AT THE PARTY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Half a dozen children
At our house!
Half a dozen children
Quiet as a mouse,
Quiet as a moonbeam,
You could hear a pin—
Waiting for the party
To begin.

Such a flood of flounces!
(O dearme!)
Such a surge of sashes
Like a silken sea,
Little eyes demurely
Cast upon the ground,
Little arms and graces
All around.

High time for that party
To begin!
To sit so any longer
Were a sort of sin;
As if you weren't acquainted
With society!
What a thing to tell of
That would be!

Up spoke a little lady
Aged five:
"I've tumbled up my ever-dress
Sure as I'm alive!
My dress came from Paris;
We sent to Worth for it;
Mother says the calls it
Such a fit!"

Quick there piped another
Little voice:
"I didn't send for dresses,
Though I had my choice;
I have got a doll that
Came from Paris too:
It can walk and talk as
Well as you!"

Still till now, there sat one
Little girl;
Simple as a snow-drop,
Without a flounce or curl,
Modest as a primrose,
Soft, plain hair brushed back,
But the color of her dress was
Black—all black.

Swift the glances around with
Sweet surprise
Bright and grave the look that
Widened in her eyes.
To entertain the party
She must do her share.
As if God had sent her
Stood she there—

Stood a minute thinking,
With crossed hands,
How she best might meet the
Company's demands.
Grave and sweet the purpose
To the child's voice given
"I have a little brother
Gone to Heaven!"

On the little party
Dropped a spell;
All the little flounces
Rustled where they fell;
But the modest maiden,
In her mourning gown,
Unconscious as a flower
Looketh down.

Quick my heart besought her,
Silently;
"Happy little maiden,
Give, O give to me
The highness of your courage,
The sweetness of your grace,
To speak a large word, in a
Little place!"

—*Wide Awake.*

How to Keep the Boys on the Farm.

The April number of *Scribner* contains a paper by the well-known agricultural author, Colonel George B. Waring, of Newport, on the interesting subject of "Farm Villages." The writer has been active in urging the adoption of improvements in American farming for many years, and has had good opportunities for studying the needs of American agriculture. Familiarity with the life and work of European farmers, where it is usual for those who cultivate the soil to live in villages, suggested to him the idea that the condition of our own agricultural population could be much ameliorated by a similar concentration into communities where the material and moral benefit of better social relations could be secured.

The paper considers the way in which land may be divided so as to secure the end in view with the least inconvenience to the men who have to till the fields, and with the least drawback to the business of the farmer. Two cases are considered: 1. When it is a question of the settlement of new lands. 2. Where farmhouses are already scattered over the country, each on its own farm. In both cases it is attempted to show how the details of the plan may be regulated so as to cause the least annoyance and loss of time to the men, to compass the greatest convenience and comfort to the women, and to provide the best advantages for the younger members of the community. These two schemes are illustrated by sufficient diagrams, which include the way in which the farming land and the village tract should be divided.

Suggestions are also given as to the laying out of the village green, the care of roads, paths, grass-ground and other open spaces, so far as such suggestions are appropriate in this connection.

The way in which the proposed change would affect the work of the farmer, his wife, his hired men, and his teams, is fully considered, and it seems to be demonstrated—while it is admitted that in the immediate money-making there may be some slight disadvantage—that on the whole and in the long run the general prosperity of our agriculture would be advanced by the change.

Considerable space is given to the comparative effect of the life of the isolated farm-house and of the more sociable life of the village on the character of the farmer and his family, and therefore, on the future farming people of the country. The following quotations indicate the line of argument:

"It may seem a strange doctrine to be advanced by a somewhat enthusiastic farmer, but it is a doctrine that has been slowly accepted after many years' observation, — a conviction that has taken possession of an unwilling mind,—that the young man who takes his young wife to an isolated farm-house dooms her and himself and their children to an unwholesome, unsatisfactory and vacant existence,—an existence marked by the absence of those more satisfying and more cultivating influences which the best development of character and intelligence demand. It is a common experience of farmers' wives to pass week after week without exchanging a word or a look with a single person outside of their own family circle.

