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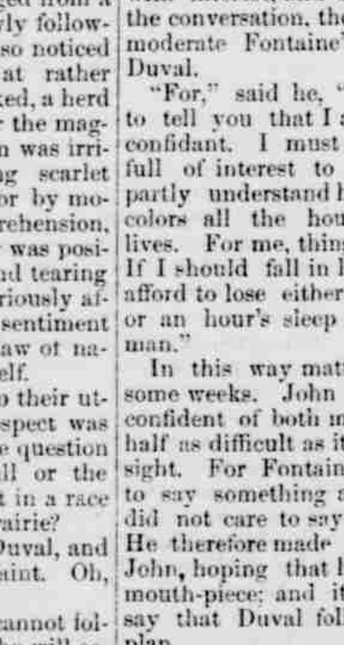

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SUMMER THOUGHTS.

Spring brings life to sleeping winter,
Starting bud and blade and root,
Changing frost and sunshine into
Opening leaf and tender shoot,
Making tiny flowers peep
From the stream and hillside steep.

Later, all her arts employing,
Nature laughs in wanton glee;
Wind with falling blossoms toying,
Showers they fall from shrub and tree,
Filling the air with odors sweet,
Mingling beauty the eye to greet.

Summer time, her gifts bestowing,
Early strives with sun and air,
Gives in measure overflowing
Verdure green and blossoms fair;
Like a matron grand she stands
Offering food with open hands.

Roses paint their petals daily,
Working in the noonday sun;
Lilies ope their eyes, and gayly,
When the morning has begun,
Shed their perfumes all around
Wrought by rootlets 'neath the ground.

Autumn comes; with fullest measure,
In the waiting farmer's hand,
Earth pours out her harvest treasure,
Blessing richly all the land,
Gladly all the season through
Toils the earth, the air and dew.

Thus our lives run through a season,
Laughing spring and joyous June,
Shower and sunshine, toil and ease, on
Speed our years—the end comes soon,
Soon shall fall our frosted leaves—
Autumn comes to reap our sheaves.

THE DUEL ABOUT MISS IMOGENE.

Miss Imogene De Forest was eighteen years old, a beauty and a belle. Girls of all kinds, if they live, can be eighteen years old; but to be a beauty and a belle needs a concurrence of favorable circumstances. In Miss Imogene these favorable circumstances were of a decided order. She had a lovely face, a graceful figure, and she was the only child of Hon. Lysander De Forest, an ex-Governor, an ex-Senator, and a probable foreign minister.

Beside, she had a very respectable private fortune, though young Jefferson Duval and Captain Milton Fontaine both averred that was the very least point in her charms, and not worthy to be named with her dark eyes and her bewitching smile. Girls of eighteen are not all wise, and perhaps Miss Imogene believed this; at any rate she looked as if she believed it; and both Duval and Fontaine had many hours in which they certainly firmly believed it. When wandering in the moonlight under the orange trees, or when whirling through the waltz in some splendid feast, they were both quite certain that nothing but Miss Imogene's personal loveliness entered into their dreams concerning her.

Hitherto, though both pretenders to Imogene's favor, they had preserved the semblance to friendship. Duval rather wished to do so; it gave him an honorable opportunity of watching his rival's chances; and Fontaine was of that order of men who liked a little opposition. He intended at some favorable opportunity to make a *coup d' etat* and at once and forever put poor Duval out of the painful uncertainities of love. For somehow he regarded his own success as certain, and if the confident heart wins the fair lady, and the faint one loses her, he had some reason for his blissful security.

One lovely evening in the charming May—for May is charming in Central Texas—Imogene was slowly riding across a prairie that was one billowy sea of grass and flowers. Duval was by her side, reciting Byron in a very touching manner. Imogene had casually noticed that two horsemen had emerged from a little wood, and were slowly following them; and she had also noticed that they had passed, at rather closer quarters than she liked, a herd of cattle feeding. Whether the magnificent bull leading them was irritated by Duval's floating scarlet necktie, or by the poetry, or by motives beyond human comprehension, is uncertain, but his anger was positive enough. Bellowing and tearing up the ground, he came furiously after the lovers. Poetry and sentiment collapsed, and the first law of nature promptly asserted itself.

