

Fire-side Reading.

Maggie, the Covenanter.

Nearly a hundred years ago, there stood on the north shore of the Bay of Cromarty, a mill, and close by, the miller's cottage. The miller, 'Johnnie' of the shore, lived in the cottage alone with his sister; attending to his mill for business, and writing verses for recreation; and when he died, and the mill was torn down and rebuilt in another place, 'Maggie' of the shore' remained in the little cottage by herself.

'She was as poor,' says one, 'as it is possible for a contented person to become.' For great gain, you know, comes with contentment and godliness, and Maggie had both. She was as neat, as clean, as hospitable as could be; and the inside of her poor cottage had even a sort of tasteful arrangement.

'A young popish Canadian, named Carlos, became a Protestant, and wished to get an education. A few ladies offered to bear his expenses while he went to school a year—each to keep him a certain number of weeks in her family. One of these, who was deeply interested in him, was the wife of a poor laboring man, but she would not be denied the privilege of aiding in the work. At first, Carlos objected to accepting her liberality, saying, 'You, like myself, are poor; and my Master asks not so great things of you.' When the worthy woman insisted on bearing her share of the burden, he replied, 'When next I come to your house, give you to the wall and draw water, and give to me one cup of milk, and I will drink it, and be no more thirsty; and God, my Father will say to you, 'That is all I ask of you, my child.' But when she would not be denied, Carlos took his little carpet-bag and went thither. The evening of that time he was very lovely—all more as light as day; but he whose work it was to be first and last at the social prayer-meeting, was missing there through the whole month. One day his neighbor, meeting him, asked him why he had not been to his house, nor yet to the conventicle; he replied, 'I have replied Carlos, 'my heart every day thought you; every night with God's children; and when my school time out, I have work to do; work to make myself happy, and to please my Father in heaven.''

'Work! what do you find to do, Carlos?' asked the gentleman. 'I go to Mrs. A.'s house. She work very hard for her many children—cook, wash, sew, take care of baby, and every thing. Her husband, too, lift great stones, and make wall and cellar, and get money to buy bread for wife and children—not for great strong boy like me. Then I look at him and say to myself, 'Shame, shame, with strong arm, eat this bread, and I look at the river, and see it full of driftwood come down for miles, and belong to nobody; so when school out I go to river with long pole and hook, and I draw in slab and broken board. I pile it up till Saturday come, and then I take wheelbarrow and wheel it all into wood house. Now the cords of Summer wood there; and I cut my bread and it do choke me. I would give bread to poor man's child, but not eat up the bread his father earns.—Stories for the Little Ones.

'Are you unwell, Maggie?' said her friend. 'Perhaps I am not quite well,' she answered, 'but I shall be very soon. You must take breakfast with me.' The gentleman did not refuse, for well he knew what a charm it was to sit at Maggie's table; but this morning she did not talk much, nor did she feel any better over, she put away what was left, saying, 'God has been so good to me! There has been no one but himself to provide for me, but I have never wanted a meal since my brother died. Are you coming back this way, sir, this evening?'

'And her friend said, 'Yes.' 'Then she said, 'I am not well, but I feel you, I am sure—that you will find me quite well then. Will you come?'

'Her friend promised, and went away. It was already twilight when he came back, and lifting the latch of Maggie's door, he went in. The fire was dying out on the hearth, the room was dark, and Maggie sat by the window that looked out to the west, and the last evening light shone on her calm face, which was looking up, and showed the peace and joy that rested there. Before her lay an open Bible. 'I am come, Maggie,' said her friend. But Maggie did not speak. 'I have come back,' she repeated, 'but Maggie is gone—gone to see Him, "whom not having seen, she loved."'

after being fitted, to take him through. 'Well,' said I, 'if you do not wish to study, you had better learn some trade.' Johnnie was a tradesman, and I found him a good master in it, and with whom he served his time.

'Finding that he kept at his books at the close of his apprenticeship, I said to his master, 'If you will take hold with me, we will send that boy through College.' My proposition was agreed to. After a year's study at the High School, Johnnie was admitted to College, and he was graduated with credit to himself and his friends, and I am not ashamed to call him my boy.'

'Boys, I have written these few lines so that this fact may not be lost; that at least one boy has become an educated, highly respected and promising young lawyer, because he was known as a boy who didn't need speaking to but once! Will you try and be like him?—Congregationalist.