"The young couple start bravely, with a determination to struggle against the habit of isolation which marks their class; but this habit has grown from the necessity of the situation: and the necessities of their own situation bring them sooner or later within its bonds. During the first few years they adhere to their resolution and go regularly to church, to the lecture, and to the social gatherings of their friends; but home duties increase with time, and the eagerness for society grows dull with neglect, and those who have started out with the firmest determination to avoid the rock on which their fathers have split, give up the struggle at last and settle down to a humdrum, uninterested performance of daily tasks.

"In saying all this—and I speak from experience, for I have led the dismal life myself—it is hardly necessary to declaim the least want of appreciation of the sterling qualities which have been developed in the American farm household.

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"If American agriculture has an unsatisfied need, it is surely the need for more intelligence and more enterprising interest on the part of its working men and women. From one end of the land to the other, its crying defect—recognized by all—is that its best blood—or, in other words—its best brains and its best energy—is leaving it to seek other fields of labor. The influences which lead the best of the farmers' sons to other occupations is not so much the desire to make more money, or to find a less laborious occupation, as it is the desire to lead a more satisfactory life,—a life where that part of us has been developed by the the better education and better civilization for which in this century we have worked so hard and so well, may find responsive companionship and encouraging intercourse with others.

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"The social benefits and the facilities for frequent, neighborly, and informal intercourse are obvious. To say nothing of the companionships and intimacies among the young people, their fathers and mothers would be kept from growing old and glum by the constant friction of their kind; and in so far as a more satisfactory social relation with one's fellow-men gives cheerfulness and the richness of a wider human interest, in that would the village life have a wholesome, mellowing effect that is not to be found in the remote farm-house, nor even in the sort of neighborhood we sometimes find in the country, where several farm-houses are within a quarter of a mile of each other. The habit of "running in" for a moment's chat with a neighbor is a good one, and it gets but scant development among American farmers."

The better development of the church, and especially of the school, is discussed at some length, and the paper closes thus:

"I should hope, further, as an outgrowth from the community of living, for a modest village library and reading-room. Indeed, if I could have my own way, I should not confine the attraction and entertainment of the village to strictly "moral" appliances. It would probably be wiser to recognize the fact that young men find an attraction in amusements which our sterner ancestors regarded as dangerous, and I would not eschew billiards, nor even, "by rigorous enactment," the milder vice of social tobacco. Better have a little *harmless* wickedness near home and under the eye of parents than encounter the risk that boys, after a certain age, would seek a pretext for more uncontrolled indulgences in the neighboring town.

"One might go on through the long range of incidental arguments—such as lighted streets, well-kept sidewalks, winter snow-plows, and good drainage, and a wholesome pride in a tidy, cozy village, until even the most close-fisted of all our class would confess that the extra cost would bring full value in return, and until he would recognize the fact that the attractions of such a home as the village would make possible would be likely to insure his being succeeded in his wholesome trade by the brightest and best of his sons, —a result that would surely be worth more than all it would cost.

"But my purpose has been only to suggest a scheme which seems to me entirely, even though remotely, practicable, and in which I hope for the sympathy and help of the country-bound farmers' wives and daughters, —a scheme which promises what seems the easiest, if not the only, relief for the dullness and desolation of living which make American farming loathsome to so many who ought to glory in its pursuit, but who now are only bound to it by commanding necessity."

Maxims for Young Men.

Always speak the truth.
Make few promises.
Keep good company or none.
Live up too your engagements.
Never gamble.
Drink no intoxicating liquor.
Never speak lightly of religion.
Be just before you are generous.
Never be idle.
If your hands can not be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of the mind.
When you speak to any person look him in the face.
Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of nature.
Good character are above all things else.
Never listen to idle or loose conversation.
Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.
If any one speaks evil of you let your life be so virtuous that no one will believe him.
Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income.
When you retire to bed think over what you have done during the day.
Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.
Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.
Never borrow if it is possible to avoid it.
Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.
Save when you are young to spend when you are old.
Never think that which you do for religion is time or money misspent.

