THE FARM.

THOUGHTS ON AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE.

Bermuda Grass on Alkali Soil—Sale of Dairy Products—Items of Interest.

BERMUDA GRASS ON ALKALI LAND.

A year or so ago, in answer to a letter addressed to the RECORD-UNION, the reply was given that Bermuda grass would grow and thrive on alkali soil. This statement was based upon actual observation and experience in this vicinity where there are small patches of alkali, and upon which Bermuda grass has been planted and grown with entire success. The last issue of the Tulare *Register* testifies to the same experience in that vicinity. It says:

Last week we mentioned the fact that J. A. Cary had succeed in getting Bermuda grass to grow upon strong white alkali ground. We ran across some very strong corroborative evidence to prove that this valuable forage plant will grow luxuriantly even upon the strongest alkali ground where not even weeds will grow. R. P. Putnam gave this grass a very thorough test last year, and the results are entirely beyond his expectations. About the time this grass was set out in the Court-house yard at Visalia, several years ago, some of it got a start upon what is known as the Riley ranch. Last year, as an experiment, Mr. Putnam took up some sods of it and set them in some of the strongest black alkali spots on the ranch, spots upon which not the slightest vestige of vegetation would grow, and now it is spreading out and growing as thriftily as can be, and bids fair to cover the entire ground in a year or two more. Bermuda grass is rated very high among all authorities upon forage plants, and if those of our farmers who have alkali spots upon their ranches will take the trouble to set them to this grass, they will not have more valuable pasturage lands on their places.

There is no question but that the value of Bermuda grass is entirely undervalued, or else largely unknown. It is one of the rankest and most persistent growers under adverse conditions that can be found in the vegetable kindom. It maintains its growth and green appearance during the dryest weather, but of course the growth is not then as rapid as when it has more moisture. It does not dry up, however, and continues excellent green feed for stock, and pleasing to the eye. The only objection that can be raised to it is the fact that it is next to impossible to get rid of when once it becomes well rooted, and it spreads rapidly over the ground. This cannot be objectionable wherever there is alkali ground, for anything that will convert a sightless and barren alkali desert or piece of land into an oasis of indestructible and beautiful green pasture, is very much like transforming Dante's Inferno into the most ecstatic conception of the Celestial City.

THE SALE OF DAIRY PRODUCTS.

A movement in a new line is on foot before the Northwest Coast Dairy Association, which held its first quarterly meeting at Portland, Oregon, on the 8th inst. The purpose is to increase the market price of dairy products, and this is to be accomplished by all the members of the association, and all dairymen, establishing one common depot or warehouse through which their products shall be disposed of, under supervision of a committee chosen by the association. The committee which has had the subject under consideration submitted the following report:

Your committee appointed to confer with the commission merchants of this city handling dairy products, and grocers retailing the same, with a view of ascertaining the feasibility of concentrating all dairy products to the house or depot for distribution or sale, beg leave to report that we have had personal interviews with the principal merchants of each class who receive butter direct from the producer, and we find as follows:

First—Among the commission merchants we found one unanimous opinion that the business was thoroughly demoralized, and that concentrating to one depot was the sensible thing to do, and that in addition the making a more reliable article appeared to be a necessity to redeem the business and place it on a secure basis for the future. We found them sick and disgusted with the business in its present state, and most of them expressed a wish to give up the butter trade, as they were not fixed to take care of it properly, and were not doing enough of that business to justify fitting up for it and detail a man to look after it and give it the necessary attention.

Second—Among the family grocers we found a division of sentiment on this subject. Several expressed themselves very decidedly in favor of such a plan; said it would suit them much better, and would also be better for the dairymen. Others could not see what benefit it would be to them to go to one place for their supplies instead of going direct to the farmers. One party was rather opposed to the new plan; he thought if he was obliged to go to one place that the competition between him and other grocers would run the price of favorite choice brands above the market value, which, in the opinion of your committee, furnishes a pretty good argument in favor of the proposed change. Both classes of merchants generally expressed doubts whether dairymen and farmers would unite for such purpose. Your committee found two reliable houses who would be willing to take the business, fit up a room for cool storage, devoted to butter and nothing else, and detail one man to care for it and look after the butter trade particularly, provided there can be a general concentration of the business. Neither party is anxious for it, neither will take it unless such concentration can be made pretty general.

The report of the committee was accepted, and in accordance with it the following article of agreement was presented and circulated for signatures to carry the plan into effect: "We, the undersigned, agree to concentrate our dairy products to one house or depot for distribution and sale under the supervision of a committee of the Northwest Coast Dairy Association, after suitable preparations have been made for such house to receive it."

The plan would probably operate successfully if *all* who are producers of butter, cheese and milk would join in the movement. But this is most too much to expect of poor human nature, for the very fact that the object is to increase the price of dairy products, and that prices are probably going to be increased, will suggest the enterprising idea to certain individuals who are straining every nerve to augment their sales, that this is just the time to keep out of the combination, for thereby they will be able to slightly undersell the association; have sure sales and get astride the high wave of prosperity upon the "quick sales and small profit" creed.