A Commendable Example. A young popish Canadian, named Carlos, became a Protestant, and wished to get an education. A few ladies offered to bear his expenses while he went to school a year—each to keep him a certain number of weeks in her family. One of these, who was deeply interested in him, was the wife of a poor laboring man, but she would not be denied the privilege of aiding in the work. At first, Carlos objected to accepting her liberality, saying, 'You, like myself, are poor; and my Master asks not so great things of you.' When the worthy woman insisted on bearing her share of the burden, he replied, 'When next I come to your house, give you to the wall and draw water, and give to me one cup of milk, and I will drink it, and be no more thirsty; and God, my Father will say to you, 'That is all I ask of you, my child.' But when she would not be denied, Carlos took his little carpet-bag and went thither. The evening of that time he was very lovely—all more as light as day; but he whose work it was to be first and last at the social prayer-meeting, was missing there through the whole month. One day his neighbor, meeting him, asked him why he had not been to his house, nor yet to the conventicle; he replied, 'I have replied Carlos, 'my heart every day thought you; every night with God's children; and when my school time out, I have work to do; work to make myself happy, and to please my Father in heaven.''

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Unmarried Women. I speculate much on the existence of unmarried and never-to-be-married women, now-a-days; and I have already got to the point of considering that there is no more respectable character on this earth than an unmarried woman who makes her way through life quietly, perseveringly, without support of husband or brother; and having attained the age of forty-five or upwards, retains in her possession a well-regulated mind, a disposition to enjoy simple pleasures, and fortitude to support inevitable privation, sympathy with the sufferings of others, and a willingness to relieve want as far as her means extend.—Charlotte Brontë.

Ladies with Literary Husbands. A brief sketch of the late Madame de Lamartine has just been published in Paris, which tells the world something of her domestic life. It appears that she copied with her own hand all of M. de Lamartine's works, except 'Les Girondins.' All of the 'copy' supplied to the printer is in her hand; she kept the poet's private manuscript as a precious treasure, which she knew posterity would value as highly as she did. He wrote the poem 'Joelyny' in a large album which he used for an account book. The obverse face of the leaves contained the accounts of the laborer in his vineyard; the reverse was covered with poetry. After the poem was completed, and negotiations with a publisher were carried to a successful issue, Lamartine, pointing to the album as he mounted his horse to make one of his usual long excursions, asked his wife to send it to the printer. She opened it, and, seeing at first nothing but the accounts of the laborer in the vineyard, thought there must be some mistake. She examined farther, and found the reverse of every leaf contained 'Joelyny.' She laughed, took the album to her secretary, and resolutely set to work to copy the poem. M. de Lamartine thought his work in the publisher's shop was done, when, as they were sitting down to breakfast, she gave him the album and the nobbled manuscript of 'Joelyny.' The poet was so deeply touched that he took a pen and wrote the three dedicatory strophes to Maria Anna Eliza, which are to be found on the first page of that work. She copied it up to M. de Lamartine's correspondence. She leaves a great many letters scattered in the hands of friends, which M. de Lamartine, it is said, is collecting with a view to publication. They are represented as written with great talent.

A still greater service was performed by the wife of Sir William Napier in the composition of his great work on the 'History of the Peninsular War.' In the 'Life' of Sir William, recently published in London, we find an interesting allusion to her admirable zeal and ability: 'When the immense mass of King Joseph's correspondence which at Vittoria was placed in my hands, I first attempted to find it in order, and in three languages, one of which I did not understand. Many, also, were in very crumpled and illegible characters, especially those of Joseph's own writing, which is nearly as difficult to read as Napoleon's. The most important documents were in cipher, and there was no key. Despairing of any profitable examination of these valuable materials, the thought crossed me of giving up the work, when my wife undertook, first, to arrange the letters by dates and subjects, next to make a table of reference, and, and this, without neglecting for a moment the care and education of a very large family, she effected in such a simple and comprehensive manner, that it was easy to ascertain the contents of any letter, and lay hands on the original document in a very short time. She also undertook to decipher the letters which were in cipher, and not only succeeded, but formed a key to the whole, detecting even the nulls and stops,

and so accurately, that when, in course of time, the original key was placed in my hands, there was nothing to learn. Having mentioned this to the Duke of Wellington, he seemed at first incredulous, obliging me to produce a full set of letters, and several persons had done this for him, he said, but none had ever added the nulls or formed a key, adding, 'I would have given £20,000 to any person who would have done that for me in the Peninsula.'