Small Means.

The power of money is on the whole over-estimated. The greatest things which were done for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, or by subscription lists, but by men generally of small pecuniary means. The greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors, and artists have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little raised above the condition of manual laborers, in point of worldly circumstance. And it will always be so.—Riches are oftener an impediment than a stimulant to action; and in many cases they are quite as much a misfortune as a blessing. The youth who inherits wealth is apt to have life made too easy for him, and so grows sated with it, because he has nothing left to desire. Having no special object to struggle for, he finds time too heavy on his hands; remains mentally and morally asleep; and his position in society is often no higher than that of a polypus over which the tide floats.

"I hold it to be a fact," says Pascal, "that if all persons knew what they said of each other, there would not be any friends in the world."

A New Game.

A man came into the restaurant last night and mounting a high stool leaned over the counter and ordered a porter house steak, eggs on the side, and some ale and oysters to begin on. In about half an hour he had finished his repast and was beginning to deliberate on what kind of dessert he would go up on, when a man walked in and tapping him on the shoulder, remarked.

"Is your name Billy Hicks?"

"Yes, that's my name," said the man on the stool, as his hand stole down to his hip-pocket, fumbling for the handle of a barker, "what do you want?"

"We had a little trouble once before in White Pine, and now I guess I've got you dead to rights," continued the new-comer, pulling out a large sized six shooter.

"If you'll just step into the street and pace off your distance I'll your man," said the feeder, who had just finished his pie, and whipping out his revolver, he sprang off his perch and rushed after the other into the street.

The frightened restaurant man got down behind the counter and bent his ear to listen to the shots and the rush of the mob; but he did not hear anything unusual. In about five minutes he recollected there was $2.50 owing on the meal. Then he went out on the side walk to investigate.

"Was there a row out here a few minutes ago?" he inquired of a stranger on the side walk.

"Didn't see any. I've been here for the last half hour or so."

"See two fellows with ulsters and revolvers come out?"

"Yes they was talkin' about swappin' guns and they're over across the way now, takin' a drink."

The restaurant man went back to clear up the dirty dishes and reflect on his damphoolishness.

A Deaf Man Talks Politics.

One of the oldest and most reputable citizens of San Antonio, Texas, forgot, as was his usual custom, to pay for the smile he had just taken. The old gentleman is a little deaf, too. The barkeeper mildly intimated that if he had an extra quarter about him it would not be refused in part payment.

"Another extra out, is there?" he remarked moving toward the door.

"When are you going to pay that fifteen cents, hey?" said the barkeeper in a raised voice, moving gently toward him.

The old gentleman nodded and hallooed back, "Yes, Hayes is in. Eight of the fifteen went for him."

The barkeeper sailed up towards him to get a kick, observing rather excitedly, "You are acting damn badly."

"Damn Bradley, that's just what I say," and he slid out just as a foot went up in the air, and was visible for a minute over the top of the swinging doors, while the aforesaid old customer continued on down the street with a smile on his face, as if the angels were whispering to him.

Literary Taste in Children.