The plan suggested is nothing more nor less, however, than the establishing of a dairy product monopoly—and this by Grangers. This idea is simply hinted at to merely call attention to the fact that all producers and classes are monopolists whenever they can profit by combinations, and sometimes, even, when the same parties "righteously combine together to resist the unjust and extortionate profits of the middlemen." The fact is, we are all monopolists whenever we can be such and profit by it, and are "virtuous" and oppose such schemes that do not include us on the right side. There is no danger, however, that dairymen will get any too much for their products, and if the movement they have inaugurated to get rid of the Philistines shall be successful, the method will be serviceable, and no doubt be tried elsewhere.

A CHERRY CROP.

W. H. Chapman, whose orchard is located a mile west of Napa, says the *Register*, has this year picked and sold between 5,000 and 7,000 boxes of cherries. His orchard contains about 800 trees, half of which are fifteen years old and the remainder about five. They are all popular varieties, among which are the Tartarian, Black Republican, Bigareau, Black Eagle and Centennial. This last-named is a new cherry, raised by Mr. Chapman from the seed, and came into bearing on the one hundredth anniversary of our republic, hence the name. It is a large, round, short-stemmed, small-stoned cherry of mottled crimson color, very sweet, even before fully ripe, and ripens about the middle of the season; it is very firm-meated—hard, we might say—and as a canning or shipping cherry it will be hard to find its equal.

Concerning the Centennial cherry, a sample was recently sent to Matthew Cooke, who, after keeping them several days to test their keeping quality, said of them in the RECORD-UNION: "I have no hesitation in saying that the Centennial cherry will rank among the highest of the shipping and canning varieties. The beautiful rich color, oblate form, large size and fine flavor, should make this a very desirable cherry for market purposes."

A correspondent of the *Rural Press*, in speaking of this cherry, says: "It has been difficult to obtain trees of this variety, as the originator would put none upon the market. They are much sought after, as it is generally known among fruit-growers that they are one of the best varieties ever seen in the State. This season several thousand of these trees will be placed upon the market by Coates & Tool, of this place, and ere long they will be found in every portion of the State."

SCOTCH FIFE WHEAT.

The importance of sowing only the very best grades of wheat is not realized as fully as it should be. We are informed by Mr. Ransom that several thousand bushels of the extra hard Fife wheat raised by him in 1884 has been furnished to our farmers for seed for 1885, and is most highly recommended by our millers as worth several cents per bushel for flour making above the ordinary grade of wheat raised in Colorado. We have now had our attention called to the celebrated Saskatchawan Fife wheat which Mr. Ransom is raising this season as seed for 1885. This is the genuine old-fashioned Scotch Fife wheat, which has been kept pure, and improved by being grown in the Saskatchawan valley of Manitoba, thereby immensely raising its strength and yield. It is claimed as the most wonderful variety known for "stooling," as many as 168 stalks having grown from one single grain, and it is very common to find from thirty to eighty stalks with fully matured heads of from five to seven inches in length growing from a single seed. The soil and climate of Colorado seem especially adapted to this wheat, one yield of 106 bushels from only fifty pounds of seed having been made last year by Professor Blount at the Agricultural College Farm.—[Longmont (Col.) Ledger.

REMEDY FOR FOOT ROT IN SHEEP.

In France the milk of lime has been found useful in preventing the spread of the disease, and for the cure of mild cases. Shallow tanks or trays are placed at the doors of the sheep barn, and the animals, as they go out or in, bathe their feet in the liquid. These planks are about ten feet long, and of a width suitable to the doors of the sheep barn. The sides are about four inches high, and there are strips nailed crosswise on the bottom to prevent the animals from slipping as they pass through the liquid. Lumps of quick-lime are placed in these, which, on the addition of water, slake, fall to pieces, and mixing with water form the milk of lime, which is another name for whitewash. If the sheep on coming out bring a little with them, this should be moved from the tanks by means of a rake. Where this disease has established itself, the sheep must be treated individually. The diseased horn of the hoof must be cut away with a sharp knife, and all ulcers cleansed. A concentrated solution of sulphate of copper (blue vitrol or blue stone), or a caustic ointment of some kind should be applied. A favorite ointment for this disease consists of finely powdered blue vitrol, one pound; finely powdered verdigris, half a pound; linseed oil, one pint; pine tar, one quart. The feet are thoroughly smeared with this, which is not washed off, as a solution should be, by the wet grass.

COST OF A VINEYARD.