Both put their horses to their utmost speed, but the prospect was not cheering. In fact, the question was this: Would the bull or the horses have the best of it in a race over two miles of open prairie?

"He is gaining on us, Duval, and I am turning sick and faint. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Let us separate. He cannot follow both, and perhaps he will select me."

Suddenly the shouts of the men behind attracted their attention. Imogene glanced fearfully around. The two horsemen she had noticed were coming on at a thundering pace; and before she could check or turn her horse, one of them had risen in his stirrups and thrown a lasso around the furious animal. It was now evident that Governor De Forest was one of these horsemen; the other, who still held the rope, was quite unknown both to Duval and Imogene.

The Governor quickly dispatched the bull with his rifle, and then, as the herd were evidently growing uneasy, the whole party rode rapidly home. Thanks and introductions were practically delayed, although the stranger knew that no thanks and no introduction would ever be more satisfactory to him than the glance and smile he had received in the swiftest moment from Imogene.

Duval was very unhappy. He wondered if he had behaved in a cowardly manner. The whole affair had been so sudden and rapid he could neither analyze his feelings nor his actions. Imogene had only said that she "quite excused him." Had there been anything to excuse? And then this stranger! He was quite as inexplicable. Governor De Forest had simply introduced him as "Mr. John Winthrop." He was a little man, with a plain, positive face. His skin was tanned, his hair light, and his eyes of that steely blue which always annoys weak and incapable persons.

Mr. Winthrop made very light of the adventure, and gave all the credit of the rescue to the Governor, except perhaps for one moment, in which Imogene and he once more changed eyes. The news soon spread through the little town, and Fontaine was very indignant at fate. "If only he had been with Miss Imogene! Managing wild cattle was only a trifle to him. He would rather have enjoyed such an encounter than otherwise. He had half a dozen plans always ready for such emergencies," etc. And really he did look so gallant and so handsome that most girls would have been willing to face a herd of wild buffaloes under his protection.

Duval felt Fontaine's bravado a personal slight, but he did not wish Imogene the subject of a quarrel, and after a rather unsatisfactory visit the two men went home together.

However, next morning Captain Fontaine had the most graceful little note from Miss Imogene, asking him to bring his guitar and assist her in entertaining a few guests that evening. Duval had also one, equally flattering; for it touchingly referred to their mutual danger and escape, and hoped he would come prepared to finish the exquisite poem which had been so terribly interrupted.

The evening was a remarkable one in many respects. Scarcely ever had the ex-Governor's mansion been so profusely decorated and so brilliantly illuminated, and to the magnificent feast prepared all the principal magnates of the neighbor hood had been invited.

Imogene had never looked so bewilderingly unreal and poetic. Her oval face, with its creamy color and soft dark eyes, was crowned with great waves of black hair and snowy flowers, and her long drapery of some soft silk tissue seemed to shimmer and glance like a fairy robe, as with winning smiles and gracious, graceful manners she flitted to and fro among the guests.

John Winthrop was among them. He did not dance, and he did not sing, and he smiled queerly at the very idea of his reciting poetry; consequently neither Duval nor Fontain felt uneasy about his influence. Indeed, he seemed only to be able to converse on two subjects—property and politics.

Still, he had one great advantage—he staid in the same house with Imogene, and could see her in many favorable moments forbidden to less happy mortals. But Duval, who watched him closely, was soon convinced he was indifferent to this immense favor; for Duval had found opportunities of putting very clever leading questions to Mr. Winthrop, and that gentleman had answered them with the greatest candor.

Indeed, he was so much more polite and sympathetic than he expected that Duval, who really longed for a confidant, poured out his whole soul to him, and asked John candidly what was his opinion about his own and Fontaine's chances. Did he really think that Fontaine would win Imogene.

John said he knew very little of women, but he thought Fontaine would not win Miss Imogene.

It is a comfort to have a confidant, and Duval brightened so much under the process of pouring out his hopes to John that Fontaine noticed the change, and began to fear that his rival had comfort and encouragement of which he did not know.