Returning Clouds. The clouds are returning after the rain, all the long morning they steadily sweep from the blue North-west, over the upper main, in a peaceful flight to their Eastern sea. With sails that the east wind billows or furls, and shadows that darken the billow grass, freighted with amber or piled with pearls, Pleiads of fair argosies rise and pass.

The earth smiles back to the smiling throng From green pastures and blooming fields, For that which that had sickened with thirst so long Has been touched by the hand of the Rain, and healed. The old man sits 'neath the tall elm-trees, And watches the pageant with dreamy eyes, While his white locks stir to the same cool breeze That scatters the silver along the skies. The old man's eyelids are wet with tears— Tears of sweet pleasure and sweeter pain— For his thoughts are driving back over the years In beautiful clouds after life's long rain. Sorrows that drowned all the springs of his life, Trials that crushed him with pitiless heat, Surges of temptation, and waves of defeat, Float 'er his memory tranquil and sweet. And the old man's spirit, made soft and bright By the long, long rain, has been made gay, Sees a vision of angels on wings of white, In the troping clouds as they come and go. Conquests of Russia. The conquests of Russia within the last sixty years are equal to all that she possessed in Europe before that period; her acquisitions from Sweden are as large as all that she had from Denmark, and the territory taken from the Tartars is equal in extent to Turkey in Europe, with Greece, Italy, and Spain; the portion of Turkey in Europe annexed to Russia is as extensive as Prussia without the Rhenish provinces; her conquests in Asia Turkey comprise as much territory as is contained in all the smaller German States. Poland has taken a country as large as England, and her portion of Poland is equal to the whole of the empire of Austria. On examining the composition of her population, it will be found to consist of 2,000,000 of Caucasian tribes; 4,000,000 of Ossetes, Kirghis, and Georgians; 8,000,000 of Turks, Mongols, and Tartars; 6,000,000 of Swedes, Finns, and Uralians; 20,000,000 Muscovites of the Greek Church; and 25,000,000 Poles of either the Catholic or Russian national religions: in all, 60,000,000. The population of Poland forms two-fifths of the whole number, and is contained on one-eighth of the territory. These different populations have, during the last century, been undergoing a denationalization which, we repeat, if it could be realized, would be one of the most considerable conquests ever made by any nation. The above refers to the past. Supposing, for the future, that Russia would be satisfied with completing the union of the Slave populations, which she has partially conquered, with the Tartars, a portion of which she possesses a portion, and the population of the Greek Church, the protection of which on the Danube and in the Ottoman empire she claims, her increase would be as follows: In addition to the 60,000,000 of her present population, she would have the Slave populations of the Austrian empire, 15,000,000; the Slave populations of Prussia, 2,000,000; the Roumanian and Servian nations of the Greek Church, 7,000,000; and, lastly, the peoples of Turkish and Tartar origin and others, 20,000,000. The whole would form a population of more than 100,000,000 inhabitants, which she would hold as far as the Austrians are concerned, who will employ against them a religious propaganda and the sword, as has been done in Poland.—Sicet. Peaches—Where Grown, How Sent to Market, Quantity, etc. One of the *Travellers* reporters has been among the peach growers, visiting all the peach depots and steamboat landing places to New York and Jersey City, and also most of the large wholesale dealers and receivers of the fruit. He has collected many statistics and items of interest and value to those living outside of that city, and who have faint conceptions of the building and packing of these precious fruits. He received considerable enlightenment by visiting Jersey City about noon any day except Sunday, and witnessing the arrival of the Delaware peach train of twenty to thirty cars, completely filled with peaches, each car containing about five hundred bushels or their equivalent in crates. We will not play the game of large Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey is larger than at any former year since 1857, much the largest portion of which is sent to the New York market, though large quantities are sold in Philadelphia, and smaller amounts in Baltimore and Washington. About 44,500 baskets are now coming to New York daily, viz: 15,500 by the Delaware peach train over the New Jersey R. Transportation Co.'s road, landing at Jersey City (15,500 on one day); 10,000 by Adams' Express and the Millston train, landing at the same place; 17,000 over the Camden and Amboy road, landing at Pier 1 North River, New York; 1,500 by the Raritan and Delaware Bay R. (some dated 2,500); 1,000 by the Keyport steamer; 500 by the Morris and Essex R. R. landing at Hoboken opposite the city, and by sundry to being peaches from that section of the State, and also from the full of light and bushy during the week days, becomes silent like a desert on that day. If one walks the streets, he scarcely meets a person; and if perchance he does, he will hardly dare to stop and speak. A countryman of mine, stopping at the same time, with me, took it into his head on Sunday to play the game of hide-and-seek; but the neighborhood became so deserted that our landlord was obliged to acquaint him with their unsuccesses. If you enter a house, you will generally find each member of the household engaged in some kind of sewing, and it is very interesting and touching to see the parent, surrounded by his family, reading and explaining the sublime truths of the sacred volume. If you enter a temple of worship, you find a perfect stillness reigns, and an order and quietude which is not found generally in our Catholic churches.

