MY LORD TOMNODDY.

My Lord Tomnoddy's the son of an earl,
His hair is straight, but his whiskers curl;
His lordship's forehead is far from wide;
But there's plenty of room for the brains inside.
He writes his name with indifferent ease,
He is rather uncertain about the "d's,"
But what does it matter, if two, or one,
To the earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son?

My Lord Tomnoddy to college went—
Much time he lost, much money he spent;
Rules, and windows, and heads he broke;
Authorities wink'd—young men will joke!
He never peeped inside of a book—
In two years' time a degree he took;
And the newspapers vaunted the honors won
By the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy came out in the world,
Waists were tightened, and ringlets curl'd:
Virgins languished and matrons smil'd.
'Tis true, his lordship is rather wild;
And in queer places he spends his life—
There's talk of some children by nobody's wife;
But we mustn't look close into what is done
By the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son,

My Lord Tomnoddy must settle down—
There's a vacant seat in the family town!
It's time he should sow his eccentric oats.
He hasn't the wit to apply for votes:
He cannot o'er-learn his election speech;
Three phrases he speaks—a mistake in each!
And then breaks down—but the borough is won
For the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy prefers the guards
(The House is a bore); so—it's on the cards—
My lord is a cornet at twenty-three,
A major at twenty-six is he—
He never drew sword except on drill;
The tricks of parade he has learnt but ill—
A lieutenant-colonel at thirty-one
Is the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son!

My Lord Tomnoddy is thirty-four;
The earl can last but a few years more,
My lord in the peers will take his place;
Her Majesty's counsels his words will grace,
Office he'll hold and patronage sway;
Fortunes and lives he will vote away.
And what are his qualifications?—One!
He's the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son!

AGRICULTURE.

A Practical Dairyman

Gives some very good suggestions in the Utica *Herald* on *tainted milk*, which we copy for the benefit of our cheesemakers hereabout. There is no dairying region in America where the water is better or purer than in our county; and *to this we attribute* the fact that tainted milk is very little known here.—[ED.

"In extreme warm weather cheese is often found out of flavor, while the cause seems to be hidden from the maker of cheese, many times, until too late to remedy the evil. In the season of 1868, I had charge of a factory in Erie county, New York, where the milk was brought to the factory once a day. The milk came in fair condition until June 19th, when it was very much tainted, and continued so until July 22, when it disappeared for the rest of the season. The dairies were mostly small; the night's milk was cooled soon as milked, and brought in separate cans to the factory, which was much better than the morning's milk. About one-third of the patrons brought good milk the entire season, which led me to think the cause was with the patrons. The time of receiving tainted milk was one of extreme heat, without clouds or rain. The farms are watered by the Cayuga creek, which sunk to a mere trickle, leaving dead, stagnant water in shallow places on the rocks, from which cows drank. Those, that brought the best milk watered their cows at their wells. On the 23d of July we had a severe thunder shower, when taint disappeared. Was the taint given to the milk from the atmosphere, or the water the cows drank? The thunder shower removed the cause, whatever it may have been. We want good, cold water to make cheese. *Is it not* as important that cows should have the same to drink?"

WHAT THE MICROSCOPE REVEALS—WITH A MORAL.

Lewenhoeck tells us of an insect seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand.

Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, and fruit.

Butterflies are fully feathered.

Hairs are hollow tubes.

The sun[illegible] of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself like water through a sieve.

The mites make five hundred steps a second.

Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like cows on a meadow.

Moral.—Have some care as to the air you breathe, the food you eat, and the water you drink.—*Home and Health.*

COOLING OF BROODED EGGS.—An inquiry is made of the German Poultry Journal whether eggs brooded upon and allowed to become cold can be hatched; in reply to which it is stated that, from extensive observation, it has been shown that eggs which have remained cold for two days or more may even then be successfully brooded, and that the nearer to the period of the escape of the young, the longer may this cooling last. It is, however, necessary that at least half of the brooding period be passed, as, if eggs are left too long in the first half of the period, especially if this is repeated many times, the embryo will, in almost every instance, die. In the second half of the period the chick is already so far formed that a prolonged cooling is not especially injurious to it. It is also established that eggs thus cooled require a longer time than usual to come to maturity.

All kinds of herbs should be gathered on a dry day just before or while in blossom; tie them in bundles and suspend them in a dry airy place, with the blossoms downward. when perfectly dry wrap the medicinal ones in paper and keep them from the air; pick off the leaves of those which are to be used in cooking; pound and sift them fine and keep the powder in closely corked bottles.

Mrs. Livermore publicly stated in Boston, recently, that "she was sometimes astonished at herself for being able, after what she knew, to meet men and treat them politely; to go up to the State house, watch the meanderings of the Legislature, and not hiss like a goose!"

At a recent wedding in Rhinebeck, as the clergy reached that part of the ceremony, "I now pronounce—" a fish peddler in the street shouted "bull-heads! bull-heads!" to the amusement of some, and the consternation of others, present on the occasion.