J. DeBarth Shorb, President of the California Horticultural Society, gives the following figures:

FOR ONE ACRE.	
Plowing twice before planting, at $2	$4 00
Harrowing and pulverizing the same	50
Cuttings (1,000 vines, 6 feet apart)	5 00
Planting, per acre	2 00
Two plowings after planting	3 00
Cultivation and final pulverization	50
Total cost, end of first year	$15 00
SECOND YEAR.	
Pruning, per acre	$1 00
Plowing twice, at $1 50	3 00
Cultivation twice at 50 cents	1 00
Hoeing near the vine	1 00
Total cost, second year	$6 00
THIRD YEAR.	
Pruning the vine and removing the wood	$2 50
Plowing twice	3 00
Cultivating twice	1 00
Hoeing near vine	1 50
Total cost, third year	$8 00

In the fourth year the expenses of pruning and removing the wood from the vineyard will be increased $1 more, or to $3 50 per acre; all the other expenses remain the same as during the third year. The vineyard is now in good paying condition, and ought to pay from $50 to $100 per acre. In fact, it would appear at the present that the culture of the grape is the most remunerative form of work, whether the produce of the vine be sold as grapes, raisins or wine. The world is our market, and there is no limit to the demand.—[San Diego Californian.

THOROUGH CULTIVATION.

The Antioch *Ledger* has discovered a farmer in Contra Costa county who never had a failure of crops, but whose wheat fields are always green and luxuriant when drought has shriveled those of his neighbors. This is the explanation: His secret of success is cultivation. He is not satisfied with plowing and cross-plowing and harrowing and cross-harrowing his summer-fallow, but he goes still further. Throughout the entire summer he keeps men at work upon his summer-fallow, breaking the clods by hand and pulling weeds. In fact, his field when he plants grain is better cultivated, is better pulverized and freer from weeds than most farmers prepare their little garden for strawberries. And one who visits that section now will find that Mr. Berlinger and many of his neighbors have been in the field of summer-fallow breaking clods and pulling weeds, and they will continue the work throughout the entire summer. The result is, with a trifling amount of rain, a good crop is raised. This demonstrates that if you want good wheat you must cultivate it, just as if you want pretty and choice flowers you must cultivate the soil.

GENERAL NOTES.

A small feed of dry hay is said to give relief to a cow suffering from clover or alfalfa bloat. After having eaten the hay the animal will start chewing the cud, which seems to give relief by belching up wind which attends the operation of cud-chewing. If the cud does not come readily it may be assisted by tying a short stick crosswise in the cow's mouth, which seems to cause her to work her jaws and bring into play the attendant muscles employed in cud-chewing, and allowing the escape of gas with each portion of the cud as it is brought up for second chewing.

An exchange says that a wine-maker near Los Gatos has offered $22 50 per ton for all grapes he can procure this season, and that vine-growers are selling at that price. While that is not a high price, it is hardly probable that any one is yet making contracts for grapes for wine purposes, and will not for many weeks yet. The proprietors of wineries in this city say that no price for wine grapes can yet be stated, but they do not anticipate high rates.

In an English treatise on "Sheep Dipping," by David Ward, the following recipe appears: For scab it was "never known to fail." To 20 gallons of water add 1 gallon spirits of tar, 5 pounds of tobacco water (infused), 5 pounds of soft soap and 5 pounds of soda, for fifty sheep. Should the attack be mild, one bath will be quite sufficient. A second bath will completely cure the most virulent and obstinate form.

H. J. Crow, of Verdugo canyon, near Los Angeles, has sold his fruit crop for $7,500 on the trees. Last year he sold for $6,000, and the year before for $4,500. In 1874 and 1875, Mr. Crow, while engaged in land operations, put a little surplus cash into this orchard, laying aside a little for a rainy day, as he remarked. This kind of stormy weather is now very welcome.—[Press and Horticulturist.

Aside from the looks of the thing, dead limbs on fruit or other trees should be promptly removed. Where limbs die from blight the cutting should be below the diseased part, or it will spread the infection. Prompt cutting down to healthy wood will check most cases of blight. The saw used should not be applied to healthy trees unless first washed with carbolic acid and water.

One of the first essentials to a good package of butter is the use of a pure article of dairy salt, free from any injurious ingredients, and that will retain the flavor and good keeping qualities of the butter. The use of poor salt has done more to injure butter than any other cause, and too much care cannot be given to selecting the salt used.

A disease to guard against is "scaly legs" in fowls. Various reasons are advanced as to its cause, but it is now generally conceded to be a small insect that adheres and "builds his intrenchments" very much as the coral does in the far-away coral islands. The best and simplest remedy is to use kerosene oil with a stiff brush.

A Vermont farmer made a net profit of $43 50 from the produce of a single hen turkey during the past season.

ARISTOCRACY — ITS ULTIMATE WARRANT.

[Paper read by Mr. C. P. Massey, Jr., before the Shakespearean Society.]

Amid the bustle of the world, the strife for place, the acceptance of false standards of greatness or of excellence, it is difficult at times to attain to such an attitude of mind as will enable us to apply absolute tests to the opinions we hold, and to estimate things according to their essential nature. We speak familiarly of an aristocracy of mind; but we hardly realize the meaning of the expression. When we say that the only real distinctions which can divide men are intellectual ones, we somehow feel when we say it that such opinions are not for public assertion, for our own activities and the activities of those around us, the ends we seek, the ambitions we cherish, seem so persistently to contradict the truth of any such declaration, that we almost smile when we find ourselves disposed to champion such ideal views of life and its accomplishments.