The singing of the psalms is slow and solemn, and the words of the hymn being in their native tongue, serves to increase the interest and engage the attention of the worshippers. The churches are without ornament of any kind; nothing there speaks to the mind or heart, nothing calls to man by his covens there, or what shall be his hope of the future. Scripture and painting trace no sacred events there, to remind him of his duties or awaken his gratitude.

The Income Tax in England.—A parliamentary paper shows that the number of persons assessed under schedule D (trades and professions) in Great Britain increased in the year ending April 5, 1868, from 285,450 to 493,465; the amount paid from £3,222,033 to £3,376,405; the incomes on which the tax was charged from £39,013,493 to £38,282,864. The number of persons with less than £100 a year had increased from 15,761 to 15,750; between £100 and £150, from 135,369 to 139,297; and so on till the highest class, those with incomes of £50,000 a year and upwards, who were 67 in 1862 and 80 in 1863. In Ireland the number of persons charged had fallen off from 17,602 to 17,438; the amount paid from £138,132 to £167,834; and the incomes assessed from £4,977,508 to £4,973,743. The number paying on incomes of less than £100 a year had diminished from 1,264 to 1,231, but the number with £50,000 a year and upwards had risen from two to three.

Feather Beds. The sanitary effects of the various materials used for beds is a subject which has been little considered. The old-fashioned institution, the feather bed, has its comforts, and with these who have been long accustomed to it, it has become an actual necessity. In the Anglo-Saxon days warm beds were a desideratum in every well-arranged household; and since then, through the Mediaeval Ages up to the present time, beds, bedsteads, and bedfurniture have been matters of importance in connection with every household. The unwholesome curtains have now nearly gone out of use—a change in fashion which is conducive to health; with those of the rising generation, the feather bed is decidedly going out of favor; and, generally, the medical profession do not speak in its praise, and before long it is likely that feather beds will be dismissed in the hospitals. By some good housewives the cases of the feather beds are changed, at the least, once a year; the feathers, which have massed together in lumps, are separated, aired, and then placed in a clean covering. This is a wholesome method, but not sufficient to keep the bed from leaving the feathers in the same case unopened for many years together—a practice which is very reprehensible. Besides the ill effects which may arise in this way, there is now an opinion strongly expressed that very soft and yielding couches are not good for health or proper muscular development, and are, therefore, improper for use in schools, and in the homes of the youth of both sexes are reared. Up to the end of his life the Duke of Wellington slept on a hard, narrow mattress; and others might be mentioned who have lived to an advanced age who reputedly soft beds.

A variety of materials is used for the stuffing of beds. There are the sweetly scented feather beds in Highland cottages, which, when carefully and frequently replaced, afford a pleasant resting-place for the weary traveler. In some parts various species of the fern are employed for the same purpose. In some of the English regiments the soldiers fill the bed-ticks with clean, dry straw, which, when put in regular layers, is said to make a comfortable and wholesome bed. The straw is changed once in a fortnight; and what has been put aside from the barrack-room can be used in the cavalry stables. Horse-hair and spring mattresses have, in many instances, been substituted for the feather beds, and some have carried the liking of hard beds to such a degree as to sleep on flat boards; this, however, will not generally come up to the idea we have of a bed of roses.

As regards beds, in a sanitary point of view, there can be no doubt that the use of soft beds, and especially those which are filled with feathers, is not beneficial to health, and that the material used for stuffing should be frequently changed.—London Builder.