I know two little girls, aged seven and four, who, quite unconsciously, have made the acquaintance of some of the writings of our best poets, and find great delight in them, and are learning to appreciate good things in a perfectly natural, child-like way. The oldest was a very nervous, excitable child; it was almost impossible to quiet her to sleep, and she was very wakeful at night. When she was about three years old her mother began reading to her at bedtime some of those pretty little pieces of poetry for children—such as are found in so many collections like "Hymns and Rhymes for Home and School," "Our Baby," and the like, and found the rhythm so soothing to the child's restless nerves, that she committed several to memory to use when the book was not at hand. She kept the little book or newspaper scrap in her work-basket, and when she was holding the baby or could do nothing else, she learned a verse or two. She soon had quite a collection at her tongue's end, and now it is part of the bed-time routine for mamma to repeat one or two. The little rollicking four year-old, a perfect embodiment of animal life and spirits, generally calls for Tennyson's "Sweet and low wind of the Western sea," while the older one is charmed by Mary Hewitt's pretty ballad of "Mabel on Midsummer Eve," sweet, pure, good English, all of it. I watched the older child, as she stood at the window beside her mother one wild November morning, looking at the dead leaves whirling in the wind, while the mother recited to her Bryant's lines, "The melancholy days are come." It was almost as good as a poem to see the child's gray eyes kindle with appreciation as she eagerly drank in the words. One can see the influence of this culture in the little songs they make up for their dollies—a jingle and jargon of course, but interspersed with remembered lines from their "little verses," and having withal a good deal of rhythm and movement about them. Their ear has been educated to a certain standard of appreciation—just as German children who grow up in an atmosphere of good music find delight in harmonies which are hardly understood by our less cultivated American ears. Of course, you must carefully select beforehand to suit the children's minds, and must explain similes and allusions—*Scribner.*

A Boy Stolen.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 10.—Intense excitement prevails in Orange township, Delaware county, over the mysterious disappearance of Martin Haven, a boy aged seven years, from his father's house last Sunday morning. When last seen the child was in company with Edward Booker, a colored man employed on the Haven farms. Two days have now been spent in looking for the missing boy, but up to this time no trace has been discovered of him or the colored man in whose company he was last seen walking about the home farm. As soon as Booker's wife, who was also a servant on the farm, discovered that her husband was missing she hurriedly came to this city, where she was arrested to-day, but persisten in declaring that she knew nothing of the whereabouts of the boy or her husband. The missing child has a fair complexion, and when last seen had on a faded blue suit. Booker and his wife are well known to the police here, and both have in the past been under arrest for drunkenness. Booker is very dark colored, about thirty-three years of age and about five feet eleven inches high. It is supposed he has taken the child to hold it for a reward from its father, who is in very good circumstances.

President Hayes is said to be a good bass singer.

Curious Country Superstitions.

In most parts of the United Kingdom, it is deemed unlucky to kill a robin, the red breast of the bird being attributed to its having been sprinkled with the blood of our Lord as he hung upon the cross; even as the cross on the back of the ass is connected in the rustic mind with our Lord's entry into Jerusalem, riding upon an ass. According to the paper in the "Book of Days," a common saying in Suffolk is, "You must not take robins' eggs; if you do you will get your legs broken." The writer of it also relates the following anecdote: "How badly you write!" I said, one day, to a boy in our parish school; "your hand shakes so that you can't hold the pen steady. Have you been running hard, or anything of that sort?" "No," replied the boy, "it always shakes. I once had a robin die in my hand, and they say that if a robin dies in your hand it will always shake." In some parts of England it is considered unlucky to have no money in your pocket when you hear the cuckoo for the first time in the season. So, perhaps, it is, when it indicates the usual condition of the pocket.

Some insects, as well as birds, are deemed ominous of evil. There are many, even among educated people, who cannot hear the ticking of the little beetle called the death-watch, without a feeling of fear; and among the vulgar the belief is universal that it presages death in the house. And yet it is only the male insect knocking his head against the wood-work as a signal to his mate. In some parts of England the elephant hawk-moth is regarded not only as presaging, but as producing murrain. The death's head moth is regarded with even greater aversion. This large moth, nowhere very common, has markings on the back and thorax somewhat resembling a skull and cross bones; hence it inspires a superstitious terror, and its appearance is believed to be the harbinger of pestilence and woe. The ghost-moth inspires similar alarm. The female is of a dull brown color; the upper surface of the male is of silvery whiteness. In the evening the male makes his appearance, hovering over the grass in which the female lurks, often in church-yards where the grass is green and luxuriant. If alarmed, the insect disappears in an instant, settling on the ground; but by and by appears again hovering over the same spot. The ignorant rustic imagines it to be a ghost; and even if it were caught and shown to him, he would be hard to be persuaded that it has no occult relation to the dead, or that its appearance is not ominous of evil to the living.