And even if we have become so schooled in heart experiences as to believe that the world's vulgar prizes are not of essential worth, it might startle us in our philosophy to apply the test of our faith that this is so, to the intimate relationships we sustain with those who occupy positions in life above us or beneath us. Which of us can approach power and wealth, and not detect that something controls us which prevents the assertion of an independence that is simply manly, which gives another poise to the frame and another accent to the speech, and so makes us contradict in practice the beliefs we fain would hold with all the strength of our being? Which of us, as we contemplate the man who in the position of dependent executes our will and receives our dole, can always remember that the charity we exercise in order that the contrast of the relationships may not be unduly emphasized, does not alter his real status or ours, but that the difference between us is one of soul, and cannot be measured by standards of property or station.

THE REALITY AND ITS MEASURE.

The position of employed or employer means absolutely nothing in the real test of being. If you would find a basis upon which to test your superiority, sound his mind. Speak to him in symbol, and see what suggestions you awake. If in your intercourse with him you can use the terms of polite conversation; if allusions to topics of religion, of science, of history, or art, occasion within him emotions answering to yours, and the pictures which crowd his imagination are of the same immortal limning with those which furnish yours; then are you his superior in nothing, and the difference in your relations are those of sentiment only, which accident may at any moment reverse.

Our subject has principally to do with the acquisition of knowledge through books in its relation to individual worth, which shall be purely personal, and reside in character, in being; but it can be illustrated by examples furnished by other departments of human industry. The fact to be remembered and which will furnish the ground for what comment I shall make is, that as the personal soul within us is larger or smaller, we are ourselves greater or less, and that all true development is thus in the line of the soul. Thus wealth through the faculties necessary to gain it, or to hold it, implies qualities of patience, industry, perseverance, sobriety, and faith, which are all necessary to a completed manhood; and these, no matter how attained, are necessary to the spirit's furnishing. Wealth, therefore, must value itself by its opportunities, its experiences, its discipline; by ideas of humanity and of justice, and measured so, it will be found through the activities it stimulates to contribute to the greatness of character which resides in itself, and not in simple accessories.

MIND WEALTH IN BOOKS.

But there is an aristocracy which can be maintained entirely apart from any accessories of outward favor, and which, as we saw, can lift the menial to an absolute equality, or more, with him whom vulgar fortune may have exceptionally blessed. It resides in being, and how to attain it should be the paramount motive of every human life. To this end the most fruitful source of influence and power is found in books. In books we have the treasured experience and knowledge of the world. According to our opportunity our own experiences may have been larger or smaller, but great as they may be, they cannot count in any marked amount against the sum total of thought and acquisition, which is furnished by the universal mind and stamped upon the printed tablets upon our library shelves. To this treasury of kings we have free access, to draw at will from stores of knowledge gained at cost of time and labor which cannot be computed. Here is science with problems solved, demanding of us no painful process through hypothesis and experiment to doubtful results; here history reveals the secrets of the ages, and recalls a past which can be never old as long as books shall endure; here philosophy is presented to us, stamped with the names of those whose daring speculations have inspired anew the faith of men in struggles to discover that unity which presides in the government on high; and poetry, touched by divine and immortal energy, carries thought and aspiration to its central throne. And now the question comes, how shall we use this wealth so free to all, so that essential greatness shall be secured and opportunity abound in fullness of being?

THE HIGHER REALM.

In applying our test to material advantage, we found that only as circumstance secured intrinsic and essential worth could qualities be recognized to entitle to real distinctions of rank and excellence; we must apply our test again and question upon the same basis of investigation what effect our mental wealth may have exerted in the cultivation of faculties of absolute power. I do not intend to let the figure I have used respecting an aristocracy embarrass the free play of thought in this investigation, and intrude the metaphor at every period; but it still offers a pivot around which the investigation can revolve. The question is, Is the vaunt of an individual and personal greatness an idle one, to be used only when outward circumstances are untoward, a something which we accept and think we value, but which when analyzed is only a servical bowing to the decrees of fate? Or is there in it a profounder truth, and can the mind attain to such possessions of insight and hope that it can recognize itself and know its dignity and choose its companionship? I think such a recognition can come, and come in such a way and with such convincing reason that we need not henceforth doubt. Our lives may seem characterized by defeat and be spent in valley places; but when that faith in being is attained, our ears will be ever hearing the bugle-note which calls to victory upon the sunlit mountains.

CONCENTRATION IN PURSUIT.