Boston in 1781. Some of our readers may be interested in reading a description of Boston eighty years ago, as it appeared to the Abbé Robin, He was a genuine Frenchman, having no sympathy with the earnest religious views of New-England. In the roadstead, studded with pleasant islands, we saw, over the trees on the west, the houses rising amphitheatrically, and forming along the hill-side a semicircle of nearly half a league; this was the town of Boston.

The high, regular buildings, intermingled with steeples, appeared to us more like a long established town of the continent than that of a recent colony. The view of its interior did not dissipate the opinion which was formed at first sight. It is a fine and interesting sight, and about two thousand feet, and shops and warehouses line its entire length. It communicates at right angles with the principal street of the town, which is long and wide, curving round toward the water; on this street are many fine houses of two and three stories. The appearance of the buildings is generally in the best taste, and being built entirely of wood, they have the dull and heavy appearance which belongs to those of our continental cities; they are regular and well-lighted, and are framed well joined, and the outside covered with slight, thinly-placed boards, over which are laid the shingles, and the roof is supported by a network of rafters, and the exterior is generally painted of a grayish color, which gives an agreeable aspect to the view.

The furniture is simple; sometimes of costly wood, after the English fashion; the rich covering their floors with woollen carpets, or rude matting, and others with fine sand. The town contains about six thousand houses, or nearly thirty thousand inhabitants, with nineteen churches of all denominations. Some of the churches are very fine, especially those of the Presbyterian and Episcopal societies. They are generally oblong, ornamented with galleries and finished with pews throughout, and that the poor as well as the rich may hear the Gospel with much comfort. The Sabbath is here observed with much rigor. All kinds of business, however important, cease; and even the most innocent sports and recreations are discontinued. The full of light and bushy during the week days, becomes silent like a desert on that day. If one walks the streets, he scarcely meets a person; and if perchance he does, he will hardly dare to stop and speak.

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The culture of the grape vine and the manufacture of the delicious wine which is already extensively known throughout this country, and even in some parts of Europe, have been carried to a high degree of perfection in California. The number of grape vines in California in 1861 was 10,569,588, of which Los Angeles had 2,570,000 and Sonoma 1,701,661. All European varieties of the grape, as also those of the Atlantic States, grow well in this state. This fact is significant of the wonderful adaptation of its climate and soil to the culture of the grape, and indicates that California will become the greatest wine country of the world. Mr. Hittell, in summing up its superiority, says: 'California vineyards produce ordinarily twice as much as the vineyards of any other grape district, if general report be true. This grape crop never fails, as it does in every other country. Vineyards in every other country require more labor, for here the vine is not trained to a stake, but stands alone.'

Lessons from the Drouth. In reviewing his own agricultural experience the writer is confident that he has learned more salutary lessons from drouths, and cold wet spells, than mistakes and blunders of his own and of others, than from the greatest success. So not only may they be profitable, but they are good in destroying insect life, and favorably changing the character of the soil, to a certain extent, giving opportunities to drain, etc., but we may all take lessons in deep plowing and working of the soil. Not one single acre of deeply worked field or plot of ground have we seen which was suffering at all from drouth. The corn stands, dark green, strong and thrifty, next to fields of poor, light, yellow, shrivelled, curly-leaved specimens, which do not now look as if they would return the seed. Grain, clover, and fields of other crops look about the same. We enriched soil, underdrained and plowed 10 inches deep will stand almost any drouth.

About Bread. Molly Greenfield writes to the *American Agriculturist*. Many farmers' wives make milk or salt rising bread, and if well made it is excellent; but it is not always so convenient to make in summer as you best bread. Hop-yeast may be kept some time in a cool cellar, and is very good for biscuit, rolls, cake, and rusk as well for bread. One is not obliged to keep a half a day for the 'emptying' to rise, with the risk of failure from careless rise, in allowing them to become too cool, or scalded. Here is a receipt for yeast which is good, something nearly like which I found in an agricultural paper a good while ago. Steep a handful of hops in a large basin of water, mix with the hop water three or four good sized potatoes boiled and mashed; also a table spoonful of flour, half a table spoonful of salt, and half a cup of sugar. Grind some malt, and mix with it a little cold water, and mix with it the hop water. If you wish instead of brewer's yeast and sugar, you may use most bread, pour boiling water on half or more of your flour, when you sponge your bread. But about Graham bread—do you ever make that? If I were made it is truly excellent and wholesome. Here are two good ways of preparing it.