Gapes and Chickens.

The more the naughty children of Mother Earth try to put themselves in accord with her benificent laws, more pure, clear few, and simple they will become, instead of being the complex, multifarious and often contradictory being they seem to be. For instance, the simple little disease called gapes in chickens is a strong case in point. Treated in the light of natural laws (common sense) it yields readily to the proper remedy—the same remedy for the same disease that is indicated in the human being; for we are essentially the same flesh and blood, from the tadpole to the President, and what is good for one is good for the other. Now, what do we use salt for in almost everything we eat? It not only furnishes no nutriment, pleasure, or anything else, but is absolutely a poison? and that is the reason we take it, to prevent undue germination of worms witain us. The old time Hollanders used to punish their criminals by giving them unsalted food, and they were thus soon literally devoured by the worms engendered in their own stomachs.

Now what causes gapes in chickens? Worms. What is given to animals to prevent this? Salt. But all the books, etc., say salt will kill chickens. So it would you, if you took too much, as they often do through the habit of bolting their food without mastication and tasting. In brief, and in fact when the weather is damp and cool, always put about as much salt in the chicks' feed as you would in your own bread, and I will answer for the life of every one. I never lost a chick by gapes in my life, and have raised thousands.—*Ex.*

A School-Boy on Corns.

Corns are of two kinds—vegetable and animal. Vegetable corn grows in rows, and the animal corn grows on toes. There are several kinds of corn; there is the unicorn, capricorn, corn dodgers, field corn, and toe corn, which is the corn you feel most. It is said, I believe, that gophers like corn, but persons having corns do not like to "go fur," if they can help it. Corns have kernels, and some colonels have corns. Vegetable corn grows on ears, but animal corn grows on the feet at the other end of the body. Another kind of corn is the acorn; these grow on oaks, but there is no hoax about the corn. The acorn is a corn with an indefinite article, indeed. Try it and see. Many a man wishes when he has a corn that it was an acorn. Folks that have corns sometimes send for a doctor, and if the doctor himself is corned, he probably won't do so well as if he isn't. The doctor says corns are produced by tight boots and shoes which is probably the reason why, when a man is tight they say he is corned. If a farmer manages well, he can get a good deal of corn on an acre, but I know a farmer that has one corn that makes the biggest acher on his farm. The biggest crop of vegetable corn a man raises, the better he likes it; but the bigger crop of animal corn he raises, the better he does not like it. Another kind of corn is the corn dodger. The way it is made is very simple, and is as follows—that is if you want to know: You go along the street and meet a man you know has a corn, and a rough character; then you step on his toe that has the corn on it, and see if you don't have occasion to dodge. In that way you will find out what a corn dodger is.

THE praise of farming usually comes from those who know nothing about the business, practically or personally. Farmers know that occupation in reality does not chiefly consist of singing praises on flowery beds of ease and tranquillity. The business of farming is not likely to be made more attractive by the silly adulations bestowed on the farmer by second rate politicians and pettifoggers. Yet there are few farmers who really understand the business who would be willing to exchange it for any other calling, so long as vigor and health are vouchsafed to them.—*Detroit Tribune.*

A dealer advertises; "Blue glass, good for windows and other pains." This must include champagnes.

A Pleasing Version of Blue Glass.