He was pondering this question very gloomily one night when he met John Winthrop. How it happened he never could tell, but in five minutes the two men were talking of Imogene, and Fontaine had told John all his hopes and fears with regard to her. John listened with interest, and even encouraged the conversation, though he tried to moderate Fontaine's complaints of Duval.

"For," said he, "it is only right to tell you that I am also Duval's confidant. I must say the affair is full of interest to me, and I can partly understand how it fills and colors all the hours of your two lives. For me, things are different. If I should fall in love, I could not afford to lose either an hour's time or an hour's sleep about any woman."

In this way matters went on for some weeks. John was the known confident of both men, a post not half as difficult as it appears at first sight. For Fontaine often wanted to say something about Duval he did not care to say to Duval's face. He therefore made the remark to John, hoping that he would be his mouth-piece; and it is needless to say that Duval followed the same plan.

John smiled, and smoked, and listened, and kept very quiet—a thing easy enough to do, for both lovers only cared to hear themselves complain. That they kept up so long an appearance of friendship was entirely due to John's wise reticence, and his charitable rendering of such scraps of conversation as he felt obliged to report.

But smoldering fire cannot always be controlled, and one night, when Imogene had been very haughty and cross to both Duval and Fontaine, they unfortunately met on the piazza of their hotel. Duval was despondent and postrate, Fontaine angry and scornful, and Duval's air unconsciously irritated him.

"How ill-tempered Miss Imogene was to-night!" he said, fretfully, flinging his half smoked cigar into the street.

"Miss Iomogene is never ill-tempered," answered Duval, warmly. "I will not allow you to say such a thing."

"You won't allow me? Understand I shall say what I choose about that lady. I do not recognize your right to defend her."

"Nor I yours to blame her."

"Perhaps I have more right than you know of."

"That is a lying insinuation; you are no gentleman to make it."

"Do you dare to say it is a lie?"

"Yes, I don't mind saying it is a solid lie."

"You know the consequence of that speech, I suppose?"

"I know them very well. I am not afraid of you."

"Duval! Duval! I'll—"

"Oh, keep cool Fontaine! Send your second to me at midnight. If your valor holds till morning, I'll give you a chance to prove it."

"Very well, sir. Understand this goes to the bitter end. I will receive no apology—not the most abject one."

"No apology will be offered you."

Then Duval flung his hat on his head, untied his horse, and rode rapidly up the street. He went, in fact, to John Winthrop to ask him to make the proper arrangements for a meeting between Fontaine and himself the next day. After a little persusion, John agreed to do so; but ere Duval left, Fontaine tapped smartly at John's door, and made the same request. The two opponents bowed to each other, but left all speech to John, who, in truth, seemed admirably adapted for the part he found himself almost obliged to play.

He tried first to effect a reconcilation, but, finding that impossible, made the strange poposition that he should act as second for both. "Gentlemen," he said, with a winning courtesy, "you are both equally my friends, and I am honestly disposed to do equal justice to each. Fix on some place and hour, and I will bring my friend Dr. Allen and see everything as pleasantly and honorably settled as possible."

Both Duval and Fontaine bowed to this proposal. Perhaps neither of them was in heart as blood thirsty as he pretended, and a peaceably inclined second has a great deal in his power. So a little wood about two miles out of town was fixed upon, and sunset the following day was the fated hour. John had insisted on this delay, partly he said, because he still hoped the principals might change their minds, and partly because it would allay any suspicion which their quarrel and late visit to himself might arouse.

So both Duval and Fontaine were at their usual desks in the morning, and their evening horseback ride was so common and natural that no one attached any unusual meaning to it.

Both men arrived at the designated spot by different roads, but within two minutes of each other. Duval bowed, leaned against a tree and smoked what might be his last cigar. Fontain paced nervously up and down, waiting with great impatience John's arrival with the appointed weapons, which both men had intrusted to him. The sun set. The little wood got darker and darker—so dark at last that Duval's cigar made a distinct glow. Still, John did not come.

Neither liked to make the first remark, yet it was evident that for some cause or other their wounded honor would have to endure another twelve hours' wrong. Yet Duval was just lighting another cigar when a little negro boy came running through the wood.

"Done found you at last, Mas'r Jeff. Thought you'd done shooted each other for sure. I's been a-lookin' all round yar since sundown."