1. Mix wheat meal with sweet milk, roll about 1/2 of an inch thick, and bake in a quick oven. 2. Mix the meal with thick buttermilk or thin sour cream, use soda and salt, drop on buttered tins, in small cakes, and bake quickly.

Shelter for Sheep at Pasture.—We find a suggestion in one of our exchanges, and unnoted, in which there is wisdom. It seems it has been the practice of Solomon Green, of Massachusetts, to give his sheep the shelter of small dark buildings in their pastures, and into which they may go at pleasure. The result is that during the heat of the day they retire into them and remain till about 4 o'clock in the evening. The houses are small and on runners so that by shifting them often the land is thoroughly and evenly manured. This is a good idea for breeders of valuable sheep, who think no labor lost which contributes to their welfare.

To Boli a Ham.—Soak, according to its age, twelve to twenty-four hours. Have it more than covered with cold water, and let it simmer two or three hours, and then boil an hour and a half or two hours; skim it carefully. When done, take it up and skin it neatly; dress it with cloves and spots of pepper laid on accurately. You may omit writing or tissue paper in fringe, and twist round the shank bone if you like. It should be put past the centre, nearest the hook, in very thin slices.

To Polish Patent Leather on Carriages, etc.—W. C. Hart, Orange Co., N. Y., writes to the *American Agriculturist* as follows: 'The dash' and bodies of wagons covered with patent leather, and parts of harness with the same, as binders, saddle, etc., may be polished by taking sweet oil and applying it with a soft piece of muslin; after well oiling let it remain for a few hours, then take a piece of muslin that is soft and pliable, and polish by rubbing. It will look as well as new, and will repay the trouble.

MESSRS. EDWARDS.—I have noticed with interest the various remedies against the encroachments of Ants, proposed in the *Banner*—all of which, I perceive, were given as certain cures for the evil. Whether the 'afflicted housekeeper' has found in any of them the much desired relief, has not yet reached my ears. My wife and I propose laying before you, your permission, especially the 'afflicted one'—the following remedy, the efficiency of which I am sure every one will admit, at first glance, to be all that it claims to be. Some years since, the house which we occupied was most intolerably infested with ants, and we were obliged to leave it, and to proceed beyond their reach. My wife one day, on my return home, said she had thought of a plan which might prove effective, and asked for four tin cups. The cups were procured, filled with water, and put one under each table leg. Upon the table were placed all the articles of provision on which the ants were most prone to prey. This was enough—the thing was accomplished—and we had no more trouble with the ants. The little army of red devils might deploy, make faint attacks, and finally rush forward in a general charge, but when they arrived at the impassable water gulf, it was all 'no go'—and no strategy could possibly gratify their desire.

Let the 'afflicted housekeeper' try this plan, and my word for it, she will find it of more real value than all the other remedies which have been or may be proposed for her relief. The same plan is also equally effective in guarding against the encroachments of roaches. Ask in the *Aplary*, to prevent the ants from entering the house, which they have often been known to do, to the great detriment of the apiarist, even so far as to drive every bee from the hive. N. B.—It would be proper to remark, that in a location where ants are likely to be troublesome, in the future, a table of proper shape and size might be prepared for the pantry, and a nest of drawers or shelves placed thereon, and permanently fastened down upon its top by means of nails or screws, in and upon which every article the ants delight to prey upon, might be placed, with the utmost security.

The Grape. The culture of the grape vine and the manufacture of the delicious wine which is already extensively known throughout this country, and even in some parts of Europe, have been carried to a high degree of perfection in California. The number of grape vines in California in 1861 was 10,569,588, of which Los Angeles had 2,570,000 and Sonoma 1,701,661. All European varieties of the grape, as also those of the Atlantic States, grow well in this state. This fact is significant of the wonderful adaptation of its climate and soil to the culture of the grape, and indicates that California will become the greatest wine country of the world. Mr. Hittell, in summing up its superiority, says: 'California vineyards produce ordinarily twice as much as the vineyards of any other grape district, if general report be true. This grape crop never fails, as it does in every other country. Vineyards in every other country require more labor, for here the vine is not trained to a stake, but stands alone.'