It was so easy and simple a discovery. It's strange that no man made it before. But it was left to General Pleasonton to announce the panacea. The one remedial agent that will cure all the ills flesh is heir to is blue glass. The new theory of medicine comes to us with the highest sanction. Among the *materia medica* this was not thought of, so far as is generally known, until General Pleasonton proclaimed his discoveries. Unthinking men, to be sure, had applied blue glass to sore eyes in the shape of spectacles, but they were blindly groping, so to speak, in shadows of science. They knew not what they did. They little thought that straggling, flickering through those goggles of azure was a great medical discovery. General Pleasonton has learned that blue glass will cure everything in the shape of human ailment, from corns to consumption. Of course it is not blue glass alone, but blue glass aided by the sunlight falling through it that constitutes the remedial agent. Undoubtedly this is the light that Milton calls the "dim, religious light" and which a more practical and less poetical definer would have called an all powerful medicinal radiation. There is, unquestionably, something in blue. Delightful pilgrimages are made to the seaside, summer after summer by wealthy and ailing people, and the blue waters have borne health to the diseased, while the diseased knew not that it was not the water but the color of it that was the catholicon. When one reflects upon it, the air we breathe is blue, as we see when we look at the sky. It is the atmosphere we see, and not the "sky," and who could get along without breathing blue air? The two colors which God gave to men were blue and green. He made the air and the ocean blue and the trees and the fields green. It was doubtless with a view to the curative properties of those colors that this provision was made. Green has been applied to eyes with good effect, and it may become a formidable rival of blue in the new *materia medica.*

General Pleasonton has used blue glass on grape vines, and pigs, and heifers, he has tried it upon rheumatism and flowers; he has set it to work upon curvature of the spine, spinal meningitis, cucumber vines and calves. It is a very simple process—this of dosing men and women and vines with blue light. A few panes of dark Mazaline blue glass, French, (we have forgotten the name of the firm from whom it must be purchased), and a little sunlight are alone necessary. Let the sunlight fall through this blue glass upon neuralgia and the neuralgia magically disappears. Let the azure rays fall upon a bull calf and he reaches maturity in five months. Let the cerulean light drop on a person who has hemorrhage from the lungs, and a cure will be effected in a week. And as to cerebro-spinal-meningitis, the case of a young lady in Corning, New York, clearly shows the blue glass is the conqueror. The young lady took a blue light bath in a bay window daily for a short time, and the pains disappeared and the sleep and appetite came, and the cure was complete. General Pleasonton himself had a bad fall, one which would almost give any man the "blues." He tried blue light on the affected spot, and in three days every trace of the concussion was removed. The blue glass is also a specific for blindness. A woman's head that had been hairless or wig covered for five years was placed in one of these blue sun-baths, and the raven locks of youth sprang up like mushrooms.

This new discovery lifts a sombre color into shining perspicuity. The repugnance to the Blue Laws will be diminished. The Blue Books will have added value. Of blue eyes we shall all say:

"Turn away those eyes of love
Lest I die with pleasure."

Blue birds will warble with sweetness. Even the "Blue Stockings" will have some charms. The secret of the Blue Lick waters is exposed, and to any is added to the Blue Mountains. It is inexplicable that the Lord of all, knowing, as He did, the healing qualities of blue light, and being aware that various diseases would visit men, did not make the sun-light blue as He made the seas and the air. But it is a part of the divine economy to leave something for man to do. When the angel troubled the waters in the miraculous days it was necessary for the sick to themselves bathe in the pool. In all the miracles the beneficiaries were compelled to do something. There was a distribution of labor, so to speak. And so, in this new discovery, this remarkable remedy, the Creator furnishes the sun-light, and General Pleasonton, or some firm in France, furnishes the blue glass. Unless the price of glass is cruelly raised, there is no reason why we may not all be well. But if blue glass will cure baldness, rheumatism, and neuralgia, and cerebro-spinal-meningitis, and raise calves to maturity in five months, &c., the occupation of the doctor is gone.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

He Would Have It.

The demand for blue glass had been so great during the past few weeks that an advertiser in the paper, whose stock was nearly exhausted resorted to the following method to obtain exorbitant prices for what he had left.