"What have you come here for."

"Mas'r John Winthrop send dese two letters—for sure he did, now."

"Where is he?"

"Done gone."

"Fontaine," said Duval, "will you have a match to read yours by?"

"Thank you, Duval, I will."

So by the light of a succession of lucifers both gentlemen read the following words:

"My friend, I am opposed to duels on principle; so is my dear bride, who hopes you will both remember her too kindly to stain her name with your blood. Your little foolish quarrel hurried our arrangements, which had been made for a month later. You will see now the wisdom of the advice I have always given you both.

JOHN WINTHROP."

There was a moment's dead silence, then Duval said: "Fontaine, we have no quarrel now; and if we have, we have no weapons. Suppose we go back to the hotel and have supper."

The Summer Fallow.

The summer, or bare fallow, was formerly considered the best method of preparing land for the wheat crop. The exposure of the soil to atmospheric and other influences for a whole season has an excellent effect, but it is not necessary. A crop may be grown, and if rightly attended to, the succeeding grain crop may be as good as when preceeded by a season of fallow. The mechanical texture of the soil it improved by the frequent plowing and stirring, thus opening the soil for the free entrance of the air, and the better circulation of the soil and water. These mechanical improvements facilitate the decomposition of some of the constituents of the soil, liberating potash and other essential elements of plant-food from the locked-up and insoluble chemical compounds of the soil. The Ammonia of the atmosphere, which enters the soil with the rain, is more readily absorbed, and, last but not least, the vegetable matter in the soil is more quickly and thoroughly decomposed, and thereby made available for sustaining the growing plants. All these points are gained by a summer fallow upon a heavy clay soil, but with a light soil there is no such demand for mechanical improvement, and no corresponding advantage gained in a chemical point of view. Nearly all that can be gained by a year of clean culture is obtained by a hoed or root crop. With it the weeds can be as effectually killed as in the fallow; the soil will receive enough culture to make it sufficiently open for the circulation of air. There will be a large gain in the amount of the nitrates and other valuable nitrogen compounds. In the fallow these are formed during the hot months of the year, and being very soluble, are washed out of the soil by heavy rains, while, if there is a crop, the nitrates, etc., are taken up as food, and stored away, to be used for some succeeding crop. Besides, the root crop will furnish a large amount of excellent food for the farm stock, and finally yield a quantity of valuable manure, to be returned to the soil. With a root crop introduced into the rotation, there is seldom a demand for summer fallow.—*Am. Ag. for July.*

The failure of one man is the opportunity of another.

IN A SLAUGHTER-PEN.

HOLDING THE SALIENT AT SPOTTSYLVANIA.

The Assault of Lee's Army—Col Beaver's Narrow Escape.

[F. A. Burr's Life of General Beaver.]

Day was just dawning as the crest of the National advance broke on the rebel works and flooded them. The swift movement had been successful along the line in front of General Brooke's brigade, whose commander had sprung on the rebel works at one end of the line, covered by the two brigades of the first division, just as he saw one of his colonels leap on the works at the other end. "The first I knew," says a general staff officer, who was following the line of battle just in its rear, "was the prisoners boiling over on me, and I had my hands full taking care of them." Success had come but the worst of the battle was still in the future. General Barlow's division had struck full on its centre a broad, flat V shaped salient, and swept over it. The flat, open clear space behind, turned on the instant into a seething cauldron of fighting men, was in the undisputed possession of the National forces. Over 12,000 men jammed in the narrow space of a few acres swayed hither and thither in the wild delirium of success. For the first and for the last time in the long wrestle of the army of the Potomac and the Army of Notrhern Virginia, an intrenched position, mounted with artillery well chosen, well manned and well armed, had been taken by an assault in column. It remained to hold it. In the swarming, struggling mass of men and officers, lines lost, regiments confused, brigades confounded, cool heads were at work putting the command into order for the inevitable counter assault. The headlong rush of assault swept part of the attacking force against the inner works of the enemy half a mile distant, and elswhere the National forces were held in hand, and brought into line just in the rear of the works they had carried.

THE HOT CORNER.