And now at length narrowing our subject to books, let us see what they can furnish in measure of being. I referred to the concentration of power and its effect on character which the pursuit of wealth implied; the pursuit of knowledge gives similar advantages. In talking on such a subject as this, an old friend of my boyhood once remarked that to become rich simply demanded determination centered upon a single aim, but that to become wise implied a higher and a nobler energy. And it is so; and estimating both by their effects upon the individual the qualities of patience, industry and faith which we saw attending wealth and adding to the dignity of its possessor, accompany also the pursuit of knowledge through books. I cannot guard at every point of a paper such as this against unfair inferences which may be drawn from its statements, and it is true that the society of books may be unduly courted. The royal preacher in Ecclesiastes has said, however, that wisdom is a defense and money is a defense, but the excellency of knowledge is that wisdom giveth life to them that have it. It is upon that life I am insisting, and such life especially as comes through books used properly and discreetly; but even the *habits* of study imply a personal strength which many of us greatly lack. The concentration of endeavor gained in some other department will advantage here, but it is also true that the centering of purpose upon this pursuit will abound in a useful power wherever it may be applied. Milton writes of "the still air of delightful studies," but that very stillness is too often what deprives them of their delight. Our inner resource is not sufficient, our life's ideal is not enough exalted, activity must be diffused, and pleasure courts and the senses beckon to excess.

THE FIELDS OF READING.

And so we may even study to abuse it, but the habit we have formed will itself advance us in the scale of life. And this brings us naturally to the next step in the inquiry, as it has relation to this abuse of study. With any cultivated audience the question is not one between an attitude of love or of indifference for books, but it is one almost entirely respecting the service to which we put them. There is not one of us who does not read enough, if that reading was not dissipated and was held determinedly to appointed channels. The man of one book has been frequently commended, and it is wonderful what power is acquired from one author entirely mastered. He becomes to us a model of style, he colors our thinking, he furnishes our images, and inspires us with his faith; and in this subject of reading our innate aristocracy will discover itself in our companionship.

In this view of things the newspaper, except for its proper uses, becomes at once plebeian. We have no time to waste upon such ephemeral things when the enduring monuments of thought are awaiting our attention. It has been said that that man at once stamps himself as selfish and lacking in many essentials of character who can boast his indifference to local news, or even the personal jottings in his daily paper; and this is so. But these can be read by the fingers, and need not be studied. The newspaper fills an important office, and does well its part, but it must be made to serve our purpose, and must not control our time or influence us unduly. Let us read our daily paper for what we want, court or shipping news, prices current, records of death, marriages and births, glance its comment on affairs, its summary of the world's transactions, and when this is done, put it aside for other employment; and I think the editor or publisher who has the highest ideal of what his journal should be, would be, the first to give this general caution.

OUR MAGAZINE VISITORS.

I am on high ground on this occasion, and you will expect that what we distinctively call cheap literature will be put at once on our index expurgatorius; nor are we concerned with the moral and social problem presented, when every circulating library gives the persistent record that such reading occupies the exclusive attention of more than eight-tenths of those who avail themselves of its privileges. But there is a class of reading which is rated in our imaginations as occupying a higher position, and which does so, but which nevertheless usurps our attention beyond its claim to absolute merit; and this is the magazine literature of our time. This comes monthly into our houses in ranks two, four, six, it may be ten abreast, and makes its silent demand upon our time. To say that it contains nothing of merit would not only be unfair but untrue, but in nothing else perhaps for the very reason of this partial merit, and on account of its ubiquitious presence are we compelled to exercise such constant and wise discrimination. A principle of selection must obtain here. In the spirit of rivalry and competition between publishers, the chances are that within a period of a few months every important topic which one publication considers will be more or less ably treated by its contemporaries, and so one magazine becomes almost as good as a number. But a better method is possible. Selections can be made for us by competent minds, and there are several publications upon the eclectic principle which are becoming candidates for favor through commanding excellence.

WHOSE MIND SHALL WE FOLLOW?

Having thus cleared the field of so much that would embarrass us in reaching definite conclusions, the books which claim higher credentials to respect must yet pass in review. And here the idea of time intrudes and instructs us to be wary. All such statements can be only proximate, but it has been said that were Plato living now, and having began four centuries before our era a task to read through in regular course the literature of the world, he would be plodding yet among the dull treatises preceding the period of the Renaissance. Life's opportunities are limited at best, and in this important quest for knowledge, with its concomitant of power, we want that which shall most fully advance our aim. Now, where does this power reside? It cannot always be immediately detected, but we must learn to find it. In this search the world's judgment will materially assist. The world says John Milton was a great poet, but we may not understand him. He occupies his place in the poets' alcove undisturbed, and so Shakespeare, perhaps, and Southey, Mrs. Browning and George Eliot. Our aristocracy, of which we may have boasted, is a sham, if these are not our familiars, and we cannot approach them on something of equal terms. If you have ever read Mr. Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," you will remember the place where he takes a page from the poem of "Paradise Lost," an almost ambiguous page to many of us, and in a few words of able comment makes a thought to center about almost every word. We can despise intellect if we will, but the man who can do this is great despite our protest, and lives on summit places. I know there is a popular and sometimes a religious prejudice awakened when an attempt is made to exalt the intellect, and this grows out of other error. Man is a unit. "We multiply distinctions," says the poet, "then deem that our puny boundaries are things that we perceive and not that we have made." Debase the affections, impair the will, and you debase and impair the man; and the intellect falls equally within the category. But in mind it seems we come nearer the citadel of being, and our safety resides in its integrity. Such a philosopher as Hume, following the teaching of older masters, counts intellect as all. With him knowledge is synonymous with all that is great and lofty, and ignorance at once implies indigence, error and crime. Mind rules the universe at large and every intellectual gain is, as it were, an added spark, which, like Prometheus in the ancient fable, man has kindled at the heavenly flame.