A customer comes in and asks: "Have you any blue glass?"

"Yes, we have a little; I believe, one pane. What do you want it for? Is it for a lady or gentleman?"

"It is for my wife."

"Well, the glass used for ladies has been so much called for, that we have only a few feet left."

Customer: "Well, I must have some, if I can get it. I have been to several places."

Salesman: Take a seat, sir, and I will send back and see. Tom, have we any No. 84 left?"

Tom: "I will look." Hunts for blue glass, and returns saying there is just one piece, about 7x13.

Salesman: "Well, we don't wan't to sell it all; we are very sorry, sir."

Customer: "I will give you your own price for that piece?"

Salesman: "Well, you can have it for two dollars; but I would rather keep it." And he got his price.

A Florist was showing an Irishman over his establishment the other day. "Now," said he, "we'll just look in for a moment at the germinating house. "The German 'ating house, is it?" replied the other. "Troth, and I'm glad, for it's hungry I am. But isn't there an Irish drinkin' saloon just as handy?"

Mrs. Jackson, of Boston, spends her time in collecting money with which to redeem articles pawned by poor people in that city during the past hard winter.

Transplanting Trees.

A correspondent of the Germantown *Telegraph*, gives the following directions in regard to the above subject:

A rule without an exception in transplanting is this: **Place the roots in contact with as much soil as possible.** This is very important with evergreen trees and all fine rooted plants or vines, such as strawberries, rasperries, grapes, etc. It is not enough that a nice place is prepared to receive the tree or plant with all the roots in natural position, or that the finest of earth is used in filling up. Nor is it sufficient that the roots are carefully spread out before the earth is put on to them. All these things must be done; and then it is necessary to see that in filling up the roots are not crowded into a mass without earth between. This is of special importance in planting nursery-grown evergreens, as they are furnished with a mass of fine roots.

The hole may be of proper size, the roots spread out nicely, the finest earth may be used, and the tree shaken well when filling up about the roots, and still they may be flattened together so as to touch no soil except at the top and bottom. Water may be freely used, or the roots well-puddled in mud-mortar made for the purpose, and still the difficulty only aggravated by making the roots closer than ever. The fine roots must be separated and fine earth worked well among them to separate them as widely as possible. No matter what way you do it, if when done the roots are pressed firmly on all sides with fine moist earth and are separated from each other as far as they can be.

The annual loss in transplanting is very great, on account of not observing the rule here set forth. Even professional gardeners and those who pride themselves on their skill in horticulture, make this mistake, and are puzzled to know why some or all of their plants die or grow poorly. Evergreen trees especially are often lost in planting. Yet they are among the hardiest of trees and are almost certain to grow if properly handled. At transplanting they are in full leaf of course more susceptible on that account to injury from drying than deciduous trees. Besides this the sap is resinous, and if once dried becomes gum that cannot circulate in the tree. They should be kept always moist on removal from the nurseries, and if properly planted as we have detailed, are sure to grow, as nursery-grown evergreens are well-furnished with an abundance of fibrous roots. But those who plant trees from the woods with but few roots, or carelessly let them dry while out of the ground, or transplant in such a way that the roots cannot draw sufficient moisture promptly from the earth, will be disappointed If their trees do not die outright, they may make but a sickly growth that cannot be overcome for a number of years at best.

In transplanting fine-rooted plants it is not only necessary that the roots be in contact with all the soil possible and in natural position, but it is essential that the crown of the plant is not covered so as to smoother the new growth that must start from that point. The earth should cover all the roots fully and firmly up to the very crown, but that should be just at the surface. Raspberry and strawberry plants should be carefully attended to in this particular.

In planting fruit trees the ends of the roots should be freshened with a smooth cut sloping from the underside. The bruised ends of the roots should be cut off so the pores of the roots may come in contact with the soil and the more readily draw moisture than is possible through the obstructed pores of the bruised root-ends as they come from the nurseries. This often makes the difference between success and failure. Lastly, after planting, mulch at once, or keep the surface soil always in good tilth, that moisture at the roots may always be sufficient, even in times of drought.