The salient carried by the National forces had been placed where it was by the Confederate engineers, because at this point the slope which ran down to the creek between the naked ridge on which Hancock formed his men, and the ground rising toward Spottsylvania, dipped into a low swale, which lower sank into a narrow ravine. In the day-long struggle that followed, this depression, slight, a mere wrinkle on a contour map, played the part covered way, and made it possible for the Union forces to hold the point they had won. Lee was in imminent danger. The Second Corps had cut his army in two. The joint in his harness had been found by the keen, highly tempered blade with which Grant had been searching his armor for a fortnight. If as vigorous an advance had been made by Warren on the right, and General Burnside on the left at the head of the Ninth Corps, it is difficult to see how Lee's army could have been saved. Cut in two at the middle, attacked at each end, it must have been rolled a disordered, defeated mass toward Richmond. The precious hours passed, but the advance which might have turned a brilliant assault into a victory never came. It had been part of the original plan of attack that the Ninth Corps was to advance at the same time that the Second did, in the darkness of gray dawn. At his headquarters on the bare unprotected ridge where he was forming his tired men at midnight, full under the fire of over forty field-pieces, half of which were in his hands by daylight, Hancock chafed away hour by hour as the ticking field telegraph at his elbow brought one dilatory message after another from the headquarters of the Ninth Corps. Before he gave the final order for assault, with the dark sky on his left slowly changing as day came, General Hancock sent Gen. Burnside word that he should advance without him.

How long the Second Corps held the salient alone against the assault Lee was making upon the point on whose recapture the safety of his army hung, is still disputed, as is the share which the Sixth Corps played in its defense. The contracted limits of the salient became a great slaughter-pen, swept by one continuous blaze of musketry. There was no room to bring in guns, and no space to use them. The Second Corps stretched first in an irregular line across the space it had won—Mott, Birney, Gibbon, Barlow from right to left; the One Hundred and Forty-eighth, with its brigade, pushed sharply to the left. Volley by volley, at point blank, range, beat back the rebel advance. Inch by inch the line fell back, and it lay on the works it had won, when at six o'clock a. m. the Sixth Corps brought it its first aid. Great trees were cut off like reeds by the musketry fire which swept the works back and forth like canister. The lines were reversed, and the National forces on the outer edge of the works they had early won. Ammunition soon ran low, and all day the pack-mules with ammunition cases slung over their backs, were passing up the ravine, and across the dip of the swale the salient had been intended to command. By the same shelter men went to the rear, and supports and reliefs came to the front. The presence of this natural covered way made possible communication with the very centre of the battle, whose hot fire the war did not see equalled. Without it it is hard to see how the difficulty of supplying an advanced line through twenty hours of continuous firing could have been surmounted.

A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE.

"The angle," says Brigadier General Grant, of the Sixth Corps of the defense of the salient, "became at once the key-point and scene of a terrible struggle. It was literally a hand to hand fight. Nothing but breastworks separated our force from the enemy, and our men mounted the works, and, with muskets rapidly handed them, kept up a continuous fire until they were shot down, when others would take their places and continue the deadly work.

Several times during the day the rebels would show a white flag above the works, and when our fire slackened, jump over and surrender, and others were crowded down to fill their places. Scores, and no doubt hundreds of men are now living who were engaged in that conflict, and whose recollections of it are vivid. It was there that the somewhat celebrated tree was cut off by bullets, there that the brush and logs were cut into pieces and whipped into basket stuff; there that fallen men's flesh was torn from the bones, and the bones shattered; there that the rebel ditches and cross sections were filled with dead men several deep. It was there that General Barlow says: "I myself saw in the evacuation on the enemy's side of the log breastworks, such a mass of the killed and wounded as I had only seen once before, and that was in a sunken road at Anteitam, which is still called Bloody Lane."