THE INFLUENCE REFLECTED.

But our aristocracy has yet a higher test. Granted that we have selected our companions well, and in these quiet niches in great libraries where the silent representatives of the wise and noble can offer no protest to our intrusion, we give them the recognition of our respect. What is our animating motive? How shall we value our acquaintance simply to boast it, or to feel it as an influence which is ever prompting to larger vices of duty and of destiny? We detect the pauper and the parvenu with almost equal ease, each in his actions proclaims himself not "to the manner born," and we stamp him vulgar without his wealth or despite it. We distinguish with similar celerity the ignorant man and the pedant and exclude him involuntarily from all alliance with the truly great when essential being becomes the standard of our judgment. In this high, intellectual circle we will to go with sympathies and hopes with aims and purposes, which shall mark us no alien to their intercourse. When that sympathy is established, when that inner union is complete, we have at that moment been admitted into exalted rank, and shall henceforth exercise by right the unimpeded freedom of the house. You need not tell me, says Mr. Emerson, in effect, what books you have read, and with what authors you are acquainted; your conversation and your life will show me.

RECOMPENSES OF APPROPRIATION.

A source of discouragement doubtless exists, even when we have, through processes of exclusion, discovered what may be accepted as a residuum of absolute merit among the teeming volumes at our hand. How can we acquaint ourselves in any real sense even with the masters? We cannot; and so must find our compensation in some other fact. The subject opens a larger field than can be considered here, and relates to systems of reading; but the general encouragement I would give is this, namely, that as a rule we read too widely and not with sufficient care and scrutiny. We do not appropriate our books in any complete sense, and so are forced to disparage our attainments. I think a feeling of satisfaction would come if we committed what we could, even if that was ever so little, of the books we have studied. Any poem committed to memory becomes thenceforth our possession, and goes with us into every duty and into every experience. In my first delight over Gray's "Elegy," I quoted its first stanza to a man with whom I was riding, and who was verging upon middle life, and to my astonishment he took the poem up where I had stopped and repeated it to the end. Who can estimate the moral power of such familiarity? And so take Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," Longfellow's "Palingenesis," Whittier's "Eternal Goodness," or, to minister to other demands of our nature, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and that grand collection of immortal verse known as "The Voices of the Night," and make them our possession, and who can compute their worth upon the scale of being? With these at heart, we can despise "the tide of pomp which beats upon the high shore of this world" and even know that what men call "solitude is often best society" when we can feel that subtle companionship which ministers to immortal needs.

SELF-CONSCIOUS GUIDANCE.

There is one further test of aristocracy, but one which we must apply to books, and not to ourselves. If they are to exert the influence upon our higher nature which we have been discussing, they must be estimated by what power is resident within them and able to contribute to the end required. I would put this test entirely upon the basis of *morality in its wicked application*. It would be difficult to classify here, for ideas of motive are frequently false and frequently ungenerous. There is a large list of books considered by some to have dangerous tendencies from which others would only glean inspiration and delight. Many an author, particularly among those who deal with physical phenomena, is rated by a singular unanimity as an antagonist to man's highest interests, who to those who know him best and understand his thought evinces a reverent trusting faith, though not perhaps couched in positive expression. We must be our own authority here, and the book which exerts a helpful influence cannot be altogether bad. To be able to detect for ourselves, and to feel secure in ourselves, is a faculty which comes through much experience, and should be cultivated as essential to the soul's integrity. Fortunately, however, we are not frequently left in doubt. The moral setting, the aroma of the spirit, can be detected most always without recourse to painful analysis, and here the Bible founds its claim to be companion, minister and friend. Its whole setting is moral, and when every other testimony to its inspiration is questioned and scanned, this alone stands impregnable, and upon it the argument can rest its truth.

THE SUPREMACY OF MIND.