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About Bread. Molly Greenfield writes to the *American Agriculturist*. Many farmers' wives make milk or salt rising bread, and if well made it is excellent; but it is not always so convenient to make in summer as you best bread. Hop-yeast may be kept some time in a cool cellar, and is very good for biscuit, rolls, cake, and rusk as well for bread. One is not obliged to keep a half a day for the 'emptying' to rise, with the risk of failure from careless rise, in allowing them to become too cool, or scalded. Here is a receipt for yeast which is good, something nearly like which I found in an agricultural paper a good while ago. Steep a handful of hops in a large basin of water, mix with the hop water three or four good sized potatoes boiled and mashed; also a table spoonful of flour, half a table spoonful of salt, and half a cup of sugar. Grind some malt, and mix with it a little cold water, and mix with it the hop water. If you wish instead of brewer's yeast and sugar, you may use most bread, pour boiling water on half or more of your flour, when you sponge your bread. But about Graham bread—do you ever make that? If I were made it is truly excellent and wholesome. Here are two good ways of preparing it.

1. Mix wheat meal with sweet milk, roll about 1/2 of an inch thick, and bake in a quick oven. 2. Mix the meal with thick buttermilk or thin sour cream, use soda and salt, drop on buttered tins, in small cakes, and bake quickly.

Shelter for Sheep at Pasture.—We find a suggestion in one of our exchanges, and unnoted, in which there is wisdom. It seems it has been the practice of Solomon Green, of Massachusetts, to give his sheep the shelter of small dark buildings in their pastures, and into which they may go at pleasure. The result is that during the heat of the day they retire into them and remain till about 4 o'clock in the evening. The houses are small and on runners so that by shifting them often the land is thoroughly and evenly manured. This is a good idea for breeders of valuable sheep, who think no labor lost which contributes to their welfare.

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To Boli a Ham.—Soak, according to its age, twelve to twenty-four hours. Have it more than covered with cold water, and let it simmer two or three hours, and then boil an hour and a half or two hours; skim it carefully. When done, take it up and skin it neatly; dress it with cloves and spots of pepper laid on accurately. You may omit writing or tissue paper in fringe, and twist round the shank bone if you like. It should be put past the centre, nearest the hook, in very thin slices.

To Polish Patent Leather on Carriages, etc.—W. C. Hart, Orange Co., N. Y., writes to the *American Agriculturist* as follows: 'The dash' and bodies of wagons covered with patent leather, and parts of harness with the same, as binders, saddle, etc., may be polished by taking sweet oil and applying it with a soft piece of muslin; after well oiling let it remain for a few hours, then take a piece of muslin that is soft and pliable, and polish by rubbing. It will look as well as new, and will repay the trouble.

MESSRS. EDWARDS.—I have noticed with interest the various remedies against the encroachments of Ants, proposed in the *Banner*—all of which, I perceive, were given as certain cures for the evil. Whether the 'afflicted housekeeper' has found in any of them the much desired relief, has not yet reached my ears. My wife and I propose laying before you, your permission, especially the 'afflicted one'—the following remedy, the efficiency of which I am sure every one will admit, at first glance, to be all that it claims to be. Some years since, the house which we occupied was most intolerably infested with ants, and we were obliged to leave it, and to proceed beyond their reach. My wife one day, on my return home, said she had thought of a plan which might prove effective, and asked for four tin cups. The cups were procured, filled with water, and put one under each table leg. Upon the table were placed all the articles of provision on which the ants were most prone to prey. This was enough—the thing was accomplished—and we had no more trouble with the ants. The little army of red devils might deploy, make faint attacks, and finally rush forward in a general charge, but when they arrived at the impassable water gulf, it was all 'no go'—and no strategy could possibly gratify their desire.

Let the 'afflicted housekeeper' try this plan, and my word for it, she will find it of more real value than all the other remedies which have been or may be proposed for her relief. The same plan is also equally effective in guarding against the encroachments of roaches. Ask in the *Aplary*, to prevent the ants from entering the house, which they have often been known to do, to the great detriment of the apiarist, even so far as to drive every bee from the hive. N. B.—It would be proper to remark, that in a location where ants are likely to be troublesome, in the future, a table of proper shape and size might be prepared for the pantry, and a nest of drawers or shelves placed thereon, and permanently fastened down upon its top by means of nails or screws, in and upon which every article the ants delight to prey upon, might be placed, with the utmost security.

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