Even for a single regiment the day was crowded with incidents. Every group that was formed under this fire had its casualty. During the worst fighting of the day, after Brooke's brigade had been pushed to the front over two battle lines to the Sixth Corps, to hold a very important position, their ammunition run out, and the file closers of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth ran back to the idle troops behind them, and carried cartridges up in their caps to the fighting men. Brooke had been ordered to hold the road at all hazzards, and while he was making a stubborn fight to do so, he rode up to the One Hundred and Forty-eighth for a word of conference with General Beaver. While they were consulting, Beaver fell, the regiment shouted, "The Colonel has got it again." The shock was but momentary. A spent ball flattened itself on the note-book, so frequently quoted from in these pages which he carried in his vest pocket. Later the regiment found its cartridge boxes empty, and Major Foster went back and informed General Brooke of the fact. "Tell Colonel Beaver that he must hold that road," was the reply. "Let his men fix bayonets, lie down and hold it with cold steel." Beaver obeyed the order. The One Hundred and Forty-eighth lay in the woods ready to hold the road with the bayonet, but it was withdrawn before the necessity for doing so arose. While the fighting was hot, and the artillery of the Second Corps, massed on the ridge from which the troops were started, was playing over the heads of the men in the salient on the Rebel line beyond, it was determined to place two pieces at the angels of the salient and sweep the approaches obliquely. "I can't take my pieces their," said the artillery officer to whom Colonel Wilson, General Hancock's aide, came with the order. "My horses will be shot down before we get there." "I expect you to take them up there by hand," was the reply. "But the men can't under that musketry fire," pleaded the officer. "Then I'll get a detail from the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania lying there that will. They'll not only get the guns up there, but work 'em," said the aide. The detail was made up before the officer gave way, and the pieces were started out to their post.

Through hours of hard fighting the long forenoon wore away into the afternoon. Night even came on and still the fight continued. After the conflict the regiment was marched back, and laid down under the shelter of the ravine.

GEN. BEAVER'S HONORS.

It was nine before firing ceased; it was midnight before the enemy retired. Thirty-six hours before the troops had broken camp, after hours on the march, they had been kept waiting in the dull soaking mist, waiting other hours for the attack, a few hundred yards from the enemy, at a point where every soldier felt that delay would mean defeat. No better proof of the strain under which the troops lay could be offered than that the dull clatter of a pack mule laden with intrenching tools, which strayed down the line, sent the men dropping singly and by squads to the rear. As the line was caught and brought back by its officers. Discipline was strong; but even discipline was not proof against the chance panics of the darkness. The assault followed; the long struggle over the ground won lasted through the day. When the battle was over the One Hundred and Forty-eighth had lost 125 killed and wounded, one man out of five.

General Brooke who commanded the brigade in which Colonel Beaver served, in his official report to General Hancock of the rapid operations of the 12th, and the few proceeding days, says:

"Colonel James A Beaver distinguished himself on every occasion, but particularly at the battle of the Po, May 10th, and at Spottsylvania, May 12."

So conspicuous had been his gallantry, and so valuable his services during these days of tiresome marching and hard fighting, that his superior officers desired to do more than compliment him in official reports. On May 13, the day after the brilliant work at the salient, General Barlow issued the following order:

"Headquarters First Division, Second Corps, May 13, 1864.

"ORDERS.—Colonel James A. Beaver, One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, is hereby assigned to the command of the Third Brigade, and will report to these headquarters at once.

"By command Brigadier General Barlow.

"JOHN HANCOCK, A. A. G."

He of course reported, but asked to be allowed to decline the proffered advancement. "He preferred," he said, "not to leave his regiment. He felt it his duty to stay by the men he had brought into the field." This was the second or third time he declined promotion, and Barlow asked rather sternly, "when he would be willing to take a brigade?"

"When the losses of war leave me the ranking officer of the brigade in which my regiment is serving," was the prompt reply.

Who Kissed Away the Tear?