These considerations have been advanced not in any didactic spirit, but rather as suggestions to enable us more fully to adopt principles of wise economy in the use of time, which is at best so limited; but which may be made so fruitful of our being's good. I have insisted, however, upon a truth sometimes too vaguely recognized, that in every ultimate test our superiority resides in mind, which impels our action and forms the basis of our character. This implies a high ideal, and a high attainment; and to keep the one before us ever prominent, and to have our lives express the other in ever-strengthening moral power, books take immediate rank as valued instructors. What wonder then those libraries, in which are stored the world's great intellectual wealth, become the objects of an almost instinctive veneration, and that with reverential tread we enter their sacred precincts? for it is no caprice of etiquette which causes us to go into them with heads uncovered, as into holy places. The noble of the earth are assembled there; princes whose rank is attested by insignia which shall be never dim, and which are more than golden glitter and legendary crests; and kings to whom other Kings have bowed, as possessing a royalty more potent than their own and swaying a larger empire. Our respect is natural, for the great of every age and clime are there—all ministers of God, as they have brought him nearer to the human heart through varying discovery of his truth. Such libraries thus become in their represented knowledge the epitome of man, and in the speculations they inspire as we appropriate their spirit's wealth, the vestibule of immortality.

CHARACTER IN HAIR.—Lank hair, among the ancients, was a sign of cowardice; auburn hair, or light brown, evidence of great susceptibility to the tender passion, as well as rare intelligence, industry and a peaceful disposition; black hair was not highly esteemed, the possessors of it being thought jealous and quarrelsome; red hair, in general, was an aversion, a mark of reprobation, even before the time of Judas. "As wicked as a red ass," was freely applied to any one having bright red hair, and was a popular and opprobrious saying, and to make the sentiment more binding, one of that patient tribe of quadrupeds was made to atone for it every year by being thrown from a high wall.

The Merino Sheep-Breeders' Association, Vermont, scooped $472 out of $830 offered as premiums at the New Orleans Exposition. A large share of them are direct descendants of H. C. Burwell's ram Bismarck, which took the sweepstake prize at the Centennial at Philadelphia, thus showing that blood will tell.

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

Bill Nye Talks Fluently About the Bronze Goddess.

When Patrick Henry put his old cast-iron spectacles back on the top of his head and whooped for liberty, he did not know that some day we would have more of it than we know what to do with. He little dreamed that the time would come when we would have more liberty than we could pay for. When Mr. Henry sawed the air and shouted for liberty or death, I do not believe that he knew that the time would one day come when liberty would stand knee-deep in the mud of Bedloe's island and yearn for a solid place to stand upon. It seems to me that we have too much liberty in this country in some ways. We have more liberty than we have money. We guarantee that every man in America shall fill himself up full of liberty at our expense, and the less of an American he is the more liberty he can have. If he desires to enjoy himself, all he needs is a slight foreign accent and a willingness to mix up with politics as soon as he can get his baggage off the steamer. The more I study American institutions the more I regret that I was not born a foreigner, so that I could have something to say about the management of our great land. If I could not be a foreigner, I believe I would prefer to be a Mormon or an Indian not taxed.

I am often led to ask, in the language of the poet, "Is the Caucasian played out?" Most everybody can have a good deal of fun in the country except an American. He seems to be so busy paying his taxes all the time that he has very little time to mingle in the giddy whirl with the alien. That is the reason that the alien who rides across the United States on the "Limited Mail" and writes a book about us before breakfast wonders why we are always in a hurry. That is the reason we have to throw our meals into ourselves with a dull thud, and hardly have time to maintain a warm personal friendship with our own families.

We do not care much for wealth, but we must have freedom, and freedom costs money. We have advertised to furnish a bunch of freedom to every man, woman or child who comes to our shores, and we are going to deliver the goods whether we have any left for ourselves or not. What would the great world beyond the seas say to us if some day the blue-eyed Mormon, with his heart full of love for our female seminaries and our old woman's homes, should land upon our coasts and find that we were using all the liberty ourselves?

What do we want of liberty, anyhow? What could we do with it if we had it? It takes a man of leisure to enjoy liberty, and we have no leisure whatever. It is a good thing to keep in the house "for the use of guests only," but we don't need it for ourselves.

Therefore, I am in favor of a statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, because it will show that we keep it on tap winter and summer. We want the whole broad world to remember that when it gets tired of oppression it can come here to America and oppress us. We are used to it, and we rather like it. If we don't like it we can get on the steamer and go abroad, where we may visit the effete monarchies and have a high old time.

The sight of the Goddess of Liberty standing there in New York harbor night and day, bathing her feet in the rippling sea, will be a good thing. It will be first-rate. It may also be productive of good in a direction that many have not thought of. As she stands there, day after day, bathing her feet in the broad Atlantic, perhaps some moss-grown Mormon moving toward the far west, a confirmed victim of the matrimonial habit, may fix the bright picture in his so-called mind, and remembering how, on his arrival in New York, he saw liberty bathing her feet with impunity, he may be led in after years to try it on himself. BILL NYE.