Birds Foretelling Storms.

The following information furnished by General Couch, an ornithologist, will interest many of our readers: "Some years ago, when crossing the ocean, I was informed by sailors that whenever the sea-gull flew low down, skimming the water, it surely forboded a storm. Careful observation confirmed the truth of this old "sea saying." Accordingly I set myself to the task of finding out how the Great Being imparts this wonderful knowledge to his children of the air. No little investigation convinced me that the bird has no warning whatever of approaching disturbances of the elements, but that the unseen changes in the normal condition of the atmosphere, which always precede foul weather, incite in the feathered species a craving for food that must be satisfied. Thus, before a storm the gull is found among the white caps of the sea, and the swallow is seen flying close to the ground for the winged insects that supply his larder. The same is true with the domestic fowl. At my home nearly every one of the past winter storms has been predicted from the hen-yard. Sunday, the 11th inst., was a lovely spring day. In the afternoon, to all outward appearances we were to have a continuation of fine weather, but the chickens were very hungry and they secured an extra allowance, telling me in so many words that, by morning, snow or rain would come, as it did. In talking of this matter to Mr. Talmadge Baker, Representative from South Norwalk, he noticed that his hens on the night in question were unusually hungry, and he gave them additional grain. Cattle, to a certain extent seem to be under the influence of the same atmospheric changes, requiring at these times more feed. No doubt that this beneficent law holds good for all brutes that seek shelter when the tempest breaks."

Straw For the Fields.

If I could have my entire farm covered with boards lying flat on the ground a whole year, says a correspondent, I would expect more benefit than from twenty-five loads of barn yard manure to the acre. Now as far as the straw goes it has a similar effect. I believe the very best use of straw, except as litter for the stables or barn yards is to spread it on the fields. I put straw on my wheat last season with manifest improvement, but as to the clover, I was disappointed. I noticed small spots where the straw had been in bunches the clover was out, having been smothered apparently. I took up boards from a space of about twenty feet square after they had lain two years, and planted potatoes, the surrounding ground being also planted. Where the boards had laid I had three times as many bushels as on a like plot adjoining.

Jules Janin's library sold for about $25,000.

JOHN F. BLYMYER,

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The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building, or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage, and hope this season to make many new ones. Don't forget the place

No, 3, "BAER'S BLOCK."

April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

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Our large and increasing business demands more room, and we will, after April 1, 1877, occupy 23 and 24 floors of "**McCallum Building**" "**77 Fifth Avenue** (nearly opposite our present location), and will offer to the trade one of the largest and best stock of goods in the United States, consisting of WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CLOCKS, BRONZES, Jewelry, Silver & Plated Ware, &c., &c.

Cash Buyers Invited. WHOLESALE EXCLUSIVELY.

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Having purchased the Shoe Store lately owned by H. C. Beeritz,

We take pleasure in calling the attention of public to the fact that we have now and expect keep constantly on hand an complete assortment of

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BOTH OF

Eastern and Home Manufacture

as can be found anywhere. We also will have on hand constantly a full supply of

SOLE LEATHER,

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Of all kinds, with a full line of

Shoe Findings.

The HOME MANUFACTURE DEPARTMENT will be in charge of

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Whose reputation for making

Good Work and Good Fits

is second to none in the State. The public is respectfully invited to call and examine our stock, as we are determined to keep goods as good as the best and sell at prices as low as the lowest.

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This is a most valuable preparation, combining the tonic properties of the best known vegetable productions with the well-tried and celebrated German Tonic. It is a most pleasant and agreeable Tonic, and is recommended by the medical faculty for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, and all diseases that require a tonic. Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. To be sent by mail on receipt of money. Address DR. JOHN BOSCHEE, 102 Second Street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists everywhere.

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