Is anything stranger than the human heart? Nature sends a frail, green vine creeping across the earth to reach a grim wall and cover its ugliness, to reach a dead branch and cover it with life. We bless nature as we see these things and yet we do not realize that human hearts are ever doing the same. One day, months ago, a rosy-faced child, looking from a window, saw a queer, old man go limping by. It tapped on the pane, and the old man looked up. The sight of that sweet face opened his old heart, and he went on his way feeling richer than for many a month past. He was the grim wall—the child was the green vine. He passed again, and again the child was at the window, and for days and weeks they never missed seeing each other. At each meeting the vine crept nearer to the wall—the wall appeared less grim and forbidden. One day the "wall" laid aside his old hat for a better one. Another day he had a new coat. Again he was clean shaved, and the "vine" scarcely recognized him. No one knew the old man, but all knew that he was feeling the influence of the vine. As the old man passed he missed the face at the window. Was he too early or too late? He lingered and looked and seemed lost. It was the same next day, but a kind heart pitied him, and sent out word that the child was sick. The green vine had reached the wall only to be blighted. Two days more and there was crape on the door. The child was dead. It had fallen asleep in death without a struggle, knowing nothing of the grand hereafter, but having no fear. On its pale cheek was a tear—a single tear which glistened like a diamond. No hand dared wipe that tear away. It seemed a tie between the present and the past—the living and the dead.

"Please can I see the—the child?" It was the old man—the grim wall—who knocked timidly at the door and spoke thus. They knew him by sight, and they led him into the room where the vine lay dead. He stood over the coffin for a moment, lips quivering and eyes full of tears, and then he bent over and kissed the face which would wait for him no more. When he had gone they looked for the tear. He had kissed it away. Old and poor and unknown, he had reaped a treasure such as all the millions of the world could not buy.

Fish Balls.

One pint of fish chopped as finely as possible, six large or eight medium-sized potatoes, boiled and mashed fine while hot. Add to them one table-spoonful of butter, half a cup of milk and half a spoonful of white pepper and one well-beaten egg. Fish varies so much in saltness that after it has been added to the potato it is the best to taste the mixture and judge if more is required. When thoroughly mixed make into small flat balls, and after flouring them well fry a bright brown in sweet dripping. A still more delicate ball is made by dipping them first in beaten egg, then in crumbs, and frying like croquettes, but when eggs are high the first method will answer. Fat, if cooled and strained after using into a small jar, can be used many times, and a thing is never perfectly free from fat unless it is immersed in it when at the actual boiling point. A perfectly fried croquette, rissole, fish-ball or potato should be so dry and free from grease as not to soil the napkin it may be served on.—*Our Continent.*

Blackberries and Raspberries.

Every one who has gathered wild blackberries is aware that the stems grow to the height of six or eight feet, and gracefully bend over at the top. The lower part of the cane bears little or no fruit, it being nearly all at the top of the bush. The same happens on a smaller scale with the raspberry when left to itself. While we cultivate the blackberry for the sake of better fruit than the wild plants usually afford, we should also endeavor to have more of it, and more conveniently placed on the bushes. From questions that are asked, it is evident that all are not aware that the stems of the blackberry and raspberry (at least those cultivated for fruit) are only biennial. The plant throws up from the root, often at some distance from the old stems, vigorous shoots, which grow rapidly, and by autumn will become ripe and hard canes, like the old ones. The old canes, which have given a crop of fruit, have completed their work, and, though they may remain alive for awhile, will be dead by next spring. When the fruit has been gathered, it is best to cut the canes entirely away, to give room to the new ones. These should have more attention than they usually receive; if left to themselves, they will become just like the wild plants, straggling, and with their fruit all at the top. Not only on account of the greater quantity of the fruit, but for the ease in picking it, should the canes be pruned. Blackberry canes should never grow over five feet, and many prefer to keep them at three feet high, remove the top, or growing plant, which, being tender, may be picked off with the thumb and finger. Soon after this is done, branches will start along the stem, and those should also be pinched, the lower ones when eighteen inches long, and the upper when twelve inches. By a little attention, once a week or oftener, giving the needed pinching, the blackberry, instead of being a long, straggling shrub, catching at the clothing of all who approach it, may be brought into the form of a neat pyramidal bush, which, the next season, will be loaded with fruit from bottom to top. The same treatment may be followed with raspberries, which are usually kept shorter. One of the greatest pleasures in gardening is found in training and shaping plants, and making them grow as we wish, and the effects of this are strikingly shown in the blackberry and raspberry.

If You Are Ruined

In health from any cause, especially from the use of any of the thousand nostrums that promise so largely, with long fictitious testimonials, have no fear. Resort to Hop Bitters at once, and in a short time you will have the most robust and blooming health.

Penny royal, distributed in places frequented by roaches, will drive them away.