SPARROWS AND LOCUST.—There was a regular pitched battle on the walks leading from the White House, in which one of the participants was killed. The battle was witnessed by a number of persons, but for good and sufficient reasons no efforts were made to prevent the murder. Indeed the lookers-on seemed to sympathize with the murderer. The seventeen-year locusts appeared in the public parks here by the thousands yesterday and to-day. One of these locusts started for the White House door on a kind of tour of inspection, probably to see the changes that have occurred there in the past seventeen years. A sparrow assaulted him. It appears that the sparrow supposed that he might get the worst of it, so he called several other sparrows. Then half a dozen sparrows went for the locust en masse, but the locust moved away from them, though the sparrows managed to pick one of his wings off and nearly took off the other. All of a sudden one of the sparrows flew away. The other sparrows surrounded the locust and kept him from moving very far. In a short while the sparrow messenger returned, and with him one of the robins that make such pretty music on the White House lawns these spring mornings. The robin stabbed the locust once, and all was over. The sparrows then divided him up and took the remains away in pieces. That particular locust will hardly appear again in seventeen years. There are enough locusts in the Smithsonian, agricultural and botanical garden grounds to supply the world when they are needed to appear again in seventeen years.—[Washington Letter.

SPLENDORS OF STAMBOUL'S TEMPLES.—A French traveler has just returned from Stamboul with a wonderful story of the sights he saw. He is eloquent about two thrones, of enameled gold, with incrustations of pearls, rubies and emeralds. In another room he saw two caskets, even more magnificent, studded with rubies and diamonds, in which the hairs from the Prophet's head are jealously preserved. There are also several curious instruments made of gold and studded with gems on the back, which were used as portable "scratching posts." Another room was hung with armor and scepters; caskets and escritoires lay on the table. The old escritoires are all shaped like a pistol; the inkstand is placed at the spot occupied by the trigger, and the reeds and a penknife are in the barrel. There are also inkstands in the shape of trays, containing five saucers, for ink, dying powder and other odds and ends used by the writers. In another room are all the costumes of all the Sultans down to Mahmoud II. Each of the costumes has a silk scarf attached, together with a magnificently chased dagger and a diamond aigrette. Then, heaped pell-mell, are the keys of the fortress of the empire, and finally comes the sacred treasure, consisting of the relics of Islam, the mantle and standard of the Prophet, his sword and bow, the swords of the first Caliphs and the oldest manuscripts of the Koran.—[New York Sun.

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.—Young married people are surprised when they discover that the honeymoon is not entirely composed of honey. Even the first year of married life is not always the happiest, though it ought always to be very happy. Living together happily is an art which the most affectionate couple cannot ordinarily learn in a year. Each has to make some unpleasant discoveries and to overcome some fixed inclinations. True happiness begins when these discoveries have been made, and each is thoroughly resolved to make the other as happy as possible for all time. Marriage is sometimes said to be the door that leads deluded mortals back to earth; but this need not and ought not to be the case. Certainly love may end with the honeymoon if people marry to gratify a "gunpowder passion," or for the sake of mere outward beauty, which is like a glass—soon broke. Of course, the enthusiastic, tempestuous love of courting days will not as a rule survive marriage. A married couple soon get to feel towards each other very much as two chums at college, or two partners in a business who are at the same time old and well-tried friends. Young married people often think that those who have been in the holy state of matrimony twenty or thirty years longer than themselves are very prosy, unromantic, and by no means perfect examples of what married people ought to be.—[The Quiver for June.

ANOTHER BLIND TOM.—It is claimed that a genius in clay has been discovered here; that what Blind Tom accomplished in music, a negro boy by the name of Abram Hanson, aged 17, has the genius to create in sculpture if opportunity is afforded him. He was born in Leavenworth, Ks. He has had only three months' schooling, but can read and write fairly well. His general intelligence only seems to be about the average of colored boys of his age. His genius lies in his ability to pick up a piece of clay and model it in a few minutes to almost any form that suggests itself to his mind, with a lifelikeness truly astonishing. He has been at work down by the river bank for some days, and from the common red clay there found in abundance, without tools of any kind, without models or designs, he forms his statues of men and his models of horses, dogs, cattle, men on horseback, negroes with pipes in their mouths and other creations that suggest themselves to his imagination, with wonderful reality and no inconsiderable artistic talent. These little models he sells at from 10 cents to 25 cents apiece, and the boy is making a fair living from his art already. His creations suggest wonderful possibilities if properly trained and developed.—[Lawrence (Ks.) Dispatch.

BAGGING A WHALE.—The steamer Valor, of this port, Captain Haskell, is engaged in shooting whales for the factory at Boothbay. Thursday, when off Cape Porpoise, and just in sight of land, an immense whale was encountered, and the steamer started in pursuit, but just as they got near enough to fire at the monster he sounded. The steamer started again for the prey when he came to the surface, and this time they got in a shot. Mr. Haskell, brother of the Captain, fired the bomb, and it entered the animal, which immediately swam with great speed directly out to sea. The steamer followed, and after a long and exciting chase succeeded in driving the whale inshore, when he again sounded. After a short time, during which the steamer lay to and waited for the reappearance of the monster, he rose to the surface and plunged directly for the boat. Had he struck the little vessel, coming as he was with almost irresistible force, she would certainly have been sunk. The signal to back was given, and the steamer coming round just in time to allow the whale to dash by only a few feet from the side. Haskell, afraid of losing the prey, again fired, and this time the bomb accomplished its work,