upper stalks, at this part contains very little sweet juice. As soon as the stalks are cut, strip off all the leaves, which may be saved for fodder, and crush the canes and boil the juice at once.

The seed may be stripped off and cleaned at leisure. This can be done with a scupper or hatchet, similarly to broom corn. On a large scale, it can be taken off by running through a common threshing machine, or with a flail. The seeds are tender, however, and liable to be injured for planting, by too rough usage.

As to the future value of the Chinese Sugar Cane, there will be abundant experiments on a large scale this year, to settle the point conclusively. These we shall study carefully, and give the result. It is therefore useless to discuss that matter at this early date. On this subject any information of practical import will be gladly received, whether favorable or not.—*American Agriculturist.*

CAREFUL COOK.—"Bring in the oysters I told you to open," said the head of a household, growing impatient. "There they are," replied the Irish cook proudly. "It took me a long time to clean them, but I've done it at last, and thrown all the nasty inside into the road."

A pretty foot is generally an indication of a pretty face, for the reason that "all's well that ends well."

What evidence have we that Cowper was poor? He "O'd for a lodge in some vast wilderness."

A lady; a sensitive plant that thrives only in the centre of a crinoline fence. Rarely seen excepting by the most practical eyes.

The Albany Knickerbocker cautions four black cats that are continually seraphing in the back shed, that there is a sausage shop two doors to the right!